Dearest Astoria, how have you been? I hope all is well with your journey. As for here, the summer loons have returned to the creek, and these bastards were nibbing at your favorite water lilies again. Now, I tried to chase them off just like you always did, but I guess they are more afraid of you than me. Maybe I should have conjured a whirlwind to fend them off, since I've gotten pretty good at that now. In fact, I just passed the Seventh Level Scholar Exam at Byergenwerth Academy! I am now the highest ranked Scholar right after Professor Willem. He was so proud of me, and we both know that doesn’t happen very often! Anyway, hopefully you will be back before the leaves fall; I want to show you all the new spells the professor has taught me!

Dearest Astoria, what do you see around you as you are reading this? I am currently writing from the forest path that we used to run through. The trees are blooming with their flowers, soon to bear fruits once again. Oh how I long to bite into one right now, in this summer heat! But Professor Willem is saying how we might not have a good harvest this year. That sounds pretty terrifying given his experience, but studying directly under him these past few months made me realize just how old and paranoid he really is, so I am not really too worried. But hey, even if the harvest are going to be bad, at least you will be fine; you can eat all the delicious foods from your travel. Tell me more about the samosas next time!

Dearest Astoria, Professor Willem ran to the towncenter today. He showed everyone his diagrams and rambled about calculations. He revealed how he observed the flow of the lands and the blows of the wind. He said that this land is cursed, and it's best if we all pack up and leave before it's too late. But everyone was just confused; this has been our home for generations, so they ignored him. I tried to talk to him afterwards, because I know this is beyond his normal craziness, and he told me that it’s a waste of my talent to stay and fight the curse. He said that it’s better to enjoy this summer while it lasts and to tuck tail and run as soon as the first leaf fall. But with the accumulated knowledge of the Byergenwerth Academy, what can we not fight against? So I said that I've learned enough to take care of the town, but he just looked away in silence. If you were here, you would agree with me. Won’t you, Astoria?

Dearest Astoria, it's been a month since Professor Willem left. He was right; the harvests are bad. The towns folks are talking, and the richer ones already started moving out. The ones that are staying are either poor, or skeptical of the curse. But unlike them, I now know that the curse is real. Professor Willem gave me the keys to his private archives, hidden in a corner of Byergenwerth, and I have been staying up late every night researching. Apparently the cause is of a demon, taking the form of a fog that was carried here by the northern winter storms, who slowly eats away the life of the land. Now of course that sounds terrifying, but I do believe that I am onto a way to stop it. By the time you come back, all will be well, and Professor Willem will eat his words. Sometimes problems can be fixed with a little knowledge and courage rather than just fleeing.

Dearest Astoria. The first snow fell, two months earlier than normal. The towns folks are starting to become very worried, and so am I. My last four attempts at dispelling the demonic fog has failed. I read as much as I could in the library, but I have no breakthrough. The townspeople are constantly knocking on my door, begging me for help, but I am desperate too. Their frantic mood are distracting me from my research and stressing me out. I can only find calmness when I am writing to you. But if this snow continues, and it will if I cannot lift the curse, then my letters will cease to be delivered. But hey, I am an optimist, so wish me luck!

Dearest Astoria. I just send the last carriage off. I am the only one left in this town now. But I will not leave. I will fight this demon. I will not let it take our home away from us. I am driven by the knowledge that once I clear this blizzard, my letters can reach you again.

Dearest Astoria. I miss you so much. It's so cold and dark here. I miss your warmth, your red cloak that tears away the darkness. I just hope I can see you again.