



# DARIUS HEMSLEY

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Friends,

It's been four years since I've seen any of you in person. I figured it was good time to put some truths to paper in case I ever disappear.

Look, there isn't really an easy way to say this but I've left a lot out of our conversations. Specifically, I've left out my home, St. Paxton. After graduation, I was pretty blue. You all know that my breakup was devastating and seeing you all leave, well, it was hard. I knew that I needed to dive into another project like I had with school. I wandered around Northview but honestly, the place had lost its luster for me...what is a place without friends?

I took out a small loan and rented a boat to take me to St. Paxton Island. Edward was right, the place was not great. Getting there was a journey in and of itself. You see, the Island seems to want to protect itself from intruders. The boat and crew that I had rented to take me there warned of the dangers but I wouldn't listen, I wanted to see this place for myself. We dealt with high swells, rain, the sea and the sky gave us every reason to turn back but I refused. As our boat got closer to the island the waves and wind drew back their assault. I thought that, at last, we had made some kind of headway...that our bad luck had come to an end but it was only just beginning.

**[The rest of the page is marked through and scribbled over, the words are not legible.]**