

To those who read this letter, fair greetings!

In kind thanks for your help with the problem of those Orcs, you are invited to my wedding at the Inn at the Sign of the Candle in Vorota. Without your aid, we would still be stuck looking after them, and I fear they would have cost us more, even if they did wash the dishes. I think they were losing us business, too. People talk. You understand.

We mean to get married according to the custom in Vorota, and one of Brankova's relatives has agreed to carry it out. They all come from different places, so they're used to different customs. It's a bit strange, but there we are.

Alas that my parents don't approve of the match. They think we don't know each other well enough. I first offered to invite you Wise Ones so that they could see your approval, but they said they wouldn't come. And then they said they wouldn't come anyway.

Please come. For the sake of my parents' disapproval, the ceremony will be a very empty one otherwise.

Jaroslav Ververka