

Mother,

I am sure you have heard frightful news. Rest assured, your daughter remains in one piece, alongside her loving (and living) husband. In fact, all things considered, I am fortunate. I had imagined that my time supporting the unit's campaign would be relatively listless, involving a great deal of drudgery and poking at milky, low-quality opals for people who did not particularly want them.

How wrong I was! The demand for chronometry on this isle is remarkable, and far higher than I had anticipated. In the summer months, it is "day" or it is "evening", for there is no night, and the sun hardly dips. In the winter, it is "dark" at all hours likewise. As such, rare is the soldier in the camp who is not now clamoring for a timepiece.

A variety of gems sit beneath the ice here, including some splendid tourmalines. I have already received heavy commissions from the Commander and her officers for jeweled pieces to wear on the wrist. How I wish I could send you my work! They wind up like a dream, mother, and flash brilliantly in the dimmest light. The common soldiery ask for pieces as well, but soon enough, soon enough.

You must be fretting over military action; rest assured, neither I nor Rigoth have come to any danger. The worst I have suffered was a stern shock: When returning to my workshop after a morning's training, I was surprised, to say the least, to find a tall, horned bird perched upon one of my hourglasses, poking at a piece of quartz! It took off in a great flight, swooping past my head by a few inches. Probably some beast from the caverns that snuck in; thankfully, it wasn't aggressive.

The eyeglass has worked out, as you expected. The clarity is remarkable. Technology's come a long way there. Be safe in the mountainhomes! I worry terribly. The goblin war has chipped away so many settlements, I can't help but be concerned that it will eventually come to the home front... Which, after all, is the reason I took up this mission. I don't agree with everything the Commander says, but she's right about some things: Death comes. It's the goblins or us, and it's up to us to bring the fight to them before the mountainhomes are overwhelmed. I'm sure they're calling it a "desperate last move" back at home. From here, it just seems downright necessary.

Regardless, I'll be back before you know it, I bet you! And right on time, thanks to chronometry.

Love,  
Sigun

251 Common Era  
Camp Twilight Diamond