

*My dearest cousin,*

*I must commend you on your marvellous progress. You seem to have an innate appreciation for our art - I lament that you did not decide to take up stitching sooner. No matter, though, the designs enclosed in your most recent letter are far beyond what a lesser alchemist could accomplish in the relatively short time since your apprenticeship began. I am not too proud to say, my dear Siegfried, that even a master craftsman such as myself can learn from your prodigious talents - I have already taken steps to incorporate elements of your designs into my own work, and the results have thus far proven rather delightful.*

*As your instructor, I am in full support of your plans to expand your enterprises - there comes a time in every stitcher's career when his ambitions must outgrow his accommodations. Not only do I believe this a healthy and natural step in the progression of your art, but I also have a suggestion as to where you might take up new lodgings. I recently learned, from a highly respectable and well-informed source no less, that the Voldaren vampire clan has been forced recently to consolidate its territory in response to threats of Markhov retaliation for some middling political slight. As a result the Maurer Estate on the edge of their lands, previously used by Olivia's favoured family members as a private retreat, now once again stands empty. Assuming that you can transport your equipment there, it should serve you admirably as the site of a new laboratory. On a personal note, however, whilst I understand the necessity for*

this relocation, I will freely admit that I will miss the regular arrival of your letters. I almost feel sorry for my sister, that she lacks a friend whose correspondence are as stimulating as yours.

On that rather distasteful subject: I must emphasise that whilst Gisa and I have put aside our differences for a higher cause, our cessation of hostilities can ultimately be nothing more than a temporary alliance - whilst she refuses to grant me the respect due to an artist of my abilities, there can be no true or lasting peace between us. How she can delude herself into believing her own muck-covered endeavours equal to my own, I don't think I shall ever comprehend. To the point, though: in the event she somehow learns of my tutelage for you, any missive or overture from her is not to be trusted.

I wish you the best fortunes in continuing your work, and, as always, stand ready to assist you in your ongoing studies. You have a true talent, Siegfried - the only crime for which you could ever be guilty would be letting that talent go to waste. Our time is coming, dearest cousin, when all of Innistrad will revere us for the true visionaries that we are.

Faithfully yours,

Gerald