

15 November 2030
Montpellier, Occitania

Dear Fallon,

I hope this finds you well. I've been waiting impatiently for news from the New States. The situation must be so messy over there, and it's so poorly covered by the media here.

Life goes by rather smoothly in the South. Had a funny dream about a car trip in southern Italy with my sister & friends. Woke up to find Lucas baking croissants and pain au chocolat and brewing this week's beer (chestnut flavour !) with Theo. Nice. Spent last night at the lab, talking to a girl visiting from the West Coast, apparently the student movements are really well-organized and into action over there.. Would be cool to check it out in person. Maybe once we have a few donkeys to spare we could send a couple of people up north. I long to go back to Britland and see how people are doing in the lake-swamps nowadays. To think how hard it was for me to quit planes 10 years ago, and now we ditched not only cars but trains and buses. The fAIr collective at the Bib keeps growing, we have new twinnings with Mantova and Moncalvo, looks really promising. One of the guys from Moncalvo just came back from Rojava. It took him 2 months to get back, but I guess it was worth it.

I have to get some empty jars to Claire, back at the house - we made pear jam last night with a couple kilos we salvaged from the farmers' market. The hens are going to love the scraps. They were our first animal friends (not counting Dany's cats and Yuri's dog), we bought them collectively back in 2020, when the town government started sponsoring up to 4 hens per household, in the middle of the damned covid pandemic. We're throwing a big party for our 10 years of poultry haha, I'll send you pictures next time! Gosh, what strange times those of the lockdowns, I was felt so lucky to squat in such a big place, it wasn't as claustrophobic amongst the fields and the vines. All the incertitude of those years though, what with the global health crisis, the economic recession, the political upheavals... and we weren't sure how long it would last for us here before the owners managed to kick us out and sell the place. We were living day by day, the hens were already sort of a brave move. An act of faith and hope. And here we are today! We're still here, and there's more and more like us. Many other young people were coming to the same conclusions: the extractive/techno/disaster capitalist regime we were living under would not be our future. The pandemic was the last drop we could take.

But I always get caught up in the past. We are moving forward. Must be this 10-year anniversary bringing back too many memories. You and I also met at that time, over Zoom... o tempora o mores !

Sending you a big hug. And don't forget to send me pictures of your little girl -

*Love
Tehanu*