

Letmas' water breathing ritual.

Before the ritual, constables and infiltrators hold hands in a circle, and close their eyes.

Your eyes feel heavy, your breathing calm. You find yourself relaxing, slumping in your chair. The darkness of your eyelids dissolves away, revealing a bright blue sky. The light of the sun warms your skin. You look around, finding yourself on a long, wide beach. It is deserted, your only company is the waves that gently lap the shore's edge. You feel compelled to slowly walk towards the water.

As you approach the water, you can feel the mist from the ocean on your skin. You walk closer to the waves, and feel the sand becoming wet and firm....

A wave washes over the sand toward you.... and touches your toes before receding...

As you step forward, more waves wash over your feet... you feel the cool water provide relief from the heat....

You walk further into the clear, clean water.... you can see the white sand under the water.... the water is a pleasant, relaxing temperature.... providing relief from the hot sun... cool but not cold....

You continue walking into the depths. You slowly slide onto your back, and begin to float, absorbing the sun's beams like a sponge..... You enjoy the ocean for a few minutes..... Your relaxation deepens.... You feel more and more relaxed... breathing a sigh, you find yourself beginning to sink. You are unphased as your body submerges itself below the water's edge. Your body feels cool, as the gentle currents ripple across your skin.

You continue to sink to the bottom of the ocean. You begin to sit in a comfortable position on the sands, among colourful shells and sparse seaweed. Above you, the sun's beams refract, to illuminate a familiar face. Letmas sits cross-legged, a picnic blanket, basket, teapot, and several ceramic cups gently sway in the current. His expression is one of an old friend, delighted to have your company. He reaches for the floating objects, and pours the contents of the teapot into a ceramic teacup. With a friendly smile, he passes you the teacup. As your hands clasp its warmth, you feel a deep breath exit your lungs. Your muscles relax, your shoulders drop.

You open your eyes. Once again, you are sat at the table on the *Impossible*. Letmas gives a stern nod to Tanya. She pulls out two pocket watches, quickly calibrates them, and slides one to Avvakir across the table. *"It's time to move. With me to the upper deck."* She bolts upright, and the other infiltrators follow suit.