

My Dearest Kra,

I know you did not want me to go to war. I know that you think the battlefield is no place for a Quarren, but it is not so bad. My superiors have shown no sign of bias against me, and I am well taken care of.

Oh, my dearest lover, I long to hold you in my arms again, to kiss you. To feel our tentacles entangle with each other as they dance with our passion. I regret not packing any pictures of you. I wish my comrades could see your beauty.

Your lover,
Sculpar