

HEAR YOU, O VULKERATH SOOTSCALE, THE WORDS OF THE SPEAKER OF RAHASTAS, AND MAY THE MIRE SWALLOW ME IF I SPEAK AGAINST RAHASTAS' WILL.

RAHASTAS STIRS. THREE CROWS FLEW BETWEEN THE OLD OAK AND THE WHITE PINE AS THE FULL MOON WAS AT ITS APEX. ONE DEVoured THE OTHER, THEN WAS DEVoured BY THE THIRD. THE THIRD THEN FELL UPON A RAT, ONLY TO FIND THAT THE RATS GUTS WERE FULL OF THE YELLOW BERRIES, AND BOTH PERISHED UPON THE MIRE.

I CHOOSE THESE AS MY SACREMENT, AND GROUND THE CROWS BONES FOR MY MASKING POWDER, AND COOKED THE RATS GUTS FOR MY PIPE.

RAHASTAS STIRS.

THE FISH HARVEST IS/WILL BE/WAS PLENTIFUL.

THE GREAT HUNT FOUND THE MOTHER OF BEASTS THAT RAHASTAS RAISED FOR US, AND FELL UPON HER. THREE WARRIORS TOOK SCARS TO SHOW THEIR CHILDREN, AND WE TOOK THE MOTHER'S FLESH AND EYES. TEN TIMES TEN TIMES, DID THE HUNT THEN VENTURE OUT AGAINST THE MOTHER'S SPAWN, EACH TIME MORE SUCCESSFUL THEN THE LAST. OUR FLEETS WILL BE LAID HEAVILY WITH RAHSTAS' BLESSINGS.

DANGER TO THE EAST, O VULKERATH SOOTSCALE. RAHSTAS SPEAKS OF LANDS GONE MAD, OF A RIVAL LONG THOUGHT DEAD. TREAD CAREFULLY, O VULKERATH SOOTSCALE. BEWARE THE ULTRALANDS, FOR THEY MUST NOT BE LEFT UNCHECKED. THE OTHER NATIONS ARE LIKE CHILDREN, BEFORE ITS MIGHT.

WE TOO ARE LIKE CHILDREN, BUT OUR MOTHER-FATHER RAHASTAS GUIDES US WELL, AND OUR POOR NEIGHBORS HAVE NO SUCH GUIDE.

MAY THE MIRE'S EYE BE EVER UPON YOU AND MAY YOUR BELLY BE EVER FULL.