

To Our Newest Teacher,

I regret to begin without preamble on such serious issues as these when writing to someone for whom I hold such high regard, but it seems I must. It is time for us to evaluate our newest faculty members, and you are a particularly troubling case.

You've been accused of provoking, harassing, and corrupting some of our students. We take such accusations seriously; our fine institution has been under threat from such feminine presence before, and ever since we have made sure to keep a firm watch on those of the softer sex we deem suited to enter our refined halls.

We favor expulsion and banning of such teachers, before they can ruin the innocent youths of our institution. The children should be our priority, after all.

In your case, however, I have decided to make an exception. I believe you can do well for yourself here, if you can somehow restrain your feminine wiles.

As such, I am summoning you to the school for this upcoming winter break.

I imagine this may even be a kindness for you, considering your poverty and lack of family. You will remain here for the duration of the break, to oversee the grounds. There will only be a modest number of students remaining here. Most other teachers prefer to go home and visit their families during such a time, but you, of course, remain husbandless and have no other obligations.

Please take some time to think on your relationship to the faculty, the students, the school, and to me. I understand that you are a woman and therefore by nature a curious creature, and perhaps to defeat your own urges you must indulge them to some extent. So please, wander the grounds as if they were your own estate.

But consider how else you might restrain yourself—namely, through the kindness of a good husband. I do believe that all that stands between you and great success here at Wolfmoor might be your bare ring finger. And if I may be so bold, I am in a position to help you with this, after the passing of my poor wife in this yesteryear. If it would help someone as beautiful and full of potential as you, I would be happy to grant my assistance. But you must be sure you know your will.

You will find the keys to the school contained in this letter. My study is the only place that is off-limits; the rest of the school is yours to explore. Perhaps a thorough exploration of the grounds will clarify things for you.

I will be away when you are due to arrive at the school, but I hope to return to find you ready to overcome your personal defects, to conform to the high standards of our institution, and to accede to my kind offer.

Take solace and guidance from our school motto: Imperium in bestia et ceterorum domantur. I have included a crest of our school, both to symbolize the authority and trust I have placed in you, and to allow you to easily look down at it and remind yourself of those words. Trust in the crest.

Yours respectfully,

"Bluebeard"

Headmaster of Wolfmoor

P.S. I deeply appreciate your gifts and gestures of kindness after the death of my last wife; they show to me a kind soul, one I would care to help. Sometimes, the feminine mind can be quite charming. But while my heart may be yours for the taking, again I reiterate, do not enter my private study.