

KROND'S LETTER

My dear Eridani,

I write this letter in my quarters, illuminated by the light from a dozen pirate ships that burn like torches. The litany of my victories here is already too long to recite, and it will not be long before I return to your uncle's court to be acclaimed the Victor of the Outrim Void – and on that day, none shall gainsay our marriage. 'When!' I hear you ask as if you were here in the room with me, our souls entwined across the parsecs. When? When I find the fabled Pirate's World, that secret stronghold of villainy, and when I blast it to cinders, thus putting an end to piracy amid the stars forever!

I pray you, go to the world of Ilgan, and look upon the prison camps. See the vile rogues and scoundrels who daily preyed upon the poor innocents, until I put an end to their murderous ways. Then, if your courage holds, jump further rimward and join me here on Byrni. My friends and I yearn for news from home, not to mention the comforts and provisions we were accustomed to on Tobia. Supplies run thin. Erick demands Tobian brandy, Vasher wants cigars, and why, I think even dour Ogleby would be cheered by some wine from home. For myself, all I desire is you.

Victory will come soon but not, I think, soon enough to soothe my aching soul. Rest assured that I strive daily to find the Pirate's World, and when I do, why, it shall be the pyre that lights your route to me!

A thousand adorations,

Krond

