

My Dearest Bartimley,

I do treasure our correspondance. I hope we can meet again. Forgive the brevity of this note! I have concluded that I can no longer suffer beneath Chandul's lordship. Our mutual friend Lindar has arranged passage for me to the West, and my small party leaves before the next watch. By the guiding hand of Eri, I hope to pass beyond the High Pass and find my way to Bree. I am told there is an inn there called The Prancing Pony.

Might you have affection enough for me to meet me there, a fortnight hence?

Eternally Yours,

Landona