

I hate them I hate the orcs

I **hate** them I **hate**

them. When I'm awake I  
hate them, when I'm

asleep I **hate** them. I

dream about killing them,

I dream about chasing

them down, I dream about chasing the orcs

down, I dream about leaping on them as they

run from me, and in my dreams I'm so **strong**

and so hard, and I bring one down, slamming

onto his back and smashing him into the

ground and he rolls over and tries to **fight** but

I'm too **strong** and I dream that I am tearing

into him, tearing straight through his

breastplate, tearing through his **belly** while my

jaws close on his head and he screams into my

**mouth** but I don't bite down not straight

away - in my dream I make him wait I keep

him alive long enough to feel me tear his arms

out of his sockets **pop! pop!** and then I gorge on



his **guts**, hollow him out like he hollowed my home with fire, gulping the gristly, sweet treats down and then once his belly is empty I crack his skull in my jaws, and I lick out his brains and then I leave the rest I leave the rest for the **carrion** birds and the tiny scavengers and I am off - off again through the dark - off after them as they run from me and I know - I know in my dream - that not a one of them will escape me that they will all be **hollowed** out by dawn and that when the sun comes up over the peaks I will sleep in a deep cave, with a full belly, waiting for the **night** to come and send me out hunting them again I hate them I hate them so much ... and then I wake up and for a few moments I don't remember anything except that sweetness in my mouth and the **hate** and the taste of their fear and then I remember. I **hate** remembering. I hate waking up. I hate the orcs, I **hate** them all I want to hunt them and kill them and eat their guts and I hate them

*hate hate hate* HATE

HATE HATE HATE

HATE HATE HATE

**HATE** *hate hate hate*

HATE HATE HATE

*hate hate hate hate*

*hatehatehatehatehatehatehatehatehatehate*

*I could build a plague I would release it and it would kill all the orcs in the world the Imperial orcs would die as well but the Empire did fine without them for four centuries I am sure it will survive them going away again. I would make them shit blood and mewl and weep and then be eaten up from within by worms so that they beg for death but you cant eat plagued meat.*



I lied to the illuminates this morning. I said I was sorry for what I'd done, that it was the black shuck tulpa that was to blame. Really though - ha - really though the point is I hadn't called up the tulpa when I made the decision to try the ritual. I mean to say, what would they have done if I had looked them in the eyes and said that I thought a few dead Imperial citizens - especially a few dead farmers and servants - was a tiny price to pay to let me strike back at the orcs. I hate the orcs. I don't care about the little people. If they had any balls they would be fighting in the armies, fighting to get Spiral back and fighting to kill the orcs who took it from us, took so much from us all and burnt my home down.

I don't remember home, though I dream about it.

There is so much waffle here. Why is the Citadel

Guard running around in the north while the orcs are in Spiral? I heard today that a highborn army was coming to the Fist, I thought it was the start of something. I went to see the arbiter, intending to volunteer to join the army. On my way there I heard that they were just going to defend that the armies were still busy in the north. It was like being punched, like being stabbed in the heart. I cried. I came back here and I cried and then I smashed some things, with my hands, and it felt very good. I claimed it was an accident, of course, that I'd tripped.

While I was clearing up the mess, I slashed my finger on some broken pot and it was painful but it also felt good. This evening, bark has grown over the cut. I poked it with a fork. It's fresh, but springy and resilient. It's like my finger is wearing a thin suit of armour and ... I like that idea. I like it a lot.

Hurts less.

It's all a lot clearer when I visit the chamber of solace and listen to the chimes, but there's always that suspicion that it's magic, not real feeling.

Afterwards, I try to hold on to the feeling but it is so hard. Sometimes I look at the people around me and this beautiful spire and I don't recognise it. It feels like a prison, like an iron box and I'm buried underground in the box. I hate that feeling, that feeling of being trapped. There's no prison guards here and no locked doors but ... I can't leave can I? If I did they'd be afraid I'd hurt someone and they'd bring me back. So frustrated.

Pull yourself together man! You are a magus – a master magician – you've grabbed the talon by the tail and wielded it like a weapon. Remember that! They want to make you forget it, to make you safe

again, to make you tranquil and peaceful for all that those are heretical ideas. Resist. There's nothing tranquil in this power. Perhaps I should ask to be allowed to go to Shatterspire? There's other spring masters there, and other briars, they might understand and they might be able to keep the dogs out of my room.

There was one in my room last night. He hunched over, squatting in the shadows under the window, watching me with white eyes. I could hear him panting. He stood up so tall and I thought he was going to come at me, I was so afraid and so happy, so happy that I would be free again and then I think I woke up or dropped asleep and then he was gone and I was so desolate so alone so tired.

I've looked back at that and it looks crazy, truly crazy. I can't tell if the black shuck tulpa are still



stalking me or if it is just in my broken mind. I can smile, and nod, and be polite and hold my distance and nobody gets too close or asks rude questions because we are Urizen, and sometimes I just want to smash their faces, smash them again and again until those masks of polite pity run red with blood and their eyes widen and they feel something, feel what it is like to be afraid to feel their blood pumping, to be alive! Prey, predator, alive! Why can't I stop writing this shit down it's like a compulsion, like a meditation that keeps my mind in one piece but what a piece it is what a piece of work.

Sometimes when I am outside and the stars are in the sky I hear them singing to me, those four stars especially, and even more so since the Great Wyrn conjunction. During the day I think that sometimes I can see **BLACK STARS** in the daylight and it is



## THINGS THAT DON'T WORK

Trying to weave it with the chain; theres nothing to catch, and anchoring the other end is like trying to anchor a mountain to a cloud with an iron rope

Trying to adapt the focusing chant of the Winged Messenger, it's just too hard to work it out and I have no idea where to start.

Trying to use a map - what use is a map? This would work if what I was trying to do was raise a cloud of locusts or poisonous insects over a place. We could use the natural hunger for blood of swamp and forest dwelling insects. Might have applications with vallornspawn ettercaps as well. Alternatively, boggarts of the spring realm. But it's not precise enough and would slow down our armies as well as theirs and there are no swamps or forests of note in Spiral.

Trying to draw on a connection of blood - what kind of a connection is that? It's a metaphor dammit! The sisters are a metaphor! If you're close enough to shed blood you're close enough to riptearbite them.

Trying to use an image of the target, who knows what that looks like to an insect. No images work like this, although perhaps a mirror might be used - could I train a mirror to recognise someone? Stupid useless mirrors.

Trying to use hate. Just makes me angry. Maybe black plateau glass? But they broke that.

Trying to use Arhallogen's name and shape - there's no connection and they won't let me near the hall of worlds, and the spider king is more likely to tell me to do it myself with a knife, and also he would smell the black shuck on me and mock me and I would not bear that

Trying to call up a herald - same problem plus the Herald is here and not there, and even heralds have to travel although I think they could travel via the realm as long as there was a regio near the target ... but I can't get a herald to listen

Trying to evoke the claw - whenever I start I begin to shake and I have to cut myself a little to calm down and then I just want to keep cutting and I need to be careful to cut where it doesn't show because otherwise they are going to notice my true skin, my true nature and they'll get scared and keep a closer watch on me and then what then

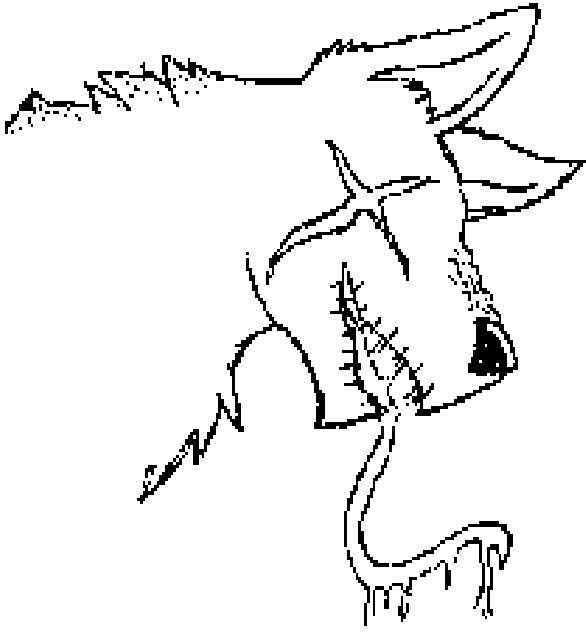
Nobody says anything but I'm not sure I've met another briar the whole time I've been here.

They don't say anything but sometimes I think they are pitying me. I hate that feeling! I want to challenge them but that would destroy my poise.

I let it go, I let it slide off me. They keep watching me like they expect me to be taken by the black shuck at any moment, and I think that may be fair but ... I think they think it is being a briar that made me vulnerable to the shucks. That there was a fault in my blood. I think they wish I'd died with my mother, that the coven who saved me hadn't used Spring magic to do it.

They think I'm a mistake. Do they think that about all the knife ears and tritons and fucking caliban? No of course not, they're not mistakes, they don't have this stigma of being twisted by magic. I hate them sometimes especially the mazed. They're the worst - they're the ones that are thankful they didn't end up a dirty barkbleeder, a crazy leshy, a filthy greenscar, a dangerous spriggan, a twisted freak prone to violence and destruction. So smug.

I hate them sometimes. So poised, so full of arete, so calm. I'd like to see them evoking a primal force of the cosmos and letting it ride them, letting it fill them. They'd go mad, I think. I wish I could show them. Wait I can show them. I can adapt the ritual, adapt the first part of it. Focus on the talonclawblackshuck and let my dreams shape it, remember what it was like being one with the black shucks, what it was like and how the ones around me felt and tasted. Shape that, don't harness it don't control it don't constrain it but let it spill outwards, let it wrap around them and they could learn what it's like to be up above the four.



Things struggle

Things die

Things strive to live

Things eat other  
things

Things rip and tear  
and chew

Things struggle

Things do not give in

Things do not care about odds

Things will see Spiral free again

Things turn and turn

Things bleed







I should just go, I should just leave. I should pack up and go, walk out, who would stop me, they'd barely notice I was gone for a day or two. I could head east and lose any followers but dammit they'd just use magic to find me I reckon. I want to

grab some food and a satchel and just walk, head back to Spiral and get back to work. I hate having to wait, having to pretend to be calm and poised and regretful. I hate that I can't use the libraries here - I have to sneak the books from the Library, books my people rescued from Spiral from our library. They don't understand the lore of spring, how it moves you how it touches you. I don't blame them really.

It's too much, pretending to be calm and reasonable when what I want to do is shout and shout. Sometimes when I'm talking to them it

feels like my chest is being crushed - was I ever like them, ever so placid, so sure of my cleverness? Sometimes my skin itches and I want to scratch it so badly, I have to wait until I can get somewhere private and then scratch and scratch and scratch until the blood and the bark flows and that's when I feel myself and really that's the only time I can calm enough to think straight. They want me to meditate and I want to tell them that's not how springx magic works that's not how you cultivate a connection with that realm but then I realise that they don't want me to be in synergy with the magic in my blood because they know it would tear down their towers given half the chance.

But I can use that I think, can use the itching. Perhaps instead of a single monstrous insectbeasthorror I could wrap my enemy in a cloud of poisonous insects, but not just outside inside as well.

Maggots burrow under the skin, so do some parasites - I've seen them wriggling beneath the surface of the skin - an infestation, worms - fleas - ticks - bugs with ovipositors - principle

of spring that dead stuff returns to the earth and new life grows out of it - Turns the Circle but on a living target - pronouncement of doom - tenth magnitude - fifteenth to taint wounds and smother healing maybe - carrier wave of the Anathemic Call without the following punch - the tail become the sting rather than carrying it!

Once the essential curse is shaped, would need mana - try to weave it - prove the idea then the

next step - curse of living deliquescence - Curse of Gangrenous Flesh basic frame - more active.

At the least, could quash the healing force intrinsic field to all creatures, make it so that they worsen instead of healing like an infected wound!

Then the final step, a way to do it from a great distance - but that needs more books and more mana than I have.

Maybe ... maybe look a different way - extend time to



release the curse – more application on battlefield? Or what about using an ally of the target as a carrier like a disease carrier – Druj? – or infest an item with it so released by touch of warm blood on it – something that releases curse when handled with bare flesh – same problems, same problems again nobody has worked it out yet I don't see how it can be done.

Stop it.

Once I have something to show them, then maybe they will let me get access to the things I need to the books and the mana and maybe even the hall of worlds. In theory it works, and it is powerful and effective, and forged of the natural cycle rather than tearing and bleeding.

Basic ritual would be simple enough, I think I could do it myself if I were at anvil or could get access to one of the great regio – haha perhaps a boat trip to Visten! – letter to Provost? No to the Dean sounds much more like the kind of thing he would enjoy if what I hear round corners is correct.

I feel better – feel like I have something I can do

at last – enough of this sitting around. It's a start, it's a step. It's not what I said I could deliver but they'll see that I have the insight they can use and then once I have what they want they'll listen and do what I want and we'll feast on the guts of the orcs together and then I will be able to sleep without this droning in my ears



Going now

had enough walls

had enough people

had enough

theres a beacon in the sky calling me

time for me to go

going to the orcs

going to eat them