

Jan/2014?

Dear Charles,

Deepest apologies for falling off the grid as they say. And sorry about all the cake. I know you deserve an explanation, but all I can say is that I drifted into this strange kingless space. Of course, it would be easy to fake it, but I'm afraid it would only complicate matters. How are things?

I write not to concern you, so please don't be alarmed. I'm in fine health and feeling fancy. But this place, where to begin? There is an undeniable beauty and fascination to these surroundings despite some lingering disquiet. If anything, you'd seriously get a kick out of how easy it is to succumb to illusions here. Lately I've experienced visions of appalling humanoid statues shooting fluorescent green poison blobs "unto me body," which is what I start screaming for some inexplicable reason. It's all so mysterious.

The way this must sound. Perhaps it truly has gotten the best of me. No harm then in adding that I often see a different scene: your lovely wooden birds, suddenly here. They come to life and not one of them attacks. They sing!

If it helps, I'll just mention that I spent my early days agonizing over the structures of this place. First doubting them, then accepting them. Perhaps you would have done the opposite. The best description I can offer is that they're formidable, almost geologic, and certainly belonging to a different age. All of it could be destroyed somehow. But this is easier said than done. Besides, it's so easy to just carry on and lose sight of it all isn't it? Forgetting to exploit all weaknesses but our own. Destroying nothing that needs it! Drifting along like a stuck pig.

I'll pause for a reality sandwich and mention that I've little hope this will find you. But I can hope anyway.

Until then, I'll be making some moves. Please wish me luck as I venture into even greater unknowns, which seem to have no limit. Of all things, luck is unquestionably requisite. A tool or weapon wouldn't hurt either. A powerful madman once spoke of "Known Unknowns." This is now what I seek, accompanied by a nagging fear of poison. Your birds again. What frickin awesome warrior companions they would make.

On another note, the strangest thing happened this morning. I stumbled upon this typewriter in the most unlikely of places. I immediately thought of you. Wonderfully, there seems to be no shortage of blank parchment strewn about, or what you lovingly refer to as "that goopy flat white stuff." So many wonders;)

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Charlie