14 Lovers’ Lane,

Athens,

Greece.

20th June, 1254AD

Dear Aunt Agonia,

You are my only hope; without your help, I am doomed to a life of everlasting misery and despair.

I am in love: hopelessly, passionately and desperately in love. I yearn for the gentle looks of my beloved. I ache for the feel of her arms around me. Without her, the sky is less blue, the wind is so cold, even polar bears are wearing parkas!

When I first saw her, I was totally entranced. I felt that I could dive into the intense blue of her eyes, and swim ecstatically in them for the rest of my life. Her glorious golden locks are as soft and silky as the cloth woven by the cleverest of silkworms and they glow like a particularly fine sunrise across a field of freshly ripened corn. Her lips – ah, how sweet, her lips – are like two rubies nestling on a cushion of peaches.

Alas, my love is promised to another – a thick, brutish lump of a man. Although I am as wealthy as he, and come from an equally prestigious family, her father refuses to break the bond he made when my heart’s darling was just a baby. Their engagement stands, and my heart breaks

I have asked my beloved to elope with me, and head through the woods to a small temple I know, where we can be wed. She has promised to meet me just before the city gates are closed.

Have I done the right thing? Should I try going to her father one more time? If we are caught, we will both be executed, and I would rather that my darling goddess marry and live, than die through my desperate actions.

Help me, please, dearest Aunt Agonia.

Lysander