

*To Geoffery o' the Mourn,*

*I'm writing to you as egregore, and I hope you'll see this is for the good of all of us.*

*I've had some sorry news from some folk what are visiting the Mourn at present. The poor buggers have got themselves lost and stuck, and are causing a bit of bother for themselves. I've said that maybe that things might not be so bad as they think.*

*But to make things not so bad, you've got to work at it. That's Prosperity, that's Wisdom, that's a lot of things priests talk about. Before things get worse, we need to act. And the way of acting I'm on about is talking.*

*So these lost folk are up for a chat, for someone to give them advice and maybe a helping hand. Maybe you could find a sympathetic ear and a sympathetic mouth for that. No more than four folk, I'd say - don't want to crowd the discussion. Too many hands start smacking each other, after all.*

*Pop those ears and mouths through the Gate to Watkin's Wood, down in the Chalkdowns of the Mourn, maybe early Saturday afternoon. I think it'd be worth it. And trust me when I say this is a chance to talk, not a trap, not an ambush.*

*Thing's'll turn out. We'll work at it.*

*Ollie Burner*