

The following letter arrives by Winged Messenger a week or so after the Imperial
Raid on Chalonsio.

By any Virtue you hold dear - by whatever you hold in your heart - what have you done!? What madness has been wrought by your people's hands?

They are at the doors - they want blood! Perhaps it will not be enough to burn it this time - they have brought picks, axes and rope. So much work! So much toil and care - wasted by the bloodlust of those who only know war!

There is a dark hatred at the heart of the Labyrinth for me, it seems - or perhaps this is some punishment devised from afar? What creeping curse has been laid so that such dark tidings were brought before the council as I spoke on Virtue? I am ruined! You have made a mockery of all I sought to achieve - all my planning and investment.

A Plenum supporting the faith of those who have slaughtered hundreds - who have stained the waters of Chalonsio's dock crimson - that I was not seized as a traitor is a wonder. No - the traitors were taken soon after. Your country folk shelter here with me, Pakt! Sailors and merchants - their families too - those lucky enough to reach me before the mob. How many more are dead on the streets? I wonder how many in Chalonsio wondered the same when it was their doors which rang with axes.

Your Hate for my work will not be forgotten - I will not let this Temple fall - you shall not destroy me! You will lament the day you chose to burn the face for loathing of its nose - you will gag and choke on the fumes.

You will regret this! - swear this by every True Virtue!