

*In the name of our sovereign liege, Emperor Utuhesh II and the honor of the Khizdushaz Empire, I send forth this urgent missive to all managers of Imperial stores within our domain. As the dark clouds of rebellion thunder on the horizon, threatening to tear asunder the very fabric of our kingdom, we stand in dire need of thy steadfast support. Tons of iron and bronze ingots, numbering five thousand each, I beseech thee, to forge the swords and armor that shall defend our lands from the traitorous hands that seek to sow discord and chaos.*

*To vanquish these rebels and restore peace to our realm, we must fortify our ranks with the strength of iron. Let thy picks strike true in the depths of the earth, drawing forth the lifeblood of our industry, that our forges may blaze anew with the fire of defiance.*

*Know ye, stalwart miners, that thy efforts shall not go unrewarded nor unheralded. For every ton of ore delivered unto our smiths, a beacon of hope shall shine brighter in the hearts of our people. With each ingot forged, we edge ever closer to victory, to a future where justice reigns and our kingdom stands resolute against all who would seek to tear it asunder.*

*In this hour of need, let not fear nor doubt cloud thy resolve. Let the clarion call of duty resound in thy ears, and let the legacy of our ancestors guide thy hands. Together, we shall forge a path through the crucible of adversity, emerging stronger and more united than ever before. So, I entreat thee, join us in this noble cause, and together we shall strike a blow against the rebellion and reclaim the glory that is rightfully ours.*

*In the Emperor's name,*

*Chancellor Franz Morelli*