Dear Pilgrims of the Flying Temple

My deepest apologies for this letter, but our need is great. I am Yotta, assistant to the Great Sages of Juku, may the sun grace them always. Our desert world is home to many fierce tribes, who make their homes in the vast sandy wastes that cover our planet.

The Great Sages have long observed the sweep of the planets through the sky. We are always near the water planet of Ishita; indeed, this is whence comes our rare rain. Our worlds grow closer and farther apart as the gravities of other worlds exert their influence.

Recently Ishita’s orbit is disturbed by the massive world Rova. The Great Sages, their words uplift us all, calculate Rova will pull Ishita into us on its next pass. Ishita’s coming will be a deluge as we have never known, to say nothing of the Phloerals who live on Ishita. However, the Great Sages, whose wisdom sparkles like the sands, say the orbits are the Will of Nature. They command us not to interfere. They seek to teach us the meaning and power of acceptance.

I write this letter against their wishes. We do not know where to turn. Even if it were allowed, we have no means to shift an entire planet from its course. Our way of life faces an utter upheaval that I cannot bring myself to accept. Please, we need your help.

Yotta, assistant to the Great Sages