

*My Dearest Niece,*

*Time and time again I have said it, but were I able to pull you through this very parchment into the tranquility and beauty that is Ashmoor Hamlet you would sooner believe the former possible than the latter. After a lifetime of dark tombs and even darker intentions of those that befoul the world, I find the pace of life here more refreshing than the seabreeze off the bluffs. I confess, I thought retirement was only another word for death but though I secede the pursuit of evil to more youthful clerics, I find I am able to perform for the Gods in other ways. Quaint as it is, the people of Ashmoor treat their hamlet as though it rivaled the majesty of Dawncliff. These humble folk have always welcomed me with reverence and an open hand. Their kindness is matched only by their piety. One day I look forward to hosting your visit. Until then, take care and I shall write again in two weeks time. Umbassa.*

*Your Loving Uncle,*

*Balar Rinel*