

Dean, dearest Idoia i Cuevas i Erigo,
Lover and Betrayer of Mine. You stole from me what was mine, I should have been Dean. You betrayed me to complete your research into the ritual that so many despise, despite my knowledge of what it would do. You turned the Silent Bell and the Shattered Lantern against me. You had Aenea shun me and turn me away from Anvil. You had me Inquisited just to torment me. You drove me to destroy my cabal of the Well of Hearts. You are the cause of my reclusion and my descent into what I have become.

You have what is mine now. You have my text for 'Footsteps of the Fallen. You are the one who has twisted it into the what is now known as Quickening Cold Meat. Bring it to me at my army's camp, in Weirmoor, Weirwater, Dawn during the coming Winter Solstice, one hour before midnight on the Saturday. I have asked several others to attend, the Boyar of Dark Heart Vale, the Archmage of Winter, the Senator for Karsk and Hubert Gremani. You may each bring a single guest to my audience with you. Bring me my ritual text and I shall forgive you.

Cadaver