

May you roam forevermore across the heavens and the earth, oh great Twice Born Prince,

Our Host's harvest has been plentiful, a veritable bounty of food delivered unto us by the grace of the Rove.

Our neighbors have come to visit- both the Northern Tribes of Rahastas (Weylin's Get, as some of them call themselves). Most were 'human'- apparently the much famed multi-species nature of the Rahastans does not apply to their Northern tribes. These Rhastans have come across the border, or sent ships to our Hosts, offering spices from the south alongside many of their traditional salves and healing remedies. I have allowed for the trading whenever possible- not only shall it grant us wealth and resources beyond our usual limits, but building strong relations will help us bring the Great Words of the Rove unto them.

Our landbound serfs also report visits from the rattlings of the Kingdom of Grovel, bearing gold and seeking trade. Trade there was much more healthy then with the Rahastans (they had more to trade overall), but they were much less amenable to discussion. Rattlings seem to be rude and obnoxious, tending towards baseness and crudeness even in situations that call for tact.

*May I be guided across the worlds by you,
Lord Ghrove of the Multitudinous Hosts*