



To His Most Holy Majesty The Twice Born Prince, Hope of Empire, Vessel of the Rove,

Our ships have begun to creep along the Sancerren coast, communing with the spirits therein and tracing out maps of the tides and rocks. I have ordered my men to avert their eyes from Sancerren lands whenever possible, to avoid having their souls corrupted by the stagnation of those heathens (please, O Lord, grant me permission to annihilate them). Our mapping has proved fruitful- we have identified several weak points (the lands of the Verlan Republic, as the strange Heralds have named it, stand out as particularly undefended), and have enough maps of the coast to establish easy shipping along the coast.

We managed to avoid any sightings of corpse-rafts on the Gravesea, as the land along the coast seems to be primarily safe. I sent a few scout ships out to the depths of the sea to see if the rumors were true, but, alas, they did not return and were most likely destroyed.

Our furthest scouts have reached Ashlings Smile, one of the key centers of the Rahastan Assembly of Tribes. A few fishing villages dotted the coast, and some even sent out ships to meet us: offering us healing salves, forgien fish, and spices, but I ordered all of my troops to avoid such heathen wares, and burnt what they had acquired before the order went out. The Smile seems relatively undefended, and a good possible position to seize if we wish for a further occupation of the Green Deep. The largest issue would be the forests- the land is hellishly warm, and the palm jungles greenery here flourishes to an almost heretical extent. There are, however, several rivers which we may be able to sail some of our ships up.

*Yours in spirit and soul, your most humble devoted rover,
Captain Jovan of the Fleets*