

To the Most Magnificent and well-tanned Sir Nibbles of the Prodigal Ratlings.

I hope the season has treated you well and you are growing rich on the fruits of our trade. My scouts tell me of rumours of the collapse of your neighbours, the Tauhan. Do you plan to take advantage of the situation? Their lands are far from my own, but perhaps our fleets could assist any venture you have planned there, for strife ever bears opportunity.

If you might indulge my curiosity, how are your relations with the people of Al'daric? I have found them to be agreeable correspondents, and I am debating deepening our friendship into a formal alliance to stand against common threats, but I would hear your opinion on them if you would give it.

As my thanks for your time, please find a gift I received from one of my fleets to the south, which has been teaching the Quorum a lesson in respect after they insulted my envoys. I believe the saying is "eat crow."

From 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, the Starblessed, Binder of Men, Speaker to Beasts, Good Buddy, Cleaner of Latrines, First Sword of the Surf, Brine-bound and Iron Willed. May the salt-sea bring his words to you this day, so that you may hear them and rejoice.

*Mansa Sino'otollo*

(the traders who arrive with the letter also bear with them the brutally murdered corpse of a crow-like humanoid, pickled to preserve it).