



*Dear Hunters,*

*I have heard of your search for the Plot Device and that one of its components lies somewhere in our beloved Hartford. Though I do not know where the component is nor what form it takes, I am certain that your mission will be fruitful.*

*Alas, I must express my deep regret that I cannot aid you more in your search, as the Social Season is upon us, and I am kept quite busy by eligible suitors from all sides. In the morning, dashing young Axel Shaftsbury sails me around the Isle of Yew. In the evening the town's most buxom maiden, Ophelia Sylph, has invited me for supper. Most exciting of all, it is nearly time for the Masquerade Ball, a cherished tradition of Hartford's fashionable society. I do hope you find the Plot Device component in time to join us for costumed frivolity.*

*Wherever your search takes you, be assured that your presence in Hartford is most welcome. May you find all that you seek, and may true love – in whatever form suits you – come your way!*

*Yours sincerely,*

*Lady Ida Lovelyday*

