July 13, 2024

My dearest children, I write this journal for you as a means to know what your mother and I have learned over the course of our lives, and yours. You three are so, so very special. Each of you carrying part of us within you, to some degree or another. We love you three with all our hearts, and every day you're in our lives, is a day worth having.

You were born on April 9th, 2024. The anniversary of when Gabriella and I met, which is a small detail that makes your birth all the more special to us. I still remember the time of your birth vividly… it was so late at night… your mother was in so much pain…
We had arrived at Nana's house about 2 days prior. Gabriella had felt the time was getting close, she'd started feeling pains and discomfort, which told her it was time to make the trip. She'd planned on giving birth to you three at Nana's home since the very beginning. Nana was and is to be your nest mother. Your unbiased teacher and parental figure once you're older – a tradition we're carrying from the time of the Versi tribe. She will teach you three well in all the ways she can, and any areas she can't, I'll be there to help.

So, we'd arrived by carriage, Plume and Muirne leading us all to our home with our guardians waiting for us. Nana sacrificed her sewing room to give Gabriella and I a private space to rest, and for Gabriella to recover. Arnor helped us bring out luggage in. An entire carriage full of baby supplies and clothes made by yours truly, as well as everything we felt we would need with us.

We were there for nearly three days until the fateful night. The night you three chose to bless our star with your presence. It was nearing midnight on the 8th that Gabriella's water had officially broken, where we had to bring her to the stone tub. The bottom of the tub was filled with warm water, and it was a big rush to gather the towels, and diapers and tools we'd need for the birth. Gabriella was in so much pain… screaming, crying… I'm surprised her grip didn't crack the side of the tub… It was around 1am on April 9th that the first of you, my dear son, Damir, was born.

You were surprisingly quiet, my son. Barely a sound out of you as you were pulled from the tub, Nana handing you to me, before she took the scissors to snip your umbilical cord. It took everything in me to not cry seeing you for the first time. You had such thin, dark hair atop your head, your eyes glowing bright red like mine, you scales white like your mothers. You hadn't grown horns yet, and we're still waiting to see how they grow. You were so small in my arms, and you didn't start crying until I had cleaned the mess from you, wrapped you tightly in your blanket, and set you into your tiny little basket. I had to hurry… as much as I wanted to spend every last second with you, your first sister was making her way into the world.

Mina, my sweetheart, you were the second one born into our world, my beautiful little baby girl. You cried as soon as the air reached your lungs, loud enough to almost drown out your mother's pain. You were so warm when I held you in my arms. Just like your brother, I held you as Nana snipped your umbilical, and I got the chance to cradle you against my chest for the very first time. My daughter, you had the thinnest, reddest hair on your head, your eyes red like mine and Damir's,

only… dimmer. The glow not as prominent as ours. Your scales were black as mine, tail forked and long. Gods, you were thin as well, weighing so little. As I held you against my chest, feeling you breathe and slowly calm, your mother began to scream louder, and Nana demanded I hurry and get you settled, as complications were arising with your sister. I had to quickly wipe you down, wrap you up and set you in your basket as I was ordered to help bring Kiara into our world. Arnor spent some time with you and Damir as we worked to bring the final baby out.

Kiara, our beautiful little pup. Your arrival was not as easy as we would have expected. I never got the details, however Nana had to hurry to get you out. Gabriella was growing weaker and weaker, her voice hoarse and quiet as she tried her best to let you out… I swear, the woman looked as though she was preparing to shake hands with death. I made her promise, do you know that? I needed her to stay with me in this world, to help me raise you three.

Nana asked for a scalpel, fear and urgency in her voice. I had to hurry, handing her every tool she needed, as she cut you from your mother. Kiara, you were silent when you came into this world… silent and still. I didn't realize it, between watching Gabriella, the pressure of handling Damir and Mina, and everything going on…
You'd died…
And yet, Mere moments later, you drew breath. It was the scariest moment of my life, watching as you gained strength, the strength from your mother leaving rapidly. Gabriella lay slumped in the tub, her blood and everything else staining the water around her. Nana held you, my daughter, before getting me to cut your cord, then handing you over to me to clean and wrap. To hear your silent cooing and whimpers, it made my heart skip beats. After cleaning you off, wrapping you in your blanket, your mother, through all her weakness, managed to give me the necklace she'd been wearing for nearly a year.

She bade me wrap it around you, and it wasn't until much later that I'd learn what that necklace was for. The glowing white stone of the necklace was something your grandmother had worn, something your mother had collected in the summer before your birth, and something she'd worn for a long time. She needed you to have it, and as I've learned, it is important for you and your future. I did as I was told that necklace wrapped around you as you were swaddled in your soft blanket and set into your basket. Gabriella had lost a lot of blood, barely enough energy to speak. Nana needed me to help tend to her, so from there, I needed Arnor to take you three from the bathroom, out into the living room where they looked after you.

Nana had cut Gabriella open inside to be able to remove Kiara. As such, your mother needed to be stitched back together. We used my blood to help heal your mother. My vampiric blood has healing properties, and while dangerous at high doses, just dipping the needle into a small bowl helped just enough that Gabriella was able to survive. She kept her promise to us, and she has been with us ever since. It took her weeks, if not months to heal from the wounds, and we have spent every day feeding, learning about you, and watching you all grow.

As your mother healed, I found us a piece of land about one hours walk from Nana's home. A little clearing along the edge of the lake. This was where I built us your first home, our cottage hidden away from the world. I spent months building the cottage, creating our own private, quiet space away from the world, for you three to grow safely, near where Nana and Arnor can see and raise you.

As of right now, you’re three months old. And every day we get with you is another gift.

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