

The following letter arrives by Winged Messenger.

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Eli - I see the hand of destiny in your actions, of an underlying web of Virtuous actions that have culminated in this moment.

Your letter finds me alone in the ruins of my **Ambition** - **Ambition** that has been tested, but unbroken; It finds me with wounded **Pride** - wounded but still vital; It finds me a victim of misplaced **Loyalty** - but still dedicated to my equals in **Virtue** from across the slate oceans of these hard times.

I write to you with **Courage** - a **Courage** of conviction, an unbowed and unbroken **Courage**. Yes, my **Prosperity** has been ruined - sold in part to wretched pirates and crooks and yes my **Vigilance** has been brought into question: how could I have not seen that the Catazarri hand was clad in steel - that where the blood of Asav entreats with words, the blood of the First Empress seeks submission by the sword? I bow my head in this lapse in **Wisdom** - but have resolved to study well. I can see the fires the actions of your people have lit on the horizon of destiny and cannot ignore how they grow more intense as time draws them closer.

I wonder at the implications of your letter - is this perhaps a personal invitation? No, for as things are I am wounded, outcast and reviled by the plenum - they see in my arguments and philosophies of Noble Virtue the

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shrouded hand of your Empire - and that hand clutches a dagger bloodied with the viscera of Chalonsio and Rachensgrah. I will not risk my work here with departure - this would give certainty to a paranoia fuelled by jealousy of my pure purpose. It would invite cataclysm and embolden the circling buzzards of the forae.

But you are right - my heart burns with the certainty of Virtue and its purifying nobility - of the transformative power of the Way. Though I smoulder beneath the ignobility and injustice of my current circumstance, know that this guiding ember of passion is still afame!

I have but few *Loyal* priests and would not risk their *Prosperity* - in body or means - with such a journey without clear, tangible assurances that our shared struggle might be supported - that our flames might be stoked as the damp coils of the Kraken close in.

Yours in shared purpose,

Portilium Traposdo, First Priest of Virtue,  
Temple of the Seven Virtues, Memoria