

*My dearest Faramir,*

*The past two days here have been anything but uneventful. We have found our spy! He is now in custody and has already gone through one round of questioning. Neither the children nor I are hurt, though a few moments longer before the capture and this would hardly be the case. In the end, the spy came out far worse than any of us did.*

*We captured him (or rather, Berúthiel captured him) last night (the 23rd). Faramir, he was one of our own guards! He has been in the house since this entire situation began. Two months! I have walked past his post dozens of times and even talked to him occasionally. There was never any reason to suspect him. Beregond is furious with himself for letting this happen, even though I have told him many times that none of us could have predicted this.*

*The spy made his move during the night. Túrin volunteered to put Elboron to bed, so that left me time to get the twins comfortable. Nothing seemed out of place or unusual about the evening. Berúthiel stayed close by, but I did not think anything of it since she had been around a lot lately. Éomer came in to talk with me for awhile, rocked Meriadoc (his favourite) to sleep while I took care of Peregrin, and then we said goodnight.*

*I must have been soundly asleep, because I did not even hear the spy sneak into our room and into the nursery. I woke up to a horrific screeching and hissing, followed almost immediately by some bumps and thuds and the twins' crying. I leapt out of bed and barely had time to wrap up in a dressing gown before two of the Rohirrim and two of our own guards burst through the door. I beat them to the nursery and found Berúthiel clinging to a man clad in our guards' uniform. She was screeching and growling, her fur standing up all on end. She had given him a good thrashing too. His face had scratches everywhere and several bite marks, and it looked like she had climbed up his shirt to get to his head. Her ferocious attack had caused the man to stumble into the cradle, which helped wake the twins.*

*The Rohirrim quickly followed me, and what Berúthiel had begun doing they finished. (It is no secret that my brother's guards adore the twins, so to try to harm them instantly stirred their wrath.) I let them punish the intruder while I went to check on the twins to make sure they were all right. They were upset but unharmed. When I went to pick them up, I found a short, unsheathed dagger that had fallen in the blankets. It was standard-issue, so the spy must have dropped it when Berúthiel attacked. It scared me, how close he had come to harming our babies. By the time I had the twins in my arms, more of our guard had entered and were pulling the Rohirrim off the spy. The spy was bloodied even more, but alive and easy to take into custody.*

*Beregond was there now, as were Éomer and Túrin. I could see Khorazîr standing outside the doorway, trying to catch what was happening. Túrin told me that Visilya and Teherin were with Elboron and that he was fine, just wondering what all the noise was about. I was still trying to comfort the little ones and only now did I realize that I was shaking. Éomer led me over to a chair and told me to sit down, which I was glad to do. Berúthiel weaved between my legs, her tail still*

*puffed from her rage. The twins were starting to calm down but were then interested in what all the other people were doing. Soon the spy was bound and led away. Beregond chided the Rohirrim for using excessive force but said he did not have the authority to issue any penalties and would leave that to their superiors. (I doubt much will come of that.)*

*As the crowd started to dwindle and guards returned to their posts, I went back into our bedroom with the twins, who were starting to doze again. Teherin brought Elboron to me. Poor lad, he was so sleepy that it did not take long for him to drift off once he was wrapped up in his blanket. It took much longer for me to do the same. All I could think about was that we had been so close to losing our babies. I did not want to imagine what would have happened had Berúthiel not been in there. Éomer stayed with me for the rest of the night. I had thought he would return to his room once I had fallen asleep, but when I woke again, he was still there and looked like he hadn't moved at all during the night.*

*The rest of the night and this morning was spent mostly interrogating our prisoner. He seems to be willing to give information in hope that we'll lessen the charge of high treason against him and perhaps spare his life. We have not made a definite agreement, but he is talking nonetheless (though who knows how much truth is in it.) The spy is a young man named Amlaith. He originally joined the rangers five years ago and spent three years on the southern border along the Poros and the Harad Road. It was there that he met a traveling Umbarian. The two began conversing whenever the Umbarian was in the area. After learning how disgruntled our ranger was with his pay (apparently he has expensive likes) and working conditions, the Umbarian identified himself as one of Al-Jahmîr's men and offered him a life of luxury and ease in Umbar if he joined Al-Jahmîr's side. Persuaded by the idea of silks and spices, he turned traitor.*

*His first assignment was to move north and become as closely involved in our lives as he could. The Umbarian did not promise a timeline for when Amlaith would be needed, but the ranger was guaranteed a nice monthly sum until he could be used or was "released" from his contract (likely by death, knowing how Al-Jahmîr works.) He was not told what he would be doing exactly other than wait for orders.*

*So, he applied for a transfer to Dol Arandur and was accepted. This was two years ago. Since then, he has spent most of his time on general guard duty away from the house. He wanted to join the White Company, but Beregond was adamant about having him prove he was capable as a regular hand before he even considered giving him such a promotion. (This wisdom probably saved us from going through what we are facing now two years sooner.)*

*Since your capture, Beregond has increased the number of guards around the house, which is how Amlaith became a regular sight. (In the past, Beregond had him occasionally take a shift in the house, to see how he handled it.) Thus, we became familiar with his presence and did not think much of it. However, that is only a recent development and does not explain how Al-Jahmîr knew so many intimate details of our lives. Seeing that he had no immediate career with the White Company, Amlaith took it upon himself to make sure he found a way to get information. That way was by beginning a romance with Mariel. This revelation left me speechless.*

*When we learned this, Beregonð immediately had her arrested too, though I firmly believe she is innocent of greater crimes. I believe she only told him those details because she loved and trusted him, knowing that he wanted to become one of our personal guards anyway. Maybe she thought that if he knew those details that he would have a better chance than others. In any case, she seems just as distraught about this as the rest of us. Moreover, she's furious that he tried to hurt the children and angry with herself that she's the reason he knows so much, and other things. She is responsible for taking Elboron's Horsey. She says that Amlaith told her that it was just part of a joke that some of the men were planning to lighten the mood. However, as the weeks wore on, she said that she felt worse and worse about taking the toy and tried to make Amlaith give it back (but we know how impossible that was.) During her interrogation (an awful word to use with such a sweet girl) I asked her why she did not tell me about this sooner if she felt so bad about it. She only looked miserable and did not have an answer.*

*There is something else you need to know about Amlaith's background. As part of his deal with the Umbarian, he also had to report to another one of Al-Jahmîr's minions in the area, though he claims he doesn't know the man's true identity. This man reports directly back to Al-Jahmîr, so it is likely that the Snake will find out about this soon. I do not need to tell you that you are in danger. This combined with the events you mentioned is crippling his plans.*

*I wish I could tell you that we had found the recipe for the antidote, but that is not the case. Teherin is studying a mixture of myrtle, honey, mulberry tree bark, saffron, and a few other ingredients, but she does not know what quantities are needed or any of the effects should it not be the right mixture. She is quite frustrated about this, especially now that the danger has increased.*

*We sent word last night to Elessar and Imrahil, who had left several days ago. Imrahil said he would be staying in Minas Tirith for some time before returning to the coast, so I hope he was still there when our messages arrived. As I write this, we have not heard anything back from the city yet. I hope our riders arrived safely. Amlaith spoke of another of Al-Jahmîr's men in the area, and I do not know how well equipped that one is or what his orders are. Hopefully he was away somewhere else last night, which would give us a little more time before the Snake learned of this snag.*

*But I must close for now. Despite this major interruption in our lives, there are still babies to feed and needs to see to. Please, please be very careful now, my love. I fear you are in great danger now that Al-Jahmîr's great threat is gone from here. I overheard Túrin and Khorazîr discussing plans to attack Barad Gwaelin, but I do not know if those are serious ideas or just two old soldiers making themselves sound good. As much as I would love to send a rescue party after you, I do not see how we could mobilize one without arousing suspicion, especially since we are not supposed to know where you are. I hope we can find a way to bring you home soon. I miss you and need you more than ever now. I do not feel safe here anymore after this. I will not feel safe until you are home again.*

*We miss you and love you. Know that I love you dearest.*

*Éowyn*