

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!