

Kivish, my dear friend,

Robust!

This is the word I choose to describe Camp Twilight. It is, in every sense, outrageously, overwhelmingly robust!

A fool was I, suspecting that in a land of flat ice and snow, I might be deprived of aught to busy myself with. A fool! I tell you, my every moment is crammed with activity. In the mountainhomes, a chef can find himself at a loss. If the supply corps does not bring food with which to cook, then one must merely wait until the next shipment. At this camp, we are not so lucky, not so luxurious -- and the men know it!

Little is my skill with the bow and the blade; I am a soldier, not a hunter. Fortunately, the troops have no such qualms. Robust are they, trekking at length out into the snow, or delving into the caverns, and finding... Things! My culinary lexicon lacks terms, my friend! I know not the correct vocabulary for the things I find placed by hungry, steady-eyed comrades under my knife. But I know their smells and stench, and I know how they cleave into gland, gut, and gizzard!

From obscure beasts, I have received robust challenge, and reaped robust flavor! A minimum of illness, also! I have come down with only two sicknesses from my sampling. Numbers are slightly higher in the troops, but never mind, never mind. They will develop a chef's constitution in time, though I fear their palette may remain unrefined. Still, they do not complain.

Imagine my surprise on discovering, in the early hours of the morning, when I am deep in slumber, that a soldier has thundered into my kitchen, clamoring in triumph! Found something, he says. And that he has. A behemoth of a thing! Massive! What is this creature? It is large, gray, and has a great deal of meat. One of my colleagues informed me that it shows patterns of regular migration in this area; I pray that this is so. If it is, rest assured, our food concerns are at an end. The magnificent fat! The sheer quantity of meat! Outstanding.

I write this over a mug of that very same fat, sipping at it as though it were tea. I couldn't possibly send a sample, so you must trust: It is absolutely fit for this purpose! When troops return from patrol, I fix them mugs of the stuff, with a little grated rock nut. How their faces light up!

In a sense, this is nothing compared to the beast that the troops brought in a few months ago. I cannot even begin to describe it accurately: A bird of simply colossal size, and impressively venomous. Still, aside from the outrageous size of the poisonous glands which had to be discarded... It was, all told, like a rather oversized chicken. And I must confess its taste was quite bland. Nothing compared to these new gray beasts!

I shall attempt to commission a sketch of some kind, that you might see these creatures. They are quite a spectacle dead; I'm sure they are all the more impressive when alive. More good news next year!

Take advantage of your fine spices! I wish I had more!

- Reg Duraddeduk

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Camp Twilight Diamond