

Unto the Mouth  
From the Middle Toe

Delivered unto the Secretary of the Mouth by a Farsensor of the Ministry of Mind

We continue to march south. The army was combined recently, The Brightspan and other human forces and both orcan hordes. There is something slowly overcoming the men – they are becoming more and more ... I don't know... quiet and just.... mindless almost. Sometimes in the middle of the day I even find myself just drifting off – and not thinking – at all – I've never done that before. So I pray to the Mistress of the Harvest (sorry honored Mouth - but I'm from the country) and focus on the memories of my sister and her husband and my nephew and niece and somehow, I seem to come back. I have to be careful though – some of the officers aren't drifting off - and if I show too much animation, they look at me oddly, I don't know why.

In any event, shortly after the combining, we fought our first battle – against a Rakshasha knight and his household, together with a group of human villagers that joined him. It was vicious, we killed them, all of them – even the women and children, and the Lord called the Rakshasa a traitor, and mutilated his body and then staked it. Some of the officers desecrated the chapel in the manor after it fell too – I saw it done. It was a chapel to the Lord of Light. Officers of Canberry shouldn't do that. The Rakshasa's son they took alive, and this evening at dinner, they took him out and tortured him a little, and no one else seemed to care except me, so I couldn't say anything – but its just a child, even if it is a cat, and so frail.

I'm alone here, so frightened, I take out the stone at night and concentrate on putting my thoughts in it like I was told – when I dare – but I don't know if anyone hears anything at the capital – I hope you do. I hope I'm not just going mad a different way.

Tomorrow we enter a valley with four villages and rich farms – a Rakshasa Lord has a curtain keep there, but I hope he is wiser, and takes his men and his family and the humans who are his sort of retainers and runs away. I'm afraid he won't though, and we will kill them like we did this knight and his people today.

There are so many in this army now, so very many.

Pray for us.