

Jean Valois, by the Grace of Suran and the Holy Paragons, to the Virtuous Crusader Mordecai of Zephaniah's Lament, health and greetings.

I have returned under cover of old friends to prevail upon on those knights who would follow me in leading my mad father's service, even though it mean exile. He has slighted many that would not suffer it, and some few good knights have joined me.

But I am pursued now by one who once professed her love for me. I fear I am forsworn, for at the very moment of my defeat at your hands she told me I was nothing to her. Esme brings with her a party greater in arms and provisions. With your smuggler's help I have made it into these grasslands where Feroz meets Kalino, but hunting for food and covering our tracks has worn us down. She will catch us, I am sure. We are sore tired and some are wounded, and we have no physick with us.

If there is respect enough in your heart for a questor after the right way, send someone to save us, and I will serve your cause under your terms. My troops will serve likewise from their sworn fealty to me. Though I beg of you, send no servants of Dumon to our aid: I would not trust my own knights not to act rashly in the sight of magicians. My knights are just and righteous warriors who hate the Deceiver's lies, and will need to come slowly to know your own culture, which despises magic almost like our own, if not for the same reasons. It pains me to say, but to be rescued by magic... I could not tolerate such a thing.

We camped last in a ruined farmhouse near a monument to Khadija, a bastard daughter of the Lady Riqueza, if I read the stone right. We will be north of that place when this letter reaches you. Aid us swiftly.