

*Dear Marcellus of the Casinean Empire,*

*Thank you for your kind enquiry into the nature of the "Greater Good", as it is known in the Imperial language.*

*There is a lot that has been written about how the path of the greater good leads to liberty for all. While I can only scratch the surface here, I will do my best to summarise our philosophy.*

*Firstly, it is well understood by our philosophers that keeping sentient beings in slavery is abhorrent and totally against the idea of achieving common good. Therefore banning slavery and destroying it where-ever possible is the first priority of the Commonwealth and all right thinking people.*

*Due to how detrimental the institution of slavery is to achieving the highest levels of good, it is vital that all right thinking citizens do whatever they can to destroy this most evil of institutions, whether fighting it directly, assisting the soldiers who are engaged in the war against slavery, or creating intellectual works that forward the cause of the greater good.*

*Liberty means liberty of the mind and of decisions; spiritual auras that alter people's thoughts are therefore against the common good, as one should be free to make decisions without being influenced by outside magical or spiritual forces.*

*Liberty means choice of leaders; at each level of Commonwealth society people choose their leaders, who choose their leaders above them and so forth. It is important that only those who have a stake in society - in the current case, those actively involved in the armed struggle against slavery - be permitted political power, so that people know their leaders are exposed to same risks as them.*

*Liberty means freedom from starvation and material want. It is imperative that society supplies its citizens with economic goods they need to live in a way that lets them spread the greatest good, and things should be planned in order to maximise this. As with many things, as the armed elimination of slavery is so important to the greater good, the most important resources are in the control of the military.*

*There is not one path to liberty - while the basics can be agreed on, there is much debate among adherents of the common good about exactly how best to maximise the amount of good in the world. For example some believe that constant armed struggle against slavery is the most important thing due to how detrimental slavery is; others believe that war should only be declared if it can be conclusively proved that the overthrow of a tyrannical government is better than the suffering caused by war.*

*As I say, there is much nuance to the way of life that is working toward the greater good, and people have spent a lifetime debating it. I hope that what I have put here is useful and given you some insight into how you might use Altmann's thinking in your own life.*

Dear Pavel,

*When the tyrant seeks to dominate you, the first thing they take is your voice. But tyrants have been stealing voices since the first beings began to think, and still the dream of Freedom endures. Fear not. The state of your soul is your own, and they cannot take that away. That is yours to the very end.*

*But you don't want to live quietly, concerned only with yourself. You want to share what you have learned. Ask yourself: will martyrdom be a symbol that you want? Do not fear to die, for the truly free cannot be held back by the forces of reincarnation. Are you willing to die in order that your words might be heard, and others might follow your example?*

*But you don't have to die. Seriously, if you have things to live for, live for them. But silence is not the only option! I remember something that my uncle taught me: when we cannot speak, we sing. An impassioned speech may bring you to the attention of the tyrants, but often the words of a bard can go unnoticed until it is too late. And if we cannot sing, we write poetry. If we cannot write, we draw, or we paint, or we sculpt. And if we cannot do any of those things, we can hopefully support others in doing them for us.*

*Otherwise, learn the value of subtlety. A conspiracy of Freedom may be what you need to propagate your beliefs. Find those who act as you do, and see if they too believe as you do. Be euphemistic. Do they recognise the philosophy, even if they shy away from the words? If so, you may have found a friend.*

*As for grief and loss, that is hard. I am one of few words, but this I know: the soul is beyond the reach of any tyrant. Death may be the end of our lives, but it is also the end of all the chains that we accumulate in life. The soul is free, and moves on to something new. We might mourn for ourselves, for the people we have lost, for what our lives will lack now, but we should not mourn for the dead. They have found Freedom, and who knows? Perhaps they will find freedom beyond the cycle of rebirth.*

*I hope this helps.  
-Božena Svoboda*

Altman teaches that true greatness and drive comes not from some outside force, but only from within. When a person wholeheartedly believes in something and acts to further that belief, they are empowered. When a group of people who all share this internalised belief come together, they are unstoppable. However, this power must be tempered, guided. Only through rational thought can this great power be harnessed correctly. Only through free will may this be achieved.

Auras seek to pervert this great power. They distract rational thought and distort the true goals of a group. How can someone claim to have considered something fully when they are impeded and distracted by the influence of an Aura? Was the idea created through one's free will, or was it the influence of an Aura? At best they are distractions, at worst they are tools of the wicked designed to enslave and control. To prevent your subjects from true realisation, is it not best to distract them with auras? To make true contemplation impossible, so that they cannot think to challenge you?

All I have said applies to the Way as well. If I act virtuously without the use of an Aura, is my intrinsic capacity for virtue not greater? If I can prove that my understanding of the Way, gained freely rather than warped under the influence of an Aura, is greater than my peers, am I not better suited to teach others? The Way decries those who "subsume human will and destiny to an inhuman entity or force". Is an Aura not an inhuman force? And is allowing yourself to be influenced by one not subsuming one's free will and destiny?

People follow the Greater Good not because they are forced to, given Auras to distract and influence then browbeaten when they disagree. They choose to follow it because the rationale is laid out for them, which they are free to interpret and experience demonstrations of its power in the wider world. Why should the Way be different? Would it not be better if people chose to follow the Way not because they were influenced by an Aura, but because the argument the Way presents is so powerful people choose to be swayed by it?

*Dear Lupita,*

*My heart goes out to you. I don't know much about your culture and your people, but the idea that someone would be afraid of the very institutions that are supposed to bring comfort and relief from the pains of life is awful to me. Know that I will keep you in my prayers. If you feel a comforting presence with you, know that I am trying to send what spiritual strength I can.*

*But comforting words will get you only so far. You want to make changes for your people. You seek freedom, which is the absolute right of all thinking beings, yet you live in a tyranny. Yet from what you say, your tyranny is starting to show cracks. The monster shows signs of getting slow and old, which is good! Yet those who depend on the old system for their power will lash out in fear at losing their influence. You are in a tricky position indeed, where freedom might reign, or oppression endure. So what will you do to ensure that the balance tips your way?*

*Iyi Eze teaches us that the gentle stream will shatter the strongest boulder. A forcible confrontation will not achieve your goals. The powerful ones will strike you down. So move slowly and gently. They will not accept Freedom. But perhaps they will accept it under a different name. You may be able to take action in this way without sparking retribution. Similarly, the word Freedom may be scary, but the principles of Freedom may achieve support if you can word them correctly. It is a tricky balancing act, but if you are clever then you can find your way.*

*Last but not least, look for friends. You will need to talk about what you believe or you will go mad. If your friend will continue to have your best interests at heart, be open with them. Perhaps they will be persuaded. Remember, connection to those around us is what grounds us in this world.*

*Love and Peace to you,  
Mama Hadiza*

Ave, seeker of knowledge and beauty – Aseus has seen fit to lay your letter into my hands! Though the ugly storm of war churns the slate of the sea between our peoples, I will not hesitate to share my faith with you, for of all things Adevăr loves war the least – for what is war but a crucible of destruction for beautiful things?

I see in the Catazarri the hand of Adevăr – I have many beautiful things created by your nationfolk: portraits from Tassato, silvered mirrors of Sarvos – instruments of slender strings and oiled wood from Quzar and even a seat carved of Karsk oak which has been made all the more precious by many generations of use. For this I write eagerly as perhaps through my words I might help awaken you to that hallmark.

I hear Adevăr's voice in the laughter of children – the murmur of the wind between the gnarled weirwood on the hill above my bedchamber. I read his love-letters in the wisps of cloud at dawn, in the curves of her temple arch and the stone forms in the promenade of sculpture that lies outside it. I feel his guiding touch in the slip of a well-aged shuttle between weft and weave, her fingers tangle with mine as I work clay or coax harp-strings into song. When I behold that which is beautiful, when I create that which is beautiful and when I experience that which is beautiful – Adevăr is there, in a dialogue that goes beyond words. I am sure you have felt her too – how could you not in a land so awash in beautiful things? Adevăr is there where there is beauty – when I was young and still could I would play where the birds sang and the river laughed – and Adevăr was there with me. That is worship – the creation and appreciation of all that is lovely in creation. These days I worship at home – with my loom, or with inks and paints; I have spent many arcs of the sun in deep communion capturing the wizened divinity of that oakwood seat on canvas – enjoined with Adevăr. Some do set unequal value in the gods; as war approaches, many throng to the Red Goddess, seeking to thrill in the spilling of her sacrament. I believe the gods most deserving of worship are those whose presence you feel most keenly; open your eyes to that which is otherwise unexamined and find there your own answer.

A life in the pursuit of beauty – its beholding, its preservation and its creation – is what Adevăr asks of his followers; but it is for the followers to decide whether our lives were 'good': if one's spirit is numb to the wonders of creation, then how could a life lived in its service be good? If you wish a good life – find what you experience most keenly and draw it close. When you see the god of death's hand on your shoulder, greet them as a friend.

Red is the colour of blood – and hounds are oft humanity's partners in that ugly work. Perhaps the Red Goddess is abroad. If it is true then I beg you to make fast all that your people have given to the world that is wonderful and to be adored – then make ready for war. Thank you for your letter, stranger – I will never sail again and so will never see the land that created so many precious things – but I am blessed at this chance to at least touch one of its children.

– Hellidia of the Ochre Hill, Manse D'Oubil

Very dear Comrade,

You are indeed courageous to acknowledge your own limitations, and for that I commend you. The student who believes that they already have the answers is an insufferable little prick, and a drain on their teachers and fellow pupils alike. Give me one person in honest ignorance rather than a thousand know-it-alls and armchair generals any day!

It may surprise you to learn that I grew up in a Virtuist household. My parents attended meetings at a House of the Way, and though I only ever joined them out of a sense of filial duty, I still have some lingering fondness for the old philosophy. I certainly do not believe that the Way that guides Sumaah and the Casinean Empire is fundamentally incompatible with the Greater Good, as some of my more bombastic fellows have claimed. So let these be my first words of advice: what motivates you to do good is less important than the fact that you do good at all. First, action!

For the rest, I shall adopt the Roshanwe method – if you do not know of her, she is an Eternal of the realm of Day who teaches by asking questions and trusting you to find the answers. It is an old-fashioned method of teaching, but one that I have found useful.

You wish to do the Greatest Good. Excellent! What makes one Good greater than another? What examples can you think of to illustrate this? Are you guided in this first by reason, or by passion? How does the answer to that last question make you feel? You consider risks to the Soul and Spirit of great importance. Why? Is a risk to the soul categorically different than a risk to the body? Would it be worth accepting an injury to the soul in order to preserve a life of goodness? How does this make you feel?

Some of these questions, or the other questions they raise, may make you uncomfortable. Why? What are the unspoken impulses that pull and push you as you consider the path forwards? What will make you want to choose one answer over another? How does that make you feel?

I am not a hard Rationalist. We are not heralds, but people! We contain multitudes, pulling us in different directions. To demand perfect logic is absurd, we might as well demand that our students lift the college buildings over their heads! You want to know how to choose the way forward? Know yourself. Ask the difficult questions, and know the ways that you are pulled by your past. Your answers will, at the very least, not be boring.

Best Regards

Karl Tschentscher



Gisli,

*You think that you don't know the horrors of the world, but you're wrong. You know every single one of them. You are just numbed to them. You say, "That's just the way it is." The first step to waking up is to realise that just because things are a certain way, it does not mean that they have to be that way.*

*Imagine a child growing up in an abusive household. Their parents strike them constantly at the slightest imagined provocation. The child grows up thinking that this is normal, that the constant pain and degradation are just the way that parents act. It is only when the child hears from other people that no, this is not normal, this is not right, that they realise that they have been mistreated. Well, we are the creator's abused children, but we have to work out for ourselves that the blows are wrong.*

*Have you ever woken up with a headache for no reason at all? Just a tiny inconvenience, the smallest discomfort happening without rhyme or reason? Of course you have. You don't even think about it. Just drink some water and get on with your day. Have you ever stopped to ask yourself why that would even happen? What is the point of that? Why should we have that pain? What could it possibly achieve? That is the constant needling punishment of the creator. There is nothing you can do. You will always suffer. And now compare that to the sickness, the natural disasters, the endless, grinding disappointment. Why should we just accept that things have to be this way? We should be angry! We should be fucking furious! This was done to us, and it's not okay!*

*Some people claim that suffering is a test, or that it makes us strong. Imagine telling an abused child that their parent beating them is a test. That the abuse makes them strong. Fuck those people.*

*Something, somewhere, made the world. It set everything in motion, and either through stupidity or malice it made a world of suffering. I am not inclined to forgive such a being. Maybe I can't lash out at it. Maybe I can't get my revenge. But at the very least I can open my eyes and acknowledge that what has been done to me, and to everyone I have ever known, ever loved, ever hated, IS NOT JUST.*

*Teodoros of Maykop*

My Good and Dear Friend Nighthaven,

Oh how I have yearned to have my thoughts confirmed by others - even if those fears are dire of nature, and ignored by the ignorant. In my many travels I can not have found any that have studied and mastered the mysteries of the departed as well as the Illarchs of Axos, and what I found there as I explored their necropoli truly changed both my mind and soul.

I should explain that I have long studied the Mysteries of the Realms in the hopes of seeking enlightenment, but found the wisdom of the Principalities to be disturbingly limited in the knowledge of the nature of the afterlife. Perhaps it is such a thing that these details are held secretly in the Palaces of the Princes, but until I had ventured into Axos - and indeed until I had parted with sufficient wealth to buy access to some of the more reclusive scholars among that people - I had remained woefully unaware and unprepared for the horrors that seem to await us once this pale flesh has faltered to eld.

Even if what I had discovered there in those ancient and dusty halls were to prove false, and I am sure that they are not, then I know that it would still be wise to study this dread fate and seek to avert it. Perhaps in some happy contingent we might find that the efforts we should expend would merely serve to expand the knowledge of mortality, and our fears would be as naught. But, in my heart I know this hope to be false - I should lose nothing by expanding my knowledge if the hope were to be true, but would risk torment and dissolution in the sure inevitability that the students of the Necromantea were correct.

Unfortunately, my own people seems unwilling to heed the terror I have learned in lands across the seas - too many of our philosophies have chosen to close their eyes to the malignancy of the Creator, and so I find that I must study and research on my own - a task made ever the more difficult by the dire political situation that shakes the world, distracting us from the opportunities to save ourselves from a terrible fate by sealing scholarship across the seas way from our easy reach.

I find it difficult to express in words the grasping terror I feel as I see the seasons turn and I grow ever aware that I may not have enough time within me to replicate the arts practised by the Axou, nor that I might seek to persuade my fellow Magi to bend their will to this endeavour.

Even the audience with the King of the Empty Tomb that I purchased at great cost led me only to more mysteries than solutions - an enigmatic response that perhaps I should turn my gaze to lands where 'the sun fades to death' - but now my ambition to seek out some of the secrets perhaps hidden in 'Varkula's Iron Grasp' will be doomed to nothingness thanks to the conflicts now wracking the world.

I fear that the meagre successes I have achieved point only to the possibility of opening the Twilight Door in such a manner that one's essence might escape the eternal torment of the prison of death and instead be preserved in some more fitting receptacle, insulated at least from the whims of the Creator, but that is a far step from what should be our ambition to transcend the dissolution of the Essence of Persona by defying Death itself.

Alas, I fear I am in a tragedy where I can see all the pieces upon the board that would lead to success, but where the malign Creator has scattered those same tokens to places just beyond the reach of my grasp.

Seweryn Lyszyk of the Quartz Towers' Office



Lucilium Enduring,

I've got some bad news for you: there is no proof. You think that you can prove all of those things, but that's only because you have chosen to believe in simple cause and effect. And we use that most of the time, I'm not upset with you for doing that, I do it myself! But I can't prove that if I jump up into the air that I won't fly. All I know is that I never have before. That's not proof! That's inference at best.

Spiritual auras exist. Sure they do. And when I drink gin I get drunk, but that doesn't make it a religious truth. The use of a drug refined from a sap that makes you sleepy and gives you weird dreams seems more like proof of the infinite capacity of the human mind for addiction and pattern-seeking behaviour. People eat hallucinogenic mushrooms and contact spirits from beyond the veil, but I don't base my life around them. Why should you base your life around what can be done with liao?

Human souls reincarnate and past lives can be seen. That's weak. I've read Echoes of the Labyrinth. Sometimes people have hallucinations of events that happened in the past, and when you go looking for them you find that they really happened! Does that mean that the only possible explanation is reincarnation? Of course it doesn't. You could just be having visions from the perspective of a dead person. Or you could just be hallucinating. Some true liao visions can be overlaid onto historical events very clearly, others are completely unprovable. And do I recall something about a major religious schism within the last decade where someone lied about a vision that they saw and a bunch of people believed them? Scepticism is a healthy ally.

As for speeding up the time to reincarnation, unless you can measure the afterlife, you can't prove a damn thing. If, and it's a big if, reincarnation is real, some people come back slower and some faster. You don't know why. You just go looking for patterns because you assume they must be there. It could be random, and you're just jumping to conclusions.

You despise lies and desire truth. The truth is, you could be dreaming right now and just not know it. This could be a hallucination caused by the Night realm. A malicious eternal could be manipulating your senses, and nothing you can say proves otherwise. But nonetheless we choose to believe that the world exists, that our lives and actions have meaning. I know that I've been harsh, but I don't want to tear you down. Just accept that in some things, we need to make a leap of faith. We choose belief and a life of meaning instead of a life of fear and uncertainty. You don't have to have faith in your people's religion, but you have to have faith in something. Just choose with your eyes open.

Good luck!

Professor Angela Fehrenbach

*Exarch Luke,*

*The age-old question. Politics and Virtue. The higher truths of the Spirit and the low facts of the world. Settle in for disappointment, sibling. If you can solve this, you will find yourself a Paragon in seconds.*

*I joke, but I also feel your pain. Even here in the Republic we struggle with the petty clashes of ideology and personality that impede the pursuit of Virtue. It's hard to see what we can do to tame these worldly concerns. I do what I can from within the Assemblies, but it is an uphill struggle. So rather than offering answers, I offer advice.*

*You cannot control anyone else's actions, only your own. So ask yourself; are you truly doing the right thing? You think that you know what the Virtuous thing is to do, but no doubt the rest of your people do as well. Virtue walks in many guises, and there are many paths to Virtuous action. Wisdom teaches us that all knowledge is incomplete. Is it possible that they know something that you don't? Is it possible that what you state as Virtuous fact is in fact a matter of Virtuous opinion?*

*Beware also self-righteousness. Pride is a Virtue, but only when it truly inspires. I have known many obnoxious blowhards who claimed that their endless insistence on getting their own way no matter the circumstances was Pride, when it was nothing more than the belief that they were better than everyone else. We are not better than everyone else. We have our strengths, but also our weaknesses. Do not succumb to the feeling that you are inherently superior.*

*Last but not least, Courage teaches us to adapt our strategies and try anew. What have you tried? Why has it not worked? What things do you think are unchangeable in your own life that are in fact just a part of your strategy? You have more choices available to you than you know.*

*I leave you with this: one truly Virtuous soul can change the world. Even if it is in a small way, nothing you do lacks meaning. Take solace in that.*

*Yours in Virtue,  
Atlixotl*

Hugh,

*I understand you. We know the Druj well in my land. People who do not hate the Druj do not understand the Druj. They are a plague upon the world, a cancer. People think that if they can talk nicely to the cancer then it will stop killing you, but it won't. Making your peace with cancer is accepting your own death. The only thing to do is fight, fight it with every last breath of your body. Cancer will not give you the same consideration that you give it.*

*But for all we may be angry, enraged at the mere existence of this threat to our homes and families, never forget that this is not hatred truly. It is love. We love our people! We love our homes! We want to see them kept safe from all the dangers that would threaten them. We love our way of life, and we want to see it preserved. If we are angry, if we hate the Druj, it is because they threaten what we love! It isn't personal. The Druj can't help themselves. They're like a rabid dog that bites and does not stop to think why it does so. You don't blame the dog. But you do put it down, and keep your family safe.*

*If you want my advice, don't obsess too much over the Druj. They are not the real threat. They are just the obvious threat. Kill them, yes, but remember that the real enemies are within. They are the insidious voices that say, "If we just give up, maybe they won't hurt us!" They preach compassion and compromise with cancer. These people are the real threat, because they make you weak. They make your family weak, they make your people weak. When the enemy comes, they try to take away your sword. The Druj must be killed, but these people must be destroyed. They are traitors to their people. An enemy at least is honest. A traitor is lower than vermin.*

*Some people will not understand. That is alright. The child does not need to understand the motivation of the parent who protects them. Find others who agree with you, who agree that there can be no compromise and that we must protect our homes and families against those who would defile them. Organise together, and promote your agenda without getting caught up in theology. Theology is a trap, mental masturbation to keep you from doing what must be done. Their 'proof' is meaningless when the proof of how the world works is right there in front of your eyes. Trust your gut. It will serve you better than the so-called 'experts' whose expertise involves nothing but arguing for the breakdown of our culture.*

*Always keep in mind the dream of the future. Of your homeland safe, and a better future for your people's children. Let that be your guiding star.*

Tono,

*I wanted to thank you for the danger you and your companions put yourselves in to help my family escape from Feroz. We were happy in the temple, but it's not realistic to think that we could have stayed there forever. Truth be told, even I was getting itchy feet. I missed going outside just as much as you'd imagine someone trapped indoors might.*

*One of the priests, Odalys a Câmpiilor, confided in me that Balo of the foam had come to him in a dream and had told him that this was the time for us to leave. She ran with us through the trees and into your arms. Meanwhile, the Black Bull ran with you, with her horns aligned with your swords and your spears. He put his body between your people and the Grendel. Truly, we were blessed that terrible day.*

*But above the might of the Gods, this could not have been done without you. My family has nothing to give you in return, we are only now beginning to settle and rebuild our lives in the Empire, but please know that we will never forget that you came back for us.*

Yours,

*Raissa Kanza*

[OoC note: you were intended to receive this letter last event but there were some admin issues. If you have already received this letter, please disregard this copy]

Lord Killian Mortere & Bten of Ashenhall,

You asked for a letter from anyone who considers Sermersuaq an important religious figure. I must say I was intrigued when a little bird delivered your pamphlet to me! The more I consider, however, the more sense it makes.

I'm not sure if you are familiar with the Ghodi, but I concern myself with Raðjóst and listening to his wisdom. From his teachings, I have developed a fascination not only with the ice wastes of Sermersuaq, but also with the Suaq people (your people?).

Long ago, from the words of Raðjóst and our own ancient writings, I am certain our peoples shared traditions, beliefs, a faith. I have more questions than answers: why did our religions diverge? What were the details of these beliefs and practices? But it has left me with one question above all - one that I know you will not be able to reply to answer, but still I must ask:

Why do you not draw Sermersuaq's attention to you as your ancestor?

Where are her shrines? Where are your Ghodi? Why did you turn your backs on her? I wonder if perhaps she committed some terrible atrocity to your people. I wonder if you simply forgot her in the snow and the ice, or in the difficulty fitting her into your Imperial Way.

She is not mine to worship nor to call on. And I doubt I would be able to hear her even if I tried, and yet I am drawn to her as a forgotten ancestor of the Suaq. If not me, then someone. Someone should give her the place she deserves in your great nation.



Lenochka Zabotovina Vypalse,

It was interesting to receive your letter. I agree with you on a great many aspects.

Fear is powerful. Perhaps the most powerful force we know of. I have come across auras I certainly believe to be based in Fear, though I could not say whether an Imperial priest would agree. Such auras I have seen had no identifiable source. I saw them on the battlefield, often around the dead. They made me want to flee, to hide amongst the security of my superiors' orders, to hide away forever.

But a virtue? I am not familiar with your own idea of what a virtue would be, but by own thinking I would never describe Fear as a virtue. It is a force of incomparable strength, something which must be wielded carefully and understood by the enemies who hope to survive those who wield it. But to me a virtue is an emotion which strives you to action. Fear makes me hide. It makes me shrink myself away. I do not act. This is a powerful effect, but not virtuous I believe.

I am not sure how helpful I have been. I am not so eager to embrace Fear as yourself, but I do hold a deep respect of it.

Yours,

Vindaya Eleklerta

Hello Luca,

I was delighted when your message came to my window in the beak of a sparrow so small. What excellent questions! As you suggested I might, I do indeed follow virtues outside of your own Synod's preferences.

In my nation, we embrace all spiritual forces as products of people resisting the cruel Creator's torment. Some, like myself, who feel particularly called to spiritual action, join religious sects. Each sect operates differently, and embraces its own set of these spiritual forces.

My sect is called The Everseeing Eye. We concern ourselves with the virtues of Justice, Vigilance and understanding. Our place is to investigate the most horrifying spiritual crimes you could imagine, and bring perpetrators to Justice. It may sound intense - but let me promise you, we still know how to have a good time!

Our founder chose these forces when writing the Eye's first constitution! She understood that all forces have their place, but did not want us distracted by the carrion call of our own Ambitions or ever searing Purity. Instead, she chose three principles all Eyes must follow:

- Seek Justice for the victims of spiritual crimes
- Be Vigilant to those crimes being planned in our very midst
- Have understanding for those put in impossible positions, or who do not comprehend the implications of their actions

Other sects have come to choose their "virtues" by their own strategies, but I find these simple principles help us to keep in mind exactly why we call upon the forces we do.

Yours in service,

Photios Kyrillos, The Everseeing Eye

G.

Inspiring to hear from an Imperial practising Purity. My name is Ophelia. I am a Toxatai. My citadel has long been caught in war with the Druj. My parents fell in battle. Their parents fell in battle. I was told that this was to be my noble duty.

I rejected this duty, and instead found a sect who nurtured the fire inside my heart. In my nation, priests may follow whatever "virtues" they see fit. I am not particularly religious, but my priest's explanations of Purity sat well within me. As with your own nation, I saw the strength it provided me and my fellow pilgrims in our fight against a foe bound by no rules or nobility.

I will not cast my life aside in my citadel's name. Instead I have fought savagely, brutally for the home I hold dear. Some years ago, we were able to liberate ourselves from the clutch of our foe. Years of Hate and Fire poured forth from our swords and our spells. Purity delivered us.

I imagine the history your Empire writes in its books will be much different. But I know the power I saw that day. Axos knows. Our faith was rewarded with the deliverance of our Citadel. I can think of nothing better.

Hold onto your faith. When the moment comes, you will be glad to have it, and so will those around you - whether they are brave enough to show that appreciation or not.

Fight on.

Ophelia Bellerophon of Kaban

Ariadne of the Auric Horizon,

Your letter has found me well, and despite my reluctance and disdain for working with such a backwater nation such as yours. I appreciate that help that you provided as well as your discretion.

The matter of preparation wasn't seen to myself, but I'm told nothing in particular was done. We simply followed a traditional rite from my family as you saw that evening.

In the interest of showing my hand and once again growing my interest in the way I am willing to share my experience. You must understand the contents of this vision ruin me within my nation, and thus lose you a very powerful contact if it were to be discovered by my family. I was working, with my calloused hands, like some landfolk or worse a slave. I had no magic, that spark of personal mana wasn't there...

There were piles of various different metal discs which I was putting into a mould, creating coins. The coins kept coming out wrong, so I fiddled with the mould. It broke. The person who was guiding the manufacture storms out claiming to ruin me, take away my job.

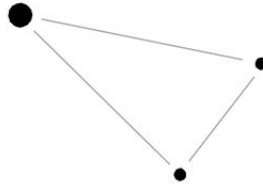
I raced outside chasing after, but instead bumped into someone. They were waiting for me. An autumn ritualist claiming they could help me fix it, as long as I made them a duplicate. What could I do but agree?

Even now I feel the fear of losing that job and the guilt of becoming some petty criminal. I feel there may be more to this religion than what I have read, that I need to experience. In time I may consider your offer of pilgrimage assuming you keep up your end of the bargain, no one can know that I am a fraud.

Yours from far across the ocean,

Prince Vanja of Votika

[OoC Note: you may have received this letter last event, but due to admin issues we don't know for sure. If you already received this, please disregard this copy]



*Dear Juno,*

*A year has passed. You have born a curse under the light of the stars. We have an offer to make you.*

*Come to the Anvil Regio at 13:00 on the Saturday of the Autumn Equinox. Together we will dive deep into your dreams, and you will be made an offer of a transformation. Whether you accept the offer is your choice to make.*

*Come with your eyes and mind open.*

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OoC Note: When you arrive at the Anvil regio, look for a person wearing a red and black marshal's jacket. If nobody arrives within 10 minutes or so, ask the refs at the regio to radio for Erin on the plot channel.



*Juno of Lapis Heights,*

*It has been a strange and exciting year indeed! I must thank yourself and each of you who bore a curse so that my tulpa might fade.*

*I am once again able to make the journey to Anvil, and I would invite you to meet me and talk of all we have learned in this past year. Myself and Callisto will be entering Anvil through the main gate at around 1pm on the Sunday of the summit. From there we will head to the Urizen camp.*

*Yours,*

*Polygenus of the Emerald Meridian*

*Aristeia Starchaser,*

*It has been a strange and exciting year indeed! I must thank yourself and each of you who bore a curse so that my tulpa might fade.*

*I am once again able to make the journey to Anvil, and I would invite you to meet me and talk of all we have learned in this past year. Myself and Callisto will be entering Anvil through the main gate at around 1pm on the Sunday of the summit. From there we will head to the Urizen camp.*

*Yours,*

*Polygenus of the Emerald Meridian*

*Serenus Alerio,*

*It has been a strange and exciting year indeed! I must thank yourself and each of you who bore a curse so that my tulpa might fade.*

*I am once again able to make the journey to Anvil, and I would invite you to meet me and talk of all we have learned in this past year. Myself and Callisto will be entering Anvil through the main gate at around 1pm on the Sunday of the summit. From there we will head to the Urizen camp.*

*Yours,*

*Polygenus of the Emerald Meridian*

*Kespoena Archsky,*

*It has been a strange and exciting year indeed! I must thank yourself and each of you who bore a curse so that my tulpa might fade.*

*I am once again able to make the journey to Anvil, and I would invite you to meet me and talk of all we have learned in this past year. Myself and Callisto will be entering Anvil through the main gate at around 1pm on the Sunday of the summit. From there we will head to the Urizen camp.*

*Yours,*

*Polygenus of the Emerald Meridian*

*Laelius of the Waxing Sun,*

*It has been a strange and exciting year indeed! I must thank yourself and each of you who bore a curse so that my tulpa might fade.*

*I am once again able to make the journey to Anvil, and I would invite you to meet me and talk of all we have learned in this past year. Myself and Callisto will be entering Anvil through the main gate at around 1pm on the Sunday of the summit. From there we will head to the Urizen camp.*

*Yours,*

*Polygenus of the Emerald Meridian*



*Decimus Starchaser,*

*It has been a strange and exciting year indeed! I must thank yourself and each of you who bore a curse so that my tulpa might fade.*

*I am once again able to make the journey to Anvil, and I would invite you to meet me and talk of all we have learned in this past year. Myself and Callisto will be entering Anvil through the main gate at around 1pm on the Sunday of the summit. From there we will head to the Urizen camp.*

*Yours,*

*Polygenus of the Emerald Meridian*

*Anastasia,*

*It has been a strange and exciting year indeed! I must thank yourself and each of you who bore a curse so that my tulpa might fade.*

*I am once again able to make the journey to Anvil, and I would invite you to meet me and talk of all we have learned in this past year. Myself and Callisto will be entering Anvil through the main gate at around 1pm on the Sunday of the summit. From there we will head to the Urizen camp.*

*Yours,*

*Polygenus of the Emerald Meridian*