Dear Caenis,

You deserve to hear these words.

The world still marvels at you, but for reasons that would kindle your soul. How degrading it felt to be reduced to a superficial quality; to be admired for something you neither sought nor had any control over. Such a life never appealed to you—having your worth determined by appearances alone. You saw the truth behind the mask of admiration, the hollow ilk of it all. You observed the fate of so many women around you; their industrious characters and profound depth discarded as though they were nothing more than empty vessels. Marriage and its implications often reduced them to mere ornaments. You saw strong, intelligent women driven to despair; their inner light smothered by a society that valued them only for their outer shell. You saw souls reduced to conception opportunities. How could such a fate ever entice you?

It didn’t. It never did.

Know this: no matter how heavy the burden placed upon you by others, it was never your integrity that faltered. Their actions might have sought to dim your fire, but each attempt only offered you a new chance to transform, rising above their narrow understanding of your worth. Each instance of their cruelty was an opportunity to transcend, to grow stronger. They could never contain your spirit, no matter how hard they tried.

Caenis, I know you feel lost. Perhaps empty. Maybe you can’t even put into words what’s missing. You are fluid, ever-changing, as unstoppable as the seas that embraced the shores that night. You are a symbol of courage, resilience, and strength. You would command awe in any form you took, for your legacy cannot be confined by shape or title. Yet, how much dismay you endured, suffering at the whims of others who sought to possess or control you, cursed by beauty they did not care to understand.

You bore the weight of shame that was never yours to carry. It was misplaced, thrown upon you because others could not control their depravity. And in desperation, at the mercy of Neptune himself, you belted out. You didn’t plead to be more or even to be less. You simply begged not to be this. Not to be trapped in this cursed body, knowing all too well the suffering that came with it. You had seen and felt the depths of Tartarus in each grain of sand beneath you; cold and consuming like the underworld itself.

But your cries were heard this time, of course only after Neptune had satisfied himself. And unlike so many others, whose pleas ended in transformation into lesser forms—vermin, beasts, or silent victims of divine cruelty—you were granted a form that reflected your indomitable spirit. Neptune, in his twisted mercy, granted your wish. No longer were you to be a woman, vulnerable to the whims of others. Instead, you became invincible. Impenetrable. No sword could pierce your skin, no force could bend your will.

You rose from the shores, transformed into a figure of power and defiance. No longer would you be at the mercy of men who sought to exploit or harm you. You were untouchable, a living testament to resilience and unyielding strength.

Becoming impenetrable does not erase the pain of having been wounded in the first place. It does not undo the injustices you suffered or the cruel truths you witnessed, but you are not defined by what was done to you. You are defined by how you rose above it; defined by the courage and passion it took to demand and desire a life beyond what the world offered you.

Your story is not one of submission but of defiance. You refused to accept the role that others tried to force upon you. You refused to let their narrow views and cruel actions define your worth. Instead, you carved out your own path, no matter how difficult or unconventional it may have seemed. You chose transformation over despair, strength over victimhood; in doing so, you became more than they could ever digest; more than they could ever be.

Caenis, let this letter serve as a reminder of your power. You are more than the sum of your pain; you are more than the exterior others see when they gaze upon you. Your worth is not tied to their admiration or their desire. It is rooted in your unrelenting spirit, and its fiery passion that no amount of callous could extinguish.

Yes, the world still marvels at you. But let them marvel for the right reasons. Let them see the strength that defines you, the resilience that carried you through the darkest moments. Let them understand that you are not a symbol of beauty but of defiance, not a passive figure but an active force of nature. Free as a bird. You, Caenis, are of the essence of gold; never to tarnish or fade, retaining its brilliance even under the harshest conditions. In many ways, this mirrors your spirit—unyielding and impervious to the trials inflicted by others; no matter how the world may try to repress you, your legacy that will endure.

Gold, beautiful and rare; revered, gold is source of envy and desire among gods and mortal, and immortals, alike. Similarly, your radiance—your very crux—was both admired and burdened by the desires it stirred in others. But just as gold’s true worth lies in its enduring nature, rather than its surface shine, your value transcends the superficial qualities others fixated on. It is your inner strength, your unrelenting fire, that defines you.

Hold onto this truth, Caenis. The waves that once seemed to consume you now reflect your power. The sands that once felt like chains are now the foundation beneath your feet. You are impenetrable, not just in body but in mind. No force can reduce you. As long as you hold onto that, no one can threaten nor corrupt your moral sense.

Nature has indeed revealed to you its darkest sides—chaos and destruction driven by unchecked, animalistic desires, devoid of morality. Yet, you reflected back reason. For this, you were granted power above other men, a testament to your steadfast mental strength, which stands as formidable as your exterior.

Your will vanquished appearances; unbound by the forms of man or woman, your will outlined instead by the fortitude of your soul. Such reverence could not be contained within the limits of a typical human form. Your deepest desire, rooted in keeping the world at bay, could only be matched by the physical integrity to enforce it.

You have surpassed the limitations imposed by those around you. You have become a force unto yourself, not characterized by what the world saw, per se, but by who you chose to become. In this revolution, you have proven that no matter the obstacles, no matter the malice of others, you can rise, again and again, to become something even more extraordinary. The world may never fully comprehend the depths of your strength, but that is not what matters. What matters is that you know your worth, and you carry that with you always.

With admiration and respect,

A Voice from the Present

Caeneus