

*My Lords,*

*I send this missive to you in Highport with unfortunate news. There will be no further shipments from Darkshelf Quarry. Our operation there has been closed down by a group of local adventurers who we believe hail from the town of Phandalin. Brubrok and Glythriel have both fallen; I am uncertain if it is beyond my skill to recover either at this time, but I am looking into the issue.*

*As it happens, I am familiar with these adventurers, having encountered them many moons ago as they sought to help establish the town. At the time, we found ourselves in standoff and it was best not to show my hand. With these developments, I have begun campaigns against Phandalin and expanded our efforts here. It is my hope that eventually we can strengthen our varied strongholds and hold not only your keep in Highport, but the Principality of Naerie as well.*

*Already my agents control and corrupt the officials in that city, which will soon be under our sway.*

*Aside from Darkshelf our operations here go well indeed. I have uncovered a trove of artifacts that shall greatly benefit our cause; I hesitate to mention them, but as we currently do not yet have the magical means for direct communication, I shall risk it.*

*I have uncovered not only one of the famed Orbs of Dragonkind, but the very Book of Vile Darkness itself, in addition to a wealth of other, lesser items which may still be of great use to us.*

*Make no mistake; while the loss of our Darkshelf operation was a blow, it was a small one in the grand scheme of things. Our new allies among the dark fey have given us strength of arms, magic and movement unlike any we*

*could've otherwise dreamed, and soon our empire will spread.*

*The armies of the Prism Hand in the far North will sweep like a plague across this land, the ancient empire of Netheril and its purple towers shall rise greater than ever, and I shall rule this province with my beloved Agatha by my side, while you ply your trades and spread your powers over the Gearnat, the Azure Sea, and all the lands and waterways of Oerik and beyond.*

*May the black blessings of Tharizdun the Elder Elemental Eye be upon you.*

*I remain your servant,*

*Harmun Kost*