

From the desk of Trader Heramesh

Rank 4 and Above Eyes Only

Dear Headmaster,

Our preliminary trade operations have been met with resounding success. From Dun Sancerre to the Quotidian Quorum, our goods have been spread far and wide! Not only that, but we are working on establishing trade networks even further then that, delving deep into the heart of the Assembly, hoping to reach the fabled Rahastas, capital of their tribes.

Our gains have been many.

From The Rahastan Assembly of Tribes, we have procured fish, spices, and all manner of strange creature parts that my colleague Deputy Icarian assures me are very interesting in a magical sense. Their own traders have come to visit us as much as we have come to visit them, meaning that there is *certainly* the possibility of some alignment there. We've also begun discussing the idea of establishing Pathways there, though the area seems a tad resistant to outside interferences.

From the Quotidian Quorum, we have gold, albeit gold produced in a very strange manner. Most of our merchants have found the Quorum a desolate place, full of empty bogs and dead forests. Its towns are near empty, and any attempt to set up stalls has been gently shut down by the towns mayors (we assume they are mayors, as often it sounds as though they are the only ones in sight!). The tale goes that these mayors then carefully listen as our wares are listed out. The mayor then nods, and turns to leave, vanishing as soon as he is out of site. Upon returning to the caravans, our traders find themselves robbed! No matter how many guards are set, exactly *one* of each object for sale is removed, and in its place, strange geometric tokens are left, made of pure gold! I know not what the purpose of this ritual is, but it sounds quite unsettling. In addition, some of these tokens had scrying spells placed upon them- approximately 19%. These spells were unstable enough that they would've degraded after a few months, though their formulae were complex enough it was impossible to trace back to the watchers. Either way, the spells were removed as soon as was feasible.

From Dun Sancerre we have procured wine and bread (and oh! How delectable their wines are, I have included a case of one of their Verlon reds with this letter for your sampling). There is also some word of a military training exercise near our borders? Icarian has been paying closer attention than I, and will give you the specifics, but trade with the armies involved in the exercise has yielded surprisingly dividends.

Your humble servant and ever faithful friend,

From the desk of Trader Heramesh

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