

The letters were given to the local carter, who promised to take them to a dwarf mine near the PC's hermitage, but somewhere along the way, the letters were never delivered, until they'd all piled up into one package. Finally the dwarf remembered the letters and took the whole bundle to the PC.

Tamida,

I hope your studies are going well. Forgive me for not writing the last year but at first I was so upset that you were leaving I fear I didn't write to spite you. That was very churlish of me, wasn't it? Please don't hate me.

Then after a few months I was so ashamed at not writing that I found I couldn't write, and the longer I went the more my shame grew until I didn't know what to do!

Aelric finally saw my anguish and pressed me to write. He said he would not talk to me until I put quill to parchment! I'm so lucky to have him. I think he misses you as much as I do

I hope your studies lead to something remarkable! I wish you had told us where you were going so I could come and visit. It's not so far that you can't come to us, is it? Come visit, please.

Orlane grows and prospers. The mayor, Zakarias Ormond, is wise and strong and we trade regularly with neighboring towns.

Aelric is still giving farming a go. I've been helping him out, and also doing some odd jobs for Simon the owner of the local store, and fixing little things around town. You know how I relax making thimbles, so I've made some for all the ladies in town. And now we know everyone! It was a simple thing, but helped make us feel like part of the town.

Farmer Hewitt invites us to dinner at least once a week and we always accept. He has such a lovely family. I envy him. His eldest girl, Cirili, looks up to me, I think. She's always finding excuses to come over and help me around the house. She has no taste for farming so I teach her sewing. She is a fast learner.

-Karosha

Tamida,

Aelric and I think about children all the time, but he wants to be more certain of our future first. He's right, of course.

The constable is a man named Grover. He's a hard and suspicious man who tried to talk us into returning to father's farm, but you know how stubborn I can get. We made it clear we were staying, he came around. He is not welcoming, but he treats everyone the same, which is a kind of fairness I suppose.

You need to come visit us! The town has two inns! Not even Hommlet, which everyone says is the better of the two towns, has two inns! The Golden Grain is the larger and more popular, but Aelric and I do not go there because the men who frequent the place are base and crude.

Instead we frequent the Slumbering Serpent which is smaller, but very nice. Ollwin the innkeep and his wife Belba were the first to welcome Aelric and I and make us feel at home. They are good people, I hope their inn prospers.

The people here are welcoming and hardworking. We are lucky to live here.

-Karosha

Tam,

I had the strangest thing happen to me today, and my first thoughts were of you.

I went to Tristram the carpenter's shop and he did not recognize me! I've seen the man every day for the past year and it took him fully three bells to remember me and even then his speech was slow.

I have heard rumors of strange goings on in the town, but dismissed them as a fancy. Farming takes up so much of our energy. I've been seeing houses and farms I knew now standing empty. The constable says people are leaving for Hommlet, and at first I accepted this. Hommlet is larger and more prosperous.

But why should anyone leave Orlane? It is a paradise. I wish I knew our Lord Mayor better and could ask him. But his constable seems sure of what's going on, so probably my concerns are misplaced.

Still, very strange looking into Tristram's eyes and not seeing any sign of recognition there.

Please write back!

-Karosha

Sister,

No letter from you this past year. Are you angry with me? I would not blame you if you were, but please tell me how if I have offended you, if I have.

Are my letters not reaching you? I give them to a passing carter and he assures me he delivers them to a stout dwarf who mines the hills near your shrine or ruin or whatever you call that place. But I wonder if this is perhaps not the most reliable chain of messengers. Oh how I wish I could see you! I'm sure if you saw what was happening in this town, you would know what to do.

Cirili is gone. More and more people leave as the days pass, but I'm surprised she left with no warning, not even a goodbye. Rumors that there's a curse on this town now seem entirely reasonable. I don't remember the moment when I stopped thinking the Curse was an absurd fancy and started believing it was true, but it may have been when I learned Cirili was gone.

I wonder if she's ok. Would she have left her family? Her father and mother and sisters? Why? I wonder if she really left of her own will.

I suppose I know the answer.

-Karosha

Something's wrong with Aelric. He was gone for a night and I panicked, but Constable Grover assured me he went with some of the menfolk to Farmer Giles' steading a few hours outside town. But I know this is not true, Farmer Giles left for Hommlet a fortnight ago. His steading sits empty now.

I never for a moment believed Grover. But somehow I knew I had to pretend I believed, or the Constable would do to me whatever he did to Aelric.

Aelric smiles and makes smalltalk, but there is nothing behind his eyes. He does not know me, unless he looks at me for a long while. He spends all his time at the Golden Grain, conspiring with the men there. He sleeps there and in truth I do not complain. I could not share my bed with him now. His skin is cold to the touch. He is not Aelric.

Am I going mad? Is my husband possessed, and the rest of the town against me? Or is it I who am possessed?

I am not safe here. I do not know what to do. Please, Tamida please come. I beg you.

I am afraid.