

"It's here!"

Ialthos, for his part, had been sleeping quite well. He was in the middle of a rather lovely dream about encountering a magical race of creatures that didn't involve any more work for him when he was awakened by Ferrux's cry.

Ah well. He blearily rubbed his eyes, looking around the warm, well-lit room (well, cave, really) that he shared with Ferrux, before slowly getting up and stumbling towards the door (and thus, his husband). "What's here?" He called.

"Box!"

Soon, Ferrux and the thing he was so excited about came into view. The box in question was a wooden packing crate, scarred, bent, mangled, and generally battered. And it was covered in stamps.

"Well it seems to have come from quite a long way away." Ialthos began to count the stamps, lost track, stopped, recounted, and finally gave up. "I'm not even sure there's anywhere that you need that many stamps to mail to..."

"Oh, it didn't come from a long way away at all," said Ferrux cheerily. "It came from... that room. There." He pointed to his study. "That was... well, before I met you... it must have been *years* ago. Fire and brimstone!" He exclaimed, scratching his chin. "Can't wait to catalogue it!"

Ialthos shook his head rapidly, trying to shake the cobwebs of sleep from his brain. "What? Wait. Okay. Back up. *You* sent this?"

"Yup!"

"...Years ago."

"Yeah!"

"And it's back here now?"

"Exactly!"

"...Why?"

Ferrux puffed out his chest. "That was the whole point! See, I wanted to find out how far the post could go. Look, here. See?" He pointed to the top of the box.

Ialthos drew closer, and sure enough, burnt into the wood:

*If you receive this box, please stamp it, and send it onwards to a new destination.*

*If you don't know any place that the box has not been, please mail it to*

*Ferrux The Dragon*

*The Mountain With The Big Hole Outside C'lain*

*You Know, That One.*

"...You know, I can't believe it actually got back to you. Kind of amazing. But I still have one question."

"Oh?" Ferrux asked.

"Yes," said Ialthos. He took a longer look at the package. "If you made this to test the mail system... couldn't you have just written a letter?"

“Ah! No, because... that is...” Ferrux seemed to deflate slightly. “I... could have couldn’t I?”

“Yes. Yes you could.”

Ferrux scratched his head for a moment, and then abruptly lalthos a tight, sudden hug. “...Sometimes I wonder what I’d do without you.”

“Well...” said lalthos, gasping for breath behind his smile, “Apparently, *that*.”