

*To the Honourable and Virtuous Avisena i Kharizmi i Guerra,*

*We understand your position on these letters between us. This unofficial channel shall remain as such until the situation changes, with all the benefits and drawbacks that come with such. Consider the matter dropped for now.*

*Your words on the Fire of the South and their gruesome enchantments are filled with Pride and Courage, and have been well-received by our elders. I trust now that your words will be backed with Vigilance, and that the Empire will reward you with sufficient Loyalty not to be made a liar. The oath of a lifetime is not a small thing, Avisena. We will remember.*

*To clarify around the Kirkja, we do not control a white granite quarry. We are newcomers to the Jotun, and the great quarries are already claimed by those who have been Prosperously working them for generations. On top of that, white granite is one of the most valuable commodities in Jotun society. It builds castles, Kirkja and gardr. We are marshalling our resources and trading for a wain here and there from the wealthier Thrall merchants, but it's nowhere near what we would need to actually make any real impact. Which brings me to an offer that I doubt you will like.*

*Our armies move to secure our Ambition - a home among the lands once trodden by our ancestors. This season we will complete the conquest of Gambit and Serra Damata, which will give us control of the Damatian Cliffs. The white granite from this quarry would enable us to build a Kirkja that would rival those of Ulven or Skjalði! But to do that, we must claim the Cliffs.*

*If we are not opposed, we will be able to claim these regions in the coming season. Assuming that no Imperial army challenges us in this conquest then I swear to you that we will stop at the boundaries of Serra Damata. Further to this, for the span of one year*

*no Jotun army will attack any lands claimed by the Freeborn. We will continue our custom of offering our own Choice - none will be pressed into Thralldom, none who swear oaths to us will be robbed of their Prosperity save for that portion taken in taxation, none will be killed save for those who choose to face their end with Pride. We will honour your right to follow your Way, and our godhi will discuss the Virtues with your priests. We respect those who respect us.*

*This is not an official correspondence, so this is not an official offer of treaty. Nonetheless, I swear to you by my Virtue that if no army opposes our claiming of these regions, you will see the truth of my words. You know how much we value this relationship, and how little we wish to sacrifice it for a season's military advantage. You may send me word if you wish, but the proof will be in whether or not your armies prevent us from taking the land that we desire.*

*As for Hessar Escuta's axe, perhaps it is better to show you than tell you. The bearer of the axe sits currently in a camp in Gambit, on the border with Reinos. The place is called Jeweller's Grove by the locals. Perhaps the mysterious Gate that brought you to the Parador before will once again deliver you to us. If it does, we will allow you to send people to examine the axe - even bring mana to delve into its history. If not, then it was not meant to be.*

*Virtue Guide You,*

*Lucero Mihriil-Shield of the Hierro*

Archmage Edmundo,

I find myself torn. On the one hand, I am very happy with the progress of the auctions for the Loom of Spells so far. I am making a substantial return on my investment, and building my power base accordingly. The fact that your Imperial workers are ungrateful whiners who fail to understand the importance of working hard to deliver the outcomes their superiors require is a minor inconvenience that I'm sure you struggle with all the time. Despite this, I am sure that my very good friend Prospero would be very well-disposed towards you if you can continue the trend of big bids. After all, the contract to run the Loom will be open for tender this coming Summer, and I'm sure that my extremely close friend Prospero would be inclined to listen to me if I put in a good word on your behalf!

The big problem I'm having right now is that mob that showed up to assault me at the last auction. Of course I remember how you stood up in my defence, as was your duty as a good host, but I am not happy with being accused of slavery! I own no Imperial slaves, and would never bring any slaves onto Imperial soil! Obviously this is part of some political ploy by one of your assemblies, so I plan to handle this matter directly. As you have doubtless heard, I shall attend Anvil at 18:30 on the Friday of your forthcoming summit in order to speak with the Bishops of the League. If you could arrange for some bodyguards to ensure my health and safety while making this visit, I would be very much obliged. Hopefully these Bishops will not ask for too large of a bribe to make this matter go away.

Respectfully Yours,

Sanvar Isk

*I'd appreciate him staying in one piece while he still has the Loom of Spells. After that... we'll see. I trust it goes without saying, don't tell him I added this.*

*Yours, Prospero*

Julia,

I am very glad to hear from you! So few have taken the chance to contact me. Tell me, have I upset your Empire in some way? If I have, perhaps they should invite me in so that I may learn some manners!

Forgive my little joke. You asked for my help, and I am nothing if not a generous friend. A chamber in the Winter Realm has been made open to us so that we may talk, and I may tell you what I know. You may bring up to two friends with you, if you should so desire. I understand that mortals can be squeamish about meeting me in person, so I hereby swear this Oath: none who attend this meeting shall suffer any harm, unless you should choose to harm yourselves or one another. Understand this: I am no denizen of the Autumn realm to quibble over legalistic wording. This is Winter, and we take Oaths seriously.

If you would meet with me, attend the Imperial Regio at 20:00 on the Saturday of the forthcoming summit. A simple casting of Operate Portal will open the way to our meeting place, provided you invoke one of my names when doing so. How else am I to know I am wanted?

Be Seeing You,

A

Egregore, I don't know if you've heard about the sightings of Death and Fortune roaming around in north Madrugá, but it's sort of true. My name is Dominga i Trevino i Riqueza, and I've been following them for the past week. I think they're alive, I've got close enough to talk to both of them and they definitely breathe, their skin gets flushed, if they're not alive they're doing a good job at pretending. I think they might be possessed, but I tried an exorcism and it didn't work, and not because I wasn't strong enough, it just failed. I've been gathering what information I can, but I can't do anything with it. Is there a chance that anyone could come from Anvil to help? If they can, they're looking for a place called Spider's Grove in Torres. The two of them have been chasing around there for a couple of days so far, and I don't think they're going anywhere soon.

One other thing, I tried to talk to them but they got mad and I think they tried to curse me. A few other people have tried talking to them and the only ones they were willing to speak to were Corsairs. I think that sending out some Corsairs might be the way forward here, at least they can get words out of them. If anyone comes, I'll tell them what I've learned when they arrive.

Yours in Virtue,

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