

*(Attached are two Letters, one larger with the bright gold and rose Gryphon seal of Dun Sancerre, seeming to be addressing Vulkareth 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 Rahastan-Sancerren trade routes.)*

*To Vulkerath Soot Scale, Chosen Assembly Leader of the Assembly of Tribes. 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.*

*If possible, those of Rahastan loyalties within their territories, may best be coordinated alongside mine Grand Marshal, Giacomo-Henri D'Harcourt, The Dragonslayer. Whilst I mean not to offend, they are a tactician peerless in all regards. If they may be able to coordinate, or lead, regiments of those Rahastans within Tauhan lands that do not wish to swear allegiance to Greater Sancerre, I*

believe that we shall all benefit. Also, I request aid in areas that are not directly of Claw and Lance.

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.

In addition, we wish to thank those of Rahastan origin that already are within our ranks. Though their native garb was not particularly well suited for the cold of winter, they have done great Sainly deeds since having been equipped with a proper set of furs and leathers. Those that were Monster Hunters, fight with boldness nearing even the Sancerren Knights. Facing these fiends, with naught but spear and wits. Their mobility through the forests also of infinite source of marvel,

as they walk even the deepest of forests with equal ease to mine people's on paved road. For that I offer deepest of mine gritudes, whence this is all behind us, I am certain that some may even rise to Knighthood.

These are hellish days, even those of Shellfolk origin hast fought with great boldness amongst our ranks. 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 it is 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.

This morn, 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.

*Twass 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. Aid us in restoring and protecting those of Tauhan descent. So that tragedies againt them of such scale are never to occur again.*

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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 hast 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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