

Withering Mortals (**F**riends and family!),

As Sol races across the sky towards Capricorn, Lord Maragorath gazes contemptuously upon his subjects from the High Castle upon the twin volcanoes of Carthatrix and Garadoom. Look upon your gods and despair, for the fleeting breath of your life is barely better than that of a maggot compared to the grandeur of those above you. Behold the wonderment that your superiors have lived since our last orbit.

Hi! Susan here. Jeff and I couldn't decide who was going to write the letter this year, so we agreed to split it up by paragraph. This has been quite the year for the four of us. We've all grown and changed so much! Can't wait to tell you, but it's time to give up the keyboard again!

Time and man are no match for your Lord. On the field of battle, many foes have succumbed to the power of Maragorath. First arose, Robert McGrath to challenge my abilities. Robert only lived long enough to scream in the agony of defeat, raising his voice to the chorus of the defeated. Forthwith, I was set upon by William Sanders in a cataclysmic battle for the ages. While his attacks were blinding and fierce, he could not overcome my sheer power. Decimated, they ran from the battleground, never to be seen again.

Gosh, Jeff is really into this character of his. Let me just quick translate this for you. He finally got the promotion at work that he'd been waiting for. Yay Jeff! It's a nice raise and he gets to wear a nametag at work now. Essentially, Bob McGrath retired and Bill Sanders didn't want the extra workload, so Jeff is now Assistant to the Regional Manager! Let's find out what he has in store for us next!

The child, Princess Rebecca, has ascended the Last Circle of Training. She, with a beauty that will melt the eyes of any man looking at her, will soon claim what is rightfully hers. The gnashing of teeth and wailing of souls will herald a new day upon



the third orb. Princess Rebecca will usher in a new era of humanity. Peace be upon your soul as day breaks on this wicked land.

I had kind of suspected the Jeff was having some anxiety about Rebecca going off to college. Seems like he's worried about the boys. He could march around in his outfit and scare them off when she was in high school, but he's worried about his little princess being away. She is studying humanities, but is currently undecided on her major. We're so proud of her!

Thus sayeth Lord Maragorath. Bend your knee in subservience to your God. Sing songs of praise throughout the year and tremble when you hear my name.

I guess he's not going to talk about my year at all. In any case, I've had a pretty good year. The problem with becoming a notary got sorted out at the beginning of last year, so everything with the job is going just fine. I don't know what's up with this Lord Maragorath thing. I suppose, in the end, Jeff's probably just trying to bond with my family. I mean, you know how difficult meshing different families is. Speak of family dynamics, Mom and Dad are coming for a visit! It's taken just about all year to plan for it. Big events on the horizon. I'm sure you'll hear about it in the newspaper!



Jeff Bindle

LORD MARAGAROTH



Susan Bindle  
Third Eye of the Seventh Circle  
FleshForm of Lady Atraxia, Goddess  
of Despair  
Soul Fire of the Arch-Demon Azulrath  
Daughter of the Imperial  
Garganulous  
Notary Public, State of Illinois

