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Tick Tary Tanner appears before you, but it is the result of a *project image* spell. As you suspect, Tick is currently in hiding — while the Red Wizards search for him. No longer is he wearing the fine silk outfit of a Silverymoon aristocrat. Instead, Tick wears a dingy cloak of fox fur. His long hair has been shaved close with a knife. His beard is finely braided, festooned with garlands of oak leaves and acorns. His sigil is painted across his face with green war paint. And yet, his wry smile betrays this grim appearance.

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Conjuremaster Ahryn Firefinger,  
Thayvian Ambassador to Mulmaster,

I'm the appalling gnome who takes offense to the Red Wizards. I'm the author of your unrest. Well met. Truly, there are wiser men and women in the Enclave, so I will keep my response brief as I can only speak for myself.

You speak of the good work the Red Wizards have done in Mulmaster. And yet, can a foul spring yield fresh water? Do you not bow before the lich known as Zulkir Szass Tam and call him "my lord?" Forgive me if I've never known him to be a charitable man. You say you keep no slaves in Mulmaster, and yet there are countless souls in Thay whose chains should weigh upon the hearts of good folk everywhere. I do not doubt Thay wants a foothold in the Moonsea. Your strategy is true; your intentions are false. You speak of cost. I stake my life on the rightness of our cause.

The Enclave will not raise a sword in Mulmaster or anywhere near it. Our fight is not there. Our barbarians, druids, and rangers will tread on favored terrain. Fear not the city. Fear the forests, mountains, and waterways between the Moonsea and Thay. Fear the winding path. Fear the night sky and fear the wind. This Red War will not take place in the streets of Mulmaster—but where will you go? Even the Red Wizards cannot hide on the head of a pin.

Sincerely,

Tick Tary Tanner  
A wayward wizard in the company of heroes



To the other factions:

My original declaration may have appeared brash. There is an expression among some of the High Forest tribes: "You will know the leader on the day of battle. Run toward the enemy, and see if anyone follows you." That remains my approach. We are not ambassadors and diplomats. The Enclave does not wait for consensus. We are, by nature, misfits and outcasts. I called for your support, but I arrogantly presumed the form it would take. Let me start again.

It is said Mulmaster would withdraw from the Lords' Alliance, if any faction were to take up arms against the Thayans. I say to the Lord's Alliance, you have already lost Mulmaster to the Red Wizards. Do what you must, but the Enclave sincerely believes Mulmaster is better off in your control. We trust in you.

The Harpers are an old enemy of the Red Wizards. You have been in this fight much longer than any member of the Enclave. We trust in you.

As the Zhentarim saying goes: Every blade is a black blade, and red when the job is done. I know my history. The Thayans have encroached upon the Black Network's territory many times before, and the Zhentarim have long memories. We trust in you.

Order of the Gauntlet, what can I say? I thought you would be our most faithful ally in this fight against so great an evil. My heart is broken. I will be spending this tenday in search of members of the Order who will join this honorable cause. I believe in you.

I have friends in every faction. I would not hesitate to lay down my life for them, and I know they would do the same for me. It is that simple. On the day of battle, I hope the Enclave is not alone.