

To the sun around which my moons revolve,

The concept of gravity in outer space has long upset me, and as my disdainful ways go, I shall bear this unsavory information onto you as well. I'm certain you've heard before that there is no gravity in outer space. Well, that is of course—for lack of a better term—utter bullshit, and just another outstanding example of the human race's limited mental capacities. But you and I don't fault them for that, do we?

The gravity which exists in outer space is simply different from that which humans are used to on their lovely planet, but it is very much present. It is a simple formula based on the mass and distance between any two objects. A sun—a huge, brilliant ball of burning gas—has enormous mass, so much so that the one which shines upon the little earthlings accounts for 99% of the mass of the entire solar system. The objects that form around a sun become things like asteroids, planets, and moons, and the relative mass and distance of those objects determines their force of gravity against the sun. It keeps those objects in orbit, circling the sun until it explodes in a phenomenon called a supernova.

Gravity is not a one-sided force. You, the majestic sun, have pulled me in with something so simple as your gaze, your darkly glimmering aura, your empathetic words. These are the things which draw other celestial objects to you, and though they fly near, they are cast back into outer space after being graced by your bright rays. You reject them, you shut them out, you hide yourself away—whichever excuse puts you most at ease.

I, for better or for worse, have my own gravitational pull, it seems.

This letter comes from me as I grovel at your feet once more, no different from my letter before. I curse my force of gravity which has held me within your orbit, always at the tips of your fingers. It is no better than a curse that waits for you behind every shattered mirror; a haunting and dark shadow that always trails you by your very heels; a cancer blooming within your lungs time and time again without rest. In your loving and over-forgiving ways, you have come to see it as a blessing. But again, dear prince, your kindness betrays you.

You claim to have only the loosest grasp on science, and you despise math. Yet, as the brilliant military strategist and history enthusiast that you are, a good puzzle never fails to pique your highness's interest. A real Julius Caesar, some might say! So, Caesar, what say you to a puzzle, or perhaps two?

The fresh bloom of your fairytale love affair with that bespectacled human which you clutch to your chest like a precious diamond does not escape me. My, in fact it's quite the opposite—I watch and reflect on your intricate relationship with much interest. I imagine he is on your mind as you read this

now as well (how odd would it be if he wasn't?) so why don't we derive a riddle from there?

Here is your clue, great Caesar: If Jamie is to Santi what distance is to mass, then what might you make of this?

*UF PFL DZJJ KYV URPJ NYVE NV URETVU NZKYFLK DP SCRTB SCFFU
JKRZEZEX KYV WCFFI*

Aha. Ah, yes, my goodness.

Sorry to have turned things so suddenly morose. You see, isolating myself in this tall ivory tower of mine seems to be more detrimental to my health, my mind, my dwindling soul with each passing hour. It is to that I owe the reason for locking you out of this place and sending you away, darling.

Despite my withering essence, the taunting trickle as it drips darkly from my arms, my mouth, my eyes, I have found one semblance of peace. I am finally mature enough to remember, to reflect. I know that I cower from the thought of your presence here, but in the safety of your memories I can reminisce with you, reminisce about this boy who so captured your heart and acted as the catalyst for your transformation.

When you read this letter, do me one favor and please ignore the black stains which decorate the margins. I've given myself a nasty papercut is all.

My dearest, darling sweet,

Take better care than I have!

The illness I mentioned in my previous letter is from terrible love

But also from terrible distance

xoxo

Oh, that doesn't feel sufficient

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