

Captain Kocab,

Thanks for the long letter! I wish I could write more in response, but things are picking up here. We had a three-year lull in the rhythm where they weren't exactly sure where we are, but now that the goblins know, they're really trying. My spear's been paying for itself.

War is tricky, up here. It's as much about the terrain advantage as it is the numbers. All the fancy footwork in the world won't save you if you step in a pool of slush at the wrong time. I've been talking to Maj. Sakzul about setting up traps (total asshole, by the way). He said he'll consider it, and for once I believe he's telling the truth. Commander Asobbab's been toying with it too. Honestly, if we buried some cages out there, we wouldn't even need to clean up afterwards. Just load the traps, let them trigger, and leave the filthy rats to die of exposure inside.

In the meantime, it's all spears and shields, and a lot of meetings. Top brass is digging deep, opening up new caverns, and also setting up new stuff like our vault, which is about what you'd expect. Very big room, full of chests where we put all of our coin mints (the coins are great, by the way). What I don't get is the secret rooms nearby. I poked my head inside one last week, during a change of guard. It's lavish in there, but empty. Like someone built a house for a God that never showed up.

It's odd, because even the furniture in there is made of holy metal, so it must be important. That metal could be making more spears, more armor... More coins. But it's not. So what's it for? I can't even ask, since I wasn't supposed to see inside. But it's strange. Ordinarily I might put it off as some kind of... I don't know. A diplomatic mission or something. But we don't even get diplomats this far south. Just goblins.

I think it's all a little over my head, but I'm going to try tugging on some strings anyway and see what crops up. I'll also see if I can help with your situation from here. Even the Commander is tight-lipped about that one, she won't say a word. I don't blame her. The only news we get out of the mountainhomes is bad, and all the bribes in the world won't do you any good if a goblin's busy parading your head around on a pike.

Speaking of which, I've paid an exorbitant bribe to ensure that our messenger gets my gift to you without "accidentally losing it" along the way. If it should somehow not reach you with this letter, let me know, and I'll prepare my own head-mounting pike. It's a little local treasure: Soap! It's from a very large beast that doesn't come near the mountainhomes called a "walrus", I'm told. It's got a lovely scent to it, vaguely salty. I thought you'd like it.

Keep me in the loop, hm?
- Captain Scrim