

You have arisen very early to attend the earliest service at the Cathedral. You do not do this all the time, but when you cannot sleep, you do.

You are leaving the Cathedral when a courier, an aide you see regularly but only know as Corporal Brill rushes up and salutes.

He waits until you acknowledge him. Once you do he extends an unsealed scroll tube

“The permanent relay for the Tower of Mind received this to be passed on. This is a transcript.”

Unto the military advisor to the crown of the Empire of Canberry -- Greetings.

I am Flight Commander Olwe'nuut.e of the war schooner Nul'Siköl out of the Forest of Singing Leaves. We are a scout craft in service to the Queen. We have observed 3 injured and unarmed vessels coming straight out - I am not sure that is the phrase you would use, they are going at maximum velocity and are headed for your northwest border. The ships are damaged, and they fly heavily, which I think means they are heavily burdened.

They are pursued. a full squadron of heavy human warships, flying banners of the Empire of Hanal are in close pursuit. They are not yet in weapons range. I am paralleling the chase. If I conclude that they will close to weapons range before the fleeing ships cross your borders, I will engage the pursuers.

Nul'Siköl is a war schooner, not even sloop class. My crew is six and we mount a single light energy lance. Our hull is light crystal. I am born of the high blood and my crew are sylvan, except for Frederick - who is a fosterling from among the woodsmen. No Eldar or even Grey accompanies us, nor is there one upon whose service we can call. It is obvious to me that the fleeing ships are making for a border castle of yours which we can see with our crystal. We will make certain that they reach it. What you do thereafter with them is up to your liege.

I wished to notify you of this because even though they are only human ships, I do not believe we are likely to survive the encounter if we engage, and I would that our names are not forgotten as we pass to the West. This is our decision, not one of the Queen, no guilt accrues to her, no dishonor to the Great Houses, if we are wrong. Lummen' Sila Lummen.

Olwe'nuut.e (Flight Commander)

Er'dir

Theot.di

Maluchon

Glándaer

Frederick

