

Lir found himself picking up the mail one morning with a cup of coffee in one hand and a crumbly biscuit in the other. He was supposed to dip the biscuit into the coffee to “enhance the flavor” or whatever the packaging was on about, but he couldn’t be bothered.

He hadn’t seen Ronald in a while and was starting to worry about him. Of course, Ronald worked on top secret hush hush projects and didn’t really share any details, but Lir always got worried when Ronald was gone for longer than a week without checking in.

Lir finished his crumbly biscuit and fished the mail out of their slot. He usually just threw whatever was in the box onto an increasingly uncontrollable pile at the front of the door, but, lately, he leafed through it to check for a letter from Ronald, just in case the net towers weren’t repaired where he was.

That was what had happened last time. Lir spent a few weeks lazing about and Ronald’s only correspondence was a weekly delivery of food for the house and a letter stating that he was out on business and to not let anyone inside.

Lir never understood why Ronald felt the need to constantly mention that no one else was allowed inside. Lir was lazy, but not stupid. He really only needed to be told something once or twice if his standard of living was on the line.

The mail was mostly bills and random magazine subscriptions that Lir forgot to cancel. He was surprised they were still even going out. Had the companies not heard that the world ended? A lot of people in the world weren’t around anymore, something that he still had trouble wrapping his mind around.

Underneath it all, however, was a letter to Ronald. It came from the elders in Maasek. Uh oh.