

Kivish, my dear friend,

The campaign has not proven easy. Doubtless, you have already heard of the carnage which followed us here; I have nothing to add that would be palatable. And it is true: There is little to recommend this barren isle. The cold is bitter and the blizzards regular, and the ice of the coast is so deep that there is no hope of fishing.

Still, the gods provide. Rest assured, I am not going hungry; beneath the ice, the caverns linger. In these past months, I have dined on no less than six separate Elk Birds, as well as the flesh of a Cave Crocodile!

From one gourmand to another, pickings are otherwise slim. To step outside the fortress is to behold snow to the south and ice to the north. Not one tree stands on the horizon -- not that you could see it, for more than likely, a blizzard is raging, and one cannot see more than a stone's toss ahead.

The only sign of promise I have sighted is an obscure, quaint bird that lacks the power of flight. It toddles along on two feet, black and white in color; I know not its name. It is rather fat, and I must enquire further. Perhaps it is a hidden delicacy.

What excitement! What fun! I tell you, my friend, despite the cold and the looming threats of combat, this campaign is bully indeed. Training has begun again, and while we are still shy of equipment, it is in the beginnings of production; thus far, I feel safe. Safer still when I've a spear in my hand, do not doubt it!

Moreover, the ice was deceptive. Beneath its cold ugliness, we found -- would you credit it? -- sand! Glorious, thick, well-filtered sand!

As I write, our small fields positively bustle (bustle, I tell you!) with robust, gorgeous plump helmets. Our wines flourish, our bellies fill, and our livers pump away in contentment. In addition, the Commander has approved glass-making facilities. You know my nature; when a glassmaker is appointed, I shall make every attempt to cajole and convince, and have us fine green glasses to sup from yet!

Mark these words, my friend. We shall crush these goblins underfoot, and in their place, lay the foundations of civilization (and, of course, culinary accomplishment). Alas, I may only write once a year, with our remote locale. But rest assured, I will pen another letter, bursting with good news I am sure!

Send your brother my regards!
- Reg Duraddeduk

251 Common Era
Camp Twilight Diamond