

A Letter

Dear Roland of Tharn,

There comes a time when one must stop flirting with flowers and pastries, and make ones intentions known. I must admit there is no greater game than the to and fro of subtle signals. But I fear that these times of misery forces one to be content with what one can do, rather than what one can help happen.

I must apologise for my behaviour on the docks and withdrawal from that dreadful scene. A misfortune of timing has precipitated in separating you from your team, and this may have had impact on Apogee. I deeply apologise.

I find myself at a loss to make amends. On this occasion, however, I have in my possession a deep and dangerous secret. In short words: I know of a threat. And it appears it is within your remit to pursue and quell threats.

My little flowers tell me conflicting stories of your success in this realm, but I have yet to see it in person... despite my opportunity at the docks. And indeed, whether you are capable of success, or just the illusory veil of one.

Shall we attempt to reconcile? Perhaps at The Swan Soiree?

Faithfully,

Lady Wildflower