



To Friend

Bellor now writhes with vapours that arise
From foul sweat and cruel humours
"Bring out your dead" the corpse-man cries
as men choke on pus-filled tumours.

Many thanks for your gracious gifts. They do your friendship great credit and my scouts report great plagues have struck the other nations.

My questions five are as follows:

1. Are you a titan, leviathan or god?
2. Is there a weakness to the shapeshifting of the Quorum people
3. How might I achieve immortality
4. What is the true nature of the Quroum people
5. How can we use, control or ally with the monsters the Tauhan have become?

The stars approve of our friendship, and will guide my servants to acquire the further corpses you require.

Yours

Mansa Sino'otollo

(the letter is "sent" by slicing it apart using the a knife Sino'otollo used to kill his enemies during his raiding days)



