

*My once-dear Ivan,*

*A little bird tells me that your village is in trouble. Not enough food for the winter, taxes due soon ... and we all know what Lord Strahd does to those who do not pay his taxes, do we not? As I look out over our storehouses simply bursting with provisions, I can almost find it in me to feel guilty that I have so much when you have so little.*

*Perhaps if you were to visit me and beg nicely, I might allow myself to be persuaded to share some of this bounty with you. But after what happened between us, the begging had better be good. I suggest you start practicing.*

*Steps have been taken to ensure that my house is not so easily found after the incident, but this map will guide you. I look forward to hearing your best groveling.*

*Sincerely,*

*Marilena Fidator*