

(the below message is barely legible, and covered with a considerable amount of slobber)

To JR.

I do not think you know the level of respect you have given his majesty by appointing a mere child who has yet even to discharge her years of bound service to write to us. It has been difficult to compose a reply of equal value, so I have taught one of my vermin-hounds to write. They say to understand a man you must sail a league in his canoe. Thus, after the arduous process of teaching such a cretinous and artless creature to scrawl words on a page, I surely understand whoever taught your ruler to write. If you wish to hear anything more from us than our totokia in the future, I suggest you learn to treat our nation with respect. Until then, we will etch the lesson in bone and ash upon your shores.

From Apprentice Navigator Ma'otollo, via Wuffles

