

Dear Sheriff,

My name is Margaret Steward. I am the leader of the Whittlefolk - kept our village safe these long years. I wanted to write to thank you for the opportunity you gave for our brave young folk to fight alongside their fellow marchers in defense of the Mourn and against the hated Jotun.

I am sure that - despite our religious differences - you hate the Jotun just as much as I. Although not one of our young ones came back, we are happy that they died in this manner at least; proud, part of the march, against the foe. We wouldn't have wished it any other way, and we are sure, virtue in their hearts, they will return swiftly.

It is my dear wish that some settlement can come for us in time. We will not give up our beliefs in Hatred, but we are clear that we are marchers through-and-through; I am sure that you, having accepted our help, do not wish to see us cast out, a people without a home or nation.

I don't know how much voice you have among the folk who go to Anvil, but I hope you can see to it that the Assembly speaks to the marches and proposes some sort of settlement. Do not let there be more Friar Robins. My people are already angry; please, send us no more martyrs.

Before I was Steward of my folk here, and before the war, I used to be a Beater. I was damn good at it, and I kept the land safe and the boundaries clear. I know what it is to fight. Thank you for your courage.

In virtue,

Margaret Steward