

To the headmaster, honoured ruler of the prodigal peoples of Al'Daric.

From his majesty Mansa Sino'otollo, the Shark-Binder, Voice of the Navigators, High King of the Three Fleets, Ruler of the Four Seas, Lord of the Eight Islands, the Starblessed, Binder of Men, Cleaner of Latrines, First Sword of the Surf, Brine-bound and Iron Willed.

May the salt-sea bring his words to you this day, so that you may hear them and tremble.

The Heralds have spoken of your lands, and it seems you know much of worth. I send my formal regards, and the hope that our two nations might trade together once the navigational passages through the Labyrinth have been charted. Perhaps you might assist my traders in this endeavour.

As a token of our regard, please accept the gift of one of our finest astrolabes, wrought from the finest whalespawn baleen my hunters have found in a generation.

Under the light of the stars, my words are bound

*Mansa Sino'otollo*

May he rule in glory, until he is replaced by someone better.