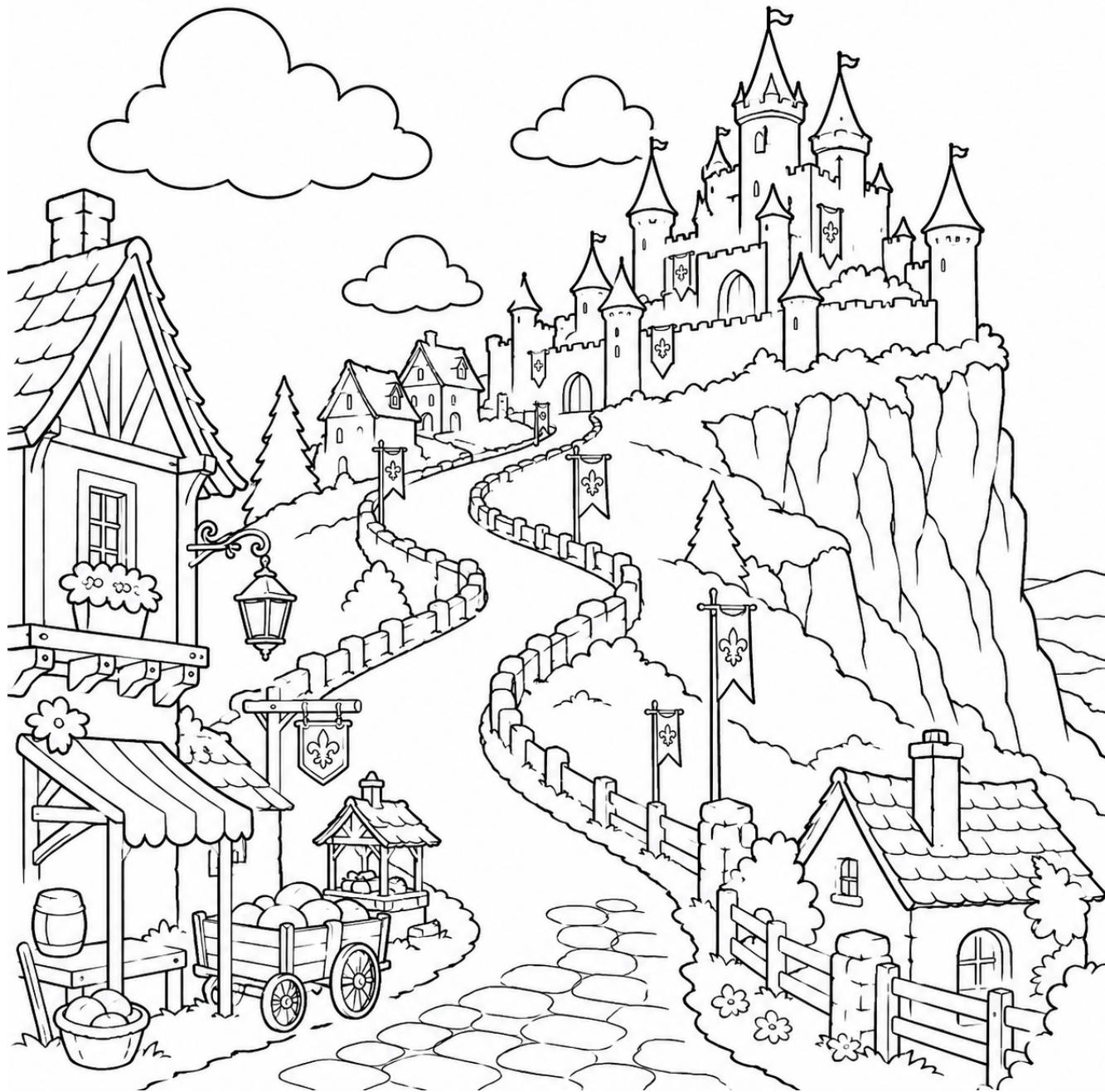
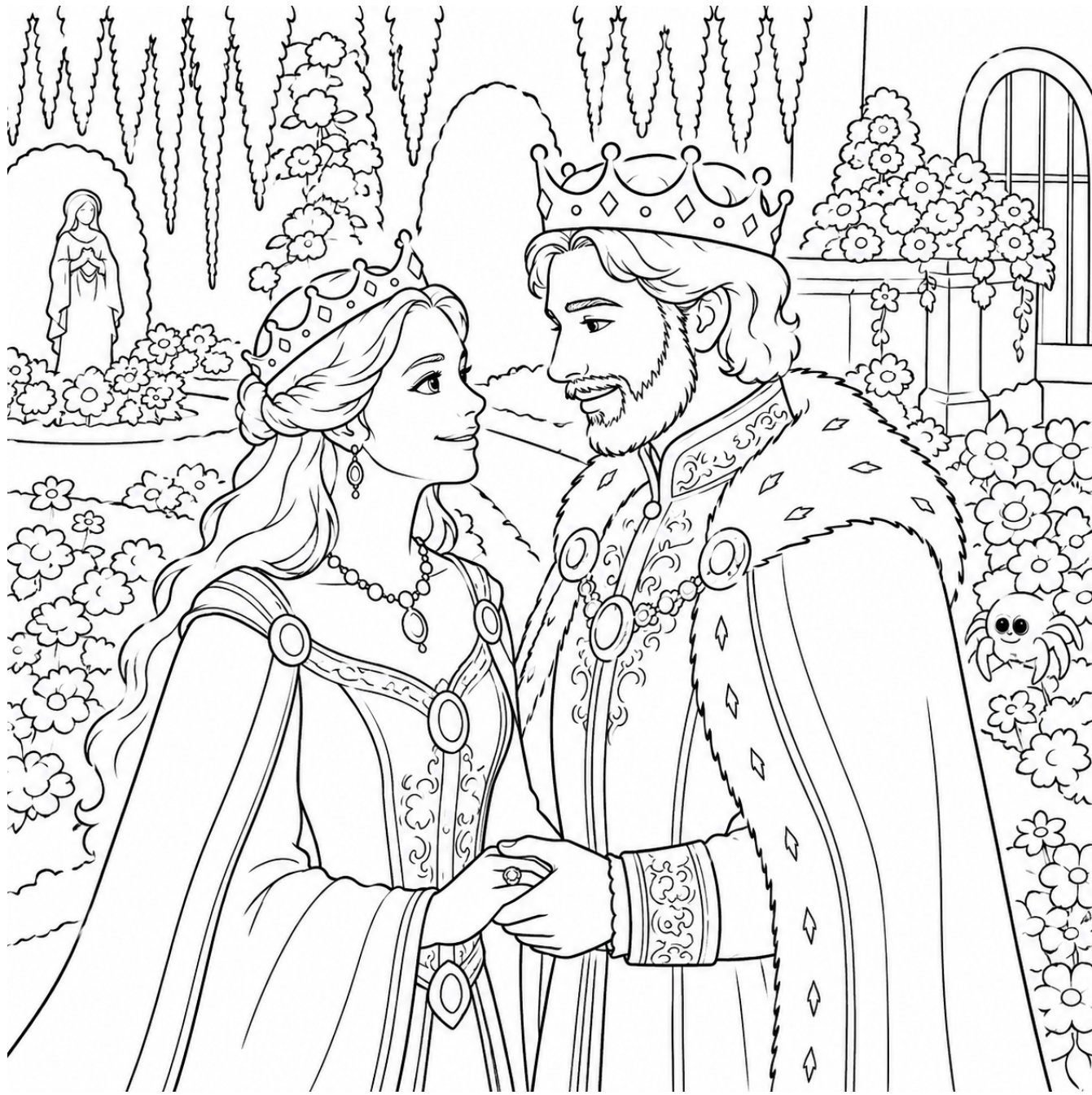






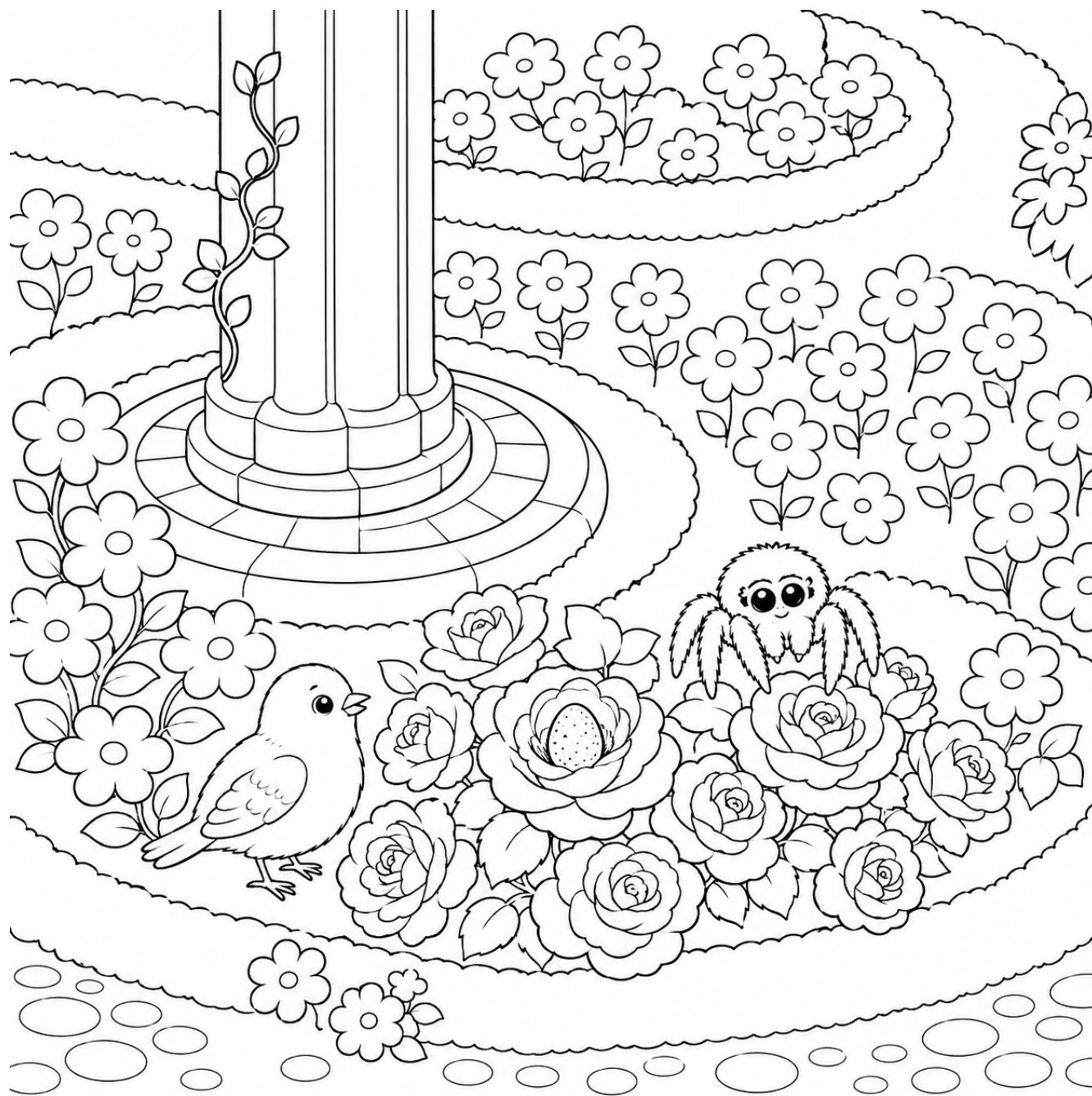


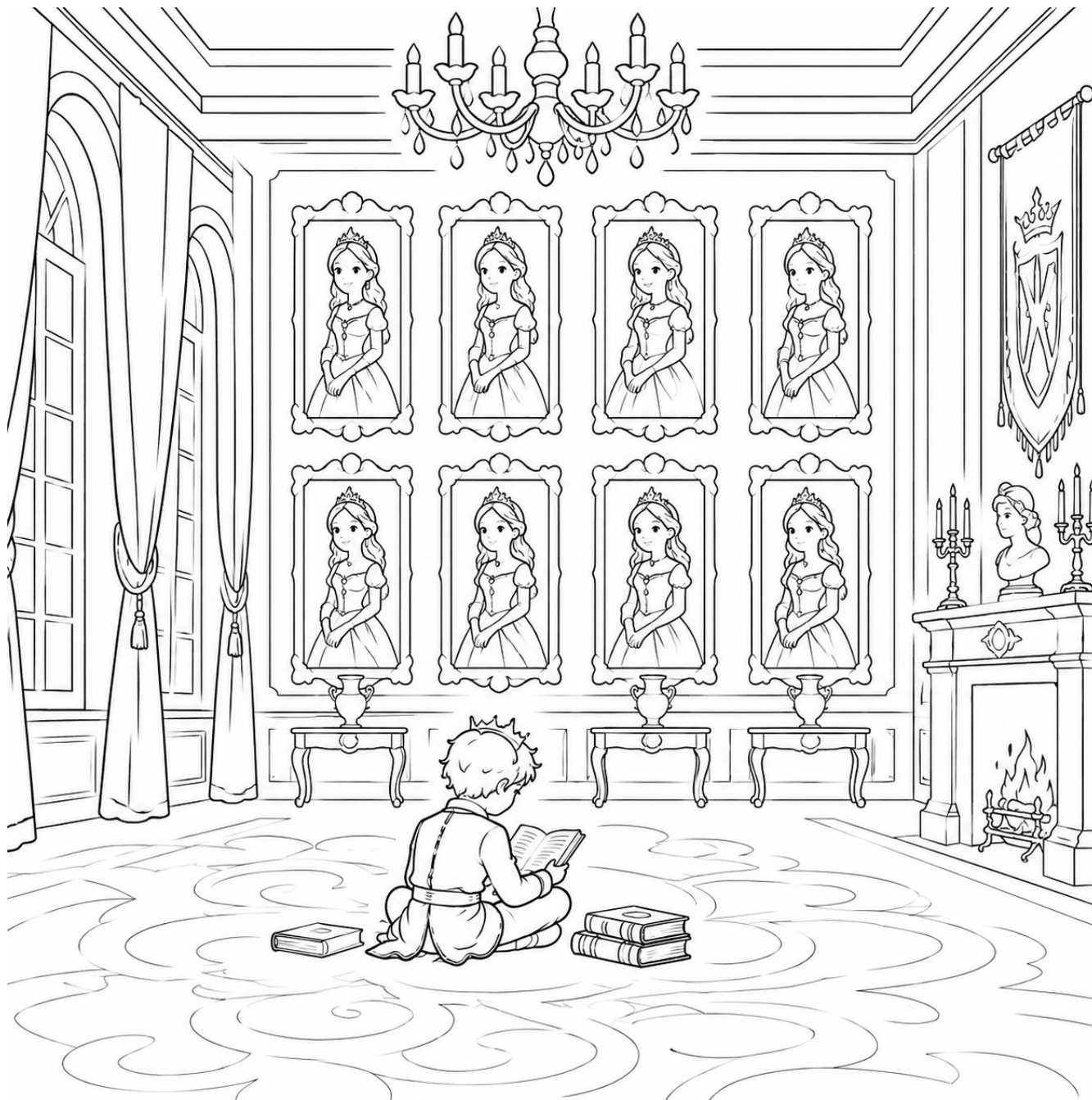












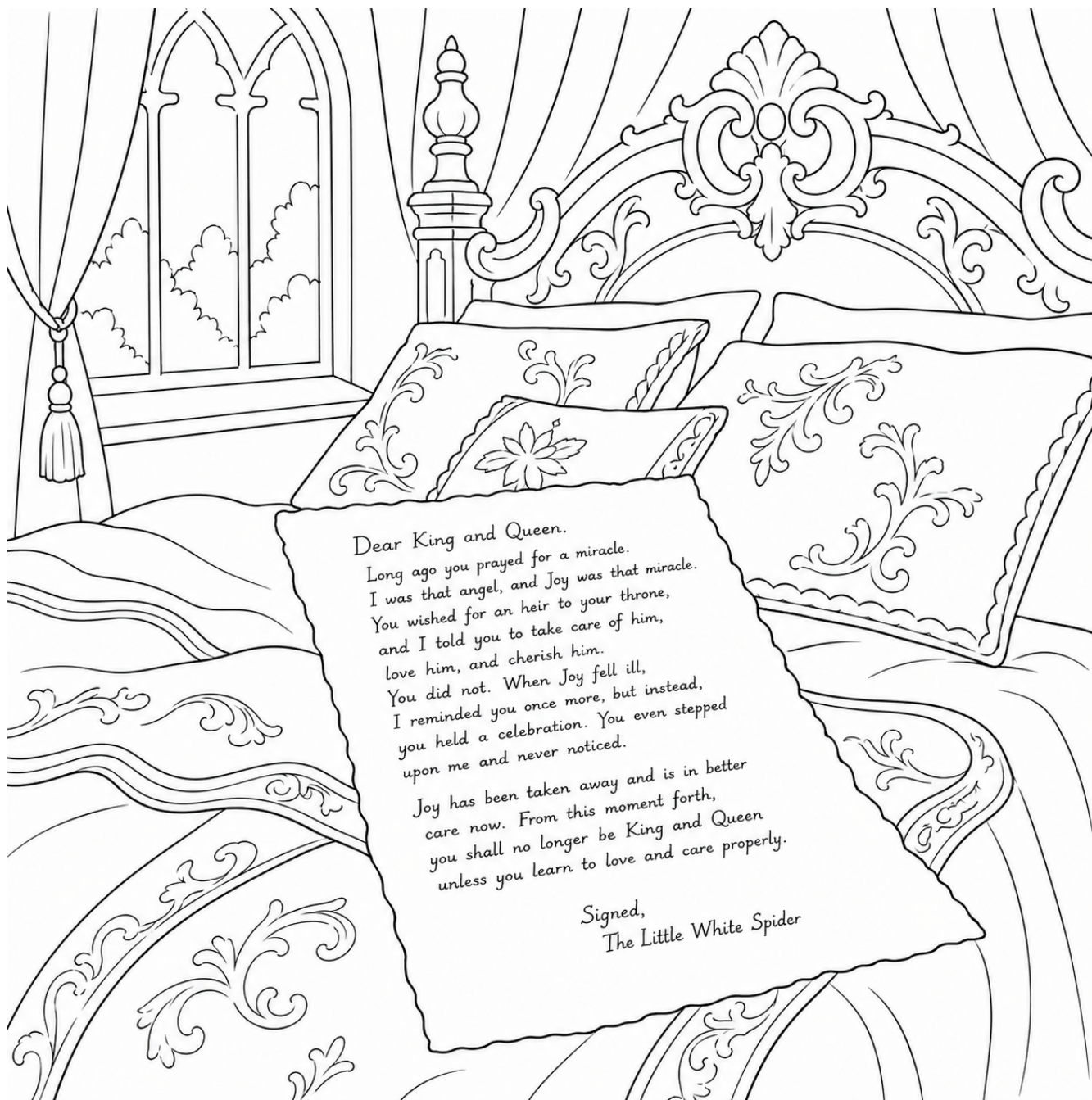












Dear King and Queen.

Long ago you prayed for a miracle.  
I was that angel, and Joy was that miracle.  
You wished for an heir to your throne,  
and I told you to take care of him,  
love him, and cherish him.  
You did not. When Joy fell ill,  
I reminded you once more, but instead,  
you held a celebration. You even stepped  
upon me and never noticed.

Joy has been taken away and is in better  
care now. From this moment forth,  
you shall no longer be King and Queen  
unless you learn to love and care properly.

Signed,  
The Little White Spider



