

To the congress of lords and their head, the mighty high chancellor Mikhail Wladislaw, honoured ruler of the prodigal Serebian confederation.

From 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, the Starblessed, Binder of Men, Cleaner of Latrines, First Sword of the Surf, Brine-bound and Iron Willed.

May the salt-sea bring his words to you this day, so that you may hear them and tremble.

Councillors, I greet you as one great power to another. We have not had a response to our previous envoys and in this time of uncertainty, my advisors are worried by this. A statement of your intentions would be reassuring.

Under the light of the stars, my words are bound

*Mansa Sino'otollo*

May he rule in glory, until he is replaced by someone better.