

Sweetheart,

It's damn bleak here on Lyra. Electricity's out, oil and powerpacks scarce, so we're stuck communicating via Himsiplast notes sent by trained lizard-mokney. Really, Don't know how they have so many lizard-monkeys.

These fishes here don't know nothing 'bout fightin'. Most ain't even held a blaster. I could fill a fella with plasma better than the bloody Sarge. Think this colony's backwards from the rest of the Galaxy. Shadows help me from not murderin' them all.

I'm managing, except for missing you. We'll get through this, get back home, and be with our girl real soon.

*Yours,
Butterfly*

