

Onto the Baroness Catherine de Naet  
From the Comte de Athanase of Lesser Aereleon

Good Catherine -

It has been difficult indeed to find you - your name, your appearance, your very fortunes have changed indeed since last I saw you, glancing at you in the market as you went about your "business."

Knowing that you are alive and doing so well is a breathe of fresh air to my nostrils, food to my lips, hope to my very soul.

I long that we might meet again, as I met your friend Ferdinanda in the edges of the farm lands of Enclaves some years ago. I have never forgotten you, never could forget you.

My loyal servant bears a gift for you - to show you the depths of my endless devotion - and will bear your reply to my hand.

I can but wait.

*Athanase*

