

This letter arrived soon after your coming to Anvil, carried by a trader from the Marches.

Radomír Oleksandrovych Dvorak,

Greetings and Prosperity to you and the people of your Vale!

I write this from Mornwald. It is a glorious time of harvest here and I, along with many of the Free Folk, are striving to match the weather and crops in Ambition so that the coming winter will be comfortable for all.

I write to you as a representative of my people - as news of the workings of the Synod have reached us we have been filled with Pride upon hearing of invitations to share our stories, traditions and culture with the Empire we are fiercely Loyal to. If you will forgive my fervour a moment - but faith, stories, tradition and culture are all that is left to a slave - and even these scant treasures are like sinew upon a picked bone to the slaver and without Vigilance they are likely to pick even those morsels clean.

It is this fervour that makes I, and my fellows, much saddened by our inability to leave the harvest to which we have dedicated ourselves this season to rush and partake of your people's hospitality. I hope dearly that you see the Wisdom in this - and that the hearth fire will stay lit for us into the coming Winter.

*- Francesca Pride,
White Ox farm, Mornwald*