



Well played, Neb of the Navarr

You kept me talking while your servants attacked my camp, slaughtered my people, stole my treasure. Yet it is just one stone. I will console myself that I have many other relics of your people at my house.

My respect for the Heirs of Terunael continues to grow, as does my hate. Yet I will master my hate, and draw strength from it. But I will not let it overwhelm me until it is time to bring an end to you.

Regardless that you have the Singing Stone, I still have the ritual that holds back the Tide of Growth. I still want the Dance of Navarr and Thorn.

Despite your treachery I am still prepared to trade – as enemies and rivals – the lore I have gathered at Beantal Dol in return for the lore you have gathered. I still want to see the Vallorn destroyed.

I am even prepared to share with you what I know of the Sign of Tamar – it is of little use to me now that your minions have defeated the Stone Toad but it may be of interest to you scions of the fallen empire.

If you wish to negotiate further, you will have to do so by winged messenger. I will not call on the power of the Lashonar another time until I am sure there is something to gain.

You will not find me in Tabernacle however. Send to me instead at the House of Bant Jarangir, in the Emerald Marshes.

Ghulai Greenmask