

A missive to the cunning-folk of Bregasland.

Down past Graven town we've got a problem that's more than a Beater's ken, shame to say. A labourer on Tommy Stocker's farm went wild a couple of weeks back, took to wearing a noose, and he looks like he's used it, though he's still walking and he doesn't look dead as such. People who've gone too close say he did something funny to them, and they've all been very upset, so everyone's keeping their distance.

It's like he's a ghost, only nobody's seen a body, and he's not wailing or confused, he's just acting daft. I was going to go down there and slap him till he came out of it, but then I heard there were other strange ones, not-quite-ghosts, just over the border in Mournwold and Mitwold, so I went to talk to Regan Badger.

Well, between that and those two from King's Stoke asking to hear about lost Dolmens, I told them we needed proper experts. If you're reading this, you're someone whose name goes round when a Beater asks for someone with cunning. I'll be coming to Anvil with my assistant Regan and some Orc who Regan says knows about the other one, hopefully in time for a good lunch on the Saturday.