O Vulkerath Sootscale, Honored of the Tribes, I beg you to hear my words.

Rahastas blessed us again this season, bringing much for us to feast upon and trade away. Our ships have begun to venture further from the Green Deep, some going so far as to cross the Glass Gate into the Gold Sea!

Our traders have met with mixed success- our neighbors to the north, those kings of Dun Sancerre, were willing to buy some of our spices and fish in exchange for gold and wine (among other things), but showed little interest in our herbs, remedies, or creature parts. They were quite rude, and though their wines may sell well in other parts of the Bellor, I found them no match for a good draft of Berry Liquor.

Trading expeditions to the lands of the Quotidian Quorum met with extremely limited success. I accompanied one of the trips myself. The place feels *wrong*. Its bogs and mires and tracks are empty, not full of life like ours are. The land feels *dead*. We stopped at three towns, and at each of them, met with only *one* person- in each case, a lizardman, and speaking an arcahic form of our own langauge, no less!- Dressed in a dark cloak. Each seemed to favor a wide selection of goods over a deep selection- buying exactly one of each object we had to sell. When we went to procure the offered goods, we found the purchased objects had already been removed from our stores! Left in their place were strangely shaped tokens of gold, and the buyer was nowhere to be found! Three times this happened, despite us increasing the caravan guards after each village!

Al’Daric, on the other hand, that land of wondrous invention and strange magics, welcomed our traders with open arms. Our remedies and charms sold so fast I thought at first we’d been robbed again till I checked the ledger! Many of the parts of the Mother of Beasts and her children were sold here (primarily the offal and the other parts we did not use for our own rituals). In exchange, we have brought home many trinkets that we hope will please. A few of their traders accompanied us home (though no further then Queen’s gate), bringing their own wares for our people to peruse. One of their most popular sales have been these wondrous enchanted boxes that maintain a cool temperature even deep in our swamps. Our shamans will be pleased by this, I think- I’ve oft heard them lament the difficulty of preserving some of the more complex ingredients of our rituals.

In any case, both Al’Daric and Dun Sancerre seemed amenable to further trades. I am planning, however, to curtail trade to the Quorum. Nothing good can come of some place that strange.

Word from across the Gravesea is slim (the Corpse-rafts have been more aggressive as the cold comes in) , but it sounds as though our traders there have met with some limited success as well? The Northern Tribes have always been a strange lot, far from Rahastas as they are, but they speak of having established some trading partnerships with the “Republic” (I gather this to be one of the tribes of Dun Sancerre?), particularly with one “Patrice-Joseph.”

May your belly be ever full,

Lumeris Cold Eye