

*To Grand Marshal Giacomo-Henri d'Harcourt, The Dragonslayer.*

*I haft grave news, no, by the Saints I haft horrible news, of which you'd need hear. Those infernal whoresons that dare insults us by wearing the skin of man. That of the Headmaster, that of Al'Daric, from Vulkareth Soot-Scale I haft heard that they are those whom created the plague. Whence it twas of the Tauhan - I felt great sorrow, hell, we've spoken of it. Of the unconscionable attack on their people. How greatly their tales walked in line to those whom towns were swallowed up by the Chaos Tides. Yet, with the Tauhan I felt naught but sorrow, and great need to right the injustice within this world.*

*But of this attack? Against our people? I will mount their heads on pikes. I will flood their streets with blood. I will burn their homes to ashes. How dare they make an attack on our citizens. On those that did not join our war. The innocent that now die in the hundreds, shivering to death, villages - our villages, that haft to choose whether or not to exile sickly children. Whether or not to burn their dead.*

*Unforgivable. Unthinkable. Each day I spend here now, hacking apart the pieces of the mutated shellfolk. Reclaiming the town of another whilst mine peoples die. Whilst the enemy infects mine peoples and laughs as we give our soldiers lives to reclaim someone elses homes. Few times hast I been filled with such a feeling of violence. I will hack them to pieces with mine two hands. Heretics.*

*Our objective hast changed. Giacomo-Henri I am sending you to the Keitian Territories, with a retinue of two thousand Knights, along with any Shellfolk native*

to Graulden-Hall Isle whom wish to go reclaim their homeland. We need end this conquest with haste. I care not if their Salt Chief Bris'otollo does not allow you to take charge. She has been given order from Mansa Sino'otollo to stand down, if such Heretical fool cares not to listen to the orders of her superior, Duel her for it. How many Tavarin vessels have we fought upon by now? They shall learn the lesson that we are not to be trifled with, a lesson taught in blood and steel if need be.

We need reclaim the Tauhan Freehold as quickly as possible, the Keitian have ample firepower to do so, but they haven't encountered a force like this before. Use that. These armies are not Tides, but Monstrous armies born from Chaos they are indeed. Whilst the incompetence of the many others that surround us, has previously been one I wished to dance around diplomatically. Now we do not have the time. If "Vrissa" or any of the Rahastan forces attempts to prevent us from accessing the Tauhan Space, burn them to ashes, let us teach them to fear steel. For I, nor you, have any more time to waste. The second this is done with, I shall march our armies back South and annihilate their pathetic worthless cities.

How dare they make this attack against our innocent. Against our peasantry. What leader am I to allow such a thing? To march mine self and mine armies far from our greatest enemy, as they plot to massacre our own peoples. I shall hang their politicians' on the gallows. I will incinerate their libraries. I shall burn them alive. Heretics.

Forthwith, I shall be continuing the push up the Cestin Coast. Which has been largely successful within mine ranks. 'Tis always some level of pride, whence I see Titans tremble for the first time. To watch them harried with the first line of

Trebuchet fire, as our armies charge them. All they haft ever known tis man fleeing from them, as tiny ants twood flee from the rain.

I've oft thought, tis must be something in line with being a god up there, hundreds of feet above all, with having naught a single threat to ones safety. To see us ants charge them for the first time, confident that as small as we are we will kill them. We drill into them the fear of hoofbeats. We make them whimper, we make them run for their lives.

I can see our Shellfolk feel it too. To haft a Titan fall - beneath the weight of our single will. So many lives of theirs haft been lost, so many families, so many loves torn from them. There is a sense of power that swells each day. A ravenous violence that understands that we are felling gods.

Of the Shellfolk in your ranks. Keep eye out for those that fight with particular valor. Of those that connect with the other Shellfolk that haft lost something, and can turn that connection to leadership of regiments. Soon we will be needing a War Hero, for the next leader of a United Tauhan. I will authorize whatever funds necessary to find this, but during these battles keep an eye out for one.

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Give order to Peteros Sabine de Boncompagni, he shalt organize and allocate the medicines and healers provided to us by the Rahatans.

Peteros shalt give order to Motier Fulchini, he is to use his diplomats to organize

*a summit on a small Tauhan Island of Gaut-Isle, there we shall form this treaty and military alliance in proper.*

*Peteros shall give order to Paganini de Boncompagni, whom shall raise the Tauhan lands from it's pathetic status with as much gold as they twood deem necessary.*