

ESCON
THE CAMP OF THE HIGHBORN
ANVIL

Sieur,

I am Veren, Exarch of Bassail's Stand in Longshire, Reikos. I am sorry to bother you with a problem our chapter ought to have been able to solve for ourselves, but we are at our wits' end.

Some weeks ago now we came across an abomination trying to make entrance to our chapterhouse in Longshire. We slew it, of course, but then another came, and another. At first it was every few hours. Then every hour. Then sooner. They do not sleep. They do not rest. There is hardly time to burn one lot before the next have come. And we are at the end of our endurance.

We think we know where they are coming from. There is a clearing in a nearby wood that has always had a ring of unnatural greenery. We think they are growing there in some abhorrent unnatural fashion. But nothing we have done has stopped them. Every time we turn our back there are more. Every time we try to rest there are more. We are sure they are corrupting the place by their very presence. The horrible dust that they drop as they walk, our physicks say that it irritates the lungs.

There are no magisters within our chapter, and I would not call on such people without dire need: yet our need in this instance is truly dire. Sieur, we are dying by inches, in the face of a problem we do not understand and have little sight of solving. On behalf of the Chapter of Bassail's Stand I ask: if there are magisters among the Highborn at Anvil who would know how this problem might be addressed – or even assuaged for some hours, that we might at least grab some sleep – then might they be brought to our aid, by your intercession?

Tell them to bring bodyguards. Lots of

they are coming again