

To the Twice-Born prince, honored Ruler of the prodigal Tuahan, inheritor of the Rove.

From his majesty mansa Sino'otollo, the shark-binder, voice of the navigator, high king of the three fleets, ruler of the four seas, lord of the eight islands, the starblessed, 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.

The heralds have spoken in my court of your people, telling of a nation that knows the northern seas as we know the southern. My own people are mighty navigators, and our blood is bound to the salt and our minds to the stars which guide us. What of your own? We would know more of your peoples and the creeds you hold dear, and I hope to send trading vessels north to meet with your own, so that we can learn from each other and benefit.

Would this be amenable?

I have sent this letter with several bottles of our finest squid ink, so that your words might be writ in script as mighty as their writer.

Under the light of the stars, my words are bound

*Mansa Sino'otollo /*

May he rule in glory, until he is replaced by someone better.