

Madness of Intolerance

My Dearest, Achilles

It pains me to admit this, but I fear I have not been truthful to thee. Before I continue I want you to know my love for you never wavered, in fact I am to believe that it was my love for thee that has drawn me to insanity.

The moment I turned seven years I started my servancy to you. In that moment I became your servant, but more importantly I became a friend. In my years of servancy my feelings for thee began to bloom. I felt ashamed and zany, for you a Prince could never love a servant like me. Although, to my hoyday you returned the feelings, and now it has been three years, and we were to be married in a matter of months. You, becoming the King, and I, moving up from servant to Royalty, twas to be a love for the ages. Well, twas supposed to be. The passion was stout.. until tragedy struck.

A few months ago, we set out on your endeavors of finding the missing townspeople. You always had a knack for mystery and although stressed, thee seemed to be doing something thee loved. Observing this I became overjoyed. Though, memories soon came flooding back to me the more we uncovered.

There was and still is a vindictive spirit living within me. One I fear I can never part with. Not after the heinous acts I have committed. There are no excuses for mine evil deeds, but please

know I did it for you. I knoweth thee will misprise that I fell to violence in the name of our love, but I beg of thee, please find some small part of your heart, and forgive me, love me, mourn me.

In return I will giveth thee the explanation thy so deserves. In the simplest of ways said.. My love for thee was my downfall.

It all started a few months ago. Twas the first time I was able to leave your side after your father was murdered. I remember growing quite testy for you, as you had been in such coil for months, So when you came to me, telling me we wast to get back to work of course I was in full support. Thee had gotten back on thy feet and a few weeks passed and then.. you proposed. You went on and on about how you fancied me and you would be the most joyed to have me join thee as King. We announced our union and the people seemed to be joyed, with the exception of few.

I went into the town three times that week and with each visit I grew rather vengeful towards certain groups in the town. Ev'rytime I went into town I wouldst catch the attention of a couple groups of rather vile and perverse people.

A group of three men were acting rather vile to the news of our union. Ev'rytime I would walketh past these men they always dropped to a whisper, but I still hath heard them. They were rather angered with the idea of having two Kings. They were intolerant to sayeth the least. Saying awful things about you. Wishing thee to has't the same fate as thy father. Even threatening to harm thee themselves. It upset me to no end.

There wast a pair of women as well. Anon those women w'rent cross to it, in fact they seemed a dram to excited about it. When I would walketh past them they wouldn't hush their voices. It hath seemed they wanted me to hear them.. them and their disgusting and perverse comments and questions. It was vile and rather violating.

I wast wall-eyed by the time I arrived home on the third day, but I couldn't bring myself to tell thee. Thee had only recently beganeth feeling joyous once again. So, I did lie to thee when I was asked if something wast wrong. I couldn't bear the thought of you falling depress'd again. So I kept the burden to myself, but I would soon come to the realization that in doing so was a misprision.

My misprision was letting my anger infest me. In doing so I became weak. In becoming weak I gave the vindictive spirit an invitation to overtake me. To control me. To lead me to my demise.

I know the search for the missing townspeople has been driving thee zany and now with all my own memories in tact I can not stand by and gaze as thee is driven to the same fate as I. I am filled with too much enamour for thee to let that happen. In the rest of this letter is the wh'reabouts of the missing townspeople. It will bringeth thee to the end of thy search.

The women, of the name of Alice Sparks and Edith White will be found by the old hanging tree. They are buried by the criminals. To remind them that the perverse words they spoke are just as heinous as witchcraft, murder, or theivery. When you unbury their bodies you will not find them intact. From which they see and which they speak will be found in a small bag by each of their bodies. So in the afterlife they wilt not be able to see or speak of their perverse ideas.

Julius, Balthazar, and Alexander are the names of the three men that went missing. I must ask thee to forgive me once again, for I have ruined one of our personal spots. These three men will be found buried where we shared our first kiss.

It is said that you live in a certain time where you were buried in the afterlife. It can either maketh it a personal heaven or hell. I want them to has't to gaze upon that moment. I want them to has't to witness something that they despised so much that they died for it. I wanteth them to

watch it and know that they can not doth anything about it. I gave them a chance to admit they were wrong, not that it would have changed anything, but it was a small chance to redeem themselves, but they didn't take it.

They wer 'nt angered by the idea of two Kings, they were scared. Scared of change. Scared that their small view of the world would have to be forced open. Scared they would hath to admit they wast in the wrong. Scared they would be found out as intolerant and hateful.

They were nothing but a group of lily-livered cowards. So for that, you will find their livers held in their hands. That way they have to carry their cowardness with them for all eternity.

*It was all brutal, but they **deserved** it.*

I regret it. Not the act itself, but I regret it because I will never be able to see you again. In doing what I did I have punished you by sentencing you to be alone. Regrettably I am just realizing this.

I knoweth thee will be highly disappointed in me by the time this part of the letter is read, but deep down you and I know that the small part of your heart does in fact still love me. It has to be because you promised. When you got down on your knee and asked me to be yours you promised. You promised me your heart would always beat for me.

I love thee so much. More than my own heart can even begin to fathom, but at the endeth of the day anger triumphed over love. For that I am deeply ashamed.

I know you are going to be greatly upset with me and that is ok, but please know I did it all for thee. I would never have gone to such lengths and betray mine faith if it weren't for thee. I was doing it for thee. I wanted nothing but to protect thee. In fact it wast not a want but a need. I

needed to protect you because if anything ever happened to thee on my watch I couldst nev'r forgive myself.

I'm feeling rather frantic as I write this. I just very much want you to know that I never meant to hurt you. I only meant to help. I love you so much and I am filled with much sorrow at the thought of my actions hurting you. Though I know it wast necessary and I hope you will come to understand.

I had said at the start of the letter that our love had drawn me to insanity. Though the thing I believe truly drove me crazy was the fact I knew.. I would never see thee again.

You art the light in this cruel and despicable world. Our Kingdom, your Kingdom, needs you. It needs you to lead it to salvation after it was tainted with vile hate. So stay stout. Stay stout for that small part that still loves me.

You art going to be just fine. Betrayal and hurt shall tug on your heart, but you are so stout.

I hath lost control. I hath grown to be a sinner. I hath grown to be someone who does not deserve thee, but oh how I desire you to hold me and tell me you love me one last time.

I wast so sure when we parted at death we would meet again in heaven, but I anon know this to not be true. I will be dragged down to hell and you will be peacefully taken to heaven to be reunited with those who loved you and fought harder than I to see you again.

I do beg of thee to not blame yourself, for this burden falls on my shoulders and mine alone.

I wish I could deliver my final words to thee myself, but I know that is impossible. I lost my wits and in doing so I lost the privilege of seeing you. So here I write my final words to thee before I leave. I do hope you take my next words to heart because they could not hold more truth to them than they already do.

Achilles, you are utter perfection. I could not have asked for a better partner in life and I regret I could not be the same for you.

I love you.

- Patroclus

With tears in my eyes I laid by his side and took his hand in mine. I gazed over his pale body, my eyes stopping at the knife lodged in his stomach. "You sayeth I am stout, but without you I fear I am not. You are my one weakness Patroclus and I do not care what you say, we will be together, for our hearts beat as one..."