

Bishop Mario:

*Here beside the Uassa do I stand
Its crashing banks with bloody foam renewed
Wondering what moves this monster's hand
For surely Cavul drives not such a feud!
All my witnesses do swear they're human -
No orcs' resentment striking 'gainst their master
Yet thanks to victims' hands, nothing is proven,
Now the Reckoners strike back in bloody answer!
Mestrá's violent history works confusion:
Swift and brutal once their hearts' offended
Swifter still the city's absolution
Must come: lest all in civil war is ended!
The time has come to speed my sleuthing onward:
I'll flush out yet these vile unvirtuous cowards.*

To: The Archmage of Spring

*Arhallogen extends his arm. I would meet with brave souls who consent to take my test.
I have Amity - though I know not why or how such a thing came to be.
I look forward to our meeting.*

Baxshula.