

**Archives: Part II**  
**by Mohammad Khan**

Dear Alonso,

Spectacular to hear that you are making the best of murky conditions. I do hope you stay well in days leading up to your attack on the base. We need food and water, and rid those scum from earth. .

I apologize, but haven't seen Maria or anyone from your family since I traveled here a few days ago. I haven't been able to obtain any news anymore.

New arrivals are always surprised by the collaboration they see here. No fear and only love. We've regained our humanity here.

There's not much sunshine here either. We get rations and other news distributed to us each by messengers on horseback. Can't have too much in case we're discovered and have to move again. We each get a small room with a dirty cot and a shelf for books. The rotting wooden floors reek of mold and the rats scurry underneath.

My neighbor Harold, a scrawny, aging man, with weary eyes, was separated from his family. He's originally from a small camp and had to escape once it was invaded by the cannibals. A swarm had invaded and quickly captured everyone including his family and took them to their base. Harold was able to hide and run. He said it was like escaping a death camp.

I fear the horrors that await you as you take their base.

Do write back as soon as you can. I can't bear to lose everyone.

Your friend,

Quinn

