

Dearest Babushka

I do not miss home. Back in the boreal forest of Krasnoseikup. But I write to you to tell you that I have been most successful in establishing a life. I miss you. Life with you was harsh and ruthless. We starved on bad days and froze on worse ones. Don't mistake me and think that I despised it. It was bearable as long as I had you to tell me stories by those frozen fires. It was bearable so long as you made rabbit stew and potato soup. I still miss your cooking. Everything you've taught me led me here. In America. Though, You will hate me for it. The only job I could find that would take me without a green card would be the United States Colonial Marines. Babushka they've promised free food, free training, citizenship, and even pay to boot. I will pay to get you out of Krasnoseikup and let you retire peacefully by the beaches like you always wanted.

It's been a long time since I've sent you a letter, the stakes have risen significantly between the United People's Republic and the States. I have no doubt that this piece of mail is going through countless customs offices to check for sensitive material. Don't worry about them though. I just want you to rest for me. You've done too much in your life and you deserve a better life than the one you live now.

I'm writing to you from my office. It is roughly the size of our wood hovel and comes with a heater, bed, desk and a monitor. Although it isn't much, I have it all to myself. I even have a personal bathroom. I suppose I should get on with it and apologize for not writing to you sooner. I know it's been a long six years since I've written to you but it can't be helped since they've had me in the necroid sector for the longest time. Fighting Insurgents, and not even my commander has had the time to message the ones he's loved. The Colonial Marines have a thing they call cryosleep. It's where you are put in a chamber of super cold stuff and it makes you fall asleep. Only to be woken up by an AI or another crew member. So what I guess I'm trying to say is that what felt like two years for me was really six years for you.

Despite that, I've been having the best time giving issues to insurgents and some weird serpentine creatures. Scientists from Weylan Yutani call them XX-121s, but that's beyond me. Thankfully, we are able to prevent them in most places. With the largest class I've encountered being a Class 2. Also known as a "Proto-Kliver". These missions give the adrenaline I've been looking for in work. Shooting game in Krasnoseikup was never enough of a rush. Here? I control men and women to eliminate the threats for me. Despite the danger, my responsibilities, and the late hours I work. I don't get paid enough to get you out of there. So mark my words. As soon as I can, through any means, I will get you out of there and pay for everything you need. You won't have to work anymore.

Your loving Vnuchka, Burnout