

*The following letter has arrived by Winged Messenger.*

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*Rafael Barossa di Tassato, Grandmaster of the Sevenfold Path, Hero of Anvil, Defender of the Way, I hope this message finds you safe and your home prosperous,*

*Now we are known to one-another, may this magic of Autumn hold our secrets and evade the eyes and ears of the deists.*

*Your Pride inspires me: often in this last year I have found my Courage tested as I have questioned the Wisdom of so brazen a desecration of the idols of the Asav: it was a spark that lit a fire that many who share our faith here beneath the Kraken's coils have been burnt by - some immolated in totality. But Courage is not a straight road and Wisdom is not a clear glass - I find solace in your Loyalty in aiding us, in shaping this fire as Tian once did to bring about the transformation that we both seek. Let us work together, let us create a future free of slavery and false idols.*

*I shall begin with the news that we have secured ourselves and believe we can now obfuscate our activity at the port of Île de Felucca, allowing us to receive suitably concealed cargo. When I travelled the Empire, I heard the arrangements we have made are called a 'Ministry' and through it we will be able to receive the items needed to continue our work. In return - and abhorring charity as our Prosperity demands - iridescent gloaming from my family's small orchard will be sent in return. I leave it to you to seek the best means to assign this arrangement - knowing well the importance of secrecy.*

*Next, let me tell you a little of the times here in Asavea and the fortunes of our temple:*

*Within Nemoria there are many strange happenings: I have remained away, as my history serving in the Temple of the Seven Virtues marks me for harassment, but believers who have travelled recently to learn what they can have spoken of a near transformation of the temple there: the stones have been carved with figures, animals and symbols in a stark profusion - slaves toil at the marble throughout the sweltering summer days and many more in chains haul statuary of bronze and mithril into the sealed sanctum. The 'mysteries' held each new moon inside have become the talk of the city - some of the high-born Plenum have even taken to tattooing their bodies with 'symbols of the Noble Virtues', adding them to their collection of deific brands.*

*The goings-on within the Plenum council are beyond me and most of the congregation here: but it would appear the antics of Portilium Traposdo have become of minor note - as they have styled themselves the 'First Priest of Virtue' and have been seen visiting with many of the priesthoods of the false temples.*

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*Here in Felucca things move at a careful pace: I have mentioned the securing of allies in the port, but so too does influence spread within the families of the isle: we are Vigilant and each step would perhaps seem impossibly slow to the Empire - but each step is taken. Within my own family there is agreement: though the slaves my elder siblings once held are a great shame to them and myself - we have freed them as well as we can. Though beyond our estate they claim to be property of the Acciai, away from those who might victimise them they are bound no longer. Indeed, these freed believers are our greatest asset - it is a trifle to 'lend' a few of their number to other households for field work, where they can speak and find converts within the barracks of the enslaved. In this way we keep the fire burning.*

*But I have written at length. From all here on Felucca, Prosperity and Wisdom upon you. May we speak again soon.*

*-Amika Acciai, Felucca.*