

To Princess Alvarella of the Anilaths, heirs of the Mind of Stars.

From Kassa'otollo, Produgal Scum, Shark-Son, Turtle-Friend, and Lodesman of the Amber Cliffs.

I extend my wettest greetings to you. Your poem has touched me deeply, and I thank you for the privilege of setting my eyes upon your words. It was a truly forgettable experience. How I wish I could see your lands, and your own personage myself! Alas, the seas are yet treacherous, and we must contend ourselves with words.

The Ultralands are an area of great interest to myself. I have often wondered how different your beasts and plants must be from ours, considering the different conditions and climate. And no place on Bellor is more different than yours.

Tell me, are the stars at least the same? They give me great comfort when I am uneasy about the path I have chosen. No matter what adversity I face, they assure me. I hope they do the same for you.

Forgive me for the forwardness, but I must ask these questions to extinguish the curiosity burning within me: Are your people all as long-lived as yourself? Do your people hunt, or mine, or till fields? Are your ships rigged Fore-and Aft or Square?

You must be great artists. What inspires you to such awesome feats?

As the stars shine, my path is clear.

*Kassa'otollo*