

TO BE HANDLED WITH CARE.
RISK OF ROBOGIA INFECTION

To be destroyed by incineration.

The Hanatorium, La Espinada
2 November 1860



My honored Mistress,

How long has it been since last I beheld your countenance, favoured with joy and warm as the sun-kissed earth? The days have been full of sorrow and anguish since your departure, longing for your sweet voice, your intrepid gaze; yet I would not trade this pain for anything, so long as it proves to me the fact of your existence.

When the sun rises, I inquire with the bees—so eager, so keen to share the pollen-gossip carried on the currents from buzzings of your isles hives. They tell me of your growth, of how your passion burns through the days, even the burgeoning results of your blessed time here. When finally you publish your work, I beg that you grace the Hanatorium with its presence. The Dottore, you may have heard, is discerning when it comes to what fills the shelves of our humble library, but I assure you that I can convince him of its worth, of its value to our mission here! Once he knows how deep the Wood runs within you, I am more than certain he will give it the place of highest honor!

In these short years, I have scoured the Wood for any signs of your nectar-drenched soul—inquiring with the spirits who dwell there, read the roots when they writhe in the Wet. They all speak highly of you, as you deserve, yet they remain elusive on how I may find you once more. At first, I thought it mere ignorance on their part. The memories of moth-spirits are as fleeting as the bloom borne by the Queen of the Night. But to my surprise, a chatty Dapple revealed you instructed them to guide me away!

The pain of it was too much to bear, yet I hold no ill will towards you, Mistress, for you have always been wise in the ways of the Wood, and I'm sure you reject me not out of hatred, but caution for what I carry. My predilection for the buried flesh is not easy to stomach, and indeed, I have tasted all manners of corrupted beings! Their taste is unrivaled, but if it is this corruption which keeps you from me, I bid you to worry not, for I have come to devise a most clever solution to allow us to meet once more.

I have not eaten of the dead for nearly three months, and already, I can feel my body being purged of its most vile substances. My abdomen thrums with the buzz of that potent elixir's activity. When finally it completes its work, I am certain you will seek me out, to give your carresses in the root-hollows and to comfort me beneath the branches. Never before have I known this so keenly—my soul pulses in anticipation for that coming night!

But in all matters of Flesh, the best truths are left unwritten. So here I stop my words, in the hopes that you shall know them yourself, Mistress. On the winds I set this free; and in the Wood I will wait, as the lonely flower waits for the noble bee.

Always and forever,

yours nevermore,

BEBE

