

Imperial Friends,

*It is with a sense of disappointment that I write to you from an encampment on the border with Volodmartz. Having heard nothing back from you in the immediate aftermath of my offer to send armies against the *Cold Sun* which besets you, I assumed simply that your message was delayed. I have mobilized two armies at great risk to my reputation and standing. We marched as swiftly as we could to the border keen to fight these strange invaders of the Day realm alongside our friends and allies. However, still no word comes from the Empire accepting our very generous offer. Indeed, some Varushkans approached the border last night to tell me that we are not wanted here, and that any attempt to assist their people would be seen as an act of war.*

My forces have camped here for a month and a half now, as the weather has grown increasingly hostile. I fear that now I must retire back north and demobilise my strength. This action has put me in a much more tenuous position, and others within the Dragons' orbit will surely use this to decry the inevitable treachery of The Empire. Indeed were I a less cautious person, it seems this situation might have brought us unwittingly to war, which some have suggested was the intention.

I know that my friends would not have deployed such a trap, intending to force us into needless conflict, but others who know you only through the old tales of Imperial evil think less well of things.

In future, I trust that you will do me the courtesy of a warning if a plan is not to proceed.

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(They/Them)*

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Spyridonakes,

Things are, as I'm sure you can imagine, turbulent in the City of Apulian at present. With so many of my new countryfolk of The League moving in, with rebels seizing the countryside, with armies marching through on their way south, and with some Grendel loyalists still making trouble.

I have not forgotten the loyal service of my friends in Urizen, however, and have been attempting to find, within our own treasure houses and within those few markets of the Broken Shore from which smuggling routes still exist, treasures which may be of interest to you.

I believe I have found such a treasure, an item of historical significance to both our peoples. I would very much like to bring it to you at this coming summit. I do not know how much time I will have in the League camp, between my other duties, so it would be easiest if I could come to meet you and/or Andronikos in the Urizen camp at 19:00 on Friday.

*I look forward to seeing you again,
Lachlan von Apulian*

Ambassador,

I write to inform you that I will be attending the Coronation of your new Empress as a representative of the Council of Salt Lords.

I have a gift to present to the Throne, though I understand that she may be too busy at this time to receive me personally. If you are able to receive the gift on her behalf, that would be acceptable.

Naturally, given the current relationship between our peoples, I expect there may be some hostility amongst the populace, particularly those citizens of the Brass Coast who may feel strongly about the situation in Madrugá.

I am bringing my brother Tomag with me as a bodyguard, but if you are able to arrange a small guard once we arrive at Anvil, that would be appreciated. Ironically, I would suggest hiring warriors of the Brass Coast for the task, as I understand they will not break a formal contract for any reason.

We will be arriving at the main entrance to Anvil around a quarter to Three on Saturday, in time to attend the ceremony at Three O'Clock.

*I hope to see you soon,
Eithríg Seadh,*