

*(Attached are two Letters, one larger with the bright gold and rose Gryphon seal of Dun Sancerre, seeming to be addressing JR 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 many of which has been spread across Sancerre's Belloran Neighbors already.)*

*To Jaimie Rook, First of their Name, Intern to JR, 19th of their Name, Leader of the Quotidian Quorum. I Empress Adélaïde de Val-d'Oise de Lesdiguières, First Of Mine Name, send this letter as means of elucidation of mine peoples recent ambitions and of request for aid. Forthwith I must offer you mine apologies. Tis great dishonor to have not responded in urgency to your messages in previous. Though tis mine hope that you'd understand the turbulence of these days as excuse for mine tardiness. I spend each of these past days in march, retinue of near fifty thousand at my back as we push up through the Cestin Coast. As you ought, and likely already, 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 wish both request any and all aid available*

*I must urge an understanding, that since such calamitous events scoured the lands, our peoples' cities flood with Tauhan refugee. In particular, the Kingdoms of the Vaerlan Peninsula, that of the Kingdoms 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 clumped groups of people's, made critically vulnerable to a great weakness of mine people's. A sickness.

We thought at first, Influenza, a monster that has decimated lesser Kingdoms, and in truth mayhaps be able to decimate us in our current state. Though, we have suspicions as to a new Plague, with lethalties unthinkable. Our peoples understandings of such things, primitive, always it has scoured the lands with few ability for ourselves to halt it. And Now? With the cities of the Vaerlan Peninsula crammed together as filthy sardines abrim with Refugee? We hold great fears for our futures. If those of your people hold any understanding of such things, I urge you to offer aid, for it will never be forgotten.

As to those questions asked in ages past, I may provide answer. There are none of the Shellfolk Refugee that I know of to have traveled so far south as to enter Quotidan Territories. That said, as you may know, those of the Tauhan faith worship The Rove. Such religions inquire their followers to explore and travel, and since the Great Cataclysm, I believe many to have retreated further into their faith. Tis possibility that roving bands of vagabonds may enter the southern territories under your control. It is of great misfortune that I cannot ensure their protections when they leave mine territories into yours. I offer hope, that no such mistreatment of their people's shall occur, for whilst a common eye may confuse the two, these are not spies of Keitian loyalties.

For the second question, therein lies no world in which I shall tell of the internal politics of Dun Sancerre. Do not ask again, for while we will tolerate such things, mine stance shall remain unchanging.

Thirdly, mine people's understanding of greater sciences tis of a primitive status. We can merely wish to clothe the Shellfolk, and find ways to keep them alive even in times when they need be moved further inland.

In finality, the military operations of note is the current expedition, dubbed many a name, Crusade, Incursion, Reclamation, Retribution. Though I believe that has been divulged in great detail in previous. Our only other operations of particular interest, that I am willing to divulge, would be the Exploration of the Ultralands. A task of particular note, but not one with any current feasibility.

In truth, I wish to have explored such a thing in these current months, yet for all, the Great Cataclysm has cast such expeditions into distant futures. All that matters now, is the Reclamation of the Freeholds, and the protections of such by greater Sancerre, against future threats of Chaos.

This tragedy against their people. Of scale unfathomable. These days shall be etched into our history in infamy. How many lives have been lost in manner of hours? The Fleet-Kingdoms were not as expansive as Dun Sancerre, yet by the Saints, there were still hundreds of thousands. Mayhaps near million. Tis hard to think of the scale with such a recency. Tis difficult to process the quantity of lives extinguished within a few hours. So easy tis to reduce things to words and numbers. Some here say it is the Saints way of shielding us. If we could empathize, if we could conceptualize the sheer magnitude that is a loss of life in those numbers. We mayhaps go mad.

*Before I'd left, I had a distinct memory, I'd seen Tahaun child, twas sick, unsaintly scale blight covering half their body. Twas between meeting with council, seen but for moments between my walk through le Conquerant. After, mine curiosities lead me to inquiring with the few medics we've here. I learned that they'd passed.*

*Afterwards, I couldn't help mineself, I wondered anything and everything about him. If his parents were alive to mourn. If he had friends that would as well. And small things in addition. Did he have an imaginary friend? What about a favorite color? Did the child have hopes and dreams of what he wanted to be when he grew old? Childhood loves, aunt's, uncle's, anything and everything.*

*Twas then I'd come to such simple realization, of how easy tis to know, but not think, on how incomprehensibly full life is. How much there is to each of us. Each with their own entirety of experiences, memories and stories. Their lives with complexities mirroring your own. The long story that started from that Tauhan child's grandparents, the story that spanned years. His parents meeting, their story too, each and every impossibility that made him possible.*

*Each and all tis now gone.*

*In under an hour, that impossibly long story was erased. Yet not just his, there were tens of thousands of dead, tens of thousands of loves and dreams and lives. All cast into the gravesea.*

*In our history, we've faced injustices of impossibly high scales. Wars with near thousands innocent caught betweenst crossfire. Yet never a genocide of innocents on scale comprable to this.*

*I urge now, more than ever, unity. If your people's have aid to provide, such things would prove invaluable in such unthinkable times. Generosity now, shall never be forgotten.*

*May the Saints guide us all*

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

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*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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