

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

From Navigator Captain Bri'otollo, ratsbane, knife of the waves, the coral blade. May the dark between the stars consume the words I speak.

Sino'otolo, you hoarse Voice of the Navigators, I'm proud of you for breaking down the barriers of your position of Shark King, and proving that not only can one do the job without having any common sense, but also without poise, strength or intelligence.

I greet you with the full honors and power due your rank, and offer with this letter the spoils of our most glorious fleets.

I include with this letter the yields of our Crab Fleet.

As per your command, I have raised up a Navigator Conclave the likes of which has naught been seen in ages, and appointed at its head Okin'tollo, a bright young lad with a head full of stars and a belly full of hunger.

With him, we have sailed through the Brine Twin to enact glorious war upon the towns of the Quorum.

Even with our navigators in tune with the stars, however, we were unable to avoid detection for more than a day or so of sailing. The first scrying spells leveled against us were crude, generalized, but as we approached the shoreline, they were focused and refined to become cutting needle points, like vision made cutting instrument. We were spotted, and it was only through Okin'tollo's formulas that we even realized it.

As predicted, we found our first few towns evacuated. What followed was a campaign the likes of which I have never experienced. We have both fought our share of Eel-Wars, where the combatants dance through the jungles and the oceans, striking and retreating. In contrast to the living hell we experienced in the Quorum, those Eel-Wars were the playtime of the prodigal.

Every house, every street, every tree held a trap. We found villages that looked as though they had never been lived in, built entirely to draw us in and punish us with hidden pitfalls and poisoned needle traps. We lost entire platoons in the night, the guards returning to the tents

to find them empty. Even the roads between towns were traps, poorly made and near impossible to travel.

For all the hell though, there were spoils. Though the land here is sick and dead, in those few towns that seemed to have actually held people previously, we occasionally found stockpiles of gold coins, similar to what the Quorum had used to pay us with previously. They had been defaced, their strange markings cut away, and our Navigator Conclave found no trace of surveillance spells upon them.

We also managed to slaughter a fair few of the Quorum: Though traveling the roads proved foolish, when moving through the wastes and forests in a spread out fashion, we managed to periodically fall upon fleeing groups. Always small- never more than five or ten at a time. Though they appeared as all kinds of species, their forms seemed to fluctuate when we got too close. Their flesh would pulse and quiver, rapidly swapping between the visages of several different races. By the time we got close enough to put steel in their guts, they settled on the same form: That of a crow-like humanoid.

We attempted to capture some, but most seemed content to slit their own bellies rather than face capture. Those few we managed to bring into the camp with us were found dead within a fortnight, their throats slit, presumably by one of their companions.

Yours in blood and guts,
Navigator-Captain Bri'otollo