

Dominic's Letter Responses

(from Mr. Lockton)

To the Head of Coin, Lord Dominic Sterling...

I am eager to meet with you, and your cousin and brother, to discuss House Brewwick holdings and assets, on the agreeable date of the twenty-eighth of August. I will reserve us a booth on the third floor of The Gentleman's Duel in the Business District. Of course, I'm sure you already have a membership there, as all business-men of repute do. I will be bringing us a Concoction of Tangled Tongues to aid the privacy of our negotiations. (I like to be upfront about these things, as many are not versed in the pure number of potions in existence, as I am privy to under stewardship for House Brewwick.)

'Til the 28th, then -

Your humble servant,

Mr. Brian Q. Lockton,

Steward & Man of Business under the patronage of Noble House Brewwick and the Brewwick dynasty

Dove's Letter Responses

(from Bear)

Nothing yet... but she does receive a gift of a frozen mouse in her room... clearly a threat.

Elinor's Letter Responses

(from Owen)

...The cost for the Frost coastal boat was 7,000gp, around 3,000 less than the projected price at the time.

(from the "moles" in the Bank - Receptionist & Cleaning maid)

Receptionist:

Dear Ronile,

Things in the hoard are well, overall. The dragon and his wormling are often very distracted by the lure of future growth and opportunity, that they miss checking on the day-to-day as often as would be expected. I, however, miss nothing. Just last week, the dragon received word back about a business deal he had tried to facilitate with the Thunders, only to be cordially rejected. He just this morning received yet more disappointing news that the Shades would not approve a second investment in the hoard until we have more reputable stock under our protection...

Oh, also, I met the cutest lad this side of the city! He just started working at the Whitewhistle, you know, that brewery in the market district. He's to call on me once the Season starts.... What fun!

Your eyes,

Yebba

Cleaning Maid:

Your Ladyship,

His Lordship Jr. is still cryin' sometimes in 'is office. I can tell by the tissues when I empty his waste bin and I've listened at 'is door 'ere and there, and can hear 'im sniffin'. One nigh' 'e'd left his diary on 'is desk, so I took a peak at 'is scheduled appoin'ments. He HAD gone to see the Vaul-er, the fortune tellers last month. I know so 'cause 'e put it in his diary, like I said.

So, when did your Ladyship say she would send me my next payment?? It'll be needed, that. I've gotta see the doctor about me rash.

Scrumptly,

Ellen

(from the Countess Blumett)

Dearest Viscountess,

Oh, how overjoyed we were to receive your pigeon, and the news that not only is your aunt, the Countess Sterling, recovering at last (thank the goddesses, all) but that your precious Mother and yourself will, in fact, be joining us for tea after all! I am elated at our date, and the children are, too. In fact, Dahlia WILL be there, at this later date, returned from her etiquette studies abroad and she MUST share all of her newest lessons learned so that we might keep up to date with the latest trends.

I would never want to propose arrangements hitherto unsought after, but I would be remiss if I did not put a budding plug in for my Dahlia- she is beautiful, skilled in all manner of reputable talents, and is now satiated in regards to seeing the world, priming her to settle down for the right... engagement. But!- I shall say no more in writing. Your Ladyship will see soon enough for yourself what blossoming flowers all of my offspring have become!

'Til our appointment of petals and herbs,

The Countess Blumett, Lady Heather of House Blumett

P.s. I do regret to inform you that our Eagle, Comandra, devoured your pidgin as part of his mid-morning snack. I have replacements to send with you when you depart, finally, for Donlon.

(from Master Scarclyf)

To Her Ladyship, the Viscountess Elinor Sterling of House Sterling,

I offer my accolades to the Countess Sterling on her improvement and recovery journey. Should you deem your affairs flexible enough to call upon the Academy when you come to the city, it would be my pleasure to host you for the afternoon. I have been engrossed in the specimen you sent ahead to us (myself and Dean Tortan) and we have some very intriguing things to share with you. As head of the Mythical

Creature/Monster school of knowledge here at the Academy, Dean Tortan has been especially awed to see such a full specimen such as you have procured, and wishes to congratulate you in person. Please send a pigeon or messenger post-haste (as your diary allows) to set a time to come in which we can expect you. May the light of knowledge shine brightly on thee,
Master Bernard Scarclyf, Chancellor Enlightened, Academy of Knowledge, Donlon

(from Master Elrion Faenor)

Elinor,

How marvelous that you have even basked in the presence of such a terrifying and beautiful creature! My interest is peaked, indeed. I am hard to catch, but you are most welcome to stop by the Menagerie any time, and should the goddesses design our paths cross, I would soak up the full account that you might glean from the Academy, oh illustrious institution that it is. I have some specimens that might peak your interest in return. Just speak with my Finch if I am not around.

-Master F

Oliver's Letter Responses

(from Captain Alexander Menor, Tower of Gor)

My friend Oliver,

Good to hear from you, you rascal! I'm sure you have stories to tell that would last us many pints. I am booked up tight as a whore's corset at the mo', as the start of the Season always brings a lot of clueless chaos from the women, AND men. I've had a migraine for the last 3 days, as one of our civilian inmates took some sort of back-alley potion and now has swollen to the size of a small whale, and won't stop making noises like one. I'm about to Moby-Dick their ass. Too bad my income from being "most important Gor resident" is too yummy a situation to mess up by letting my temper run things. Anyways, swing by once the Presentations of the Season are over, and then we'll drink and I'll get to hear all about the holes you conquered since I saw you last! Haha. I'm a poor married man, after all. I need to live somehow.

-Alexander

Captain, Tower of Gor, Fortress of the Arcane Guild, Divine District, Donlon

(from Queen Anne Shadowby)

His Illustrious Lordship Sterling,

My, my, to hear from one of my favorite courtiers again after so long a time boasts of a truly exciting season indeed. There are not many to whom I take the pleasure to write, personally, anymore, but my scribe allotted me this letter. Do not think I have forgiven you for running off to play in the dirt and sunshine, Lord Sterling. You were a precious jewel of our Shadowcourt, and few would have given up such an enviable position. However... your roguish chaos always was the enigmatic draw, I suppose, so I hope you have not

returned a more boring man, if anything. My brother-in-law of a surety has gone the way of the dull, ever since he married that potion-master of a nit. Perhaps your influence will help bring him out of his shell again!

Your invitation to the Sterling chateau is of course appreciated and accepted with grace. However, I know of the Countess's terrible accident and will not deign to disrupt the peace needed at your quaint new home at this time. Recovery, and health are so valuable.

Regarding the southern wars... the Shadowcourt has changed over the recent years, and may not be such an innocent place as you remember. Thus, take heed, for blasé attitudes regarding our southern neighbors do not often leave the tongue without entering dangerous waters. One who speaks too freely in defiance against the King could just lose the ability to speak at all.

It has been SUCH a pleasure putting quill to paper once again, and reminiscing on freer times. I look forward to seeing your face in the crowded throne room once again. Do not be absent... for I will not allow this treat to go un-enjoyed.

In moonlight and with dark caresses,

Her Majesty, Queen Anne Shadowby,

of House Shadowby, By-Regent of the Realm, Moon Guard, and Mother to the heir, His Royal Highness, Prince Allistair Shadowby XIII, long may she rule.

(Oliver's friends: Bastion, Clarence, Idol, Clara)