

The following letter was amongst your belongings upon your arrival at Anvil. You do not know how it came to be there.

I HOPE YOUR PREPARATIONS FOR WINTER HAVE GONE WELL. AS THE NIGHTS GROW LONGER AND THE FOREST WITHHOLDS ITS GENEROSITY BENEATH EVER DEEPER CURTAINS OF GATHERING SNOW WE BECOME BUSY WITH GATHERING WHAT IS NEEDED TO SURVIVE THE DEEP COLD. WE CHERISH THE GIFTS EXCHANGED IN THE PAST SEASON AND HAVE CONSIDERED YOUR SHARED WISDOM.

GRANDFATHER TELLS US THAT HE HAS SEEN AN IRON CROWN OF BARBS LIFTED FROM AN EMPTY THRONE BY AN EAGLE OF BLACKEST PITCH AND SET UPON THE HEAD OF ONE WHOSE SPILLED BLOOD HAS THE SCENT OF USHKA UPON IT. GRANDFATHER DOES NOT LIE – WE HAVE HEARD IN THE MARKETS THAT THERE IS A NEW EMPRESS. WE SEND A GIFT FROM BLOOD TO BLOOD – HOWEVER DISTANT AND THINNED – AND TO SHARE IN YOUR JOY. WE WOULD BE INDEBTED IF YOU COULD DELIVER IT TO THE CROWNED ONE ON OUR BEHALF.

WE REGRET THAT WE CANNOT ACCEPT AN INVITATION EXTENDED TO US BY THE MILITIA. AS THE ROADS GROW DARK AND COLD, THOSE THAT WALK THEM GROW DARKER AND COLDER STILL – AND ALL OF OUR KIN ARE NEEDED TO SURVIVE THE WINTER.

MAY YOU SURVIVE UNTIL SPRING.

– YOUR NEIGHBOURS IN SLOMAVETKA.



Fretek Sargava Slavomiryn, PID: 11752.1

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This letter is found stuffed into a delivery of goods to your Vale - slipped in through a gap in the boards of a crate.

FRETEK SARGAVA SLAVOMIRYN:

WE HAVE RECEIVED YOUR SUMMONS. WE BEG CLEMENCY AS THE DEPTHS OF WINTER APPROACHES. COME THE SPRING, WHEN OUR ELDERS AWAKEN AGAIN - WE WILL SPEAK OF THIS TO THEM.

The following letter arrived by winged messenger.

Jaromira,

I had hoped we might see eye to eye on this as Varushkans: some may say we Ketzov are not heirs to such a title, given our past hardships - but if not siblings, then we are surely cousins and have learned the same hard lessons, been taught the same iron laws of the forest. It is these lessons and laws under which we have acted.

We are sorry to have caused the Imperial Militia any concern - it is unfortunate that they have had to become involved and even worse that they have felt the need to send word. Please be reassured that we are Proud of our shared Empire, its institutions and its laws.

It is not possible for us to be away to Anvil this season: as with many in Varushka, the coming Winter makes travel a dangerous prospect. But rest assured, we send word when the roads are clear and we have thawed from the cold so that we might meet you once travel is safe again.

We do look forward to celebrating the coronation of our new Empress, however - these are exciting times and all of my kin are united in sending our best wishes. We have contrived to have a small gift from our grateful people to you, so that you might deliver them to the Crown in our stead.

Until we meet,

-Vladimir Kazimirov Ketzov,

The House of Stern Stone, Ketzov



Rafael Barossa d'Apulian PID: 2979.7

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The following letter has arrived by Winged Messenger.

Rafael Barossa d'Apulian -

I write from within Marilen's broken walls, atop the garrison barracks. I can see along the burned main street towards the West. There are strange shadows in the deserted avenues and walled gardens as the sun rises. In places across the city smoke still lingers from La Aubetoile's passions in many plumes. Some have said they see faces in the char and soot, or hear whispering in the smouldering ashes. All here are on edge and are seeking whatever signs they can.

It was my plan to write to you from Felucca in victory. The season that has passed with our temple making ready: we used Nemoria's distraction in making war with Casinea to find hidden ways into the hills. In this we have all been invested - our halls beneath the dirt of Felucca lie empty now. It was Amika's teachings that we should all be prepared for Virtue's calling and to be ready for the purpose that all those who believe in Human Destiny must fully embrace to achieve it. Through this dedication and effort we found those eager for freedom in each mine surrounding Marilen and gave them the means and materials they needed to win it.

When the time came to act, the fire spread quickly. The mine guards and overseers that had not yet fled from a season of harassment and struggle were quickly swept aside. We threw open the pens and put an instrument of liberation into every willing hand. Concurrently, our coven brought the agreement with La Aubetoile to fruition and directed its flames down the barren valley and onto the city. The conjured flames took the form of a procession of beasts in the shape of humanity: though they walked upon cinders in the form of hooves and had the horns of goats upon their heads they bore the faces of men and women. Each shadow cavorted and seethed with terrible emotion, leaving a smouldering trail of glittering coals in their wake. Here we were meant to withdraw. We had planned to make good our escape and reach our ships as the emancipated reached yours. But in that moment as my brothers and sisters in faith stood in the wake of our ritual something told us that we could win. We just had to try.



Rafael Barossa d'Apulian PID: 2979.7

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The following letter has arrived by Winged Messenger.

Spreading out, we gathered any of the freed who were willing to try with us. Those who had seen the burning column creeping towards Marilen had been gripped by the same animus. Soon we were a ragged army and we fell upon the estates and farms the passage of La Aubetoile had put into disarray and found our numbers swell.

Mariel's garrison was not caught unawares. Its Asawi leadership had responded to our efforts in weakening the mines with paranoia and had consolidated its resources to protect themselves. While our spirits were steeled by passion and Courage, those of the defenders were put into route by the approaching flames and darkness. The living flames embraced soldiers even when cut and skewered and their oiled linens and wicker shields quickly caught and spread the conflagration. We made good use of this chaos encircling and butchering Galatupos' oppressors with mining picks, stolen swords and smuggled spears. Those that survived fled into the south, down towards Sulesca and north towards Maragladia.

What followed was a scouring. we broke every chain in Marilen and every enemy of the Way was sent to the Labyrinth to languish. Marilen's fountains ran red once more. Everywhere we went we painted works of the spirit with our stockpiled Liao and roused a trampled people to fervour. By now we knew that the ships from Casinea were beyond reach and as the night turned to dawn we felt as though a greater calling awaited us. We were possessed again by a spark of the Firebrand - to fight and die free here rather than steal away into uncertainty.

In the days since we have left no estate, mine, farm or villa untouched within a day's travel. Some have chosen to test their fortunes alone, but most see that there is nowhere else to go and have been welcomed in Marilen. We have dug ditches, reinforced barricades and stockpiled supplies. We know a siege is coming. Though the Kraken moves slowly, we already see that they are massing from the North and South.



Rafael Barossa d'Apulian PID: 2979.7

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The following letter has arrived by Winged Messenger.

There is no hope of victory. We are an army of slaves and sixth sons and daughters playing at war and we are outnumbered by a score to one. Our faith sustains us and we are prepared for the end. We stand at a crossroads and we are split in purpose. We again ask you, Rafael - what we should do:

We believe that the fire Kindled in our struggle here can ignite elsewhere across Asavea. Wherever the faithful languish beneath Nemoria's cruelty the Kindling lays ready to ignite and it awaits but a spark. We could be that spark. Given the proper tools Marilen could cost Nemoria dearly, searing our Courage, Pride and Ambition into hearts all across the archipelago. Ours would be an example these ancient islands need - cities and peoples so tired and cowed by generations of stagnation - we would show them Virtue and what the human spirit can achieve.

But - I was once a vintner. I know the Wisdom of patience and that impulsiveness is a false friend to Courage and poisoner of Ambition. For all the fire in my heart and my dedication to what has begun here - I cannot look across the faces of those who stand beside me - happy faces made grim by the heavy price that freedom has asked of them - and not believe that their death, however willing, is a betrayal of our mutual Loyalty. I know that they would follow wherever we led and this responsibility is like a Knife in my chest. It could be then that we seek instead to escape. If we acted decisively, we could break through into the South and vanish within the scrubland and forests. So long as the might of Nemoria is entangled in war we would be able to set about the slow work of exodus. But this would cost many lives and put us in an uncertain future. I am left with the question: is it better to ask my brothers and sisters to die at the chance to live a hunted life or to lead them to a certain death?

Whichever route we choose, we would need whatever you might send us - but chiefly: mithril. Amongst those willing to lay down their lives here are smiths and artisans who have toiled their entire lives for the benefit of others; Whose hands burn to turn Prosperity to their own cause - our cause. Given enough of the metal we can fashion

defences, weapons and armour aplenty to make the oppressors pay in blood - or to succeed in our flight into the south.



Rafael Barossa d'Apulian PID: 2979.7

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The following letter has arrived by Winged Messenger.

We have made contact with a merchant from Sarcophan: Sleeder Schijnvriend is a smuggler with a fast ship and broad connections. He has agreed to risk the journey to Marracossa to deliver materials and is confident he can reach us with enough time for us to act. Their ship, "Tijd's Pijl", is moored in Robec and Sleeder is certain that any Casinean certificates they receive can be quickly exchanged for local metal. There is plenty of loot for his paying here - we have little need for the Plenum's stolen wealth.

I am sorry that I have been so ungrateful as to not spend time on your questions. I often think of Amika and sorely miss his counsel and his friendship. But as I wrote earlier - he was resolute in impressing upon those he brought into the temple that the only two certainties in life are the present moment and the Labyrinth beyond it: everything else is something precious that must be fought for. It is a testament to his skill at words and letters that he achieved what he did in Felucca as the sixth son of a House in decline. Among those here in Marilen there are far better born defenders who are prepared to sacrifice the easy life their blood entitled them to because of Amika's words.

People are stirring now amidst the free city of Marilen and there are sermons to be said and work to be done.

-Alberto Acciai, Marilen



Karg i Estrico i Erigo, PID: 9099.1
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document

The following letter was awaiting for you upon your arrival at Anvil along with a package containing a mirror of black glass.

Karg i Estrico i Erigo,

I am Glaucia Herminia, representative of my people to your Empire. We are of course acquainted. I write to you from Trajadoz where our stewardship of the lands so graciously entrusted to us has been apace: we expect our careful preparations over the last few seasons, undertaken with a spirit of certainty granted by your efforts in properly applying Imperial law and diplomacy, to bear fruit in the coming year.

However: we cannot ignore the danger developing in Madrugá's south - the massing of the orcish Armada and the obvious hand of the Nemorian Kraken that guides their actions. We have heard how the Asaveans have wrought the same travesties upon Siroc as were enacted upon Marilen and Maragladia. We are joined in outrage and anguish at these actions. It has been agreed by all the families in exile that we will exhaust every effort in ensuring our mutual victory by applying our experience in making war with the Nemorians on land and sea and the unrivalled quality of our artifice. However, we are in a state of unpreparedness for this threat: Trajadoz is without sturdy gates nor thick walls - and without such any efforts to aid the war effort might be swept away by the kind of raid the Asaveans are known to employ. The sons and daughters of Free Marracossa will fight to the last - but there is no hope of victory at present and we have no intention of abandoning our homes again.

We have assembled a purse of fifteen imperial thrones with which to purchase white granite for improving our defences. This has been sent by courier to Anvil, to be delivered unto the Egregore spirit of your nation. We request of you - and entrust into your care - these funds so that at least five wains of white granite might be acquired. With further resources we might further fortify our homes and so better our odds at repelling attacks from the sea - which will of course further protect our workshops and artisans as well as the lands around Trajadoz.

As you have aided us in the past, may we aid you in the future.



Karg i Estrico i Erigol, PID: 9099.1
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The following letter was awaiting for you upon your arrival at Anvil along with a package containing a mirror of black glass.

Finally, we send a gift to celebrate the ascension of a new Empress to your Imperial Throne. Please extend the compliments of the Marracossan people to her excellency and our wishes for mutual prosperity - and her swift victory against her aggressors. May this mirror darkly reflect a glorious past and a grander future.

With thanks,

*~ Glaucia Herminia
Trajadoz, Madruza.*

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OOO NOTE:

- This letter should be delivered with two ribbons:
 - Ribbon #36399 named
- Please contact GOD if either of these ribbons are not present in your character pack.