

JR,

We thank you for your swift reply. In lands that do not well support life it is difficult to thrive. Do you all yet live? Or are you the echoes of a people... All peoples?

We tend to know what weather comes. The world speaks and we hear it. Similarly. I have spoken to Under Secretary Annoria and let her know that she is no longer welcome to write on my behalf to you, as you did not accept her token of trust.

There is a mirrored pool betwixt us, and it baffles. Were there not dangers clawing at the fabric of all, we would be more curious instead of more cautious. My family are but traders, and ill prepared for the coming battles, not against the peoples, but the terrors.

I have one group of traders that is terrified of you and your lands. Enlighten me that I may continue to send my family. Though you have no need of some of them, without directing trade to you it would sadden both our well beings.

Please know that there is nothing you can do, save for threatening harm upon us, that we will not sit and speak about. We are not peoples of quick action, and never have we known war. We are not warriors, but hunters. By nature we do not wish to drive hurt unto Bellor or it's peoples.

If your bellies need filling, may they always be full,

Soot Scale.

*As drawn up by Secretary Amris Death Skin
(Attached is a single twig, ashen of color.)*