

My Dearest Friends,

How long has it been since our last correspondence? Truly my obsessive nature is to blame, and you deserve a far better friend than the likes of me. What I wouldn't give to have that time back, and spend it in the mead halls sharing tales of adventure, tomfoolery, and romance as we did in our academy days.

You may have heard of my breakthrough in the science of aethereal travel, though that is old news by now. I created two doorways, each on opposite sides of the lab, and anything I threw into one would pop out the other. At the time it was truly incredible, but a mere parlor trick in light of my recent experiments...and the recent disaster.

Over the past six months I began amassing a rather impressive collection of aethereal doorways. These doorways open into magnificent worlds the likes of which no human eye has ever seen, nor human foot has ever tread upon. Over the past few days I have come to realize -- to my everlasting dismay -- that these doors affect our world the way a leaky dam affects a river: each new door threatens a universal collapse of cataclysmic proportions, with every world flooding into every other world until all of creation is a maelstrom of chaos. I am seeing the effects of this cosmic leakage even as I write: strange creatures roam the garden, and the plantlife and architecture have begun to reshape themselves into something not of this earth. To make matters worse, I am unable to close any of the doors from this side. In my arrogance I had failed to realize this until now. The governor sent his best men to explore the worlds beyond, in the hope of finding a way to close the doors from the other side and prevent universal calamity. None have returned, so I shall embark on this quest myself the moment I put down my pen.

It is this disaster that has forced me to write you all again, as I don't know who else to turn to. I have written one of these letters for each of you, in the hope that at least one of you will continue my quest should I fail to return. Please make haste.

Yours Always,
Felogyr