

(Attached are two Letters, one larger with the bright red Gryphon seal of Dun Sancerre, the other smaller, a transcription of sorts with no elaborate seals.)

To Mansa Sino'otolo, the Shark King of the Keitan League. I Empress Adélaïde de Val-d'Oise de Lesdiguières, First Of Her Name, send this letter as equal means of introduction and threat. The unsaintly Heralds that have decided from their depthless kindness to gift us knowledge of the end of our cages, and of each other, have told us little of our two nations outside of their vast machinations. That which has been revealed, tells of leviathan binding, of homes built across such vast monstrosities, and of those that wield such unsaintly weapons in battle against both Quorum and Rattling. Those of Keitian Allegiance ought know that theirs are not the first in our History to bind such Fiends. Nor, if fates would arrive to this, would your people's monstrosities be the first slain by our lances.

*If you will allow, I wish to elucidate you on the culture of our people. The Empire of Dun Sancerre, is a land of differing Kingdoms, all with their own Duchies, which contain various towns, cities and so forth. Throughout our vast histories, the peoples of the Vignemale existed separate. Yet, when the Maelstroms of Chaos, and those heathonous fiends that **bound** it, poured their chaos spawn into our lands. Our people were massacred by the hundred thousands, in days time the Western Kingdoms of Drekin, Amell and Ponace had their peoples executed and devoured in entirety. Only then did Sancerre and her Knights conquer the Kingdoms of the Vignemale, exterminating the Chaos in their path, forming the Empire of Dun Sancerre in the process. Our people's a conglomeration of differing parts, similar to yours, but held together only by our Knights, wielded to keep a strong united Empire, each with an oath of Chivalry thicker than any steel.*

Despite the governances that divide us, all people in Dun Sancerre pay worship to the Saints. It is believed that the purest of the Knights of Dun Sancerre that sacrifice themselves in battle, ascend to the heavens as Saints. Each has their life meticulously researched after their death. Every speech they'd ever given becomes a sermon, every oath they'd made, becomes a Chivalric Tenet, and the story of their sacrifice, forges them into our legends. The Saints show their presence only through their Miracles, which have been any number of supernatural occurrences throughout our vast history. Each Miracle is seen as a blessing from the Saints, ushering our people to be a paragon of themselves, so that they too can one day join the Saints of Dun Sancerre

I deign to bore with such exhaustive aspects of our culture, to make clear such reasons behind my tardy letters. You see, even if what accusations I may levy are naught but superstitious heretical falsehoods, our people's will never coexist. As long as those of the Keitian League bind such unsaintly creatures to their wills. Ours will assume devilry; for, our oaths build upon our histories, and our histories involve an ocean of blood and steel cast into the heavens, to defend our people from such creatures.

As I must emphasize, 'tis not but five years from whence one such creature slaughtered our Emperor, my father, late Emperor François de Val-d'Oise, and the majority of the Val-d'Oise line. May the Saints defend their souls. As I feel need to illustrate, our Age of Chaos had spawned many hellish creatures, throughout our nation's exhaustive history, none throughout had been as hellish as the tyrant Saesenterment. It bore a length of nearly sixty feet, four long limbs ending in

claws each as large as a man, with two massive wings that would blot out the moon as it flew above. Of most danger, was the torrent of hellfire that spewed from its maw, which could bore through stone as easily as parchment. The dragon had lurked within the Vignemale since before Dun Sancerre had been founded, yet one night it inexplicably decided to make its attack on Château Guillaume-le-Conquérant, the home of the late Emperor François de Val-d'Oise. The Siege of Château Guillaume-le-Conquérant was a tragedy lasting only a single night, so passed our late Emperor, and the majority of the Val-d'Oise line. Again, may the Saints defend their souls. At the time, I was miles away, recovering from my wounds gained from the Siege of Saint-Bonnet-en-Champsaur.

Following this was "La Quête du Ciel", a simple title I gave our campaign to slay the Saesenterment. It was undermanned, underfunded, and doomed for failure. Despite this, in a display of Sanceran military genius, my campaign was a resounding success. A Saints Miracle that I speak of occurred during the final strike, I bore witness to it myself, a flash of light which followed the final thrust through its cruel heart.

I understand that such banal story and history, may not interest the great Mansa Sino'otolo. Still, I feel need to lay our peoples out bare before you. We are a warlike people, whose identity has been forged by near centuries of battle against those abominable hellspawn that live in this world as mockery of all that is saintly and good.

Now we are brought to the present. No more shall I speak of exhaustive, elaborate histories, and instead will speak of those that Genocide near hundred thousand at

our door. Those culpable for this tragedy, of scale innumerable, against the Tauhan Fleet-Kingdoms, shall be quartered and burned until their souls are annihilated by the Saints before us. In months past, your peoples seemed a threat lurking within the otherside of the world. Iniquitous, chaos binders that harkened back to the Age of Strife, assailing and slaughtering Quorum and Ratling in your path. Yet, at those times, we figured a distant enemy, far from our borders, far from our neighbors with inexorable devilry to be addressed in far futures.

Now? You are a force on the Horizon, in territory teemed with devilry reflective of your own. This tragedy against their people. Of scale unfathomable. These days shall be etched into our history in infamy. How many lives have been lost in manner of hours? The Fleet-Kingdoms were not as expansive as Dun Sancerre, yet by the Saints, there were still hundreds of thousands. Mayhaps near million. 'Tis hard to think of the scale with such a recency. 'Tis difficult to process the quantity of lives extinguished within a few hours. So easy it is to reduce things to words and numbers. Some here say it is the Saints way of shielding us. If we could empathize, if we could conceptualize the sheer magnitude that is a loss of life in those numbers. We mayhaps go mad.

In our history, we've faced injustices of impossibly high scales. Wars with near thousands innocent caught betweenst crossfire. Yet never a genocide of innocents on scale comprable to this.

I request now for the Great Mansa Sino'otolo, the Shark King of the Keitan League, to write back to us now of your meanings to be within the territory of the Tauhan. Of your innocence towards the genocide. With mention of your retreat, or

your unison in our efforts to restore the Tauhan Fleet-Kingdoms under the greater protection of Dun Sancerre. If such terms are not met. The call of Saint Sout. shall turn towards your peoples within the Tauhan territories, as if they were simply more of such infernal unsaintly fiends that need be cleaned from this land.

May the Saints guide us all

-Empress Adélaïde de Val-d'Oise de Lesdiguières

It is the 10th of Brumaire, in the eighth hour, outside of Château Guillaume-le-Conquérant, surrounding it is an open field. Residing within the field is an ocean of steel, dotted with the banners of a hundred houses, beneath them what must be a hundred thousand knights. They face a balcony, which raises up her majesty Empress Adélaïde de Val-d'Oise de Lesdiguières first of her name. This transcription begins from the first quarter of the eighth hour, ending at half to the tenth.

"I Empress Adélaïde de Val-d'Oise de Lesdiguières, first of mine name, will now commence the Declaration of Retribution. By path of Saint Sout. I have sounded the call."

"I know what you all wish to hear. That the Saints have guided us. That we know of what horrible unsaintly Chaos has turned Tauhan to fiend. That we know how to protect ourselves against it." The Empress pauses. "Those would be lies. The truth is as bitter as it is horrifying, we stand at a precipice of the unknown. We stand against a force we do not understand, yet one so powerful it can annihilate an Empire in a matter of hours."

"You may lose your life in a moment's notice! You may be held captive! Bound to fiendish flesh, conscious! As you massacre your comrades! - It is possible that we may all fall victim! That our ambitions are naught but suicide! As we all turn to fiend! As we all storm back into Dun Sancerre and devour our own families!"

"But I know now that I have no choice! I swore my vows! To uphold honour! To

give all to Chivalry! To give all to the Saints!"

"When I screamed down the slopes of the Haute-Alpes with infantrymen at my side! Rushing into a certain death! I learned then what I was made of! What all of Sancerre would risk to uphold our creed! And now! With a million lives cast into the dirt! With monsters torturing the innocent as we speak!"

"It is time for all of Sancerre to make a choice! What is our Chivalry! What is our Honour! If we are not to lay down blood and steel for the Retribution of the innocent! How dare we besmirch the name of the Saints that came before!"

"I Empress Adélaïde de Val-d'Oise de Lesdiguières, first of mine name, will be joining the vanguard! Not on horseback! Not buried in the back lines!" The Empress raises her hatchet into the air. "I will fight in the mud with the infantrymen! If I am to die, then I will die with a hatchet in my hands!"

"I have made my choice! It is time you've made yours!"

-