

To the Mouth of the Body
From Major General Lord Spartadorus Overfifer

Honored Mouth,

I am fully aware of how extraordinarily unusual it is for any officer to directly contact your office, or even our own chief of intelligence, Clarence Strawberry. However, I have something of extraordinary importance that I believe is best sent to your hand. Forgive me if I am incorrect and I will redirect it.

As you probably know, my Aide de Camp, Dame Ingrid Thistlebroc holds the gift in significant part, having received the title of Master as a Farsensor.

Last night she suffered a vision. Allard Sheffield, the son of the Earl of that name, who was traveling on Imperial business, headed South, was slain on the volder carrying him. I very much doubt that word has reached the capital or his father yet.

I have never known her visions to be wrong. They are not reliably frequent, but they are reliably accurate. She woke me to report this one to me, and I decided that I needed to reach out to the Secretary of your office and see if I could have it placed in your hand.

Having made the decision, I acted at once.

She says that it was made to appear to be natural, but was not, and while she did not get a good look at the murderer, she says he is on the ship at this time. Neither she, nor certainly I know whether or not s/he has some method off the ship before it berths, but they will certainly have a way off afterwards.

I remain your faithful servant,

Spartadorus Overfifer

Commander, 4th Federated Field Army Heavy Foot "The Sword of Peace"