



*Please refer
to my first letter.*



My friend,

I pray this letter finds you in good health for one because I need you to travel.

As you might have heard, I have taken a position as a tutor in the household of Lady Regina Fairfax, Countess of Dragonholt, just outside the village. I elected to take this position because I hoped for some peace and quiet after that business in Nerekhall.

Had I known what my future held, I would have done something else entirely. Lady Regina's three children are more than lively enough to deny me anything resembling peace or quiet. Even now that they are mainly grown, I remain very busy.

But I did not write you to complain about my lot in life; as you know, I never complain—even when the so-called "dwarven wine" is very obviously an inferior human vintage. Again. Or when my very favorite cloak, the blue one, is stained by some drunken lussu spilling his wine. Elves should really stay out of human taverns.

I write to you because I fear something sinister is at work here in Dragonholt, and I require your assistance. I dare not say more openly, as I think it likely this message will be intercepted. I can trust no one here to help me with this matter; after that business in Nerekhall I have only you and a small handful of other allies left.

Please help me. There is more at stake than you know.

Celyse