



*To the Imperial Ambassador to Otkodov, Yevgeni Katzev.*

*Forgive me for disregarding any diplomatic pleasantries you may be accustomed to, for the reason I am contacting you is grave, urgent and unpleasant.*

*Part of my domain includes newly incorporated lands in Miechernya. In the spirit of the treaty which granted us these lands I have ensured that those of your kin that did not wish to be repatriated had a place as subjects of Otkodov. Specifically, a band of warriors calling themselves the Wretched Fellowship sought me out and requested that they continue to use an outpost known as Vasilya's Last Watch so that they might hunt plaguewolves. An agreement was reached that was of mutual benefit to us.*

*During the Winter Solstice, shortly before they had arranged to deliver tribute to my servants, the Wretched Fellowship were slaughtered within sight of Vasilya's Last Watch. I make no accusations, but my servants reported seeing a large band of human warriors, and the wounds were inflicted with sword and axe rather than tooth and claw.*

*I will be blunt: I will not tolerate my subjects being slaughtered, whether they are Thule or Varushkan. I demand a satisfactory explanation for this outrage. However, I am not unreasonable, and I hear that you are a wise and cunning diplomat. During the Spring Equinox, I intend to call up the shade of one of the warriors who was killed through the Black Gate. Journey to the Wailing Heath in Miechernya at half past ten in the evening on the Saturday, and you might convince me that you take this matter seriously. You may bring two advisors or companions.*

*I very much hope this grim business is resolved before I am forced to bring it before the Dragons.*

*Yours,*

*Warlock Ingimundur the Pale*