

The following letter was awaiting you upon your arrival at Anvil.

Consul,

I write as winter approaches. Myself and the proud Marracossans I represent have lived within the borders of the Empire for over a year now: we have taken the land most graciously offered to us and have shown no reluctance or tardiness in producing payment for its use; we have restored the ruins and restored the land to life; we have been discrete in our culture and have tried to embrace those who fate has made our neighbours.

But as the days shorten before us we find ourselves recipients of a bitter enmity from some quarters of the Catazarri Empire: the judgement levied against me and my people by the Synod has cost us dearly in both personal standing, but also as a community: many Freeborn have seen fit to cease trade with any child of Marracossa in the markets of Medruga and when we travel abroad from our village we are hounded over private matters by zealots. For them, as for myself, it is not enough to be cleared of such a 'crime' - to be touched by the unclean hand of criminality is to leave a stain that words alone cannot ablate.

And this is the crux of our frustrations - that in the dying light of the year we see now that the judgement against us was in fact a second insult: that the first was incepted when the year was young. Though we have done our utmost to normalise trade with the Empire; Though our artisans have travelled far to represent their craft in person - sharing examples of their peerless artifice without asking recompense; Though we have cooperated unrestrainedly with Civil Servants to prepare the ministry and title for approval by the Senate. Though we have done all these things, our honour and good grace has not even been worthy of being heard on the Senate floor.

*It is in this spirit of open and gracious dealing that I write to tell you that without the security offered by the assent of the Senate to authorise the title of **Marracossa Sedito** and the associated ministry, myself and the other esteemed Plenum who persist in exile will be forced to seek our desired certainty in foreign climes. We make these arrangements with a sad resolve in our hearts and of course hope that we have no need for them - but we cannot bear wounds to our pride.*

*Per our last letter, the **Marracossa Sedito** is to be appointed by **Bourse Auction** and only be available to **eligible citizens of the Brass Coast**. Though we trust in the Senate's wisdom in determining such particulars.*

The following letter was awaiting you upon your arrival at Anvil.

We trust that through your office that these wrongs might be put on the path to righting: pass the motion and take the hand of friendship we have so patiently extended.

*- Glaucia Herminia, Legate of Marracossa
Trajadoz, Madruça.*