

Delivered by teleportation to the usual area, and from there brought in its heat proof tube to Dame Brionna –

Unto Brionna of Stanway – Dame and Overcommander of the Forces of Canberry – Archduchy

From Boris Everclaw, Archevault of the Freeholds of Lionmane, Convener of the United army – of the Fortress of Pink Pearls -- ruler

Dame most honored and respected,

Unto you and Alastair - liege and Archduke, be blessings and singing forever.

After information, given by you through your claw yesterday, I the Grand Council of Archevaults have notified, and they to the Council of Knights have recommended that our forces, together stand. In alone standing, only the taste of ashes can be ours. Though this is not our way, the Knights have heard. The most powerful of the fortresses is mine – to it they withdraw, one and all. The six Archevaults have given unto me Covener the title. In 450 years the title been used has not.

Your claw yet is with us. Fear he brings the safety of our kittens to. Many of the knights with me concur. But where, where to send 70 kittens and their chattels among our Rakasta servants? No allies we have close where safely we can send them. The freeholds of the Blue Mountains are far away, and our few vollers both old and needed. The Archevault Hilda of the Green Vale has suggested that you we ask. Honor you have given and shown by information sharing. Honor you have shown to one cousin of ours – of the horde of Lionclaw. Honor we know is your hand in.

We do not ask empty handed. A train we can send to you, with our kittens, and with it 10000 pieces of gold for the keeping of them this thing until is finished.

If you will this thing do – and live we do – great debt of honor we owe unto your horde. Whether we stand or fall, the horde of Lionclaw then will live. We only ask that you scavage the fortress of the Pink Pearl if it destroyed be. All wealth comes with those who here withdraw. If we are gone we you trust. Of it a tithe take and for the kittens the rest keep.

With honor, with respect, with the eternal song.

In the Light of Glor'diadel and in the Darkness of Paranswarm we stand.

In the Light of Glor'diadel, this I send.

Boris, Archevault, convener, ruler.