

To the Archbishop of the Sevenfold Troupe.

Rafael Barossa di Tassato.

There is a word in the language of the Commonwealth, 'backpfeifengesicht', that came to mind recently. In my role, it's never far from the surface, and it's been lingering recently. The acrid smoke of the Museum brought it to mind: the smug faces of the Faraden who cheerfully claimed responsibility; the indignity of centuries of history being carried out under the arms of volunteers in the rain to the back rooms of local shops.

We read in the papers that you felt a Reckoning was needed. Damn right it is! But maybe the politics of Anvil have gotten to your head, brother. Do Tassatans fill a cosh to pound sand? Do they draw their daggers to spread mortar? When they put a price on Astrid's head, my old boss told me the Faraden were full of shit and not to take it seriously. Well, tell that to the Printer's Guild!

Tassatans want a real Reckoning. After that, we'll settle down to the business of living well. I have a plan and a guide. But I've not been to Anvil while the Shot Cabinet of Regrets was open. Meet me there after sundown, and bring your most trusted bravos. Saturday - call it 8. I'll explain how we're going to get revenge on the Modnos.

Oh, and the word means, I'm told, 'a face in need of a fist'. Does that match anyone you can think of?

Paulo