



November 28<sup>th</sup>, 1934

Montgomery,

I don't know what happened to you, but you need to pull it together. Just trust the Mouth. They've got out best interests at heart. They sing Truth to us! All we have to do is listen. If you listen hard enough, you'll start to understand. If you're hearing its words, then it sounds like you've started to understand. You've just got try to harder, right?

But you're right when you say that we've got to get inside it. The Mouths sing Truth, but that Truth comes from inside, right? It comes from the Maw of the Mouth. It takes in the raw, rotten matter of the world and gullets it into something purer and richer and better. We're like nesting birds waiting for our Mother's vomit.

The day comes, though, when you need to spread your wings. Savitree doesn't see that. She's too busy trying to crawl back into her shell. And Trammel is too busy trying to rule his fucking nest to even see the tree he's sitting in. But I'm ready to fly.

I think I've located the Maw. I know where it is and I'm sending Sancho Dominguez to check it out. Now, you said you might be on the track of something amidst all those old Maltese legends? You said you might be able to find the key to open the Maw. If you've figured it out, then Dominguez is going to need it.

Come fly with me, Donovan. Cable whatever information you've got to Merida.

-J.B.