

Unto Dame Brionna, Captain of the Arch-ducal Guard and chief military advisor to His Grace,
Alastair, Archduke of Canberry
From Clarence Strawberry, Head of Military Intelligence

I will keep this missive brief mi-lady as I know how busy you must be.

I am concerned about the boy and his entourage. Unlike the adult elf - folk of his power, he has no idea what humans are like, really - only a small and select group that he cares about. His gesture as he entered the city was grand, generous to a fault (which I know is true of many of the Nolder) and demonstrated genuine caring for our people. It also precipitated a potentially disastrous result which I am convinced he in no way even comprehends. Only your ladyship's quick thinking and immediate response prevented bloodshed. Now he is here with dozens of Drowan crewmen from the cadet houses in his crews and a small cadre of elite Uruk warriors to boot. I am sure none of them will cause trouble deliberately, but even the Uruks carry something resembling wealth to those in the poor quarter, and they are actually capable of being felled. The boy ... his jewelry alone would buy a barony, and while I doubt that the rabble (forgive me) could harm him, if they did, or may Light forbend, if they killed him...

I leave it to your knowledge of the world to tell you what could happen.

All of my agents stand at the ready to aid the city and royal guard to make certain that this visit, however long it is, goes smoothly - I feel that the stability of the realm could, possibly (I know how melodramatic this sounds) depend on it. Please, command us, we will obey instantly, we but await direction.

Respectfully your servant always.