

To Myshki Marishka Letuchaya

I have information on that pathetic upstart you call the Schalcta of Rot, which I am willing give to you in return for a small boon for myself. Thus I offer you and a small entourage hospitality at 7pm on the Friday the Summer Solstice, at the foot of Perumaki Mountains.

Nemoc, servant of the Howling Queen.