

Ah, so much in the cloying breeze that stinks of rot and death prelude to fortuitous proceedings of which you excel so well, my dear. If only my time were longer and that I may bask in your glory again as I have for several nights now, but alas work is pressing and there is much we must accomplish, and everything is going to plan so perfectly I am somewhat in rapture, nay, admiration of your continued excellence, that even without instruction you manage it all.

What more can I elucidate? What more can I offer? Continued is your heritage that mocks me with such curiosity, yet I find it in good stead to have such hobbies diverting ones attention from the now vestigial instigators of all that is. But the time is growing cold and in those moments our harvest shall be reaped in skies as black as pitch and teeth as insubstantial as the veil of life itself.

Remember yourself and obligations, lest they turn themselves upon you, and even though doubt of your skills is no subject for consideration, those beyond the pale are without constraints that we find ourselves often in.

Good speed

Ventine