It's Harlow.

I don't know if I'll even bother sending this letter. I might burn it. Torch it. Set it on FUCKING FIRE. Or I might just write fuck three hundred times. It doesn't fucking matter. It really doesn't. I know I haven't written in two months and I'm sorry. I should write more. Things were just calm and peaceful. I was dealing with my stupid mutation, talking to people, getting my sword enchanted. But it doesn't matter.

Aeliana Died.

During the last adventuring day, another arc happened. She wasn't killed by it, she just died, gone. Her fucker god didn't save her and she really passed on. She isn't coming back. She just isn't. She's just gone.

I want to scream.

I found out a couple hours ago. I went to speak with her boyfriend, Calix. I couldn't find him in his tent, so I asked people and was able to find him circlejerking with nature near a forest. I tried to talk to him, but he just muttered that she was gone. That she was dead. RIGHT AFTER HE REVEALED HE MADE A DEAL WITH A FAE TO FIND HER AGAIN. HE HAD BEEN SUFFERING AN ASSHOLE PERSONALITY DISORDER TO FIND HER. Like that she's just...gone. Never to be seen again.

I don't know how to scream it louder. Aeliana was one of my best friends, she was smart, pretty, educated, and social. She helped me through so much from coping with Leilani to dealing with my mutation. This person who gave me so many chances to let me become better than the shitter I was almost a year ago now.

My head is just ringing. Pounding. Telling me to break something, rip anything to shreds. Scream. It's just the easy answer to break shit, so I've been breathing to calm myself down. But that only leads to so...so many questions. Why is she gone? Who did it? What could I have done better? why why why why why fuck shit piss cock pussy balls FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCKFUCK FUCK FUCKFUCK FUCK FUCKFUCK FUCK FUCKFUCK FUCK FUCKFUCK FUCK FUCKFUCK FUCK FUCKFUCK FUCK FUCKFUCK FUCK FUCKFUCK FUCK FUCKFUCK