

Ar'soon,

You addressed your letter to me, so I will speak only for myself.

What can I tell you that you do not already know? The Red Wizards are an invasive weed. They flourish in this new environment but will ultimately choke all other life. In the midst of your hardship, you think of today, but I promise you the Red Wizards are thinking of tomorrow, and their plans will not be kind to the good people of Mulmaster.

Thay is a nation with a wizard ruling class — capable of so much — and yet they built their civilization on the backs of slaves. Surely, you have historical tomes, which tell of their atrocities. You are in league with evil and unnatural forces, parasites adorned in red.

You know this. So instead, let me tell you about myself, a broken and foolish gnome, to be sure.

For many years, I wandered alone in the High Forest without friend or family. I chose to survive when I had no cause to continue. I found my way in the wilderness. Since then, I have stood before an elemental god and felt its unyielding blaze. I have ridden upon the Maimed Virulence, and I have heard the whispers of an ancient evil. I have fought the dark prince of the Abyss and survived. I have provoked the wrath of an undying dragon, and I have witnessed terrifying wonders in the tomb of a dwarven hero. I have traveled to planes beyond our own and have seen things that would confound the senses. I have created life from the weave. I called it “Esfiin,” the gnomish word for “sister,” and I lost her to that same weave, twisted by the uncaring hands of a Red Wizard. This is my path, but I am no longer alone.

And because of that, I also know I would not want to face a horde of Uthgardt barbarians. They can humble the proudest mage, reminding us too late just how weak we truly are. I would not want to be hunted by our rangers, relentless and cunning. I would not want to have our druids steal the earth beneath my feet to turn nature against me, and I certainly would not want to face the other four factions.

Sheath your blade. Do not ally yourself with the Thayans. Tend to Mulmaster, and together, we will not let this great city fall. Mulmaster can be a shining star upon the Moonsea without the decaying hand of Szass Tam lifting it up — and you confusing that with salvation.



Tick Tary Tanner

A wayward wizard in service
to the Emerald Enclave