

Unto Dame Brionna, Captain of the Archducal Guard and Chief Military Adviser to
His Imperial Majesty, Archduke of Canberry, Protector of the Land and Emperor of the South
From Strom VineValley, Commandant of the Delta Battle Group of the Sky Navy of Snanurkazz,
and a servant unto the Kov thereof

I send this hither to you with four of my craft that can no longer be crewed adequately. They
have a skeleton crew - well actually more an imp crew as the diabolist assigned to my command
summoned several of the least minions of the 9 planes and tasked them in the name of
Paranswarm to maintain the craft until they arrived at your city.

This message is in the hand of my adjunct who is sore wounded. The craft contain many
wounded, primarily human, and several bodies, including one of the exalted.

To recap briefly - we were patrolling as directed by the Kov near the old confederacy of the
South Kingdoms yestereve when we saw a mighty battle in the sea below us. Hundreds at least
of strange beasts similar unto the Illitidae, riding upon purple Sea Rays were assaulting a small
force of elf-like beings (we now know to be Selkie) We considered intervening, but there is no
clause of either the Ecumenical Declaration or of the treaties of either Hanal or Snanurkazz that
suggest we should - they are not allies. However, as we debated another Voller entered the
fray - diving in from above, firing energy rays and dropping drowan marines. At that point I
committed because like it or not, the Lord of Death and his servants are signatory to the
Ecumenical Declaration.

Ultimately because of the entry of both forces, the servants of the unspeakable were defeated
and the remaining Selkies are aboard the water tanker, which is one of the four ships I have
sent to your space. However, the schooner itself struck water and in the battle was sunk. The
Captain was slain, though we recovered his body along with some of the Drowan bodies and
they are also aboard one of the ships, along with three wounded drowan survivors and the other
wounded.

Since I can no longer staff all of the ships adequately, I am sending these ships to you and I am,
as directed via globe by the Kov, taking the remainder of the battlegroup and following the
broken remnants of the servants of the unnamed to their lair and to their bombard it with all of
our remaining alchemist's fire.

Should I not return please convey my undying devotion to the Kov and my undying love to my
wife and children, should the opportunity present itself.

Hail!