

Unto the Mouth
From the Brain

Honored Mouth,

Interpretation of the information translated by various fingers and toes now in the west lands tells us that the situation there is stabilizing. All enemies have retreated or been eliminated and the local people are gradually regaining their lands. We may have overestimated how much aid the region will require to survive the winter, not only are they hardy, but resourceful, and there were more hidden stocks than we realized. Obviously the casualties affect them grievously - but there will not be starvation even without Arch-ducal intervention we now believe.

However, as a result of a pair of fingers set to ascertain the safety of the Lady sent there to oversee (the Archduke's younger sister) we have been able to determine something that may or may not be disturbing, we are not clear, nor are the agents there capable of decision making as I am sure the Mouth is aware.

The Lady is curious and determined, and to the surprise of our agents, she has discovered an ancient secret door from one of the wine cellars that leads into a narrow corridor with stairs descending into the depths. It is not on any castle plan and is not connected to the network of secret passages of which we are, of course, aware. She has not ventured into the depths yet, but we are concerned that she may - and while it may just be some ancient lecher's private space... we are concerned that it could be more - but our agents, who are a scullery maid and a common soldier can do nothing, given her status. However, given the insanity that seems to infect that particular noble family...

We think she has told her confessor, but we do not intrude there, it would be blasphemy - and as a priest he cannot tell anyone else even if she decided to travel down singing songs and totally unarmed.

We await your direction. We are sure you know more about the situation than we do.