

*Secretary to the Herald Rossignol am I,*

*And it is their wish I remind you of matters Epistolic and Competitive.*

*At their demand I shall be at your Hall of Worlds from one half hour before the conclave of magicians begins on the Friday eve of the Solstice.*

*This is the intended time to place your entries for the love letter competition.*

*Should the act of pen to paper have slipped your mind over the season, and your entry not be ready, you have two choices to consider. You may of course forfeit the competition – no harm, no slight will be assumed from a withdrawal at this point.*

*Or, you may, if you must, cajole. With the right blandishments and encouragements, I may be persuaded to return and collect a few last pieces on the Saturday morning of the Solstice. But only from those who seek me out and convince me of the honest reason for their delay, and induce me to consider their need favourably.*

*You may find yourself speaking with others of the competition, mark now that I carry a list of the names that were placed in the chalice set in the Hall of Worlds at the Autumn Equinox. Entries cannot be accepted from any not so named.*

*I await our meeting with anticipation*

*Percival Weaver, Night Mage,*

*and one who sees the virtue in the actions of the Eternal Lashonar*