

Dear Brother,

It brings my soul joy to know that you have landed well in New Spain and that the chaplaincy agrees with your temperament. The rector was deeply intrigued by your account of the campaign against Xyanga and expresses his sincere wish that you continue to provide what relics you may for our study. I have continued in my quieter work, free from the kinds of violence which you must witness in your vocation, though I do fear that at least one of the Indians here would burn us from the mountaintops after Curicuillor if they had the chance. The Curicuillorians are our partners in this work, so I have done my best to make myself trustworthy to them and to assist the old woman Martina in caring for their old things. The rector insists we must take care with the Indian relics just as we do with our own.

Martina presently is at work restoring an old tapestry which she said once hung over the bed of the princess. She takes great care with every thread and sends me on increasingly frequent errands for dyes so specific that I have learned much of different pigments and inks of power precious to the Indians. I know the rector takes interest as well; there is another tapestry of the same era which he will contemplate long into the night. I have even heard him whispering questions about it to our anchoress.

I must confess that I find more interest in a great stone map of sorts which Martina has yet to categorize. I have personally named it *Hic sunt dracones* after the fanciful language of my boyhood, because of the shapes upon it which I cannot describe as anything but dragons. Were I not to have become a member of our Order, I think I would have much liked to write stories of knights and damsels. My thoughts are often with you in New Spain. The rector asks that I remind you to watch your commander closely, and not to hesitate should it become necessary for perinculate to be used in pursuit of our Order's holy mission.

Blessings,
Brother Nicolas