

Stjepan

My days are spent in quiet, and while it may appear that my reply was in haste, you can be assured its intent was not.

Your dream is truly intriguing, moreover the sword, of which I now recall, but not through your father's hand, of the armour and sword I believe he did keep it well hidden, but the walls of Alkartek may hold more meaning for you. For the sword you speak of, if by your description is accurate is none other than an ancient Yarkbalka, The very sword wielded by the Ahn Tye Nokora, or if Shay helps, the Order of the Silver Sword. The very elite of Emperor Aldaron's house bodyguard and the often-recognized upsurgence of the Knightly Order and Code, you find yourself in possession of a piece of history. You speak of Essence, yet I know not of the powers of the Yarkbalka, but be wary of those that would wrest it from you.

As for my distress of your investiture into politics, perhaps I wished else of you than what I expected your brother Constans to take. With the many years I have lived, I have seen power wax and wane, and sadly there has not been a time of hope and light you so allude since the Empire. Be wary of the wolves in sheep's' cloth, assassination is the least of worries for a ruler.

The runes upon which you scrawled are indeed ancient, and while I do not and cannot decipher them, their patterns I know from my studies. It is the magical language known as Krônnyt, a language known only in glyphs and symbols for the purpose of channeling from the gods. To translate them you would need the aid of a magician or a priest with

specialty knowledge in the language, as it is not often taught except to those of exception and with the training of the great libraries like Nomikos.

Tærcænor