

To Geoffery o' the Mourn,

My wife has written to you too. Read that one first - more important.

I'm in touch with some different folk. These poor lost ones are a bit stuck at present, and are getting right antsy. I've given them a message that things might not be so bad.

But to make things not so bad, you've got to work at it. That's Prosperity, that's wisdom, that's a lot of things priests talk about. Before things get worse, we need to act. And the way of acting I'm on about is talking.

So these lost folk are up for a chat. Maybe you could find a sympathetic ear and a sympathetic mouth for that. No more than four folk, I'd say - don't want to crowd the discussion. Too many hands start smacking each other, after all.

Pop those ears and mouths through the gate to Watkin's wood, down in the Chalkdowns of the Mourn, maybe early Saturday afternoon. I think it'd be worth it. And I'm trusting you as egregore, you know.

Thing's'll turn out. We'll work at it.

Clever Beck