

For the bright lady in lots of shiny armor who guards the big guy in Canberry
From Crinq Srrt Grovelknee, slave to Clan Skyre

Great, mighty, merciful and gloriously violent Lady,

First I must make known that it is I, Crinq Grovelknee who writes this to be delivered to your awfulness by the slave's slave Sloberface Bentskuttle. In no way and never was this letter considered, thought of, dictated, or suggested by the Mighty ClanLord Eshquk Firefingers Stonebinder of Clan Skyre. NEVER would the Magnificent Eshquk ever consider doing anything that could cause division among the Skaven, particularly the Warlord clans. Eshquk would be mightily grieved if anything happened to harm the trade relationship with Canberry or the relationship with the nice missionaries that Canberry has sent to teach us to grow better grain and control our population growth without having to kill breeders (very novel, Crinq thanks you - happy Crinq) , but he would NEVER EVER EVER intervene to prevent any Warlord clan from following its destiny, even if that destiny was wrongheaded and in defiance of the Council. NEVER. Such a thing would surely be bad for Skaven unity and forward thinking over time. Only a rebel slave like me would ever consider warning you.

There, now that you understand that this only me, and NOT my master in any way whatsoever. I will speak in unvarnished words. Clan Scruten, a mid sized warlord clan with many Storm Vermin and some connections to Clan Eschin, so possibly some specialized weapons, is planning a foray in force with several thousand Storm Vermin and 10,000 or more battle slaves to attack the festivities soon to be held for the glorious, righteous, gracious, kind and beautiful "Princess?" and the awful, powerful, murderous and mighty Great ClanLord Alastair, at whose name I tremble and fall on my face, like unto fainting.

Further, Srruten has already dug under border, and hidden the forces in question in nests inside the new territories of the humans, careful, careful, not even taking a sheep or a child they are waiting. A device of Clan Eschin, brought from the old world with many similar devices protects them from detection until their perfidy reveals itself.

My Master, who knows nothing of this writing and whom I will never tell of it, even on pain of death (please no, not yet) is wroth at this cowardly dastardly and utterly stupid activity on the behalf of Scruten and I, who know my master better than my own father (thank the great ones, for he was often hungry when I was small, I hid well) am sure that he would not be upset, nor would his fellow awesome ClanLords on the Council of 13 if the humans triumphed over stupid, stupid Warlord Clan. Should this occur and proof be revealed that they left our boundaries and attacked the awful Archduke, surely he and the other members of the Council of 13 would punish the remains of Clan Scruten. Their breeders would be taken from them, their warriors slain, their allies in Eschin would turn their backs, and their pups raised by other clans. Scruten would be no more.