

To Myshki Marishka Letuchaya

I have information on that pathetic upstart you call the Schalcta of Rot, which I am willing give to you in return for a small boon for myself. Thus I offer you and a small entourage hospitality at 7pm on the Friday the Summer Solstice, at the foot of Perumaki Mountains.

Nemoc, servant of the Howling Queen.

To Senator Kaspar Yakovich von Holberg,

*Greetings to you, Senator of the rightfully crowned greatest city in the League. I am the Merchant Prince Renate von Holberg, philanthropist and proud citizen of Holberg.*

*I am coming to Anvil to discuss potential business opportunities, that would be most profitable to both ourselves and to the City of Holberg, as well as discuss a problem that I believe blights our great City and holds us back from achieving true greatness in the Empire. I apologise for the scant details so far, but I have found in the past that communications such as this can be intercepted and messages read and changed.*

*Normally I would not come to travel far beyond the walls of Holberg, even less so when I must travel into the dreary and oppressive climes of Casenia. However as luck should have it there will be a play being performed in my honour to celebrate my Prosperous efforts to feed to armies and people of Holberg during the siege, written by the playwright Serafina di Sarvos. Perhaps we could meet up before the performance and discuss matters of business, I intend on arriving at Anvil at 7pm of the Saturday of Summer Summit.*

*To the Prosperity of our Great City and to our own,*

*Merchant Prince Renate von Holberg.*

To Serafina di Sarvos,

I trust that this letter finds you well.

Though it took some arranging, I am delighted to say that the Church has been able to convince Renate to come to Anvil. They and their entourage will be at Anvil at 7pm on the Saturday of the Summer Summit. The Church has been able to infiltrate their inner circle, so there will be someone with the entourage that will be there to help make sure the plan runs smoothly. It is a shame that I will not be able to be there for the play itself and will have to live vicariously through the other members of the Church, alas my health is not what it once was.

However it seems as if Renate is keen to keep themselves safe on their journey to Anvil and have hired a particularly sharp eyed Cicisbeo, Ronald Bordo von Holberg, to act their bodyguard while at Anvil. Renate may believe themselves to be far more intelligent and sharp witted then they actually appear, but Ronald is a more than accomplished Bodyguard and Cicisbeo having been a member of the Tower Jacks during the siege. Make sure he is distracted and kept in the dark with what you planned.

As well as Ronald, there are two other complications that have come up that you will need to prepare for. Firstly Renate wants to see and read the script before the performance and would preferably like a copy. Renate has sunk about 40 Thrones of their money into hiring various playhouses and theatre groups to perform the Play and so wants to make sure of its quality. I would make sure you have another script on hand when Renate pays you in person, maybe gouge them for a bit more money as well!

Second issue is that she is keen to speak with the Senator for Holberg and has sent a letter to them to arrange a meeting at the Summer Summit. From what we are able to gather, Renate comes with a gift of money (unsure of the exact amount, tens of Thrones is my estimation) to give to the Senator as the start of a plan to expel the Sand Fishers from the Misericorde, something that Renate is affronted by. I have no idea how amenable the Current Senator would be to either our plan, or giving support to Renate's machinations. Of note I don't think that Renate has ever met the Senator in person, so you might get away with someone impersonating the Senator.

However you want to deal with these complications I leave upto you and you compatriots. Know that members of the Church will be at Anvil to make sure the plan runs smoothly. May Ambition and Pride guide your efforts and fleece as much money from this horrid piece of shit as you can.

Yours,

The Golden Prince