Dear Literary Agent,

Elythea's king gives her an hour to pack for her wedding. Moraeth, the Demon King, takes one look at her and tells the priest to take her home. He wasn't expecting another bride for nine years. Elythea would gladly go, but her father has already been warned what happens to families who refuse. She asks to stay as a guest, and in the palace kitchen a woman whose name Elythea has heard read out among the dead offers her bread.

The brides have been tending the seals of a prison. When a passage collapses in the north, Elythea can read the marks on the stone well enough to hold the roof while two men pull a worker clear. Then the light keeps going where she never told it to go. Back at the palace, a scribe thanks her for explaining which box she wanted. He remembers her waiting while he wrote out the order. So far as Elythea remembers, she was walking home from an evening with the king.

She has come to like the man who burns the flatbread and calls her Elya when he thinks she won't ask what it means. Moraeth once loved another woman through whom the imprisoned god tried to escape. When she asked him to kill her, he did. Now the god can speak to Elythea from inside her own head, and she finds a packet of notes in Moraeth's keeping. He's been trying to find out whether killing her would close the breach. He's also been looking, every day, for another way. What he hasn't done is tell her.

THE LANGUAGE OF RUIN is an adult dark fantasy romance, complete at 94,000 words. It shares the intimacy and dread of living with another consciousness in Rachel Gillig's *One Dark Window*.

I live in Melbourne, Australia, where I work in IT. I write fantasy under the name Naria Khan. Thank you for considering my work.

Kind regards,
Naria Khan