Hello, my name is Shamshir and I am very pleased to meet you; it has been such a long time since I heard another friendly voice! I have travelled widely, I have met humans without number and members of my own kind but never found a companion.

That damn naga made sure of that! I am alone but I have my books and my story to tell. I am content.

My banyan tree is my greatest friend and the universe calls out to me, it calls to me in ways it never has before, I feel I am on the cusp of great things; journeys, experiences, new friends and new family perhaps. Those like me that neither disgust nor terrify. I am content and I have hope for the first time since I left my friends; Alexander, Kalliades, and the rest behind in my stupid fear.

Terrible things have happened, yes, but wonderful things are soon to happen, I can feel it.

There once was a river.

There one was a rock.

The Rock fell into the river.

The river's course was blocked.

Did the river cry out?

Did the river wait?

Would the river forever,

That old rock hate?

I am shaken and discombobulated as I record what I know will be my last entry for a while...the statue sent anonymously (but not really) can only mean one thing. If only I'd hade a change to answer her note before I go....

“Come to Lùndùn” she said. “I miss you, you scamp!” How in the name of the infinite gods am I going to tell him when I see him again soon?

Wriiten in Haste,

Sham