

NEW BRIAR CITY.
Night of the Full Moon.

Where do
I begin?

That stormy
night, or far
earlier?

takaTAKKt

tkktAKKktakata

It is my third attempt at this
letter, as others found their
end in ashes, and ashes they
shall remain--I checked.

It appears I only
write to you in
my depths...

...when all is destitute
of hope and the very end
seems within grasp...


Is that where
I have found
myself? At
an end?

TAKtakaTAK
taktakata

Then, where
do I begin?






A man with dark hair, wearing a brown trench coat and a dark hat, stands in the rain. He holds a large yellow umbrella over his head. He is looking off to the side with a serious expression. He wears a gold horseshoe-shaped brooch on his lapel. In the background, there are industrial structures, including a large green machine with a circular dial and a pinkish-red pipe. Rain is falling heavily around him.

My story has grown long
and tired and my bones
ache. I rarely sleep,
though nightmares
persist.

MET
WH

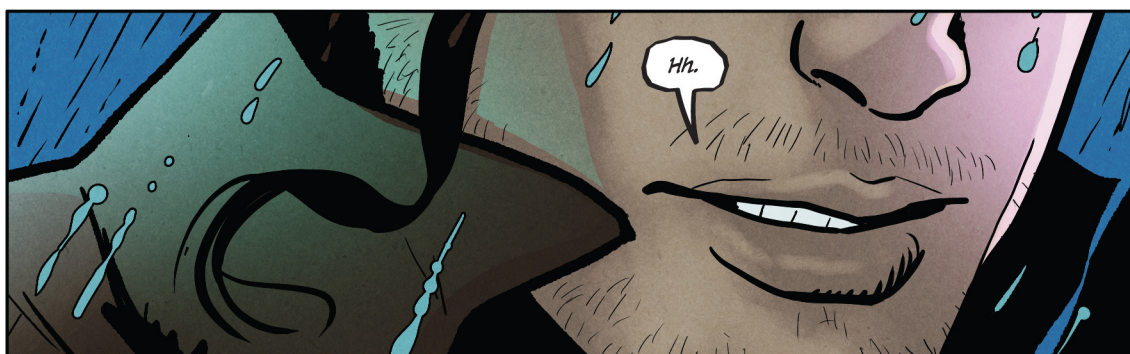
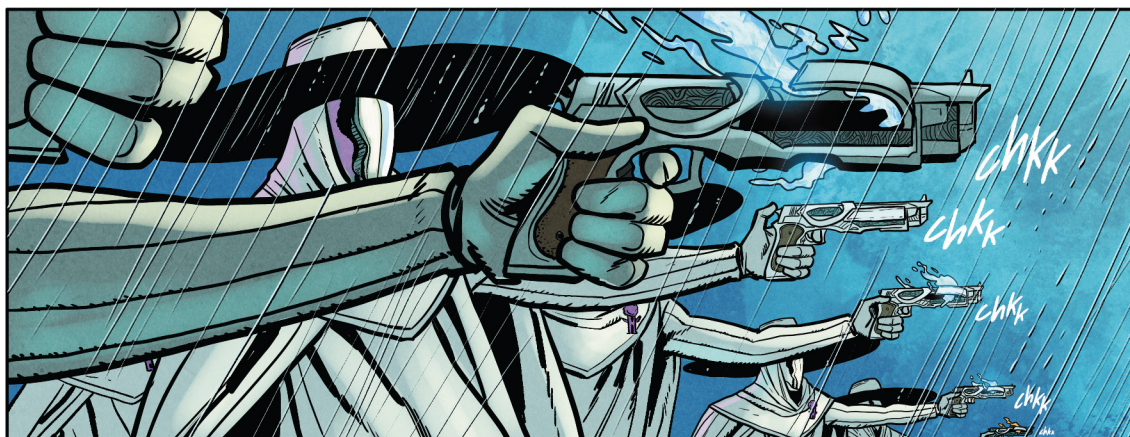
How many have I
lost, while this
life endures?

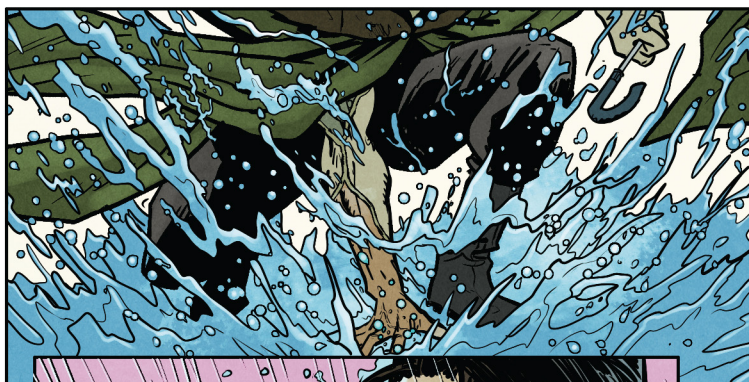
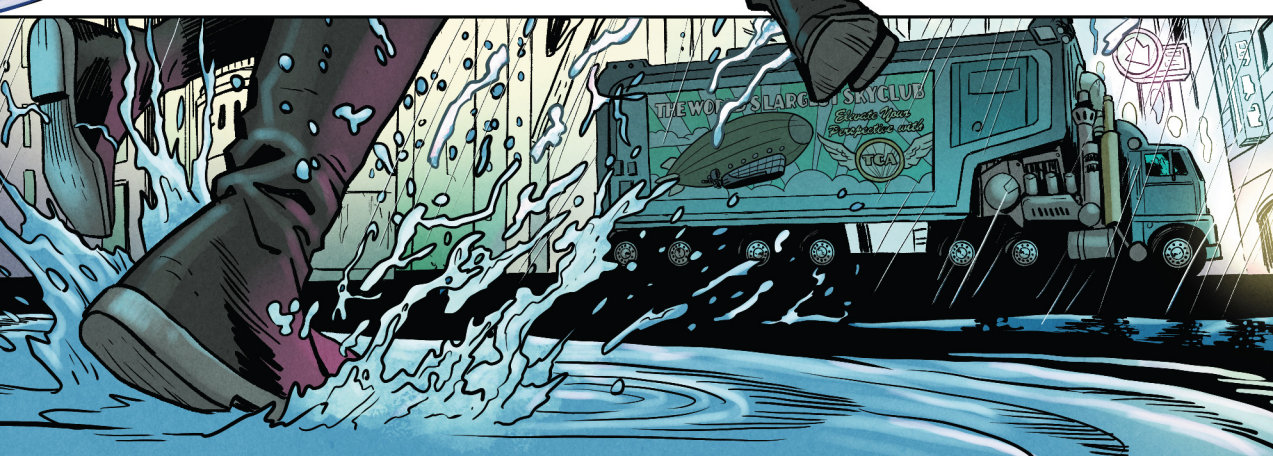
THANK YOU
HAVE A

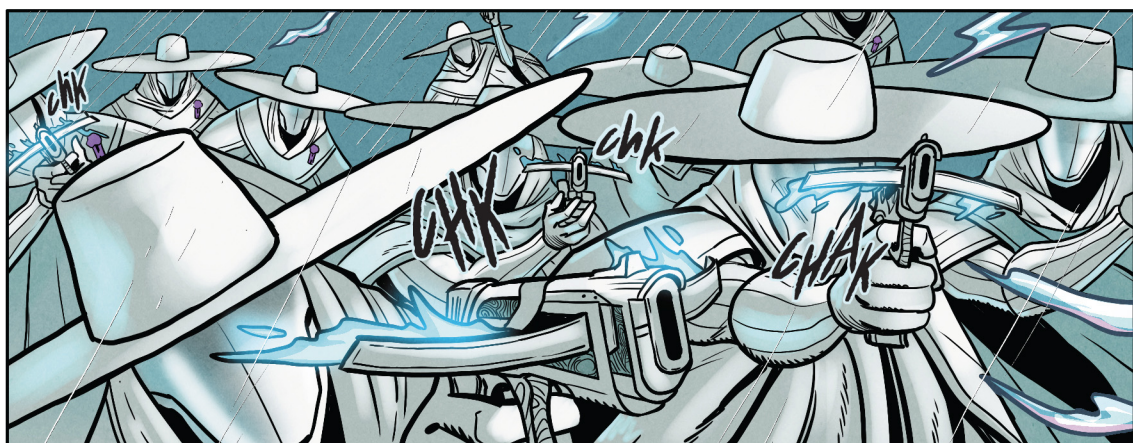
A close-up shot of a person's legs, wearing a brown trench coat and a dark hat, standing in a large, dark puddle. The person is holding a yellow umbrella. The puddle reflects the surrounding environment, including the person's legs and the umbrella. The background shows a city street with buildings and trees.

Though the dead may not
stay dead, if they ever
died--you know this.





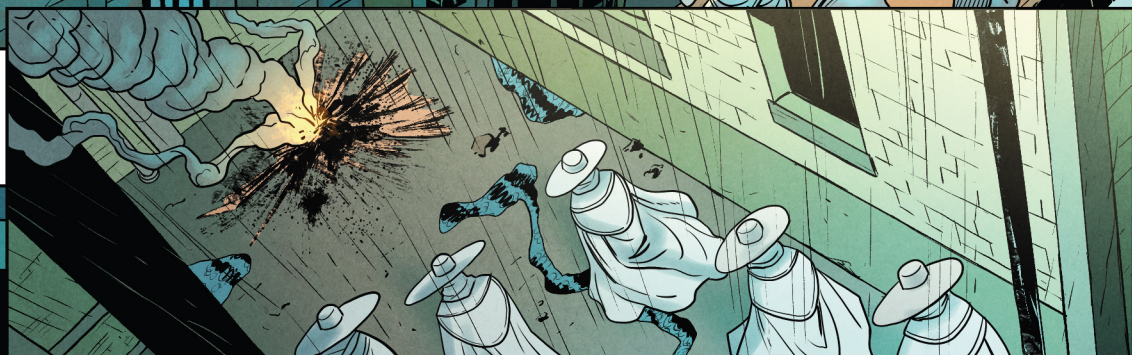






I began as
an idea--

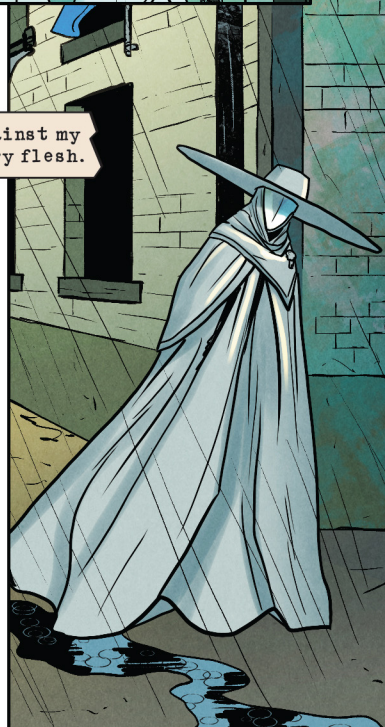
--forged
to live
ever after.



Against
my will.



Against my
very flesh.



Is that why I write, Father?



So not your will, but mine be done?

Yes... YES! Were you not the first to teach me that the hated are buried in the stories of their victors?



Let this be my small victory, then...

For this letter--my third in as many centuries--contains knowledge you desire but shall never possess.

And in your ignorance, my story shall never end.

So, fear the dark, Father. Light a candle for your dread.

The dead will not stay dead, if they ever died--I know this.



Because I once dreamed an extraordinary world...



...Now all I have is ashes.



And yet, I write on.

