

To his highness Vulkerath Sootscale, honoured ruler of the prodigal Rahastan assembly of tribes.

From his majesty Mansa Sino'otollo, the Shark-Binder, Voice of the Navigators, High King of the Three Fleets, Ruler of the Four Seas, Lord of the Eight Islands, the Starblessed, Binder of Men, Cleaner of Latrines, First Sword of the Surf, Brine-bound and Iron Willed.

May the salt-sea bring his words to you this day, so that you may hear them and tremble.

The heralds have spoken of your people, far across the disc from my own. Yet we apparently share many things, from the monster-spawn we hunt to our tribal way of life. We would learn more of your people, and the lizardfolk and frogmen tribes of my league are particular interested in a nation so much like themselves - they are currently hosting a tournament for the honour of being appointed ambassador.

If you are amenable, I will tell my traders to make yours welcome in our ports, though the great distance separating us will make such trade difficult - mayhaps we should look to acquiring a safe haven in-between our peoples from which we can trade. And even if that is not possible, perhaps we can trade in friendship and information, for between us lie some common lands who might sadly become foes. My traders have already faced attempted sorcerous spycraft from the mysterious Quroum, and I fear the so-called knights and other nations of the central continent will view our tribal societies as an invitation to invade and "civilise" our great peoples.

Please find with this letter some of our finest obsidian utensils, studded with the teeth of the Bo'zorak I killed in my 12th year. May they nourish our friendship as they have my own household.

Under the light of the stars, my words are bound in a hope of friendship.

Mansa Sino'otollo

May he rule in glory, until he is replaced by someone better.