

To Ranulf Pridestalker, Senator for Hercynia

Copies to:

Sian Eternal, Advisor to the Casinian Empire on the Vallorn

Meral Kinslayersfoe, Assistant to Sian Eternal

Juha, the Cave Spider, Ambassador to the Thule from the Casinian Empire

My thanks go to you for allowing my Warlocks to cast their auguries upon your lands. You have my permission to a group of Warlocks of your own to cast your Spring ritual to Dance the Navarr of Thorns in the Circle of Blood Red Pines in Stathas, Skuld. I admit that I do not know how your portal works so I will not try to arrange a time of meeting but we shall set a guard at the circle.

We have had to work with Eternals to get this circle created, so you appreciate that we have taken your request to cast your ritual very seriously. I would ask that you perform your ritual with haste, since should you take too long then we will lose access to a Spring regio in a safe location.

As per the agreement that was made on your behalf by Meral, Acting Advisor on the Vallon, spoken with the authority of the Navarr nation - once you have cast your ritual, the Navarr will have permission to walk the trods created in Skuld as soon as we have formal permission from your senate to walk freely around Hercynia.

As per the agreement that was made on your behalf by Meral, Acting Advisor on the Vallon, spoken with the authority of the Navarr nation, we await a copy of the highest rank Day Ritual in Imperial Lore and in return will send the writings of what happened when the Star fell upon the Vallorn Heart in Skuld.

Warlock Thrax,

On behalf of the Eternal Light of my living ancestor Hinodir of the Bright Orb

The Temple of Phaleron

Mourning Hollow

Summersend

Hercynia

As a sign of trust, we shall tell you our findings from the Eyes of the Hidden Flame that was cast in Hercynia, as per our agreement. The auguries show us one major event from history in each of the territories. What was seen is something that happened and could be different upon each casting, although the Wanderer is linked to this spell and tells us something which is of import in some way.

In the region you know as the Northpines, our Auguries showed a leaguish troupe, they were carrying large chains and shackles that they had brought north from Temeshwar. These manacles were made of wrought iron but had runes carved into them. The manacles are hidden in the forest by the rivers of Myfanwy's glade. The leader of the leaguers goes by the name of Shadowsmith, but there is little conversation, the manacles are buried well and the group call for the Prince and the Tomb to power their magics before leaving the clearing to return South.

At the Glen of Shadows I will be honest with you. We saw the attack of our forces upon the fortress of Trejii and the Orcs of the Summer Storm taking the way house. The slaves and runesmiths were rescued from the Summer Storm and taken north whilst the Thule troops defended the fortress. It was the Warlock Arob who stayed until the end, collapsing the fortress down upon her with her mastery of Spring Magics. She carried the staff of Tathenon which was lost under the ruins of the fortress, along with her body as her spirit was wasted, not joining her ancestor.

In Deer's Folly we see the Druj, they are uncovering a stone pillar from the undergrowth. The pillar is an odd angular shape with angular designs down the sides where blood has run from a brass bowl in the top. The orcs break off the heads of two spears, taken from the bodies of the Navarr at their feet, and place them through the stone. Their leader, a female Druj, gives a menacing grin, as she casts magics upon the stone. There is a crash and a large briar, almost seven foot tall with foul claws attacks from the undergrowth. Two of the Druj are cut down as the woman pours foul vicious liquids upon small knives and throws them at the creature, dropping it to the floor almost immediately. There is the sound of more crashes in the undergrowth and so she makes the hard decision, to leave, and come back for the relic some other day.

In Old Ranging we saw hordes of Winterfolk, led by a warrior queen. The Navarr fire arrows at them in small groups, pulling back into the forest. The winterfolk push forwards and break into a clearing. The Navarr has stopped and circled back the way they came as the hordes of the Winterfolk surge forward and a swarm of creatures, with bug like faces and large claws swarm towards them. The green mists sweep around them and then from behind the Navarr start to fire arrows, some of them on fire causing the Wintermark troops to back away from the flames, trapped by the hordes of bugs. As they fall some of them start to get up again, hungry for flesh and start ripping apart their fallen comrades in the battle line. As the creatures overwhelm the Wintermarkers the banner bearer falls to the fall, and Winter Fury is lost. The Navarr warlocks cast rituals as the Winterborn try to retreat and smear blood on the trunks of trees with runes caved into them. The ward of the black wastes is cast and the Navarr pull back to their homes.

In Summersend, in the lands of Mourning Hollow there is a great battle between the Vard and the Navarr. The Navarr fight with spear and magics against the Vard. It is a young boy in black robes by the name of Kazamir who stands with the Navarr, he is of Ushkan decent and uses spells to hide the Navarr warriors from the Vard. The Vard general approaches, they carry a large runic axe in one hand and a shield in the other. The wizard speaks words, calling upon Eternals of night and transforms their body into a ten foot high serpent, almost twice as long. The Vard warriors swings at him, cutting deep into his flesh but he turns and bites him in half spitting him and his axe deep into the bushes. The wound on his chests starts to grow back as he continues fighting against the invading Vard, helped by the Navarr warriors who are attacking the creature now with all their strength.