

*My Dear Eluvier,*

*How long has it been my friend? I do hope your study of the Benalian Versix remains ahead of the snarl!*

*Though it has been some time since we've spoken, my cordial correspondence and Lorehold Letterhead in all its best humors and airs has arrived on your desk to bring my latest upheaval to your qualified attentions. During my latest excavation of the Undershaft, I was astonished upon my convergence with a creature from the dark. I am no stranger to the Ruins and their many perils, as you are well aware, but my ears did prick at the sound of gravel rolling deep inside a barrel chest. I thought at first to have been called upon by a spirit or some statue fallen deep just like a Fissure Tear, but no! The voice belonged to a fellow! Imagine me and my wit, sent all the way sundered by a chap and his booming bravado! I tried to save face for my students -- flog me, but I do believe I failed to mention that I was in the middle of my lecturing -- but before I could cut the curve with my nervous jest the fellow started again. "If we each let the other pass, then we'll each be through." I shone a light on him and he winced. He looked all jagged and marred.*

*"Why do you hide from the light?" I begged of him.*

*"Hurts yer eyes when you come from the darkness." That was his response.*

*Perhaps it was a momentary suggestability brought about by my start, but I thought there was some noble simplicity to be found in those words. It was not more than a one-off wisdom, so I thought, but as our encounter forged on I came to understand a certain stark beauty in his words. I asked him how he found himself to be in these ruins and he imparted to me that he was an exile. Flushed out from the world beneath and sent away from his clan. When I asked him why, he stated in simple terms, "I was unproductive." Now I have not your knack for language and all of its sordid many applications, but if that didn't strike me to my core. The ultimate price for the ultimate crime. Unproductive by whose measure and by what circumstances? It mattered not! He was deemed unfit and he was sent away, seemingly unperurbed and the very least accepting of his fate.*

*When I asked him if he knew where he had landed he said, "So far away from my home that it doesn't much matter." This was a dwarf removed, removed from his home and removed from his people.*

*Now I'm sure you're privy to the standard villainy of Duergar clans, but I offer you my dear Eluvier that in their affinity for practical applications they may offer a certain poignancy when it comes to insights. At first glance what seems unadorned is really a burdensome shouldering of the truth! I offered this outcast food and shelter for the eve and, during our ensuing conversation, again I was impressed by his straightforward vantage and irreverence for his own Nihilism. Forgive my overreaching, but I could not help to recall your dissertation of the Simple Truths!*

*And so, I've come to the asking, for now you see there is no other conclusion for me to have reached:*

*In the highest esteem, I, Professor Woodingston Harrels of Lorehold College and Strixhaven University, do so humbly request and recommend one Harringar Exhül be enrolled as a full-time student of Strixhaven University and an initiate of Silverquill College in order to refine the considerations of his potent singular phrase and to continue our collective mission as a myriad discourse of diverse and seeking perspectives.*

*Yours truly,*

*Woodingston Harrels*

*Professor and Lead Excavationist - Lorehold College*

*P.S. If you ever find yourself at odds with the Benalian Versix, do not be afraid to reach out. The Elucadian hymnic apostrophe can be quite tricky!*