

Greetings Honored Loremaster of the Ancients,

It is with distinct pleasure that I continue to grow in your acquaintance! Despite your youth, you prove yourself deeply wise and possessed of a brave soul. It is so sad that your overbearing father fails to recognize these qualities. I look forward to hearing more about the impressive secrets you have wrested from the old man's foolishly cloistered collection of knowledge!

I agree with the sentiments you expressed so eloquently during our last meeting. What is knowledge without action? And what is power without a courageous soul to wield it? If only we were possessed of the resources to set out from this wretched, small-minded town of failed farmers and aggrandized vagrants. Ah, the wonders I could show you! Fortune does not bless those such as us, though. We must seize it for our own. If only we had access to some valuable but squandered wealth in this dried-up backwater. But, alas!

Drinks tomorrow shall assuage the pain.

Your friend in confidence,
Ibhris Alepahl