

Honor and hope and imbued power unto the House of S’Giliath

Unto The Emperor of the Sardonyx Throne –

From Lord Elros S’Giliath, Special Emissary of the OverQueen unto Singing Leaves

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Honor and glory unto your throne oh Emperor of the high places and the depths – long has your alliance been treasured by Singing Leaves, a Kingdom owing allegiance onto the Overqueen – Bearer of the Ring of Fire and Ruler forever in the Steading that Stands Golden in the Light of Moon and Sun. Honor and Glory, Long Life and Wisdom and Hope. May the Borders of your Wood be Warded and may every fell creature pass well by the skirts of the weakest of your people, now and evermore.

As I pursue mission for the OverQueen by her command, emissary unto the Queen of Song – So didst the Flitters that accompany mighty MoonRaven, my Man-o-war, sight the creatures of the Darkness, a veritable horde – Glamhoth – our need is great, our journey swift – but two glamhoth of size, strengthened by stone trolls, stood off from a smaller force of your people. North of a walled village of your kind within a war torn province. North yet further, as we flew, another glamhoth we sighted, with mulmeke’ in numbers with them - marching to join those to the south.

Our weapons needed cleaning and sighting - though we flew swiftly such maintenance is required. Though the territory was yours – yet I commanded my battle Psions to fire two volleys of energy bursts, from the crystals at these convenient targets. All fault for damage to the land near the Glamhoth is mine, and the dishonor belongs to me, and not to my house. Hear my words.

The Glamhoth was scattered, for a day or two perhaps. Several mulmeke fell still. Sadness for their spirits, received now by the creator. The Glamhoth will gather anew. Our targeting bought a day or two – no offense to your forces, no insult to your house. Honor to your name. — Elros

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