

*(There are two items, a letter and a package. The letter is large with the bright gold and rose Gryphon seal of Dun Sancerre, the package is massive, a wooden box, carved from the Graulden-Hall woods of the Tauhan Territories.)*

*To his Majesty Mansa Sino'otollo, the Shark-Binder, Voice of the Navigators, High King of the Three Fleets, Ruler of the Six Seas, Lord of the Nine Islands, The Starblessed, Councillor of the Cnidarians, Binder of Men, First Sword of the Surf, Brine-bound and Iron Willed. I Empress Adélaïde de Val-d'Oise de Lesdiguières, First Of Mine Name, send this letter as means of negotiation.*

*It is with great relief that you write words of your people's histories twin to ours. The unison of Empire for Saintry means is worth any price of blood. Hearing of your tales of victory over the Southern salt-kings fills mine mind with curiosities of such battles. If thou still hold wish of peace between us, I wish to hear of such victories. Mine people's hold such notable battles such as "The Battle of Haut-Alpes" the most recent, and mayhaps one of the greatest victories against the Chaos Tides since the Age of Strife. Or of the "Siege of Saint-Bonnet-en-Champsaur", which as I have said in previous, lead to the execution of the heretical secessionist King Jacques de Roche Gilbert. There is then of course, "La Quet Du Ciel.", as dubbed in olde Sancerren, 'the quest for the heavens', which is as impossible a victory as is notable. Thereafter, there was mine coronation as Empress, the Secession of the Vaerlan Peninsula, and tis following innumerable battles.*

*I mention such things not as braggart, but instead as means to share histories. If any hold your interest, I would be willing to share tales of such warfares, as long as thou would grant me the stories of your own battles. Tis rare for our people's to*

encounter one with such a similarity in purpose, and as you ask of our opinion of our neighbor, I shall share that none wield the weight of their rulership as we.

Those of Rahastan loyalties, that of Vulkerath Soot Scale, Chosen Assembly Leader of the Assembly of Tribes, stands in stark contrast. A trusting peoples, of whom we share greatest favor towards. However, they hold flaw in the limitations of their ambitions. Useless are the words of which speak of peace, without the powers or rather the willingness to use their might to both protect such a peace, and to instill it in those of more warlike inclinations. Despite such things, their people's are fearless combatants, with many holding a skill of Monster Slaying nearing even our Knights.

That of the Headmaster of Al'Daric, towards our southern borders, tis of mysterious composition and of unknowable ambitions. Tis, nay, was mine aim to build strongholds within their territories to protect and defend thine people's. Theirs are of greatest similarities to my own, both in physical composition and cultures, thus twas our aim to make them a protectorate under our Empire. Yet, despite these ambitions, communications proved a greater difficulty than I wished. Thereafter, by time we'd've gathered forces to instill such a Protectoracy, the Great Cataclysm occurred, bringing us to present day.

I only share so much of such things in aim of convincing those that our aims were not of destruction, as those fetid unsaintly monstrosities known as the heralds have spread as rumor far across Bellor.

Of the United of Fleets, Vessel of Gods, Highest of the Touhan Empire, The Twice

*Born Prince, I held brief communications with them before the Great Cataclysm, and after, we have taken the brunt of their refugee. Their Shellfolk seem more in line with your people's yet, they hold a greater interest in their faith. That of the Rove is not inlaid with heresy against the Saints, thus it is of no concern of ours to judge such things. Least of all times now, where they fight with the brutality and desperation of those dying to reclaim their homes. Tis of greatest honour to fight, and mayhaps to die alongside them.*

*Though, I feel with such questions, your true intention was that of inquiring towards our relations with Jaimie Rook, First of their Name, Intern to JR, 19th of their Name, Leader of the Quotidian Quorum. Tis mine understandings that they are dishonourable in both communications, and warfare. That they have given your people great insult through their esoteric and alien culture, and that in turn this has spawned a great war between your people's. I will state now that even if mine ambitions were in line with your own, ours are not Raiders, nor do we wage wars off of diplomatic blunders alone. There are but three paths for us to wage such a war against their people's. If they were found culpable of the Devilry that annihilated the Tauhan Empire, or some comparable level of devilish sorcery. If they were to attack any of the Kingships underneath the greater protections of Dun Sancerre, or if their territories need occupation, for the protection of their people's against future threats of Chaos. The first two points may arise in recent times, and such a thing would indeed plunge us into a war with their people's. The final point, will occur in our futures, tis only a matter of when, and order of priority. We seek the occupation, taxation and protection of the Daricians far before we see ourselves attempting to occupy and safeguard those with such esoteric eldritch magics.*

*With such answers lay clear. Tis now time for me to illuminate some misunderstandings you may hold for mine previous letters. I Empress Adélaïde de Val-d'Oise de Lesdiguières, First Of Mine Name, do not engage in Tavarin word games. A Sancerren starts with one's most generous offer, then always reduces. I mean exactly as I say.*

*You are indeed threatening the refugee. To say any otherwise is falsehood that any may be plain to see. The territories you occupy are the territories of The Tauhan Fleet Kingdoms, which are a protectorate under Dun Sancerre. That your men temporarily hold such space is a farce, for I know, as you, you do not truly occupy any of it, for you do not have the might to keep such space from mine forces. I mean directly that by staying with your current occupation of territories already owned, it is both direct threat to refugee, and threat to war. I must apologize if mine patience begins to wear thin. For these words feel as a charade, falsities and fantasies of insignificance, as your men, and mine die in significant number each day. I stand here writing to you now on the edge of the Cestin Coast. In day's previous I hast watched men countless die. In days previous I have seen monsters string up Tauhan Children by their entrails. Them still alive, trapped within new fiendish flesh, unable to die, begging for death.*

*Tis possibility that our people's simply hold different importance of warfare. But each day that we do not come to arrangement, good men die, because of our lack of unison.*

*You Mansa Sino'otollo, the Shark-Binder, Voice of the Navigators, High King of the*

*Three Fleets, Ruler of the Six Seas, Lord of the Nine Islands, Warden of Northern Tauhan, the Starblessed, Councillor of the Cnidarians, Binder of Men, First Sword of the Surf, Brine-bound and Iron Willed, do not have the authority to badger me into a war with your rivals. In addition, we take greatest offence, that you would dare suggest your magics used on the Pegasi within our lands. I offer now, the protection of and full operational use of thine Trading Port within Tauhan Space, in addition, no longer shall I offer you resources within the Tauhan Space. You insult us by wasting time with nonsensical terms of negotiation. To think that you are in position to coerce us to lay down blood and steel to fight in a war of your making. Heretical.*

*This will be mine last letter of negotiation. If it is war you seek. Then I urge you to arrive within Tauhan territories, ready to die for your men as I am ready to die for mine.*

*May our Ancestors guide us in Wisdom.*

*-Empress Adélaïde de Val-d'Oise de Lesdiguières*

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*(The wooden box opens with a simple lock, revealing a sheet of protective cloth, wrapped around a three to four foot long object. Atop there is a small letter, with*

*the seal of a black lion. It reads.)*

*To his Majesty Mansa Sino'otollo, the Shark-Binder, Voice of the Navigators, High King of the Three Fleets, Ruler of the Six Seas, Lord of the Nine Islands, Warden of Northern Tauhan, the Starblessed, Councillor of the Cnidarians, Binder of Men, First Sword of the Surf, Brine-bound and Iron Willed. I Empress Adélaïde de Val-d'Oise de Lesdiguières, First Of Mine Name, send this letter as means of an offering of either war or peace.*

*Contained within this package is a weapon forged in specific for the Shark King of the Keitian League, tis mine hope that such an artifact shall be passed down to thine descendents in instance of the death of Mansa Sino'otollo. It would be of great unfairness for thou to gift me a weapon, and for we to not respond in kind. Tis a weapon forged specifically in design of the scant Keitian weaponry we find in these shores. Whilst in truth, tis a peculiar tenet of Chivalry broken for any Sancerren that wields such a weapon, for a sword tis not for fighting, tis for dueling alone, we give special exception to the Shark King.*

*Tis forged by our greatest smiths and composed of our greatest resource, the bones of the Saesenterment. Mine armor and hatchet tis built of the same materials, only instead forged with steel alloys, but we wished to use raw bone as that seems more apt for Keitian Weaponry. This weapon will never break, nor will it ever dull, it's only cost is an impossible weight for such a size, but tis mine hope that you are indeed strong enough to wield it.*

*An ancient tradition of the Sancerren Knights is to name one's weaponry. I hold*

*hopes that despite not being Knight yourself, that you shall give it one, and shall respond in turn with it's title.*

*Whether our fates be of blood, or or peace, know that I respect your people's customs, and that when time would come for your execution, lopping off your head shall bring me no joy.*

*May his Lionheart beat within us All.*

*-Empress Adélaïde de Val-d'Oise de Lesdiguières*

*(Upon unwrapping from the cloth, the blade is as described, a Dragonbone Scimitar of near four feet in length. With a weight for it's size that would make it seem near impossible for most men to wield. The Dragonbone is of a duller color than one might expect, not of pure ivory, instead a dull white laced with a slight golden tinge. The shaft is a cool grey steel, which supports the massive blade. Inlaid within the hilt, the faint runic words in old Sancerren.*

*From Brine we are Born.*

*From Blood will we Die.*

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