

Dear Dagon,

I am sorry I did not write sooner. Since returning to Holberg I have spent some time settling debts with my immediate creditors, etc.: so much easier now that the constant payment to that cursed Malleas is due. Oh, how I wish I had never heard that name!

I am so very grateful to you for what you did, more than words can ever truly express. I owe my life to you: more than that I believe I owe you my soul itself. I now wear a ring for you: in time I will save and commission one custom-made: I thought perhaps a black tower carved from jet? But that is for more prosperous times...

I know that as a Highborn the Leaguish concept of Dead Reckoning may not be familiar to you. Let me make this as plain as I may: the debt I owe to you I may work a lifetime to repay. Not just the monetary cost - I'm afraid I cannot pay that back in full for some time, although please accept the enclosed as to what I can afford right now - no, the debt I owe is far greater and more profound.

As to go a small way toward repaying you, I'd like to offer my assistance as a bookseller and procurer of books: that at least is mine to offer freely! If you ever find yourself in search of a rare book or text, or for information or writing on a particular topic, do let me know - a Winged Messenger will reach me - and I will do what I can and ask my contacts for you. I promise nothing but my time - but that is yours to spend.

*A final note: a client of mine - a collector of rare herb lore - recently had a book stolen from her. I was aware of it and had hoped to write to you and offer to set up a sale - no commission, of course! - as I felt sure you'd be interested. Sadly, she informed me of the sale just the day before I finally put pen to paper.*

*The book is called "Sarcophan Exiles: Journal of the New Land". It's an old, old book of herb lore: I understand it may even contain information about the earliest discoveries of Pure Liao by the earliest Highborn. You can see why I thought you might be interested. Sadly, I suspect it's in the hands of some fence now: but I thought, therefore, it might end up at Anvil. If you see it: it's stolen property, and I'm sure there might be a reward! I thought you ought to know.*

*I think of you often, you and your brave chapter-mates. Holberg's sky is ink-black at night these last few months, and I am lonely here. Without my grief for Greta, which thank the virtues fades now in the natural way of time, I have very little here: except my shop, of course! Perhaps some time I shall come a-visiting to Highguard: I have never seen Bastion, except in pictures, and I hear it is a sight to behold.*

*Very best wishes,*

*In virtue,*

*Katarina von Holberg.*