

*Greetings, Winterfolk,*

*I admit, I went to our parlay under the Solstice bearing a burden of worry that I'd be met with treachery or violence, and was pleasantly surprised by your fair dealing.*

*Let us take our negotiations forwards under the banners of diplomacy that both our peoples are striving to establish.*

*While there is not yet an embassy established between Thule and Empire, the foundations of such working together have been laid. I am told by my fellows that there is a man of the Varushka who has been central to all this diplomacy, a man called Juba. My advisors tell me that, to honour the Empire's efforts at peace, it would be politic for me to conduct our further dealings via this man - and subsequently via any official ambassador who is chosen for such a position.*

*And so I shall do, for I would not want to cause offence to you or your Empire by avoiding the right and proper protocols. After all, I am offering a fair deal here myself, so let us conduct our business as it should be conducted.*

*So, I remind you of my prices - forty four rings of ilium for the crimson cloak itself, the amount used in its creation. I will also accept mithril, with one wain of mithril being worth two rings of ilium. You cannot say fairer than that, I think! And for the workers serving their indentures in my mine after being captured in our war - and are we not all happy and relieved that such war is now behind us? - I ask a single ingot of weltsilver for each released, and I have fifty such labourers serving me.*

*Talk to this man, Juba, then. Discuss with him how you wish to proceed and I, for my part, will wait to hear how things turn out.*

*Skogr the Red*