

Sagramore,

I am uncertain if you did receive the missive I so hastily penned on Sunday of the Solstice. I am ashamed now of my confusion, and, guided by Lashonar and certain other letters we have received, I am most sure that there is like to be only one human love in these words, others might be metaphor or nature both but not I think, different women addressed by each set as I once surmised.

You are, as the poorly thought out letter said, invited to a chamber in Lashonar's realm. You may read your words yourself or have them read by a Herald. You may come alone or accompanied by no more than 3 others... I hazard a guess, that you will bring with you a Lady dressed in red and gold? Or yet one more choice, you may send her to hear the words, without your presence, and be yourself elsewhere, or present but carefully hid.

The chamber will be accessed through the Hall of Worlds, a door which the Loquacious one will open, but the portal to the Hall you must take care of yourself, by your own magic or such items or rituals as can persuade it open should you or your guest not be mages.

The timing of your visit is at a quarter past six on the Saturday evening of the Equinox. Though if you would be present, yet concealed, we will need something to contrive for your arrival.

You have, I hope, a Loquacious Feather which you can use to signal your wishes in this matter on the Friday of the Equinox, or you may find Rossignol's agent Percy in Lumi's Teahouse in Wintermark, early on the Friday evening of the Solstice..

*Percival Weaver, Night Mage,
and one who sees the virtue in the actions of the Eternal Lashonar*