

Captain Kocab,

Please excuse my use of cipher. Needs must; this year we have encountered our first goblin scouts, and while I do not credit the beasts with the ability to read too keenly, our camp is not in a position to get comfortable or lazy.

You were right about this assignment, frankly. Living on a glacier is not easy. We are keenly under-equipped, and all of my logistical acumen can only make so much good of the situation. One cannot form bricks without clay; in the end, even I can only conjure so many supply caches out of a frozen wasteland.

Still, our dwarves are resourceful. Nothing motivates a killer quite like an empty belly. It seems every time I turn around, some squad has found a way to ambush one of the strange creatures that wander over the ice sheets here and turn it into a fatty rotisserie, and our head chef is very inventive (if a touch eccentric).

Speaking of which, you asked after my name in your last letter. Alas, I have not had time to invent a tall tale, so you will have to content yourself with the boring truth: In the early stages of my career, I served on Her Majesty's short-lived Navy. Before goblin pirates sunk us, I was in the habit of carving scrimshaws on the ship and selling them, which gave me the nickname "Scrim". It stuck; today, I am "Captain Scrim" whenever the troops think I'm not listening.

As always, the politics of the mountainhomes intrigue. I am not at all surprised to hear that Major Kugath is attempting to strangle our supply train. In a sense, I can hardly blame him. Sending supply caravans across so much open ice, through blizzards, constantly risking raids, is not a pleasant position to be in. I might feel bad for him if I didn't know he was such a consummate bastard, and is only kicking up a stink because he suspects this camp will be a promotions farm.

In a sense, he's right. In an environment like this, people are quick to advance. One soldier saved the Commander's life a few months ago; if we had any metal to spare, I imagine she'd have a medal right now.

Still, all the brass in the world won't save us if we make a misstep. We walk along a razor's edge, out here. One hunt gone bad, one mismanaged crop cycle, one improperly guarded defensive position... Sometimes I suspect I'll go mad, especially when the pressure is combined with so many small irritations. Oddly enough, nobody in the mountainhomes ever bothered to inform us before we came here of just how persistently a blizzard can manage to sneak wet snow inside one's trousers.

In any case, please keep me updated on proceedings at home. The men hang on your every word, and I do mean every word. The Commander's hands are tied, and she can only report what the General tells her to. The enlisted have hardly any contact with the outside world, and sometimes resort to "divining" outside information by communing with their gods in dreams. They trust me to give an honest perspective, for a change (no pressure, right?). So I do what I can. At least 80% honest, anyway.

Kind regards,  
Captain "Scrim" Moldath

251 Common Era  
Camp Twilight Diamond