

*Your 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, Friend of the Cnidarians, the Starblessed, Binder of Men, Cleaner of Latrines, First Sword of the Surf, Brine-bound and Iron Willed.*

*We would delight in your creation of your tale of rule. Knowing more of yourself would aid us in knowing your peoples. We have no fear of war. Those that come to our lands die. They are ill prepared for the attacks, for the death of land, for the swamp, for the vines that grasp and strangle in the jungle, for the endless droning of creatures in the lands, for the rumbling of stone and death of monsters... We fear no being that seeks us harm upon our lands. We are pleased to reach out in peace. We are pleased to trade.*

*As you know, I seek your correspondences with the Quarum, that I may suss out any lies they speak. We speak with them much. And believe they are true now. They speak that you bind the minds of your own peoples. That is... Unkind perhaps? Is it an equal trade? What do they gain from such surrender?*

*Our contact has grown and they offer much, as does the Headmaster. Information. A network. Sharing of knowledge. We remain wary, but are pleased to learn more, though I believe that the Headmaster is building a fast network of trade and information exchange, and even outstrips our abilities in creating things in many ways. I do not currently think them poor friends. Though I do not yet call them friend, as I do you.*

*My family should not be bound in such a way, for I fear that they could not recover in many ways. They would need to cross a great amount of land before they reach you. They will train. Work. Learn. Grow. And with luck they will be able to keep an eye on the hated death that lurks in the Ultralands. Without keeping that in check, I fear that the Age of Chaos will be a smear in the stories of history, a small blot unremarked at the terror unleashed.*

*That is what we prepare for. Why we seek no battle, no war, no suffering. Why we seek to grow all peoples of Bellor. That we may be grown enough... I fear others will not. The Speaker has told my family of such terrible things to come.*

*Apologies if the letter before this offended.*

*May your families be strong in the coming days,*

*V. Soot Scale*