

Eliza,

Both Rossignol and I owe you apologies for the confusion at the Solstice. It seems the Herald Ciel failed to convey properly the fact that Rossignol was not able to attend the summit and I was not able to take part further after the Friday night.

Rossignol has received your letter and your rose. I am bringing to Anvil an invitation they have penned. It tells of allowing your hijack of the competition for your own purposes and responds by inviting you to witness the audiences where extracts from letters will be read, of joining us in relaxation and comfort in a chamber shaped from the realm of night. Of arriving at half past five on Saturday evening, via the Hall of Worlds and staying until all is played out around seven perhaps – though earlier if the audiences do not please you, of course. I give almost all away, but not quite all, forgive my presumption but I thought you would like to know of timings sooner than the delivery will allow.

I will be in Lumi's Teahouse, I hope, early on the Friday evening of the Solstice, and will have a Herald with me who can seek you out and tell you I have arrived. I hope to speak with you then.

Yours

Percival Weaver, Night Mage,
and one who sees the virtue in the actions of the Eternal Lashonar