

*To High Chancellor Mikhail Wladislaw,*

*Apologies for the perfunct nature of my message, but I am writing this aboard a sea vessel before passing it on to a courier-ship bound to home.*

*First, a note: The Kingdom of Grovel has no embassy, and has refused our ambassador's passage into its under-city, supposedly the true heart of the kingdom. We have been unable to establish proper relations with them.*

*Secondly, the Quotidian Quorum seems all but empty- the towns our ambassadors visited were abandoned, seemingly recently. We saw naught but vermin and crows, and left quickly.*

*The only sane neighbors we seem to have are the Keitan League, a wonderful, albeit savage, people. Their culture seems to be built around strength and competition- they favor the art of the insult, and believe it a sign of close friendship to aim a particularly well crafted insult at one who has earned their trust (though since they also use such insults against those they loathe, it can be difficult for an outsider to decode their relationships). Their people also have truly amazing capabilities of fishing and hunting, utilizing massive creatures who have been lashed to the will of their "Navigators."*

*Navigators are what they call their nobility- the tribe leaders, capable of utilizing magic. Their magic seems related to the co*

*From*

*Nadia Tarayev*