



*To the General of the Iron Helms, Alderei the Fair*

*Greetings, I trust that you fare well.*

*I am delighted to hear that the Wretched Fellowship no longer stains our rightful lands. I had intended to return to Anvil to speak with you at the Spring Equinox, but it seems that a greater opportunity is available. I have reached out to some of the others, and they are most interested in meeting you. Not all of my compatriots are able to walk abroad, but I see no reason to delay our first War Council.*

*I have foreseen that the Sentinel Gate will bring you to the Cave of the Twisted Oak in Mierada at midnight on the Friday of the Equinox. Bring your two most trusted lieutenants, and be sure they are stout of heart as we will not be hiding our true nature.*

*Koshiev's words echo through the ages: be the cold blade of the Volodny once more, Alderei the Fair.*

*Kozma the Stranger*