

To the congress of lords and their head, the mighty high chancellor Mikhail Wladislaw, honoured ruler of the prodigal Serebian confederation.

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, 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 tremble.

Councillors, I greet you as one great power to another. My traders and explorers tell me of your mighty cavalry, and sing praises of your metropolises. I am grateful for the kind reception received by our merchants, and I write to you in the hope that we can strengthen our trading ties. Perhaps we can open embassies in each other's lands, so that understanding and mutual profit can flow between our peoples.

But this new world is not to be solely the realm of eel tongued traders, for my people are warriors, as I believe are yours. The world is open to both our realms, ripe for the taking, and perhaps we can discuss matters to both our benefit in future letters. In the meantime, please accept the Totokia I send with this letter as a gift from my people to yours. It served me well in the wars of my youth, and I hope it brings you honor.

Under the light of the stars, my words are bound

*Mansa Sino'otollo*

May he rule in glory, until he is replaced by someone better.