Elizabeth, (by the grace of god almighty, Creator of the world) of England, France, and Ireland, and of the true Christian faith against idolaters falsely professing the name of Christ the constant, perpetual and victorious Defender, to the most high and most mighty Queen, Adelheit of the Atlantian Empire and dominion of the eastern parts, most puissant, sole, and supreme Queen and monarch, greeting.

It is no small contentment to us that the amity we have with so high and renowned a monarch as you, is by our neighbor princes and their subjects so well known that when they have need to seek any favor or kindness from your most gracious hand, they implore our mediation as the readiest way to obtain their desires.

Upon knowledge thereof, the magnificent and renowned Master Burbage has found favor in my most Christian soul and beseeched a boon from mine own hand.

As my sister queen undoubtedly understands, the arts of speech and poetry bring blessed peace to our princely soul. Our right trusty and beloved Lord Chamberlain’s Men have finished building their new theater which promises to raise their art beyond the ears of the populace and provide our Master Shakespeare a proper canvas to frame his poetic works. Any rumors in your realm inciting implication of the Burbage brothers dismantling the Curtain Theater, walking the structural beams across the Thames, and building the foundation of their Globe Theater with the same good English oak in Southwark are simply that – devilish rumors – and you may feel complete absolution at beheading any purveyors of such untruths.

So are we pressed at this earnest time to the business I must require with your Royal self. We send this missive to provide you notice that we have taken into our care a subject of your own, one Master Corun MacAnndra, for need of employment with the Lord Chamberlain’s Men. While we deeply regret depriving you of such a lute player as he who brings forth the voices of heaven, we have need of him in our god given homeland of England. Specifically, Master Corun’s ability to teach proper pronunciation of the Queen’s English is required for the celebration of 12th Night our poet has promised for us. We trust your faithful support of poetic art will soften your heart to blame not Master Corun for his absence but trust in our careful endeavor and the natural tendencies of performers to require a masterful captain at the helm else a troupe deteriorate into a herd of cats.

We shall, dear cousin, return your subject to you once Master Shakespeare and his fellows prove their mastery of pronunciation without Master Corun’s constant tutelage. We doubt not his duties in your court will commence with others of your subjects filling the void. Word has come to our ears that your kingdom overflows with skilled performers and poets, so we fear not for the continued maintenance of your entertainments.

And infinitely thank you therefore,

With most sincere love for yourself and your kingdom,

Elizabeth R.

PS:

Dearest Sophia,

I have been kidnapped and shanghaied by the Burbage Brothers to whip Will and the troupe into shape before their premier of Will’s next play, 12th Night, which Her Majesty Elizabeth commands be performed prior to Epiphany. With the construction of the new Globe Theater, the troupe is more concerned with how many beams we can steal from the Curtain Theater than with rehearsals, and their pronunciation is ungodly! And all their construction materials look way too flammable. I have to stay and fix this, but the Atlantia Performing Arts Guild will be masterless in my absence. Please figure out something! Don’t let the guild die! Your friend, Corun