

HEAR YOU, O VULKERATH SOOTSCALE, THE WORDS OF THE SPEAKER OF RAHASTAS, AND MAY THE MIRE SWALLOW ME IF I SPEAK AGAINST RAHASTAS' WILL.

I AM NOT AN ADMINISTRATOR. I AM NOT A LEADER. I AM THE SPEAKER OF RAHASTAS. I SPEAK FOR OUR FATHER-MOTHER. YOU ARE THE ELECTED REPRESENTATIVE OF THE TRIBES, AND IT IS YOU WHO COMMANDS OUR FAMILY. I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU ARE TROUBLED BY THE WEIGHT OF LEADERSHIP, BUT THE SOLUTION IS NOT TO PLACE THE FAMILY UNDER MY COMMAND. I HAVE PASSED THE RECOMMENDATIONS YOU HAVE GIVEN ME ON. I MOST LIKELY SHALL NOT AGAIN. IF YOU SEEK ONE TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE DIFFERENT APPENDAGES OF OUR FAMILY, VRISA IS WELL SUITED AND DESPERATE FOR A POSITION.

THE COVEN HAS BEEN REINFORCED, AS YOU REQUESTED. OUR HEALERS HAVE SPREAD FAR AND WIDE, DOING THEIR BEST TO COMBAT THIS PLAGUE, BUT IT HAS CHANGED. IT SPREADS FASTER, AND KILLS QUICKER, SOMETIMES KILLING BEFORE OUR MEDICINE CAN BE APPLIED, LEAVING THE CORPSES WITH EYES BLUE AS THE DEEP SEA. RAHASTAS WHISPERS THAT THIS, AS ALL OUR TROUBLES DO, COMES FROM THE WEST.

VRISA HAS APPARENTLY REPAIRED HER TERMS WITH THE KEITAN RAIDERS, AND YOUR PROCLAMATION HAS BEEN ISSUED. SHE LOOKS AFTER THOSE SHELLFOLK WHO MAKE IT TO OUR BORDERS, THOUGH MORE AND MORE JOIN WITH EITHER THE SANCERREN CRUSADE OR THE NEW KEITAN TRIBE OF "AY'AMBE," ESTABLISHED WITH BOTH TAUHAN AND KEITAN, LIVING IN SUPPOSEDLY WILLING HARMONY.

IF YOU WISH FOR KNOWLEDGE OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD, WRITE TO DURVALIS AND HIS COVEN OF GOSSIPS. I DO NOT WISH TO BE INVOLVED IN SUCH WORLDLY AFFAIRS.

RAHASTAS DREAMS, FOR A WHILE, BUT THEY MAY WAKE SOON, IN THE FULLNESS OF THEIR POWER. NONE FROM OUR GENERATION, NOR OUR FATHERS GENERATION, NOR OUR FATHER'S FATHERS, HAVE SEEN RAHASTAS AS SUCH. WE MUST PREPARE THE WAY.

MAY THE MIRE'S EYE BE EVER UPON YOU AND MAY YOUR BELLY BE EVER FULL.

**(10 wealth is returned unspent. Generally if you want an idea of what's going on you can ask me for more advice/info that would have trickled up)**