



Handwritten text in a cursive script, possibly a name or a title, written vertically on the right side of the illustration.



The stranger, the friend, returned again to help
Father save Mother. Imagine - a stranger -

traveling to Riven - risking all, asking for nothing. I
think of humility, thinking more of others.

Humility: prisoners are freed by nothing more,
and nothing less.

Gehm, my Grandfather, my heritage, that
monster who thought himself a god, was once again
imprisoned. Perhaps he still rules that desolate, empty,
and dead place, riven by the pride and bitterness of his

own heart. But more likely he is in another desolate,
empty, dead place, where there is weeping. I hope he
is miserable. I cannot forgive him for what he did. It
eats at my heart.

I hate him, because I have his same desires.

Mother and Father came again together to the
refuge - to Must island. But it was only a shell, a
place to exist - a fallen place - torn apart by pride
just as the great D'ni city was.

Just as I am, Torn.

What is a stranger? Someone who is not me? Yet
sometimes I feel like a stranger to myself. I become
two. One who I know, and one who I do not. Where
does this other one come from? Which one is me?



