

*The following letter has arrived by Winged Messenger.*

*Ave, Rafael - Virtuous friend from across the sea, Hero of Anvil. May this letter find you well.*

*As winter settles over these benighted isles and the seas in the strait of Felucca turn slate grey, the thoughts of myself and the others within the Temple turn first to the warmer climes of the past - and then to the future.*

*In the past we find a heady mix of Pride and Courage - at what we have been able to achieve: teaching those who would chain others to live in fear, taking a smuggler's den and building up a beacon of the Way and growing our congregation bit by bit: there is not a single Estate upon Felucca now where we have not found converts - and through our influence at the docks we have been able to send motivated souls to other islands - in and away from Nemoria. But we have perhaps lacked Wisdom - the brutality of the mainland's reprisals for the embers our consecrations set amidst the slave quarter has not been seen in a generation; those avenues are now closed to us - without supreme risk.*

*But how could we not consider such risks favourable when we see too in the viscera of the year departing such victories for the Way as Chalonsio and Rachensgrab - Rafael Barossa di Tassato - I wish I had the power within me to share the imagines in my own mind - for I can only imagine the pleasure it would grant you to see the disarray in the forae, the shattered fortunes, the devastation that the victories of the Empire in eviscerating the wickedness of slavery have produced in Asavea. The Plenum struggle blindly without Virtue as their world goes dark - the human misery that had sustained them has been cut and to them even the sun's rising each morning seems an uncertain thing.*

*We look then to this new future your people's efforts - their blood and toil - has carved for all of humanity: our ultimate destiny seems all the closer. We continue to teach the skills of a true priest to those we are able and have designs over provinces long overlooked by those in power at the Kraken's heart: we will learn from our mistakes and from our successes and seek to plant new seeds of faith wherever we find fertile soil. We keep a watchful eye for opportunities too - for ourselves and perhaps the Empire: as Nemoria stirs into war, we hope to do our part - just as passionately as any son or daughter of the Ten Nations.*

*The following letter has arrived by Winged Messenger.*

*We are many and we are driven - I wonder, Rafael - what is it you would have us do? Every day there are new questions, challenges and dangers: in my weakest moments the challenges arrayed against us seem insurmountable - far too much for a single mind to reckon and overcome. How does the ship on the sea know if it is driven by the tiller, or the immensity of the sea beneath it? Your Wisdom would be greatly appreciated.*

*It is a quieting thought that we have had luck beyond Prosperity so far - and that eventually some or all of us will be called to offer our lives for this cause. I wonder if I will be writing a letter like this again when the seas turn grey next year? Or will I have begun my next journey through the Labyrinth? I think it would be better soon in the crucible of change than later under the weight of victory - though I am in no great rush!*

*May the turning of the year treat you well,*

*-Amika Acciai, Felucca.*