

*Prince Born Twice,*

*Your letter was received. Quickly. This is good. We did maintain some slight contact with them. They continued to send a member for an asselby vote. They are strange to us and yet kin. All of our family travels waters well, and we speak to the lands and seas and skies, such that even during the times of the old creatures we were made safe. This Rove? It is to travel? What trades have you? What knowledge? We are... A simple people and we have no needs for great things. We trade in fish, fruit, spices, and parts of creatures. If more suited we have other things to trade. For we speak to the sky, the land, the sea. And it listens.*

*We sail. We meet. The assembly gives us strength of many tribes. Many thoughts and people. Though, that was long ago. We are now united.*

*A warning, from kindness, those who tread the lands must know that they are not kind in a great many ways. We are well, and hearty. We are accustomed and known. The land itself is a death here. The beasts another death. The monsters a wholly different death. Any, with ill intent, which you do not seem to have, find short time spent upon our lands, typically at no hand of my family.*

*The family of the Grasp, they have listened to your people. Some adopt the Rove I hear. Whispers on the Wind. This is good. More thoughts bring more ways bring more strength. The Land tells me your fleets have made it to the Smile. That is perhaps the safest space in all of the family for dialogues to occur.*

*Should you have further questions please write me, I am pleased by this new future of learning.*

*May your belly ever be full,*

*Soot Scale, Assembly Leader*

*Vukerath Soot Scale*

*Inked by the hand of Greater Secretary Irvelis Many Voice*

(Included in this letter is a smoothly polished white stone)