

To the Morning Lark,

I must start this letter by apologizing for disregarding your wishes and coming to Arkham to see you. As best as I could, I tried to stay away, but I could not bear to go without hearing you one more time.

If this city and this path is the one that your heart tells you to follow, then I pray that your wings never fail you.

I find myself uncertain of where the winds will take me, but I am comforted by the company of our memories together.

Yours, Blue Bird



Curiositie Shoppe Street Map

CANNOT FORGIVE
LEFT ALL ALONE
NOTHING IS CERTAIN
MUST DO WHAT IS RIGHT. MUST
ONLY DO WHAT FEELS RIGHT.
NOTHING FEELS RIGHT.
ALL CHOICES ARE SPIRALING,
ANOTHER TURN. ENDLESS CHOICES.
NOTHING IS CERTAIN
NOTHING IS CERTAIN
UNBEARABLE. LOST LOST LOST LOST
PLEASE FIND ME