

*To the Headmaster of Al'Daric*

*I Empress Adélaïde de Val-d'Oise de Lesdiguières, First Of Her Name, send this letter as a means of introduction, between our two great nations. The unsaintly Heralds that have deigned from their depthless kindness to gift us knowledge of the end of our cages, and of each other, have told us little of our two nations outside of their vast machinations.*

*If you will, I wish to elucidate you on the culture of our people. The Empire of Dun Sancerre, is a land of differing Kingdoms, all with their own Duchies, which contain various towns, cities and so forth. Without the strong hand of the Empire, the entirety of the Vignemale would have certainly been lost to Chaos. Our means to protect our people, as you may have already noticed residing in your lands, are our Knights. Each carrying a code of Honour and Chivalry thicker than any steel.*

*They are without doubt, the greatest warriors in the recorded history of our lands, and forgive my bullheadedness, likely the strongest in all of Belor. I know not of the struggles your "Mageocracy?" has encountered during the Age of Chaos, but trust that I speak true as I mention the horrors we had encountered. Since the beginning of our history, we have fought wars against armies born from that unsaintly Chaos. Our Knights were born from that eternal conflict, and in the process granted us no fear of war. Instead, our Knights quickly learned to hone war as an artform, grasping desperate for any advantage we could as a means of survival.*

*I deign to mention this, for regrettable reasons indeed. A war is coming. Ever since mention of the cage falling has reached our ears, it is something all Sancerrens understood. Whether it be the Heralds, whose twisted Machinations may yet spawn more Chaos. Or mayhaps other Nations, violent and filled with a need to destroy. We cannot know. But by the Saints, we feel it in our blood. It is a*

*thrum of danger, of unspeakable horrors that fill all of our futures.*

*We must be ready. I will state now, in earnest, we are a stubborn people. Our Chivalry prevents us from lies, our Honour preventing us from schemes, yet all the same we shall ride out into your vast webs of politics. For even with what little information gleaned from my Knights, you are a people with potential for innocence and kindness. A people worth protecting.*

*That which is sacrament, we shall preserve. That which is sublime, we will protect. Honour is all. Chivalry is all. Rejoice! For we, the Knights of Sancerre will be your shield.*