



New Message

To: Tom Wreke (twreke@isspathfinder.org)

From: Laurel Scoresby (lscoresby@isspathfinder.org)

Subject: I've been concerned about your wellbeing.

Dear Tom,

I know that we haven't been able to make much time for one another, given the blur of activity leading up to the holidays. Seeing as I'm quite literally hunched over in one of the women's bathroom's stalls, pretending to be making use of the facilities- I think it's safe to say that we've both been pressed for time, as of late. It's been awhile. I know that things are difficult for you, that it's harder to keep on schedule when I'm not there by your side- but the effects are noticeable, and alarming.

You aren't *that* clever, dearest. I know when you've been attempting to get a one up on me. Perhaps the others are fooled so easily by spearmint and wan smiles, but *I* can see the antacid tablet residue in your ring's bevel, the redness to your eyes from vomiting, the puffiness of your cheeks and the palm folded over your stomach. I know when you've been hurting. You can't hide that away so easily from me- not when I know you as well as I know myself. I've spent a lifetime making that a field of personal study.

I'm bringing icepacks over to your quarters. One of your silk handkerchiefs will make a lovely head wrap. I hope that it'll bring down some of the swelling. I'm going to lay you down into bed, and we're going to have dinner- and I will take care of you best I know how. You aren't alone in this. I won't let you be. If I have to rearrange our morning schedules to do so- so be it. It's a small price.

Love,
Laurel