

Hello Friar John,

Thank you for helping my brother Froki write a letter to me before he was executed. I don't think it right he be executed for defending me, but I'm sorry the other man died and I think he must've been too.

We haven't been up the top fields since it happened, in case we ran into Roberta again or her cousins. But this is our land and we won't give it up even if they come at us again. If they beat us, we'll bow our heads to it until they see the wrong of it. If they burn down our house, we'll build another. If they kill us, maybe we'll take the Choice in our next lives, for in this life we're sworn to peace. That's why Froki died, because he broke that vow.

From where I sit I can see the tree in the lee field where I was born, when my mamma couldn't get back to the house in time. I can walk a mile to the stump where Gudrun lost a finger and all the other children learned not to play with the hatchet. I thatched this place myself and I carved the door-posts myself the way my uncle taught me, with all the beasts to keep out. I can walk the fences for a week and tell you a tale of every fence-post. I've lived here all my life. Would you leave such a place?

We didn't leave when the Jotun masters left. That should be all you Marchers need to know about our loyalties. We showed our heads for your census-takers and put up with smug outlanders teaching all our children reading when we got by just fine before. We pay our taxes to the Empire and they're a lot lower than the Jarls demand. We aren't giving up our land, no matter who rules it or who lives over the way. Your offer is kind, but it's not our way, and I don't think it's your way either.

I wish you peace, Friar John of Mourn.

Kanutte Denmaksdohtor