Neb First Dance.

You are full of big talk, little man.

You claim you slew my son,

but you could not have done so alone.

Easy to be brave when you descend as one wolf in a pack.

You spit defiance in your letter, that you would have needed someone else to write for you. Easy to be brave when you are leagues away and surrounded by your own kind.

It is not I who am possessed of a magical gateway that can cross great distances in a moment. You think yourself a mighty warrior, then prove it and face me alone.

The shaman tells me that fate may make this possible.

See if your magical gate will open to Treji in Hercynia.

If you open it. I will be there.

We shall see if you are brave enough to mock me to my face. We shall see if you possess the courage to face me alone.

I see in your bluster the heart of a coward.

All talk. No action.

Warchief Harak the Red