My dear Celimé

To hear you are well of self brings a heart joy, even if once friends can never meet again due to the leagues between. I still remember the mornings when we would run into each other, and share what burdens we each carry. I am glad happiness finds you in your new home, a place to feel safe and welcome is always a haven to treasure.

You speak of war, yet the only war I hear of is disturbances with Alkartek upon Pellern's door. Sarnaki have not spoke to me about war, nor threat, and you know my position well enough to trust wholly. To think it has been so long, and already the trees grow dark here with the coming of Fall and its chill brother, Winter. The leaves rot and decompose, and I stay often near the warmth of the fire. Your peace of mind is yours Celimé, and I wish you all the best in life.

Francesca Xanes