

To his leadership Vulkerath Sootscale, honoured ruler of the prodigal Rahastan assembly of tribes.

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, Councillor of the Cnidarians, Good Buddy, 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 wonder.

Your words bring me great joy, to have such a friend across the sea. I am afraid we have had to teach the Quorum the error of their disrespect, but I mean no disrespect to your own nation in this and I have hopes that peaceful relations can resume if they learn to keep a civil tongue in their correspondence with us.

Your protector sounds mighty indeed, though this threat in the ultralands bears watching. Perhaps we can inquire of one of the nations that border those lands if they know more. However, given the devastation of the Tauhan, I suspect we will not hear any sensible replies from them.

Speaking of the Tauhan, I believe some of your most outlying tribes border those devastated lands. Are you of mind to intervene? My own people are far from the Tauhan, but we respect their sailing abilities and in some ways their people are kin to our own. If I had an ally who was located closer to those lands, perhaps I could make plans to aid the situation.

May the endless void between the stars blot out the eyes of our enemies

*Mansa Sino'otollo*