

*Tobias of Esther's Sanctum*

*I was glad to speak with you briefly at the Winter Solstice. Though I cannot deny my pleasure at finding such an enthusiastic market for the items from our tomb-banquet, I am sorry you missed the rush.*

*At least one of my family hopes to return to Anvil this coming Spring Equinox, and perhaps we will meet again then, but in the meantime I wonder if you could help me.*

*I do not wish to bore you with all the details, but my family's fortunes have never been kind. The curse that now lingers over us, and all our worldly wealth, was placed there by the Thrice-Cursed Court. It is said, however, that other valuables were lost to the realms before this - a botched bet with Callidus, an ill-advised dabble in night magic - and I have reason to believe they may have found their way into the Empire, on to Anvil even.*

*I am told most were candlesticks, silk scarves, and fine necklaces. The money we now earn selling off cursed items would be no substitute for these lost-yet-untarnished treasures. Anyone who presented one could have first pick of our worrisome wares.*

*If any of this is of interest we aim to be at the Hub on Saturday at 5pm. I hope this will not be too inconvenient.*

*Kindest regards,  
Frankie von Alders Baart*