

# Letter: Wife

Wife,

It is done. Our spy, our Emir, is in position, and I am become nothing more than an escort. First, I delivered beloved Illasaya, perhaps the only woman who holds the power and sympathy needed to free the Esela from human domination, and now, our son has been given into the hands of a brat.

That's what he is, wife, despite your visions otherwise. After this last visit, I'm done with giving him the benefit of the doubt.

We've given the Audish king too many years and chances to change, to abandon his pride or see anyone other than himself or his family as significant. If he's our only hope against the danger that threatens our people, then we are well and truly doomed, and ~~I can't help but think that it's your fault for not seeing a better solution.~~

I'm sorry, my love. I didn't mean that. I didn't mean any of the anger you may have read here. My frustration is reserved for the new king of Auden, who's had me waiting in this dark fortress, haunted by the ghosts of long-dead Esela, for weeks. He's delayed our meeting at every turn, and I need to tell him about the storm that's coming, but he refuses to hear me. I've begun to despair.

While on the way to Auden's capital, Emir and I did something foolish. You told me to take him straight to Elisk, but on our journey, we decided to detour to Rastchaka, a last hurrah between father and son before we sacrifice those roles for the world's safety.

*He* had been there. When sounds of festivity failed to greet us as we approached, we knew something was wrong, but what we found there... Oh, my love. I can't bear to repeat it. Suffice it to say that I've seen our future, and it is bleak.

Please, my love, abandon your belief in your visions. Abandon the humans to their well-deserved suffering. Let me take you and Emir over the mountains that the Matvai call home. Let's run north, further than anyone's gone before. Doldimar's reach can't extend that far, can it?

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