

Mages of the Imperial Conclave

Their Grand Majesties The Eternal Mazon of the
Many Faces greets you and bids you welcome

We have been kind. We have been patient.

We have piled you with gifts and boons and kind intent.

We have heard your plans and your brave songs.

We have made heralds for you. Now it is time for The Empire
to give us more than pretty words - we require our **Freedom**.



The Empire has always been dearest to us - but now, we must offer warning -
the offers that your enemies make are *tempting*, while the platitudes that the Empire
has given us so far merely ring hollow.

ACT.

You have until **midnight on Saturday** to prove your worth.

Do not disappoint us.



All Hail Their Grand Majesties
The Eternal Mazon of the Many Faces