

Dearest Mother,

Sigmar's blessings be upon you!

I hope this letter reaches you in good health, and that old Father Wilhelm can read it for you – tell him I miss his wise teachings (though not the feel of the birch when I lacked application in my temple duties!). Rest assured that I am well and healthy, with a good appetite and am wrapped up warm against the ocean chill.

I am serving on His Imperial Majesty's fine ship, the Volnosht. To be honest, the circumstances of my service do not please me, for I only have the rights of a pressed man at present. They say that laws only serve the powerful, and it was my misfortune to be wrongly accused of associating with wicked folk that has led to my current predicament. It is good to be back on board a fighting ship however, and we have a fine captain (though the ship's priest seems rather casual in his observances, to my taste). I have fallen in with some odd types, including – would you believe it – an Elf! He is a peculiar fellow and I must admit I know not what to make of him. He seems nervous and quirky, and whilst fair to look upon (in a strange, effeminate way that I fear may garner him unwelcome attention on board a rowdy ship) often behaves just like, to quote a fellow marine: "A human with pointy ears". Certainly there is little of the deep wisdom or unearthly refinement I'd expected from the tales of old. Still, he is pleasant and helpful enough.

Of the others, one is a carpenter and another a somewhat roguish type. The last of our fellowship indeed is lettered, and writes these words in my stead – unusual for a fisherman! The price of his aid is a tot of my rum – let us hope it does not affect his spelling! All are making fine sailors though, even if their enthusiasm for the seafaring life is not perhaps equal to my own.

We shall be leaving port soon, hopefully towards some exciting times, so I thought now a good time to reassure you of my safety. Do not fret and fear pointlessly for my wellbeing though – whatever the Gods have in store for me, no man can turn aside.

Your loving son,

Franz