

I took another tonight.

She was so sweet, young, like a fresh fallen blossom on New Paris.

The colour left her cheeks as the blood spilled from her throat onto the sheets, she became as a ghost, and I knew I would see her when I danced with my Spirits in the night. They're so pretty, so perfect, so happy when they dance.

You printed my last letter, for that I commend you, you did it for the wrong reasons, but you still have my respect.

I've seen the Operatives sent after me, ineffectual, inefficient, they don't deserve my respect. There was a Shiver captain, he came to my last act. The face he wore as he left showed that he understood my work, the sorrow and pain he wore on his sleeve in front of his men was inspiring. I wanted to go to him, to cradle his head against my chest, and tell him not to worry, no innocence had been lost that day, no future. His tears were wasted, I'd like him to know.

The innocence of our children is a lie, a manufactured myth we create to tell ourselves that it is age which brings us to the pain of our adult lives, which binds us to the fall of our moral core. It isn't, our moral decline is built into our very genetic background, every life I have ever taken I have taken to protect it. Their souls dance with me with more joy than they could ever feel in life.

The blossoms on New Paris fell so beautifully; it is one of the last things I remember before I understood the loss of innocence.

I need you and the people to understand what I do. I need them to know when I find the next child I need to take. I have seen the next child I need to take; even now I can feel the beginning of the Rush. I'll be writing to you very soon.

Print this.

There will be more.

