



*To the General of the Iron Helms, Alderei the Fair*

*Greetings, I trust that you fare well.*

*My deepest thanks for your hospitality in Anvil last summit.  
I have considered the words that we shared at length, and wished to share my thoughts.*

*From our discussion, I believe that you are capable of fulfilling Koshiev's prophecy and becoming truly worthy of the name that you bear. You expressed some concern that your jealous compatriots will wrest the Helms from your command. Naturally, I would prefer that you retained that title, or found another means to command influence over that army, but it is not necessary for our plans to bear fruit.*

*If you wish to be anointed by the Volodny as Alderei's true heir, there is one thing that you must do. There is a group of Varushkan traitors who remain in the far North of Miechernya known as the Wretched Fellowship. They pay the Thule in our crystal mana, our artefacts, and our secrets in exchange for their tolerance. I have foreseen that a conjunction will allow you to travel close to their outpost, Vasilya's Last Watch at a quarter past five on the Saturday of the Winter Solstice.*

*Gather those loyal to you, journey forth and kill the traitors. Leave no witnesses, and do not let a whisper of what occurred spread beyond your iron circle. How this is done matters not to me, but if you wish not to travel in such force as to raise suspicion, I will provide a means that you can accomplish this with cunning. Have your schlecta bring tankards and horns aplenty, and when you arrive, spy out a cauldron that I will prepare for you, but do not drink! It will be filled with a brew only fit to send traitors to the Labyrinth.*

*If you achieve this, we will meet at the Spring Equinox, and you will be crowned with regalia worthy of Alderei the Fair. Consider also those who are worthy to be privy to our future discussions, those who are ready to be your lieutenants and counsellors when you bring this world to its knees.*

*Kozma the Stranger*