

*(Attached are two Letters, one larger with the bright gold and rose Gryphon seal of Dun Sancerre, seeming to be addressing the Headmaster directly. The other letter is smaller, with the seal of a black lion, which seems to be a transcription, that has been produced in large, and sent across every corner of Al'Daric.)*

*To the Headmaster of the Councilors of Al Daric. I Empress Adélaïde de Val-d'Oise de Lesdiguières, First Of Mine Name, send this letter as means of elucidation of mine peoples ambitions, and of beginning negotiations. Forthwith I must bid the peoples of Al'Daric mine apologies, in mean this in greatest sincerity. We have invaded your Countryside with naught but whispers entrenched within vagueties as explanation. Twas not our intention to terrorize, nor was it to depose of yourself, nor your lesser rulerships. Our ambitions at greatest, would be to leave your ruling bodies as was, establishing yours as protectorate under our greater military. Yet despite our initial desires, henceforth wishes of that nature have been cast into distant winters. The ambition of Sancerre lies now Northward, a goal we now request in part your aid.*

*I understand a lack of trust, few reason ought one trust a foreign invader to their lands. Fewer still, for one to hold such trust to aid one so silent. Yet, all the same I have no choice but to ask. By time a Raven shall reach Ir'Kan, I will be weeks time from Sancerren Borders. An army of near fifty thousand in my retinue, pushing up through the Cestin Coast, on course we cannot abandon. The moment we recede back to Sancerre, the unsaintly tide of fiends would undo our efforts to reclaim the Tauhan Freeholds. Yet, you know, as well as I. There exists threat to annihilate our lands. A sickness. We thought at first, Influenza, a monster that has decimated lesser Kingdoms, and in truth would be monster alone. Though, we*

have suspicions as to a new Plague, with lethalties unthinkable. I hold no doubt that you are not of awares, as I have heard in recent from Darician Healers within our ranks your own understanding of such things. While mention of your Medicines seem less apt to deal with such things of Scaleblight, which as I am understood, your peoples hadn'tve experienced within your histories. In our differences of ability to deal with this Newfound Disease, it is understood that yours wields lances, as ours wave sticks betweenst us and our colossal foe.

I must urge an understanding, that since such calamitous events scoured the lands, our peoples' cities flood with Tauhan refugee. In particular, the Kingships of the Vaerlan Peninsula, that of the Kingships of Tavar, Eggebracht and Maecht all filled to their peak with crowding cities. Infrastructure, broken by years of war, and new fiendish threats that rise from both the Tomb Bay and the Gravesea. All resulting in possibility for a catastrophe on scale to what occured with the Tauhan Fleet Kingdoms, a perfection of circumstance for any Disease.

I request now for your aid. If you are to lend us ones learned in the world of Disease and Medicines, we may yet avoid narrow Catastrophe. In addition, as you ought know, we seek the Retribution and Reclamation of those Tauhan lost to the Great Cataclysm. By call of Saint Sout. we shall only end this campaign when each Tauhan freehold has been reclaimed, and safe under the protection of Dun Sancerre. If such righteous, saintly, aims would be within your conscience. We request any and all aid available.

If I could, I'd hold such request outside of letters, but as fates have brought us. I cannot leave this regiment. Such things hold many ills, but know that as long as I

*stay from Lesdiguières, mine words shant be held by our peoples politics. You shall recieve response with greater immediacy, and I hope ours may rebuild our relations with you and your peoples, especially as war with those that caused such genocides loom over our Horizons.*

*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!”*

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