

To Vulkerath Soot Scale, Chosen Assembly Leader of the Rahastan Tribes

Felicitations and greetings. It is my regret to confess that I am similarly disadvantaged in the knowledge of your tribes, and greatly appreciate this overture of addressing this mutual lack.

The continent of Serebrus is known to some of us as the Great Mother. She is not a mother to coddle her children or to give them much in the way of ease, and thus the climate is hard, the soil freezing almost solid in the winter and the rest of the year scarcely better. It is said that hard times breed hard men, and if this is so we have much reason to be as we are—our riders are, I would tentatively boast, the finest in the known world, a joy and a terror in their winged charge.

We are possessed of what has been called magic, yes. The Arts, our highcasters—mages in the academia—would call it. It is a precise, exacting field, one that I must admit only a soldier's facility in. I myself can set deadly traps and force heavy doors to fold upon themselves, but have personally seen a lifecaster fuse broken bones together. It is taught in our universities, perhaps this explains the gaps on the matter?

You must forgive, I hope, the sparse message I send, but to speak of Serebrus and its people is an endeavor fit to fill a book, much less this missive I now dictate. I hope, at least, that I've given avenues for further questions and consideration.

I would know more about your own lands, if you please. The seas are not among the highest of our dominions, and your seafaring ways are fascinating to us, as is the matter of three races that constitute your lands, and the matter of what seems to be an unusual method of gathering food, as I believe I understood.

May your deeds honor your dead, and your word honor the living.

Mikhail Wladislaw
Prince of the Pass
High Chancellor of the Congress of Lords
As dictated to his personal scribe, Stefan Bozar