

*Szanowny Alcuin of the Auric Horizon,*

*Apologies for the long period it has taken for me to contact you. I have had much to consider these past seasons following my vision at the Alvetti Estate.*

*Your letter found me well, and despite my reluctance and disdain for working with a backwater nation such as yours. I appreciate that help that you provided, as well as your discretion.*

*The matter of preparation wasn't seen to myself, but I'm told nothing in particular was done. We simply followed a traditional rite from my family as you saw that evening.*

*In the interest of showing my hand and once again growing my interest in the Way I am willing to share my experience. You must understand the contents of this vision ruin me within my nation, and thus lose you a very powerful contact if it were to be discovered by my family.*

*I was working, with my calloused hands, like some landfolk or worse a slave. I had no magic, that spark of personal mana wasn't there...*

*There were piles of various different metal discs which I was putting into a mould, creating coins. The coins kept coming out wrong, so I fiddled with the mould. It broke. The person who was guiding the manufacture storms out claiming to ruin me, take away my job. I raced outside chasing after, but instead bumped into someone. They were waiting for me. An autumn ritualist claiming they could help me fix it, as long as I made them a duplicate. What could I do but agree?*

*Even now I feel the fear of losing that job and the guilt of becoming some petty criminal. I feel there may be more to this religion than what I have read, that I need to experience. In time I may consider your offer of pilgrimage assuming you keep up your end of the bargain.*

*No one can know that I am a fraud.*

*Z poważaniem,  
Vanja of Votika*