

Cut or tear off this strip to have a completely IC document

The following letter is delivered by a gawky black bird whose flight feathers are edged with a brilliant turquoise. After clacking its beak at you with dubious intent it takes flight and departs.

Bastiana i Fontanilla i Riqueza!

A fine name - lots of sounds and parts, a pleasure to say again and again - over and over - a mantra, a chant, an invocation! So do I invoke you, victor of Anvil in my great game! And what a great game it was - what an adventure of passion and change - of speaking one's feelings and hearing those from far, far away. I do hope verily that you enjoyed it to the utmost - indeed I was so taken with your jousting on the topic of New Experiences that I positively coiled myself in knots pondering the whole conversation.

So congratulations! Yes - you are the winner, the orator I have chosen from the Anvil regio to receive a gift, a boon, a reward and a token - a badge of your achievements, your words given for, tangible and perhaps promising further change, further new experiences and further exchanging of thoughts.

At the eighth hour after noon on the first night of the solstice, my heralds will appear in the Hall of Worlds. For you they will carry the prize! Seek out the Archmage of Night, they will be ready also.

- Lashonar