

Honored Mouth

This report is from the eye of the South with utmost urgency

We observed a small vollar, a sloop we think, but it could have been a yacht, of elven design made of the darkest crystal, slip into our airspace and drop two elven glidewings. The glidewings descended into the farmlands and glades one day's march southwest of the capital itself. Our nerve did not see them return to the ship, and shortly thereafter the ship shot away northwest at considerable speed.

Fingers in the region have been unable thus far to discover where the glidewings went, and whether or not they carried persons, cargo, or both.

We wished to report this immediately. This eye knows that it has failed in its duty of observation, but believes the security of the capital is of paramount importance. The eye awaits your judgement, but I swear to you, we did not blink.