

Promising Land

When Edward Longshanks broke the Scottish at Bannockburn, many Scotsmen fled to our island here, in the south of the Leifsmen's Vinland. Why would they not? Their own King Robert sought refuge with us, knowing that no Jew would be a friend of Longshanks. We grow strong.

It is fine land: well-watered, wide fields, and a glorious harbor. The Mohican Skraelings now trade us good iron ore for goods. Many of them wish to know more about our faith. The rabbis still debate on that.

You must come, cousins. The Muhhekunnetuk is not the Jordan. But, somehow, we *belong* here.

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