

*To Empress Adélaïde de Val-d'Oise de Lesdiguières, First Of Her Name.*

*I am so very pleased to receive word from you. I'm sorry times have been grave. I will not make you wade through word and time for the most important portions of this letter.*

*We know what caused the shellfolk to change. It was themselves that sped their times so fast and far with their beliefs and actions, the rove consumed them in mind and heart and thusly were they consumed in body. There is a more detailed understanding that was given to me by the Speaker, but it is awkward to deliver outside of this: They changed because they worked to change. That this form of rapid ageing was brought into them is due to their own actions. The rest are safe. Shelter them and protect them. All who come to Rahastas for refuge must be granted it.*

*And thus, we have taken in all who came to us. Sought out those that could not. My own child leading the effort. She had a skirmish with Keitan over their binding of shellfolk that were already pledged and safe. It has been resolved to my knowledge.*

*As to the sickness, we are not dealing with it as terribly as others. The great blessings we have upon us protect us from many sicknesses, but we also have medicines. My traders can make such things if they have the ingredients. I am sad to report that only those capable of speaking to the spirits of the land would be able to produce it, otherwise I could more easily spread it across all of Bellor. I'll be certain you receive as much as we can spare. Know that in matters of medicine we are strong. In matters of the land we are strong. As I said in my prior letter, the land dislikes the buildings that are being placed upon it, the roads, the farming. It is not used to such things.*

*My people can speak to it on your behalf should you wish.*

*We've no might available that is not under the direct guidance of my daughter. She is still engaged with supporting the refugees and may be for some time. She is not prepared for her true task of watching over the great enemy in the Ultralands. Thus she will continue to learn and grow around Bellor.*

*Aid you will get all we can provide. Knowledge and medicine we will provide. We can even provide broths, when cooked for a camp it should give them an edge against most illness. I am told by the Headmaster that my people's magics are interesting. It is less magical than all that. A simple discussion. A trade. An exchange for things desired with an even price. The pact between land and sea and air and people.*

*We are greater than we seem, but we will always do no more than support and heal where we can. To protect Bellow is my current drive. I am not up to the task, but it is the given will of all of Rahastas that I do it. And so, for my people I join not with hatchet in hand, but with ink and hope. With the burning passion of the spirit that is bound with me to me and of me. I, Vulkerath Soot Scale, will do all I can for all people of Bellow.*

*All children have stories. All lives meaning. And all can end in short moments, but the tale never stops. They once more enter into the cycle to be used and new life found. The story, in the rare few speakers of death in my families, can be carried on eternal. Giving hope and wisdom and joy and sorrow and all things to all new generations. Those that speak the tongue of the dead are, by your words regarding this illness, going to be very busy. I shall have to write Vrisa and let her know as such, though I am certain she is already aware, my sweet child.*

*I've rambled. Apologies.*

*If you have any further needs please let us know, healers and medicine are already within your lands. My traders are shamans and speakers and witches and of covens to help.*

*We will not let you nor your people suffer without an attempt at aid. The cost must be fair, but the value of life is too great to ignore.*

*I am sorry we could not save more.*

*May your guidance always be level and brilliant,*

*Vulkerath Soot Scale, Assembly Leader*