

From the Chronicles of the people of the Karauno Desert, entry LVII

14th day of Ramsul in the year of the fallen stag

My beloved nephew,

I finally found something as a nice wedding gift for you and your wife. It was half-starved and I will have to nurture it back to health again but my painter tried nonetheless to capture its beauty. Raise this Yueko correctly and or family shall be the wadis' pride again.

May Areshk bless and keep you

In Love

Your uncle Suliman

Over and over I read the letter the falcon had brought me. A real Yueko. Here! Normally the Karauno Desert was too hot for creatures that were said to live in forests with plenty of water and berries and all kinds of green. My uncle was being ambitious again. I called my newlywed wife Faiza to my side and showed her the letter. One of those cute little shrieks, barely audible, escaped her lips until she clasped a hand before her mouth. "The poor thing", she said quietly. "It will suffer. The desert is not kind." Faiza's big brown eyes shone with sympathy. Suppressing a sigh, I drew her close to me and stroke her hair. "Relax, Shaymsa. I know it will be hard to raise the little moon. However we cannot send it back. My uncle would never forgive us." At that she said nothing and just nodded. My uncle was the Khan of our family and thus not overly interested in any individual. His world was divided into those with ambition and potential and those without. He supported the former but despised the latter. Whenever one of my cousins went lost, I suspected him. Nonetheless my uncle was an honest man.

True to his word the Yueko arrived in a healthy condition although it clearly did not like travelling. My wife instantly came to love the filly though and took to calling it Salis, which means fair maiden in our language. While she was busy tending to our newest household addition, my uncle took me inside to talk. "My dear nephew" he began, looking like a hawk would look upon a mouse, a stare that never bode well. "I have found a solution to your little problem." Ah yes. There it was. I did tell you about the habits my uncle has? Of course making a Yueko my wedding gift was a means to an end. "The powdered horn of a Yueko will give virility and it's blood will make barren lands fertile." He had no need to elaborate. I understood. I would be able to finally get children, but they would be indebted to him already. "Thank you uncle, I am very grateful." Later that day I told my wife and we began making plans. Plans that led me here, to the chamber of a filthy dwerish. he will open a door for Faiza and the Yueko Salis. He promised to bring them into safety. I believe they will be safe, for it is not my wife who failed. It is me. I always was me. My uncle always blamed the women I married, Faiza being the third, but in truth it is me who is impotent and the barren land. He will never know. However since I cannot flee with my little family, I must sacrifice myself. Sacrifice myself and be free.

20th day of Naeris in the year of the fallen stag.

Dohaeris of Karauno