

I have seen enough these past hundred years, Hedrodass to know that my last breath will not be spent in vain. I have looked to long across the strait towards Serpinton with its policies and laws leaving nothing but a pretext of truth and a smirk at justice. The towers of Sashi Eten are bathed by the morning sun across the Eastern Reach each day, but the light of wisdom and insight that was meant to reflect onto us is hollow and failing now. There is not the faith in the Martial Masters as their once was. Too many of my fellow monks are afraid to speak out against the practices of Dsesnor. They are no longer relying on the people to protect Dsesnor, they are hiring on Urakais and Orks who they can be sure will not rebel as they only care about the gold that fills their coffers. It is times such as these that I am proud to be a Sorikonian, and that only half my blood is that of these humans who seem to have no understanding nor respect for the natural laws of the land. The crops have been good this year for the Dsesnorians, there new techniques seem to be working and no doubt they will begin selling their new spells across Roekron. Of course there will be much resistance from the hobbits of Hostor of which I spoke to you in our last communication but due to the power of the Wizards Trade Order at Astengred there is little they will be able to do to keep them out. It is chiefly the hobbits and the island province of Rorock that has driven me to this, my final decision, to leave Sashi Eten and go to Vietess to stop Dsensor from testing new Flame Spells there with their Urakai armies. I hope I am not too late already, for the folk of that small province are not represented by Hostor as they should be and many hobbits have died or fallen victim to the effects of unspent magical traps. Everyone seems intent on keeping an eye on Dagdeoth, and no doubt we should, but what of our own problems. There are strange stories of the Ents in

Dugwaith attacking the elven village of Orierie, an unprecedented event. Certainly we do not need more trouble in Dugwaith with the rumor of the return of Le Teshashi, the sword that was forged on the very soil I now stand, turning up in the hands of an Urakai Samurai in Mithil Ulienene. And what is this you tell me of suicide attacks in Feanorion, the landing-place of Feanor, first of the elven Lords of Roekron. The world has gone mad, if this is true. Granted the wood elves and high elves have always disputed the ownership of the Suthan forest and Feanor's Grove and the battles have been tense, but I never thought I would hear of such bloodshed in Feanor's Grove, bringer of love and kindness. And how is it that the hobbits of Eathgritok are disappearing? Have you spoken with the Dwarves at Forgen of this, perhaps they know what happened. I regret that this may be my last letter to you, my friend, for even now I can hear the Tallis pulling up to the docks. I hope that across the Western Sea things are better for you. I cannot say what will be the end of this. I even hear that the Svodlun dwarves want to mine in Lagmeneth Forest. I understand there are great Mana wells to be tapped below the roots of those trees but that is centaur country, and an ancient grove of the elves. I cannot see dwarves in Lagmeneth without a fight, no matter what Dsesnor proposes. Goodbye, my friend, and good luck. I sense there is not much life left in me, and alas I shall most likely not see you again in this world, perhaps the next, may it be kinder than this one.

Master Allios Shepton