

Sino'otolo, you mangy excuse for a Shark King, your blood is so thin you must've managed to survive taming your shark-bond only because it couldn't taste you in the water.

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

First is the shipment of money and gold, derived from our plentiful harvests of the Crab Fleet, and from those few traders who sought to approach our land (A few caravans of Rattlings approached the other side of the fish twin, bearing gold and purchasing trinkets, food, and pets).

Our Glorious Shark Fleet has begun to explore beyond the bounds of Archipelago. We swept through Throne's Gap, watching to try and find undefended settlements. The Serebian Confederation, our immediate neighbors, had strong enough borders that we decided not to risk it- walled cities make for poor raiding, and rumors of their horse riding troops led me to believe that our raids might end up out maneuvered.

The rattlings of Grovel, however, made for pathetically easy prey. We raided their unguarded and undeveloped surface settlements all along Thrones Gap and the Fish Twin, even peeking up into The Scar to do some raiding there. We have brought back many spoils, both in the form of bound rattlings and in the various treasures and resources of their lands.

From the minds of the rattlings we have discovered that the surface settlements contain a tiny fraction of the population- much of the Kingdom rests within the mountainous fortress-ruins of Thongmadok. Fortunately, Thongmadok also seems to represent most of their military might- our surface raids will likely be able to continue unhindered.

Lastly, our expedition swept down upon the lands of the Quotidian Quorum like hungry piranhas- only to find the port settlements almost totally deserted! Though at first I suspected witchcraft or strange foreign magics, I now believe the towns were evacuated- there was little evidence of dust or cobwebs, or any of the signs that a town would've been long deserted. How far in advance must their forewarning have been, to have evacuated an entire coastline as we swept in?

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