

To Dame Brionna of Stanway, the Rightful Heir to the Lands of Stanway and therefore my Liege by Birth, also and not incidentally the Commander of the Guard for the new Emperor and I've heard tell his chiefest military adviser - and probably I'm told by the spirits - his conscience.
From Grunvelda the Witch

Lady Brionna,

I have no idea if you remember me or not, in the gardens of the manor, rising up into the air to the delight of all you young ones at the time. Casting cantrips to make you all wonder when you were small enough, how I drew that colored cloth out of your ear. I seem to recall that you and more so your sister enjoyed the cookies that I baked, despite the crooked back and I do so remember you defending this old woman from some of the more sharp tongued of your peers.

It has taken me some time to track you down exactly. It had to be done in secret and I am not the best with the ball of quartz, but I've done it. Fortunately I've got to know some of the more decent types among the Skaven, they stopped killing us all after the first orgy as long as we were... not very meaty and also servile or had some power. I had some power AND I know how to be servile and these bones last saw meat in my 20th year. Not the best of lives, but better than the alternative. In fact, I have worked my way up to a wisewoman of sorts. I have some healing, which almost none of them do, and some alchemy and old Tsinge and his son Tartse both like me. I have as much security as I can have, or I did.

First, let me say that I am so dreadfully sorry about what happened to your family. I tried to warn your father, I did, I swear. I had a premonition, a bloody one and I went to him, but I'm afraid I was always more tolerated as a curiosity than considered one of power.

However, if you remember your 2nd cousin, Benjamin. He survived as well, hiding in the well as it were, and he was making his way as a craftsman among the Skaven, they greatly appreciate anyone who can craft well in metal and he is far, far better than their ill favored and underskilled smiths.

He survived that is until the one came. Like an Illithid, but of a paler hue and a worse disposition than any brain sucker I've ever seen, and far more powerful. With him came a pale skinned elf. Shadow elf I think, it for sure was no Nolder though I've never seen one, I've read the books, and I do not think it was one of their lickspittles, the Twilight elves. The Skaven with whom we have sheltered are a warlord clan, clan Merkit, a powerful clan, though not one of the most powerful, they support Clan Skryre.

The one did not speak, but the elf with him did, in all his finery and amulets of power that virtually warped the air dangling from his throat. He spoke for the one, at least he said he did. I stood close and heard what was said.

A final play the elf said, and they demanded Benjamin. Tsinge was not happy, I can tell you. He appreciated Benjamin's skills AND he counted us both almost as honorary members of the

Clan, as much as you can be when you are not a ratman. He argued, he threatened, but ultimately he knew what the two of them could do, or guessed it and so, whimpering, surrendered Benjamin to them and they took him away, muttering about control and change and final plays all the while.

Old Tsinge however caught ahold of his manhood then and told me that I must send warning. That Skrye had seen a way forward where we were allies far in the future and that he must not destroy that vision, and so I wrote this message and he lent me his fastest messenger, Runrunrun to bring you this message.

I think they intend to put something in Benjamin that isn't him, a spirit or, who knows, perhaps a physical thing, and then send him back to you, soon. I do not know why and I do not know what, but they were excited by it and I could see the blood in them. I hope this reaches you in time and poor old Grunvelda somewhat redeems herself for not getting your father to listen.