

To Boyar Vasiliy Krenyenko Valeskaí Strascovich,

I write in urgency, and send this letter via the fastest of our people I have to spare. Would that we had Autumn Ritualists, I would have sent it via Winged Messenger – but no matter.

Our vale of Arventa lies not too far from your own in Miekarova, and we have heard of your growing community in the shadow of the Grimhold within your own vale. We have heard tell of your brave schlachta – particularly Liška, who is said to have fought bravely protecting those in danger. I ask this of you: Please, follow in her image and come to our aid.

For two straight weeks now we have been plagued by a most sinister band of Wolves. They take the form of draughír, at a distance, but with a strange black something dripping from their mouths. They speak little, save to torment with eerie proclamations. They strike in packs larger than anything we have dealt with before – and we are not enough to keep them fully at bay. Those that fall become carrion for them to gorge themselves upon, a fate most foul.

As I write this, a group of our own have become separated – forced to flee away from the safety of the homes in the centre of Arventa and out towards the edges of the vale, near to the very woods from which the Wolves have sprung. I fear they are injured, and cannot survive by themselves for long. Please, if there is any conjunction of the Sentinel Gate, I implore you – come to the outskirts of Arventa vale, here in Perumaki, and lend what assistance you can.

I can offer you something in the way of payment – please agree a price with the one who carries this letter to you.

Yours in vigilance,

Boyar Tamara Alexin Arventan