

Master Regis of Guernicus

From Sir Gilbert Montrey

It has had been some years since I was in the employment of the order of Hermes and in truth I must say I have missed many aspects of my time there with you in the covenant, though this letter is not sent to you as a matter of trivial remeniscence. Dark times have conspired to surround me and so I write to ask for your assistance in my hour of need.

My first few years away from the covenant treated me very well but sadly my wife was tragically taken from me by the ocean three summers past and still the sorrow sits around my neck like a weighted stone.

This sorrow was compounded further still when a troupe of players came through my lands. Their acrobats and knife throwers indulged us with their skill and all was well till their mystic woman read my future and foretold of my imminent death 'at another's hands.' Surely I would think little more of it but that my steward and most trusted man insisted she read him next and sadly was told that he would pass before me.

This morning his body was discovered on the beach where my wife died. He was drowned, certainly, but I feel now forces move against me and I have no way of pushing back this darkness alone. So I ask for you to send someone to aid me in this hour of need.

I believe there could be a source of Vis on my land situated along the coast and if you were to help me then of course access to it would be immediately granted.

I send this letter in the hope it reaches you in good health and that you may see it in your power to aid one who served you in the past.