

## Stillness Papers #4

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*Letter from Ken Hito, dated six weeks ago*

My Dear Brother,

I must thank you for allowing Kay to stay with you. While I love my daughter very much, she is no longer a child, and I can no longer protect her from the seductive and dangerous world she seems so intent on exploring. I can only stand by as she spends night after wasted night searching until dawn for hollow thrills and empty, temporary highs. I can only watch, and it makes me sad.

Of course, Kay's life has never been easy. Even before her mother died, she suffered from a peculiar sensitivity that, in a different time and place, might have been a tremendous gift. Instead, it made her an outcast among the other children. Even strangers—even adults—could feel her strangeness and power and turn away from her. For Kay could often hear the thoughts of others and accidentally make her own thoughts heard—or felt. She is a wildfire, bright and hot but without direction.

I tell you these things not only to help you understand my daughter, but also as a warning. Some years ago, I took it upon myself to work with Kay, to subdue her wild talents and corral them into a forgotten corner of her mind. She is no longer the vortex of power and turmoil she once was, but be careful, brother. The chaos has not been removed from my daughter; it has merely been lulled to sleep.

But I grow dramatic in my old age! The important thing is that Kay is coming to stay with you, away from the corrupting influence of the city—and that pack of hoodlums she calls friends. She has expressed a sincere interest in learning of our family's history and heritage. I hope that you can help her in these studies.

Once again, I thank you for your generosity and kindness.

Humbly yours,

Ken