Sup Dad, Harlow here.

I'm writing this at the end of the 2nd moon to let you know that I am in fact alive after the last arc, so get your bet money from George. Don't think I'll ever make you regret your bets on me, except for the bets that I've fucked by now. I don't know how much y'all drink or how much confidence you have in my people skills.. but you have to give me some of whatever you keep slamming down.

On a more serious note with the whole drama advice shit. To be honest, you gave me advice similar to this storyteller that's been wandering around our camp named Coppers to just step away from the whole situation. So were you right? Yea. Does it feel good? Nah. Not a fan of watching your friends spiral into chaos as they tell you that 'you can't help'.

Aeliana has been diving into theories and magic and shit and really needs to take a break. I told her about a thing you did where you made a list of shit you needed to do so she'd stop hyperventilating about everything all at once. She seems to have chilled out, but she's too professional sometimes even with her friends. The only real time I saw her get pissed was when Ptolemae was bitching and coping. She needs to swear more, it's good for the soul..

Calix is a shitter that is a good friend.. I can only describe us as mutual fuckups. I think can we find common ground on we don't know how the fuck do we talk to these people. I find him funny and honest, but he's been having a hard time. Bro tried tying himself to a magical lake during an oracle and fucking offed himself permanently but got a divine intervention that he is made of water. Calix is just a water guy now, which from how I notice him and Aeliana talk about, they've been able to work through which is good.

Another note is these people SUCK at combat compared to Colorwoods. I feel like I could whip Aeliana and Calix into shape like how you train, because they could make a good team together with their separate fighting styles of a Duelist/Ranger and a Pyromancer (yeah the water guy is a fire guy, IRONY.) I feel like they're too used to fighting bugs and crabs, but not people, and if I feel like that's dangerous to not be used to. Colorwoods would eat their hearts content.

Leilani has matured a lot in recent months. I salted a lot about her in my previous letter, but she's a good friend, just a bit naive and self-conscious. It feels like she cares too much about what other people think about her. We we're in a conversation not too long ago where Beau talked about how a lot of people in Lakeshore acted with 'persona's' that were masks of how they really are.. Leilani took that as us accusing her of being fake. Thinking back I kind of chuckle to myself on how weird that thought process is, because if she thought about it for a second it makes no sense. I know she's just a bubbly happy person and it reflects in how she talked to people for months. Thinking about it just makes me want to punch Ptolemae for her comments calling Lei of all people rude for not knowing how to help her whiny ass, but that night was kind of a shitshow in general so I don't plan to make it worse.

Speaking on Beau, he's been feeling more distant. I know he's handling his own shit but after the mask comments, I have to wonder if he knows by how he acts. He seems to speak his mind more openly, but it feels like it's coming from being fed up with shit. Also he took a page out of Leilani's book and blew open his torso so an elemental could reforge his orb heart chest thing. When will my friends stop experimenting on themselves...It's too mentally draining and I don't want the clouds to rain on me.

Oh yeah, I should probably explain that I mutated during the last arc. I know it's kind of a random bombshell to drop this late, but I kind of forgot because the clouds aren't annoying me too much when I'm not pissed off. I wasn't really protected from the arc at all when it hit, and I was infused with some weird weather magic shit. Now my face is a weird gray with clouds floating around me that read my emotions., so now i get to literally 'wear my heart my sleeves'. Yippee. None of my friends really care, they're all used to weird mutations and shit happening but it's different when you feel it. It's hard to describe but the clouds are a constant presence. They're always there, reminding me of how I'm feeling and calling out my feelings to others as if to mock me. It's fucking annoying. Anyway, It's good to hear you are traveling around Colorwoods again, make sure to not throw any spells into the river. I've heard that doesn't end well.

Reminding you that I exist,
Harlow Florafool