



Dear FRIEND

Nothing beside remains, round the Decay  
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

I thank you for your answers, and I do intend to walk this Elder path. I name you SPECIAL CHUM, as you have named me GOOD BUDDY. What FRIEND gave this answer, and where might my agents find the shrine of D'vya or the crown of Vost. The shaking plague has spread far across the world and is a proof of your terrible might. My fleets will soon have prisoners from across Bellor and I will send them to the city of Colesh to stand by for your requests of appetite.

The priests of Colesh have asked if they should dedicate an altar to your name. Do you wish such homage? If you are a god, are you kin to those we worship? If not, be warned that they are jealous of Keitan's affections.

I have sent people to acquire a live Darician to be cast into the waters. I hope that this sacrifice has reached you. If you wish to hear my preference for a reward, we would like an effective method of detecting, countering or bypassing the disguises of the Quorum Quotidien. But we defer to your wisdom in selecting such things.

From his majesty Mansa Sino'otollo, the Shark-Binder, Voice of the Navigators, High King of the Four Fleets, Ruler of the Four Seas, Lord of the Eight Islands, Friend of the Cnidarians, Good Buddy, the Starblessed, Binder of Men, Warden of Northern Tauhan, Plaguecleanser, Walker of the Elder Path, Cleaner of Latrines, First Sword of the Surf, Brine-bound and Iron Willed.

**P.S. Would you like to be a pirate, lad? Special offer inclosed.**





# TO THE SEA!

(to the tune of "Last Pirate of Saskatchewan")

♪ Oh I'll never forget the blood red sun.  
That told me the Age of Pirates had begun.  
So I took up my cutlass and left my hovel.  
Now they fear me from Rahastan to Grovel.

It's a heave-ho, hi-ho, oars strike like thunder.  
It's a ho-hey, ho-hi, stealing gold and plunder.

I'm King of the Labyrinth, lord of the Gold Sea.  
If you want to trade, you've got to get by me.  
So bring out your gold and don't misbehave.  
Or beneath the waves I'll make your grave.

For it's a heave-ho, hi-ho, oars strike like thunder.  
It's a ho-hey, ho-hi, we're stealing gold and plunder. ♪

## RECRUITS WANTED

Tired of landlubbing? Do you want to serenade a siren? If you desire a life of adventure and excitement upon the high seas, report to the recruiting office of High Captain Far'rrato in Port Kawiha (Tauhan) or the statue of Aloc'to in Port Kapiti (Keitan).



No prior experience required.  
Pay dependent on activity and willingness to take risks.