

Nárië 21st

My dearest Faramir,

I preferred the berry-ink. However, I know you are limited in what you are able to use, so I suppose any ink is better than none at all. You should know, though, that Berúthiel has tried to snatch the paper out of my hands several times already. She must think that it is some giant, savory treat for her. She will be so disappointed when she learns the truth.

The weather has cleared here, and I hope that the King was able to send his ships off quickly once the conditions improved. I have not heard any news from the City, though. Túrin has volunteered to travel to Minas Tirith to find out what is happening, but I told him he did not need to, that if Elessar did not find it necessary to send a messenger obviously there was not much worth reporting. Or maybe I should have let him go. Maybe there is information too sensitive to send with an errand-rider. Maybe... oh, I don't know. I... I just want this to be over and finished. I want to have you home again and playing with our sons and teaching them to love Ithilien. I want you home with me.

And maybe you will be home again with us soon. I can only hope that the vessel you spied was indeed a friendly ship, yet for the past day or so I have had a bad feeling that I simply cannot shrug away. In my heart I know you are well, but I still have this unease.

Azrahil is berating himself for not going back to Tolfalas now that his wounds are not as serious as when we found him. However, Teherin has forbidden him to set out, and surely she has her reasons for it. In addition, it is too dangerous for him to return. Any sign of him on the island would alert Al-Jahmîr's men that something was in motion, and who knows what would happen then. They would probably kill him on sight anyway. He is a more valuable asset to us if he remains here.

I cannot shake the thought that something is wrong. This feeling grows stronger with every word I write. Maybe I should end this letter now, before it gets worse. Yes, I'm going to do that. Please, write soon and tell me that you are well. I miss you and love you, and I know that you will come home to us someday.

*Love always,
Éowyn*