

Unto Alastair, Arch-duke of Canberry, Emperor of the Center, Lord of Grain, Restorer of the Hope and Ruler of the New Southern Confederacy that yet will be as a kingdom of the Empire to come, Father of the Heir of Light, may he smother not.

From Emma, Duchess of the Pass of Cathapha and Third of the Fleets of Black Sails, Member of the Order of the Ebon Fortress -- Special and personal Envoy of the Black Witch to the Court of Canberry in the fusion of the Ecumenical Council

Hail and Greetings:

I greet you by the grace of the Black and by the grace of Lord Paranswarm, and by the grace of great Adramelec, Grand Minister of the 8th Circle and Chancellor-General of the Order of Swarms and bring you peace and grace from my Mother the Black Witch, with the embrace of fellowship and joint opposition to the Forbidden.

As it pleases your most Puissant and Eminent Grace, I have had a seeing, and it is my desire to wait upon you at your earliest convenience - for it greatly concerns you. The darkness has receded far from these lands, but yet it has not utterly departed nor has it diminished either in the far South West or in the far NorthWest, nor has its poison been eradicated in the third place. Nor, NOR has it given up all hope and withered on the vine of its abomination, nor can it, for we cut it off from the fields beyond.

The greatest of Lights casts Shadows, with no aspersions intended to your faith, that of Great Lord Glor'diadel - and a blinding light can cause one to avert the eyes from a heart of corruption. So too is the third source of abomination a festering sore here and there - and it is difficult to root out and a poisonous worm arises from its golden heart.

The mountains of the South and the armies of the North consume you - and you look but little toward the place of the Worm for you see it not in the light, and yet that is where the schemes that remain against you are, the poison abides and far from your averted eyes, the worm coils, the acids of its suppuration wreath it in mists of false adulation and it yet plans to draw you in, and corrupt the empire that is to come. It alone of your great enemies now hopes to do more than survive. It hopes to prosper and to overcome.

The vision ends.

I remain your humble servant and the envoy of my mother, strike me not off from the vine that has birthed me I prithee - for my vision though obscure to me, is never wrong.