

To every clever bugger what gets this, listen.

I'm Regan the Badger, and if you're from Odd's End you've heard of me, and if you've not then you mustn't be from Odd's End. I beat the bounds round these parts.

There's summat weird in the border neighbourhood. Down near where it gets cold, at the edge of the Mourn, down in the south field of Steward Orna's farm, someone found a Dolmen like that Bethany and Elke of King's Stoke told us all to tell them about. Well, they're Upholders, so bugger them. We solve our own problems.

Anyhow, our Ollie, he put the Dolmen back up, like they said that lot did over in the Marshes last year. When he got it standing, he had a funny turn right then. Went all ghost-y. I don't mean he died, I'm not daft. Just weird, talking weird, and pale and wrong-looking, and there's a knife in his hand come from who-knows-where 'cos he didn't have a knife when he righted that stone. No-one wants to get too close 'cos, well, either they're scared, or they're wary like me, and I reckon he might try summat with that knife, and he don't deserve the smack I'd have to give him if some ghost made him try out. I reckon he needs a Friar, or a Landskeeper, or both.

Anyway, I've paid a Navarri to copy this and put a copy in the hands of the first dozen clever buggers she come across, and I reckon you'll come or you'll fetch up someone who will. And just in case you can't, I'm coming to Anvil with a couple more Beaters, 'cos that Orna's kid Ollie ain't the only one what's gone funny since that stone went up.

See you on the Equinox, round lunchtime, I reckon.