

*Dearest friends*

*Don Allia has kept me busy these past months and so I confess I have not had time to keep correspondence with those brave souls who saved my life. For now, though, I can make recompense to you with this short letter, which I hope finds you safe, even if it is in the Slums of Azilos. I am having a hard time locating the information Don Allia requires, and fear that I shall lose my employment if it continues on in this vain – he is not the most patient of men, and demands much, even from his scholars. Clearly he is not a man of letters, for he would understand the snail like pace that such a process must take. Nonetheless, I have tracked his lineage back further from the Malkioni reprobates that called themselves sages. Clearly he just needed the Lhankor Mhy touch all along.*

*Kustria is frenetically active with news of the continuing success of the state to gain control of the Lake. I hear tell that it is in response to various acts of aggression, and I can certainly assure you that the tale of how this will make the romance between the Countess of Galin and Janus de Chevalier all that stronger is of particular popular interest. Certainly I doubt the veracity of all of these facts. If a marriage like this was nought but political machinations I would have no surprise, and I doubt that any aggression has been made against a state such as Kustria. In any case, the good times are afoot in this city. I even hear tell that Azilos has celebrations given the recent announcement that Arkat has arrived in the city. I pray that you learn to write so I*

*can hear details of what this involved and whether you yourselves were there. Such an event would be of interest to many in the years to come – history demands records!*

*But to the matter which has really compelled me to write: I have more evidence of the mind worms infesting Kustria. I hear tell from a Merchant that he bought lead tubes just like those that you had shown me to imprison the devilish beasts. He was ordered to sell them, and after much wining and dining he revealed to me that it was Kustria to which he brought them, and to a Don of fame – although he said not what his name was, and no amount of whiskey could part his lips to tell me anything more useful. I fear, my friends, that they are everywhere. Watch your backs.*

*On a lighter note, I finally laid my hands on a catapult. It is to be delivered tomorrow. Should you ever take up my offer of a visit to Don Allia's estate I'll have to show you it, although it will be some time before we can take a ride upon it.*

*Yours sincerely, and with faith in my heart that the almighty Bemurok will devour the mind worms that plague us all,*

*Francesco Carparttaa*