

*The following letter arrived by unknown means as you travelled to Anvil. Appearing wedged in a container you are certain you packed yourself.*

---

*Dearest Senator - please find below a letter for our mutual friend, Ematius, Archmage of Winter. My thanks.*

*Archmage,*

*I write to you now a season has passed of our agreement. I can only imagine how many brave citizens of the Mark that might lie dead, frozen on the tundra. Surely too those who had struggled against the Jotun without aid from their kinsfolk have also begun to succumb to the uncaring ice without my continuing aid. None of them found the meat that might have staved their hunger, none of them heard a whisper that would lead them to shelter, each felt hopelessness, terror and then nothing at all. As per our agreement, of course.*

*Nor do the Jotun look out fearfully from their barricades any longer: there are no eyes in the dark to hunt them, nor lonesome howls on the storm winds to cow them. They move with impunity through the deepest forests, across the thinnest ice and parade as if my stayed hand is their doing. But of course - it is yours.*

*It is a testament to my word that every poisoning, murder or act of desperation over this season sprang from the imagination of those whose hands are bloodied by such deeds - neither I nor my heralds have helped any slip those chains, nor shown them what must be done to keep living. Instead, it is by your words that they are inspired.*

*I have kept my word - but I wonder if you have kept yours? - I obliged the rules of the Wise Hag's parley and kept to her hospitality. Did you? I am deeply offended that yet another gift - this more earnestly given than any other: one crafted by my own talons from the bones of one useful to me - has been locked away to moulder with neery an eye for its potential. Does all of the Empire pride itself on such ignorance? Where is the wisdom in blind fear? Perhaps the Hag is right to be disappointed in you. But I digress...*

*For two more seasons will my compact with you be sustained. Perhaps if the Empire can impress me again another agreement might be made - I care not for rules, save those that benefit or amuse me. On this, it seems that we are much alike.*

*Send my finest regards to the Suag and let them know the progress of our work together; I am certain they shall cherish the cunning and skill at which you chose to achieve their ends.*

*-A*