Dear friends, enemies, ladies, and gentle(and not so gentle)men.

I hope this finds you well, and that fortune is smiling upon you. Anyway, with formalities over with, I should get to the point. I know most, if not all of you are saying, "Well, who the heck even is this guy," I am Gil-Galad, grandson of Atalathon, yes, Gramps was a fan of Tolkien, so yeah, that's me. Now about my life, I was born in Gildmar and I lived there for some years, but then my father and mother went to Tezchi'tatl to track down a demon, only my father came back, also I have two younger siblings, Bob Mcboberson, and Thorin, and that's how it's been ever since, also, today we fought some thieves and got murdered, so that's going well. Then I went home and had dinner, over which I was scolded by my father for not getting rid of the bandits, so now I have to practice every night for two hours, taking to bed a new collection of yellow, purple, black, and blue bruises every night, along with a few cuts. So, yeah, that's me, that's my life.

warmly, Gil-Galad