

Dear Mom & Dad,

If you're reading this, it means I lost the fight. I'm gone, and I didn't get a proper chance to say goodbye. This is my improper goodbye.

I guess metaphors won't work ~~because~~ ^{because} I ran away, only to come back like a whirlwind - a destructive, chaotic force that remains just a second. You're getting this letter because I am dead. And not just temporarily dead. I've seen someone raised back to life in the short minute after they died. Did you know that can happen? There's a lot of unbelievable things I've seen on my new adventures. Unbelievable magic, and unbelievable heroism shown by my friends. Presumably, at least one of them brought this letter to you. Please give them a big, warm Buckman hug, and know they did their best to save me and the world.

That's right - the world is in danger - or hopefully it was in danger. ^{and my friends solved that} That's what kept me from you after I burned Ambleside. Some kind of greater calling, you might call it. Maybe you'd call it a guilty conscience trying to prevent more death. Maybe it's both. Most things seem to me to be both. I burned buildings ^{both} because the "good guys" said it'd help and because I didn't know what to do with my pain. I was both the son you raised and the stranger with the wild magic. I am both sad to say goodbye and relieved to know you are safe from the chaotic winds that blow around my life now. The whirlwind has settled.

Please know that you were great parents, and I loved you.

Yours,
Rowan