

Dear Wolfmother,

Thank you for your meat. It bears your same sweetness and fullness of spirit, and though they've licked their lips at the sight of my consumption of you, I have obviously not shared any with your children. That would be...well, I wouldn't do that.

However, it's on the subject of them that I write you now, with great concern. And I must warn you that these words of mine may bring you pain, but I pray that if you are in disagreement you will relay to me a sign - I only ask that it not be too vague - in all of your infinite wisdom.

Here it is: With the exception of Ives, I fear the worst for your wolfpups. Given this grim world, its numerous elements both natural and unnatural, I marvel honestly that they have made it this far.

The evidence of late has been piling that some gesture of mercy is what's required of me, because I would rather see them put down with grace than flayed by scabbers. Again, it is not my wish to cause you any distress beyond the grave, so I ask again if you have objections to make them known in whatever manner you may, within the next few days.

I will be listening solemnly. If silence prevails, I will ready my methods and do my service. If, on the other hand, word is received via wind, some cosmic sign or whatever, I am keen to alter my plans.

I am certain you are missing your ilk and may even harbor secret hopes of an early reunification, in which case I am happy to oblige.

Whatever the case may be, please consider my plans and let me know your thoughts.

-C