



My Liege Adélaïde, Empress of Dun Sancerre,

Even as we finish our work here on Tauhan lands and prepare to punish the perpetrators of this foul plague, it grows worse. Though Rahastan aid has helped our heartlands, and our own brutal quarantine measures have prevented a major spread in our army, the Shaking Plague has changed. It comes faster, and kills quicker, turning its victims eyes blue as they die. Some have begun to call it the Blue Blight for this. I weep for the loss of life, both personal and national: my own older brother, Jean-Amangiani, has passed away from it.

Speaking of Rahastan aid. An emissary arrived, on behalf of the "Bloodless Coven" (a Rahastan religious-military group stationed at Weylin's Grasp, as I understand it), assuring us that there would be no military action against us, nor any attempts to thwart our civilizing of the Tauhan lands, as long as the Tauhan natives are treated with respect and dignity. Apparently the Shellfolk have been declared honorary siblings of Rahastas.

Salt Chief Bri'otollo arrived, along with what I estimate to be the majority of the Keitan's "Shark Fleet," or military arm.

It is now that I must once again beg forgiveness for deciding to stay with your main army and continue the attack up the Cestin coast. instead of pushing on to the island of Graulden-Hall. As I have said before, I believe that, unless we ensure that the Coast is kept clear of these foul beasts, counter attacks will weaken our hold on the area, and slow our advance significantly as we attempt to divert Crusaders to a defensive war.

As you have seen, the periodic aid from the Shark Fleet's warriors alongside our own Crusading Army has allowed us to push further up the Cestin coast than we had anticipated. And while I know you find the Keitan poetry-duels tiresome (the tale of what you did to that poor spearwoman who insulted you has spread far and wide), the common ground of honor and first blood combat has allowed for the creation of goodwill between our two hosts and the spread of always needed esprit de corps.

I am also delighted to see that that little ditty I composed in response to Sino'otollos mockings seems to have caught on amongst both Keitan and Sancerre troops...

My final assessment of the Keitan troops is that they are a dangerous, but specialized, army. They have a respectable number of troops, and excel at raids and quick movement, while their bound monsters allow for hard hitting and mobile support troops that can hit as hard as a knights charge, but with even more staying power. They come up short when it comes to quality of arms and access to ranged weapons- though bows are dishonorable weapons, I believe they would be very effective against the lightly armed Keitan infantry. They also suffer from a lack of discipline- they are not soldiers, but warriors, not an army but a collection of war parties. On a purely tactical level, and ignoring any strategic considerations, I believe it would be possible to defeat their army under most circumstances in a straight up battle- but I also do not believe that they would ever place themselves in a position to have such a battle.

I have heard rumors of some internal politicking around the Keitan- Bri'otollo (Though she now prefers to go by Bri'ayambe) has split off from her former kingdom (or tribe, as they call it), and established her own on the island we know as Graulden-Hall. How the Keitan forces managed to secure so much land in so little time remains a mystery to me, one which Bri'ayambe remains stubbornly enigmatic about on our encounters (though a few more dinners and bottles of Eggebracht wine may loosen her lips).

I have passed on your orders to Fulchini and his rabble. The Shellfolk's Kingdoms have been developing nicely, and their crops will help to make up for the shortcomings caused by plague. The Shellfolk continue to petition to be allowed to reconstruct their ancestral fleets, and Peteros believe' that the use of both Shellfolk shipwrights and local lumber

would make the construction of fleets much cheaper than their usual costs. Fulchini has also performed the necessary arrangements for a meeting with Sino'tollo. As planned, you shall meet him and his escort fleet on Gaut-Isle, while you shall be accompanied by an honor guard of 250 knights and around 700 footmen.

Lastly, I have received some correspondence from that traitor Patrice-Joseph. There have been rumors of Rodents of unusual size spotted around the Kingdom of Sancerre—supposedly even a few around Lesdiquières, he says. This of course, does not concern the sanctimonious bastard— but some have been spotted in Ponce, and a few even in Eggebracht, which does. He shares rumors of kidnappings, of disappearances, and claims that an entire town disappeared overnight. He accuses us of abandoning the kingdom to monsters from the East, and Fulchini confirms that he has been spreading this rumor at court for all it's worth.

However, Fulchini's gossips report that there is no solid evidence to these claims, only a few confused eye witness accounts of figures in the night, and a few mothers who may have, to put it politely, found a new version of the changeling myth.

I do not know what to do with this information, but am, as always, but your humble servant.

Yours always in body, soul, and heart,
Giacomo-Henri d'Harcourt
The Dragonslayer