

Ky's words stab into Madame Lilla's heart, but she pretends to ignore his comment as she tucks Shio back into bed. She begins to feed Shio from the food tray.

"Ky, please check on Bea." Madame Lilla says over her shoulder. "And make an effort to be kind." Ky opens his mouth to protest, but instead, he silently shrinks out of the room.

Down the hall, Bea sits up in her bed, bandaged from her feet to her knees. She clutches her letter in her hands as she reads it over and over again. She told Shio that she would move on and forget the past, but how can she forget what she cannot even remember? Is she really from the city like Pekan implied earlier? If so, shouldn't she go there? Maybe she will find someone who can help her find her parents.

Ky steps furtively into the doorway. Bea sees him in her peripheral vision and quickly stuffs the letter into her satchel. He enters the room soberly, grabs a pitcher from a nearby shelf, and pours some water into a cup. Slowly, he hands the cup to Bea and sits on a stool beside her bed.

"Shio told me that you don't know who you are. Is that true?" he asks while staring at the nearby wall.

Bea takes a sip of water and nods her head.

"You should consider it a blessing in disguise."

"It's more like a black cloud over my head," Bea fires back. "To know that my parents left me . . ."

Ky now looks at Bea intently. "Do you really want to remember them then?"

The words shoot out of his mouth like an indictment. He eyes her as though she should feel guilty for wanting to recover her lost memories.

“And if you were happy together,” he continues, “Then it’s worse to still remember them and know that you can never get that happiness back.”

Ky pauses for a moment. It is not like him to get involved in other peoples’ personal affairs, but for some reason, he cannot help himself. He can see that Bea is fearful and emotional--two things he has tried hard *not* to be. She strikes a nerve in him and he does not like it. However, Madame Lilla has asked him to be nice, so he figures that he can at least soften his tone.

“I noticed that you were reading something when I came in,” he says. “What was it?”

Bea pulls the letter out of her satchel and hands it to Ky, hoping that he will be more sympathetic after reading it. Ky peruses the letter. He notices that it includes no names, which is strange even though it seems to have been written hastily. This leads him to believe that whoever wrote it did not know Bea very well, if they even wrote it to her at all.

“It was left to me by my parents . . .” says Bea as he reads.

Ky glances up doubtfully, but he can see that she is ardent in her belief.

Bea continues, “. . . and I have decided to search for them.”

“Don’t,” says Ky. He lays the letter beside Bea, his hand dropping heavily. “The writers of this letter probably saved your life when they left you.”

Bea begins to object, but Ky shakes his head at her. “This letter says they were chased by nebites. Do you know who they are? They’re the Gray soldiers you met in Ussion. They’re assassins.”