

To his majesty Mansa Sino'otollo, the Shark-Binder, Voice of the Navigators, High King of the Three Fleets, Ruler of the Four Seas, Lord of the Eight Islands, Friend of the Cnidarians, the Starblessed, Binder of Men, Cleaner of Latrines, First Sword of the Surf, Brine-bound and Iron Willed.

From Navigator Captain Bri'otollo, Salt Chief of Tauhan, ratsbane, knife of the waves, the coral blade. May the dark between the stars consume the words I speak.

The Shaking Plague has gotten worse. Though those within our borders remain mercifully safe, I have witnessed it grip many traders, and a few Crusaders. This new strain has been nicknamed the "Blue Blight", so called for the color it turns the eyes before death. Between Rahastan aid and a brutal set of quarantine measures, the Crusade has managed to avoid a full outbreak, though.

"Crusade." Such a strange word, isn't it? As instructed, I have gone south, and joined my Shark Fleet to their efforts of cleansing this land from its strange beasts. We have marched ever northwards, burning them from their hideout and hunting them down with blade and arrow (these Sancerren blades are ever so wonderful- though the shape is strange, the steel they are forged from is most useful). Our Raiders have struck up many friendships with their Knights, who have taken to battle-poetry like a fish to water. I myself have become fast friends with their commander, one Giacom'Ohenri. A most brilliant military mind, and ardent supporter of the Empress. His wit is almost as sharp as his sword- if the rumors are correct, he's "dueled" (the Sancerren word for a Poet-Battle) his way through half the fleet! Our own duel was most exquisite- though I managed to draw first blood, it was at the same moment that he left me speechless with a particularly sharp retort.

I have been approached by one Mo'tier Fulchini. A most pathetic man, who barely rose to my jabs at his weight and hair. Regardless, we have worked out the details for a meeting between you and the Empress. A ship, with full regal accoutrements and an accompanying minor fleet, shall escort you up the scar for the meeting.

Some administrative notes:

I have taken control of the Squid Fleet, though in practice, not much is needed for their day to day upkeep. I have also ensured that the little matter with the Cauldron of the Sun has been resolved.

I have sent Zami'Okollo away with the Naga Fleet, to chart the depths of the Labyrinth. She has already provided us with rudimentary charts, which, although not total, allow for the navigation of many of the more dangerous currents and corals.

Meanwhile, we have continued our separate conquests up north, spearheaded by Okin'Otollo and his Navigator conclave. We have passed on the instructions as to the old rituals, and, although the Elder God appeasements were unsuccessful, we have found some success through the use of the rituals designed to appeal to some of the older and more distorted Navigators. Okin'Otollo has managed to accomplish a mental link with several, and speaks of a great and beautiful madness, of fragments of once-great minds twisted behind comprehension. He has issued a formal request that the slaughter of these beasts be stopped, as his actions have proved that it is possible to live in relative harmony alongside them, if the proper rituals are observed.

This harmony has led to a new understanding with many of the Shellfolk natives, which has in turn led to a great revelation: The beasts that plague the Tauhan lands are the Tauhan themselves, twisted not by mutation, but by time. This state of chaos is the final part of their lifestage, a great metamorphosis (not dissimilar to that our eldest navigators undergo), that not all survive.

The treatment of these beasts not as monsters, but as brain-addled elders, has in turn reinforced our relationship with the Tauhan. Between that, and our total conquest of the Island of Ayambe, I, as the appointed Salt Chief of the Tauhan Conquests, have made a decision:

The island of Ayambe, and all Shellfolk and Keitan stationed there, have been confederated into the Keitan league as the tribe of Ayambe. I have spoken with the local chiefs of both the native Tauhan Tribes, and the chiefs of the Keitan fleets, and extracted a willing agreement from both.

*Yours in blood and guts,
Salt Chief Bri'ayambe*