

Unto the Mouth  
From the Hip in Hiding (Hanal)

In earnest prayer that this document finds you.

I consign this to mortal messengers whose loyalty I know despite the risk inherent therein, for greater risk now exists by some unknown agency which seems able to, if not tap into the conversations held unseen to yourself, certainly track down those holding such conversations. Therefore, both practically and for reasons of self-preservation I have shut off the connection that I have to your sacred relic and instead rely on servants and on the good will of a Dwarven merchant who has long dealt the finest iron ore to the forges that buttress my family's wealth. He cares little for intrigue, but he will do much for loyal customers and so I harbor a hope that this message finds its way into the hands of the man who we both know in Enclaves as he returns to the United Dwarven Kingdoms. From there I pray that it finds its way timely down to you.

Mi-Lady Her Eminent Grace must be be informed, and I suppose given the method by which this message is received, must verify that all hell hath most assuredly broken forth here in Hanal. The Queen Empress' madness doth not get better, but the greater madness is that of her heir apparent and such allies as she holds to her bosom.

Primus -- I have ever reason to believe, having heard it from a lady in waiting to the heir directly that she intends to kill her younger sister, a far more worthy inheritor, by the agency of delivering her into the hands of some otherworldly force of demonic mein. It is rumored although it cannot be confirmed that the Queen Empress is herself somewhat worried about the sanity of her eldest daughter - an idea which, were it not so terrifying, would be drolly amusing.

Secundus -- The Necropoli and Precinct at Magdag has been subtly redirected. Her majesty the Queen Empress is not aware, but I am, for afterall, am I not of Magdag - though by fortune now permanently attached to court to represent my father's endeavors there and his hope for my, or my children's ennoblement? I cannot say what the purpose of the redirection is, but the slaves are driven as never before, and many freemen from the great farms are taken into slavery at the slightest pretext to replenish their ranks. Stone is being cut at an unprecedented rate and moved by almost superhuman applications of force. The carvings and reliefs now being embedded in the stones are... disturbing... and despite my status as the eldest daughter of a most respected merchant and forger, I was hurried away from them by a foreman. I cannot explain this better. Magdag is of course closely allied to the heir.

Tertius -- Perhaps this should have been Primus, but I do not think that would have made sense for without background it would truly have been senseless. The Inquisitor at Magdag hath been replaced. My family is of great faith and hosted him often. This man appears to be the Inquisitor, but to those who knew him well, he is not. A brother perhaps? A spell? He simply is not what he seems, I am convinced of it and wish the Lady to know.

Quartus -- Strange seals and sigils are being hidden INSIDE the walls in Magdag. The carvings, the reliefs, the seals are not being pointed into the chambers, or out of the walls, but rather inward, between the two. I have seen this with my own eyes.

Quintus -- Finally, a certain number of the slaves who are said to die, do not. They are tallied as dead and the Kov of Magdag pays death tax for them to the royal treasury, but they live and they seem to no longer be slave. They are outfitted, armed, and under cover of night, in small bands, they slip away to the port of Magdag, to ships - and are seen no more. The ships head south.