Heya dad, it's Harlow,

Writing this on the 3rd of the first moon. I'm glad you were able to write back to me and that you got my letter. Those mail people are good at their jobs I guess. I hadn't written back yet cause I didn't really know what to say. Too much has happened since I wrote to you. Nothing too much in the adventuring category, It's like talking about my guard duty job (dropped the fight club after my shit was stolen. Fuckers). Sealing up more crystals, getting stronger, and being one of the only warriors in the group, The usual epic stuff. I know you liked that the most, but I haven't focused on it too much. Everything else has gotten more complicated.

Like you said, I had to learn that this wasn't our nomad groups or the fight pits. It was different. This isn't dudes or bros or the crowd I used to be around. It's mostly fancy scholar people and a concerning amount of rat people. (Two isn't a lot but it's weird it happened twice.) I just mostly lowered the shit talk and people chilled out around me.

The shittier thing was that I got feelings for a girl in my group. I'm pretty sure I mentioned Leilani to you before but that was before I really knew. Looking back I didn't plan to say anything anyway. I barely even accepted that I could like that naive reckless doufus, and I knew she didn't feel the same. Not for someone like me. But of course, I live in a fuckoff gossipy rumor town so an oblivious douchebag pointed it out and I lost my cool.

I knew back with you, the strong and cool were respected and right. Leilani was different though. I guess you know my type. A softie, always happy, whatever you saw in Mom I guess I saw in her. Though I avoided her for a bit, I didn't know what to say to her, and I was worried she'd hate me for how I felt. Soon enough I was forced into another fucking adventuring day and being told by friends to talk to her. I couldn't imagine what I'd have done if that conversation went south, but Aeiliani and Calix give good advice. So we talked, and it's all cool and we're just friends. It doesn't feel right though.

Despite everything clearing up, my feelings and how I act around here haven't changed much. I know we aren't in a relationship and won't be, but I still like her?

What does that even mean? I said we're best friends, but what is our relationship to her? What happens if I screw it up? I don't like all these questions, but as long as she's happy with me I don't see much of a problem for now. All except that lakeshorian fuckers cannot shut the fuck up sometimes. Some girl in crystal town just HAD to spread rumors when i got flustered ONE TIME near her. Its easy enough to make them fuck off though with a deathglare or two though, but fuck me sometimes i hate lakeshore.

Her birthday was recent and I hung out with her and our resident doctor ptolemae (Toll-um-ay!). I shit you not, this squish toy caught me off guard and beat me in an arm wrestling match after I beat our doc. I feel like I'll never live that moment down, even if I beat her afterward. I did think it was weird her bro didn't come through.

Beau, her brother is a pretty chill guy. I constantly feel like the guy has way too much on his plate for someone so chill. His parents apparently tried to 'chosen one' their kids with magic and fucked 'em up pretty bad. Broski was infused with an elemental heart and Leilani has magical bones or shit that keeps making her explode. First she explodes from teleporting, then from sitting in a mana line, and she keeps trying shit. But the bow master got full ghosted by his shitass parents and I think he's a pot of coffee boilin over. I was wonderin if you had any tips on how I could ask 'em about that shit? He was super chill even when he learned I was crushing on his sister and it didn't sit right. How much patience does he ACTUALLY have?

Anyway, i hope your doing good wherever you've fucked off to now. I know you want me to come with you but the nomad life isn't calling to me yet, I gotta learn to be a legend here before I become a myth you ya!

Never Forgotten,
Harlow Florafool