

Port of Roseau

May 8th 1902

[11]

In trepidation, I set down these words, to ensure the world may someday find salvation from those who would consume it.

Less than a fortnight ago, an Hour banished from the realm of the Sun began to transgress into the waking world upon Martinique. As soon as word reached me, I set sail towards the isle from New Bedford, hoping to help staunch its passage before further tragedy struck. We filled the sails, calmed the seas - took every possible measure to hasten our journey.

I could do nothing but try to rescue those who had not yet succumbed, drawing them from the water or holding back the scorched air to give others a few more minutes of escape. I would like to say I did enough, that the wounds I allayed, the storm we called upon were all I could do. But we can never be certain of that, not in these imperfect Histories. I can simply be grateful for the skills afforded to me by the misfortunes of life, to save what I can.

Among the Arts Unregarded, preservation is oft accounted the least, holding neither the allure nor the mystery assigned to its fellows. Its reputation as a humdrum Wisdom is not unearned, but I hold no ill-will towards those who believe it. Only those who have borne the vicious hand of disaster can understand the extent of its importance, and I understand that very few wish to pass those memories onto those untainted by them. But we at least deserve to teach them the lessons wrought from strife and loss, to heal the skin of the world when once more it breaks.

4/11. Over the next few hours, we scoured the land for other survivors, sequestered from the disaster by some sheer stroke of luck in shelter. I plan to remain in the area for the foreseeable future to assist in recovery and to ensure the mountain seals back up. When the Wound's spine finally exposes itself, Ishmael and I will make the trip to the crater, and slow his rise until he collapses once more. But for now, we require rest and hold hope that the Thunderkin keeps his vigil over these seas.