

Dunsinane Castle  
Forfar  
Scotland

16th July 1066

My candle in the darkness,

I am writing on this very day as the moon watches down on our love. Without you, I am nothing. Just a speck of existence. A mere memory. As every second on our grand clock ticks by, I become more and more drained of any feelings at all. I feel like an ocean being sucked down to its lowest point. Do not go to war. There are no words for me to express my love for you. You are my mighty eagle; I your safe nest.

You cannot leave me to face the world. We were meant to be together. Please. Do not go. Death is only a coward's way out. Although death may be the peaceful truth and life the cold waters, we must fight it head-on. We will stop saying 'why me' and instead 'try me'. Even if they do take us away for our crimes, we will overcome that together. If they torture us. Kill us. Tell us to build a road. We will do that together. You can't just leave me on my own. And I know you will not, Macbeth.

I too greatly regret our choices: they were wrong, I know. But we must immense those actions and try to catch the next closest thing to a normal life. God is on our side and we must use that to our advantage and survive this cold world. Although we may have killed the king, that was one sin. Like the one tree out of a million that Adam and Eve chose to eat from. They were blinded by Satan as we were blinded by greed.

Remember, one tree can make a thousand torches but one torch can burn a thousand trees. It is us against them. We stand together.

The needle you found in a haystack,  
Lady Macbeth