



Hey Herz,

Oh man... I don't even know where to start. First off: I don't like writing, but this will be long. And you better take the time to read every damn word. Cost me a lot of nerves and brainpower to even put this together. But let's go: I'm simply tired... all the paperwork. At camp I'm always the mouth that complains, but also the hand that writes instead of acts. Maybe that helped some, but honestly? I've had enough. My jokes keep getting worse... and that, for me personally, is a serious warning sign. No wonder some people would rather shut me up forever. Some are even actively working on that right now. But hey, I'm used to it. No big deal, I keep functioning anyway. That's what a replaceable crew member does, right? But it's more than that.

Even the mushroom junkie hit the point in our talk. Tore a neat little hole in my ego, thanks for that... But Robin-Cone was right in one thing: The camp needs Heart. Not just metaphorically. It needs *you*, because here everything is falling apart like wet paper. Not because the others don't try – Niggo, Selina and the rest work their asses off – but the “Heart” is missing. And between us: sure, I'm cooler, but when even Cone says it – who never cared for your helper syndrome – then it must mean something. And you know what? He's right. Prigo needs you, not some shoot-happy, occasionally chained spare part. That just causes trouble... Now we're already being shot at by former friends and losing our shelters.

Lately, despite all the arguments and curses, I even had fun. But I hesitated far too long, and now I have to draw a line. Or others will do it for me.

Please don't think I find the right words. I don't. It feels like someone is taking my voice, cutting off my air – like you once described. And it's true: I lost control. Not just over camp. Over myself. Jannik and that bambi on the construction site recently... damn...

More and more I think of all the strangers showing up. My finger on the trigger, and then always this "No, don't shoot... might be the wrong one." It drives me mad. You know what it's like: a big target on your back, ready anytime – and then this dance of permissions. And if I do shoot one of the right ones while they fire at us again? Then it's personal. Bloody revenge, threats, the full Chernarus package. No thanks. How to describe it since you left?

Easy: chaotic. So chaotic it sometimes feels like I'm in a cage that's way too small, while the wolves are howling outside.

On top of that, I'm sick of writing stories nobody reads. I'm not part of something bigger – just a piece that believed for too long it mattered. Let others take over.

Underneath it all, there's nothing left here for me. I'm drained. And empty. I tried, for you. But I'm not built for this Samaritan thing – and we both know it.

Too often I think of Stary Sobor. The reason I left the Samaritans back then. Now it all repeats. Camp, déjà vu, only worse.

Worst are those silent bambis. No words, just stares. Sometimes I think they test us. Or bait us. And if you shoot one in the knee because they get cheeky, suddenly you're the villain, the monster. Either way, I don't want to endanger the camp anymore. There are people out there angry at me. Really angry. Guess I did hit someone... Now the camp's a target. Can't go on like this.

It's easy to say this is all my choice. And it is. Halfway. I need distance. From everything. From you. From me.

Trying to find rest. Like you did. Only more final. I thought long about it and decided: I'll probably go back to the other Chernarus. Where I already went after the Chicks mess. You remember... Maybe my old faction will take me back. Maybe even gladly.

Clearly Mighty Quinn would. He always said I was a "true killer," claimed he always knew. Maybe this time I even get the proper shooting lessons. They want a monster? They can have one. Plenty of people I'd love to put a bullet between the eyes right now... That training was promised by my mentor Antestor. And I think I'll take him up on it this time. He's smart enough to see my sudden return to my old faction – the 501st – as a key moment. He'll surely put in a good word with Rannulf too, to let me back in. I'm sure of it. The old northman just needs a little convincing.

Hell, I always knew how to make coffee. And I know how much that old warhorse enjoys it. Heard they had some incidents lately... So I guess it won't be a problem to get back in. And if not: Quinn can test his explosive bolts on me. At least then half his team won't blow up. Not everyone will be thrilled. Sgt. Krächz for example... But after what I live here, his endless cawing almost sounds pleasant. And at least he writes the boring reports, not me. That never was my thing anyway.

Regards also to Samuel, if you see him in Prigo. He always said it pulls him "home," and I think of him often these days. That thing with Chuck in Novo back then... I think he still owes me. Tell him to hurry up if he really wants to pay me back. He'll figure out where to find me.

I'll surely visit sometimes. You won't get rid of me that easily. Will take more than that.

New chapter, though. One that's just about me. You told me once: sometimes you have to look out for yourself. And now it's "me-time" for good old Sueda. Like you wrote in one of your reports: sometimes the solution lies in the beginning of a new section. Hope you had enough time in your self-chosen tower of isolation to find yourself again. Because camp will need you. More than ever.

Goodbye, Heart. Don't worry. I'll manage. Always did. Weed doesn't die.

— **371/BLAZE, over and out.**

Sueda Staneva

