

My dear Rufus, Herbert, Richmond and Penelope,

I wanted to send you a small letter to let you know that I am well and safely back in New York. I am writing this letter at the Swane Steel stockholder meeting, which is a crushing bore. I am finding it increasingly hard to find the energy for such trivial matters after our adventures in London opened my eyes to the unknown and monstrous forces preying on this world. Part of me wants to cast Flesh Ward, jump on the stage and start shooting myself, just to get them to shut up and shake them from their complacency. But my departed husband's company has made me ridiculously rich and I love my money, so I suppose I shall have to endure the tedium.

I also wanted to tell you that dear Lothor is doing as well, given the horrible trauma he suffered. On arriving at the sanatorium I found him in a catatonic state because some idiot had placed some sunflowers in his room to cheer him up. I made sure that will never happen again; you all know how persuasive I can be! With the yellow removed he slowly started responding to his environment again. The sanatorium is very satisfactory, and Lothor has a very comfortable room with a view over the mountains. After a few days he was suitably recovered that we gave a small recital for the inmates - I'm sure you will all recall how Lothor's lovely baritone voice was a perfect accompaniment to mine. Only two of the inmates tried to take their lives during the recital, which according to the delightful Dr. Kuntz who runs the sanatorium, is a remarkably small number. I was able to get permission to take Lothor with me to the opera the following night, which did him the world of good. I don't think Lothor's mental strength will ever be strong enough to resume our harrowing task, but I believe that with time he will be able to resume a normal life. Sadly, the political situation is very uncertain in Germany at the moment. So long as some ultra-right wing political party who view people with mental disorders as subhuman doesn't take over the country then I have high hopes for poor Lothor. But surely that could never happen in the nation that produced Beethoven and Wagner?

I shall close by wishing you every success with the next step of the investigations in Egypt. I do hope to be in a position to join you again once my commitments in the US are dispatched. In the meantime, should you need anything then I am just a telegram away.

Rufus, take good care of yourself and don't overdo the research;
Richmond, perhaps consider using the Tommy gun as a Plan B occasionally;

Herbert, for goodness sake open your eyes man and see what is happening around you;

Penelope, don't get caught;

Your devoted friend,
Dolores Swane