

Unto Archduke Alastair of Canberry, Emperor of the Unsettled Lands
By my hand this day,

Greetings!

My nephew has communicated with me and has found peace and pleasure among your people. He has even taken to his bosom a particular friend, a youngster by your standards as he is by our own. I wish him well, for with but a bit of time, as the one he now has befriended pass to spirit, sadness will come and with it the withdrawal that most of our peoples endure with the lesser races, unless of course he takes whole lines as his friends. My affection for him endures, and therefore my affection for you and your line for the good turn you do him, in the twilight of our years. It is for this cause that I write you again so quickly - though I do not mean to intrude and such haste in writing might be taken as such - know that it is not intended as such.

It is for the cause of the affection that I bear for you that I determined that the vision I had received from the Palantir `du e' gorg'a, sealed in the Tower of the Eternal Pain of Torment might yet need refinement. This was reinforced by a report that I received from Sir Galith Pilin' til of the Cadet House of Claith'irin who commands the guard of 20 that I gifted to you as guardians for the Princess of your marriage who offers the heirs that will ensure your line. He reports that creatures resembling Illithids, but not of their blood or origin attempted to approach members of the entourage of the Princess disguised as normal beings and were repelled by the guards who, with the sight, were able to see through the disguises and with Laen edged highglass weapons and magic were a match for them.

Therefore left with the choice of inhaling the poisonous fumes of the lower vents of the Mountains of Despairing Visions or summoning a Daemon Prince and then torturing it until it yielded the secrets that I demanded, I of course chose the latter course. Much safer that way - no one controls the fumes nor overcomes them fully.

The Prince that I summoned was a robust specimen but in due course I threw it down and under inducements that it grudgingly admitted were more expert than those that were applied by the Torturers of Hades, it yielded up salient information out of fear of being discarnated and sent screaming back to those same torturers for 100 years already mauled when it had itself bullied and tortured them in the past.

Based on this information, which I judge as trustworthy, for the Prince, once defeated, knows what it can expect at my hands if it has lied to me - I can reveal the following:

1. The item that you sought has been gained, now it is but necessary to activate it to bar She of Bones and the One Other. It is not clear that it blocks the One Beside, but that one has previously shown the least interest in this plane, unless somehow it be goaded. This, once accomplished, is a great victory.

2. The War in the North does not go well, but if it fails utterly a second path opens to you - a path of resettlement for those who are not corrupt to lands that you wish to stabilize. The danger there is that you may move the culture with the people. There is still a chance for the princess there however, it is not yet done.
3. The tunnels of the West are even more important than the palantir revealed, but the Prince did not know why. Ware them I say to you again. Even after the activation, ware them.
4. As the lesser gates are not yet closed, they multiply.
5. You must be prepared, if Hanal fails utterly not only to remove your partisans swiftly, but to help contain the fallout as the cancer within it consumes itself.
6. The master mover, the one behind it all - including the attempt to bring in She of the Pale Bone, is still unrevealed, but comes closer to revelation. The Prince could not even say who it was or what - as he was not sure. That is troubling to reveal. Only because you have been so successful against the pawns is it even close to revealed. Yet the Prince did not think it was a direct danger, unless he said, you stirred it. Yet he also said that for all it needed to be stirred or with time it would bring great harm, even if not to your line.

And one more thing, not that came from the Prince, but that comes from five ages of long, slow struggle. If Hanal falls, or even is hollowed out, then Masque grows and strengthens. Masque is more loyal to its god and more sane - while also being less sane. Watch closely.

More and more I feel thin and stretched. Yet, the idea that perhaps, just perhaps, we were wrong... I would pass to the West I think, but I fear being denied. Nevertheless, that time grows near I think when I shall - I have been here since the beginning, I cannot remain forever.

For now, I remain,

-Aufaugauthal'rim (the)