

My dear Faramir,

Are you still so feverish that you send blank paper you do not write on, or were you trying to hint to me that I should reply sooner? I am sorry that my silence worried you. Peregrin finally caught the cold his brothers had, and I have been taking care of him while trying to recover from my own. He is feeling better now, as am I. Teherin has returned from her journey, and she has been taking care of us.

However, she is quite concerned about you. I must say that your account has worried me as well. Teherin is determined to set out for the City as soon as possible. And you know she will. Please, please take care of yourself. I do not want to go to Minas Tirith to find that you are ill and feverish. Imrahil sent a letter along with the errand-rider as well, and his account was not as glowing as yours. As soon as the boys are completely well and the weather has improved, we will set out for the City. Beregon can escort us, and we will be fine. You need to take care of yourself.

I am glad that matters in council are settling somewhat. You do not need the added stress and anxiety right now. I almost want to write Elessar and tell him to keep you out of there for a few more days, even if you have already returned by now. Perhaps even more would be accomplished, since the usual murmurers would not have their favourite topics to rail about.

Azrahil asked about Pharzi. She does not like the cold much, but her shelter blocks most of the wind, and we spread out some extra bales of straw for her to make into a bed if she wants. Her coat seems to have gotten thicker as the weather has gotten colder, so hopefully that is helping too.

Your comments about what is going on with Túrin and Visilya were very interesting. After we arrive in the City, I will have a visit with her. It is odd that the roles are reversed now, with Visilya the one wanting a child and Túrin being so reluctant. I remember it was not that long ago when she was quite unsure if she would be a good mother. I would not worry too much about Túrin falling into the habit of keeping long hours holed up in an office; it sounds like Visilya will keep him clearly aware of where he should be.

I described the snow to Elboron since he does not remember it from last winter. I am not sure if he understood what I was talking about, but he certainly wants to see it. His eyes grew very big when I told him that the snow could be rolled up and thrown at people.

“Mud?” he asked.

“Yes,” I said, “but you do not have to take a bath afterward.” Do I need to remind you of who taught him that game? It had been a long time since I had seen you laugh that hard, though I doubt the laundresses found the sets of utterly dirty clothes as amusing. I hope you both have forgotten that game by next summer!

Ah, and speaking of the little man, here he comes now, all ready for bed. He has gotten over his cold and is back to his usual self, and he wants to know when you will be home again to tell him the rest of the story. I have told him that we may be going to see you in the City, and he likes that idea, and the idea of seeing Vorondil again. Ah, but he is yawning now, and I should not keep him up much longer.

Give our greetings to our friends when you see them again. Hopefully it will not be long before we are able to do this ourselves. As I have said before, take care of yourself and do not do more than you should. I do not want you falling ill again just before the Midwinter celebrations. We love you and miss you, and hope to see you soon.

*Love always,
Éowyn*