
From the Desk of Raveena Alouicious Valentine

To My One and Only Doc,

Being a father-figure isn't all it's cracked up to be, huh Doc? Well, being daughter-esque isn't all that great either. For what it's worth, I think we've done alright by each other! I wanted to say that because you have been a father-figure to me. And in proper daughter form, I never said "thank you" or "you're doing great" or "I appreciate all you've done for me." So, I'm saying it now.

We two, more than the others, were acutely aware of the path my life would follow. And now that path has ended, or you wouldn't be reading this letter. I sure do hope I went out in a blaze of glory. I mean, what's all this sacrifice been for if I don't get a dramatic death scene?!

Yes, I'm being callous. No, I'm not trying to be flippant. I don't know what I'm trying to be. I just don't want you to lose sight of your greater purpose. You are a Watcher now. I may be gone, but you are not. There are other slayers out there who could use your guidance. Don't ever lose sight of that, Doc.

I don't know what has happened to me, but I'm assuming I've died or something akin to that, anyway. Will you please be the one to contact my family? I've left letters for all of them in the basement of my parent's house. Momma knows where to look. Will you tell them I've done well as a slayer? Even if it isn't entirely true, I can't stand to think I would disappoint Momma more in death than I did in life.

I hope that I never disappointed you, Doc. Neither of us really knew what to expect from the other, so I figure high expectations weren't an issue. What did you expect from me? I knew how to be a slayer, but I wasn't sure how to lead. I never expected I'd have to, really. I was supposed to be a lone wolf. That's how Momma trained me. Then I stumbled upon the Scoobies and everything just fell into place. But I never felt like a leader in our group. Was that my worst quality as a slayer...or was it my best? Why am I asking this now? I guess because I never had the courage to bring it up before. I can stare down a demon, but ask my friends what they think of me? Never!

Just...just don't give up on the whole slayer scene. Keep Watching (is that a verb? I mean, I know it's a real word. But is what Watchers do called Watching?). Keep fighting. Keep loving. Keep teaching. And it'd be great if you could manage to stay alive during all this "keeping," too!

With affection,

From the Desk of Raveena Alouicious Valentine

Stefan,

We haven't known each other long, so you might be surprised to get this letter from me. I always try to keep up with those who are dear to me. Keep up in the sense that I add them to my letter list. And well, you made my list!

I know I didn't exactly welcome you into the fold when you arrived in McKennit. Truth be told, I was threatened a little by your combat abilities. Of course, they aren't any better than mine! 8-) But they are pretty spiffy. I guess I thought my place in the Scoobies was attributed to my fighting skills alone. I know in my heart that isn't true. Y'all love me as much as I love you! Man, I'm about to gag on my own sophomoric b.s.

So, you know that being a slayer means I had some demon bits in me, too. Having evil bits doesn't make you evil. You have to have the evil kibbles, too. And we don't. A man is more than a sum of his parts. Who said that? Anyway, it's true. You are a good man, Stefan. Don't let the evil bits breed kibbles in you. For some reason, I'm getting hungry while I write this.

I hope you plan to stick around town. The gang, now minus one slayer, needs to pick up a strong fighter. Since you're already here and most people think we're strange, you're the best candidate! Please stay with the Scoobies. You will be invaluable to them.

I hereby bequeath to you, Stefan de Regnier, my patrol areas. Enjoy them while you last.

Fondness,

From the Desk of Raveena Alouicious Valentine

Glorious Gabe,

Okay, you can stop laughing at my middle name, now. I got this letterhead for Christmas one year. I think I was twelve. Anyway, Momma thought it was wonderful since I was partially named for her father. I can't find anything else appropriate to write on, so there you have it.

What is appropriate letterhead for this kind of letter? Is this even an appropriate letter to write? We both know I could give a crow's foot about either or these questions. But it does make me think...am I making it worse for y'all? Or am I helping you deal with my passing in some way? I know I'm gone. That's why you're reading this letter.

Magic is a heavy load to bear. I know this because the women in my family have been touched by these gifts for many years. We've treated your gifts with disregard at times, asking you to pop a spell or snap an incantation. We shouldn't have treated magic so slightly. In doing so, we discouraged you from showing proper respect for your gifts. For that, I apologize. I came to lean on your talents when I lost confidence in my own. That is not true friendship. You deserve better than that.

So, do right by your self, Gabe! Learn the craft (and its consequences) in the context of a coven, like CG. *sigh* Listen to me go on and on. I always write these letters to be sweet, and here I end up preaching from the grave like some whiney vampire. *gasp* Please tell me I didn't die because I was making eyes at Harrison and let some vamp get the better of me!

What I'm trying to say is – you have a great gift and the raw talent to wield it. You truly do have more talent than I have ever seen. The gift is strong with you (use the force, Luke!). I wish you could meet Momma. She would love to talk with you about her experiences and boss you around. I wish she could meet all of you. I guess she still can. If you have some sort of service for me, will you invite her and Daddy? I think they will come.

Be good and fair and patient. And don't stop taking chances on love! Rachel's just head strong. Believe me! I know/am the type. And she's maybe a little intimidated by your gift (Ew! Don't go there. Crap. I just did.).

Long live the Scoobies! The rest of you, anyway.

With admiration,

From the Desk of Raveena Alouicious Valentine

Dearest Chase,

I know this is hard for you to read. I mean, I know why you are reading it. You're reading this because something has happened to me. And in all likelihood, we will never see each other again. I can only hope that my departure, be it death or coma, or who-knows-what, was quick.

It doesn't matter though. Momma always said the hardest part of dying is not experienced by the deceased. The hardest part is being the ones left on Earth. And if you're reading this, then you are among the blessed because you are still on Earth.

I got into the habit of writing notes for loved ones a long time ago. I knew being a slayer would likely end in an early death. As you can imagine, the first note I wrote (at age 9) didn't make much sense. It was mostly based on my fantasy of what it would be like to get called as a slayer. Big shock...my note writing hasn't changed much over time.

My message to you is – thank you for being my friend. I haven't had many of those that I could hold close to my heart. And none that knew my secret about being a chosen one. If I am at all a lady, it is because I watched you and tried to emulate your style. If I am at all a hero, it is because I learned that reserve is often a better strategy than combat (nudge, nudge – you taught me that!).

Don't feel sadness for me, Chase. I knew fighting the good fight (is that what we were doing?) would eventually end – as all fights do. And I always imagined I'd go down fighting or at least with bravery. I never hoped to go with grace! [Note: If I was hit by a Mack truck or died doing something stupid, please disregard this self-adoration!]

You are the strongest of the Scoobies, emotionally. If something bad has happened to me, then you are going to need to hold the group together. The baddies don't stop being bad because some slayer bit the dust (bad joke, I know). Keeping fighting the good fight, Chase. It is the best and only way to keep my in your memory.

With great fondness,

From the Desk of Raveena Alouicious Valentine

Gentle Geoff,

The last thing I needed in this world was another brother. Geez! I grew up with enough teasing to last me a lifetime! Naw, I'm just joshing. It's great to have someone in McKennit who thinks of me as kin.

I've never admitted how much I admire your medical skills. Being a doctor is a divine calling, I think – much like being a slayer. Whether we like it or not, we get called to duty when the need is present, which rarely coincides with our personal schedules.

~~I am so happy to know that you and Chase found each other. I know I tease you a lot about your romance, but I have high hopes for being an Auntie Raveena one day!~~

If you're reading this, it means you have lost me. I knew my time would come, sooner than most. ~~But you still have Chase. And she is what will truly make you happy.~~

Save some lives for me!

With care,

Change → Geoff, don't give up on Chase! If there's one thing I've learned being a slayer, it's that you can't lose hope or lose heart. She just needs time to realize that marriage isn't a curse. And that having you in her life is a rare blessing. Stay good and take care of yourself. You start by eating a decent meal once in while! And maybe try sleeping somewhere besides your desk.

From the Desk of Raveena Alouicious Valentine

Harrison,

I'm not sure you will ever read this letter. We are only at the heavy flirting stage right now. But I have a gut feeling we are going to progress beyond this stage. How do I know this? Maybe it's the butterflies you give me. ~~Or maybe it's because I think you could really kick my ass if you tried.~~ Just in case we do get cozy, I'd better start your letter.

~~You should know that you aren't my first real boyfriend.~~ The gang has probably spilled the news that I had a boyfriend last year. He didn't adjust well to my fighting demons generally killing things. Luckily, that won't be an issue for you – you being a demon and well, already dead.

What am I thinking? I'm never going to hook up with this guy! Strange things I've seen and known, I just don't think I could fall for a dead demon who, btw, works for the dark side!

Fighting with you has been a unique experience. It's the first time I've felt combat rage and romantic shivers at the same time. I'm not sure it enhanced my fighting, but it did make me hypersensitive to my surroundings. ~~And the way you look at me. I just know icebergs in the North Pole are melting.~~

I don't know if we ever

Be sure to add → Well, you've done it now! You've completely stolen my heart. At least it can't be staked now. I'm finding the down-side to falling for a fighting partner is that I'm thrown off my game. I can't concentrate when we are in combat together. I guess that's the price for being able to completely focus at other, more quiet and more intimate times. If you're reading this, then I'm gone. I don't want to be gone, Harrison. I don't want