

Unto Lady Catherine of Lynham

Greetings and salutations.

I am sorry that I could not help but notice your position in Emperor Alastair's court. I apologize and in no way would I ever breach decorum by mentioning it except in this private communication.

Included with this message is my servant, Nad'undume' narquelion na Aufaugauthala'rim. She has served me well and there is no reason for her to perish with me, she is not yet prepared for that journey and I am not cruel.

In fact it is because I am not cruel that she has served me so well and is loyal to my house and thus now - to you. She is half-caste, and she was born blind. By the doctrines of the Great House she should have been exposed, but I forbade it and my husband indulged me. She was raised as a spy's spy and her other sight as well as her other senses were honed. Her third eye burns with an attention to detail that her physical eyes cannot. She is a master of disguise, her loyalty is beyond question. She is also well trained in the most delicate use of coercion.

In the visions of the final rituals I have seen it even more clearly. All who think know that we depart. Little time is left to us. Our cousins depart steadily and in a few thousand years they will be a fading memory. Fools may think that we will remain, but without them in opposition we are nothing, we too will depart. Our birth rate has not declined as much as theirs, but it sinks away. If your race does not triumph then this world will become a morass of pain, agony, dystopian fantasies beyond even those thought of by the Lord of the Great House Goldurim. Then, finally, what will come here will not be the power of Lord Mor'grath, but the strength of the most heinous of beings.

We have fought them before.

You must fight them next. I have foreseen that on your continent, your offspring and the legitimate offspring of the Emperor together will stand, or fall. IF they stand, mankind will stand and this world will spin on. IF they fall, mankind will fall in time and that heinous power will come to pass. It is not to be that we shall be the ones to turn them back - and already you move against them. Two you may even stymie - though I foresee that another, of your line, will at last block, or fail to block, the third.

The young one though - he may remain, and fade with your people, for he truly wishes to be there and to care and he does care. I wish him to do well. I wish you to do well ... and your... descendents. Nad'undume is my gift to you. She will serve you for many generations of your kind. She will serve you well. Deploy her with skill, protect her from those who would kill her because she is crippled as I have - and she will stand with your descendents for five thousand years.

