

*Adélaïde de Val-d'Oise de Lesdiguières, Empress of Dun Sancerre, Duchess of Sancerre, and Countess of Lesdiguières, to Giacomo-Henri d'Harcourt, Grand Marshal, and Count of Antelao.*

*Tis mine understanding you'd've taken action, before this letter shall reach you. Despite what these whoresons state here within le Conquerant state, your Honour is worth all of theirs hundredfold. I order in redundancy, thine crusade directed northward. Purge clean what remains of the Tauhan. After the eradication of the fiends within their territories. Order reclamation of their cities, then institute new Shellfolk leaders of their cities. These leaders chosen from Shellfolk knights that fought saintly in the upcoming conflicts. 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 crushes, aunt's, uncle's, anything and everything.*

*It was then I'd come to such simple realization, of how easy 'tis to forget just how incomprehensibly full life is. How much there is to each person. Each with their own entirety of experiences, memories and bonds. Their lives just as, if not more, complex than your own.*

*The long story that started from his grandparents, the story that spanned years. His parents meeting, their story too, each and every impossibility that made him possible.*

*'Tis now gone.*

*In under an hour, that impossibly long story was erased. Not just his, there were tens of thousands of dead, tens of thousands of loves and dreams and lives. All dead.*

*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 will be joining you in this upcoming conflict Grand Marshal. In few days time, we shall speak in person once more.*

*May the Saints guide us all.*

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

*(Attached is a transcript of a speech, along with one other letter, with a brief suborder.)*

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*(Give order to Peteros Sabine de Boncompagni, he is to raise a master of trade, in addition, he is to command Fulchini and his Diplomats to enter Al'Daric and to gather information on thine motives and capabilities.)*

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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 moments."*

*"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!"*