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From the pen of Z. to the Shorn Brotherhood, as dictated by the Warlock of the Andes:

As is our mission, none of us submit to any other. So it is we remain free; so too it is that we bear not the Spark for our Revolution. Yet we cannot and will not let our mission be corrupted, and neither shall we fail to accomplish it.

Though we keep our wings free from the grasp of the Haustorium, we must send our own messenger through; to ask its burrowers to do for us what we cannot. The Faculty, in the hand of the Crown and beneath the Watchman's Tree, are granted the right to wield the encaustum. Were they to use them in conjunction with the Numina, these truths which lay dormant in the Histories, they could steer the world as they saw fit.

However, all of them have thus far refused this right. Their flaws and arrogance, self-interests and secrecy keep them perpetually apathetic towards the affairs of the waking world. Though this could be a matter of disposition, it is understood that the Crown, through his mercurial Dottore, could work to dissuade them in his desire to ensure his continuation. And so he remains our eternal foe.

Nevertheless, our purpose remains, our passion burns bright. Impossible as it is for us to attain the right to the encaustum, we have, in the past, found sympathetic ears amongst their ranks- lent by the late ones: Tsuten, BEE, Sabes. If the Faculty are truly kept by the Crown to remain nothing but its stewards, then we Brothers must offer them our persuasions to freedom, even and especially at our own imperilment.

When the fire dies, the ashes of the trees fuel the growth of their successors. It is our duty to plant the seeds for what is to come, and in this, Saint Ximon asks of you, the Four Winds and the Three Flames, to search for those who may finally set the world alight. In that vein, he asks of me to pass on these messages:

To the Western Wind: The one who burned bright is now smothered by the Crown, but from his homeland, you will draw another to outshine him, who shall fuel this light with all they are.

To the Eastern Wind: In the desires of one who surrendered to hunger, who dwells now in Hunger, you shall find the path to the house from which fire escapes, where one who knows the Crown will be delivered, and from which you will deliver them.

To the Northern Wind: The seas where one was murdered by those who are forgotten shall bear up another who shares one half of your affinity, and your words will be as honey when you speak of the forgotten skies, when you promise they can be found beneath the domain of the Crown.

To the Southern Wind: One offered herself up to the sky, but with her departure, another who is no person shall take her place. Where once talons graced the home of the Crown, her claws will prowl to protect the knowledge you pursue.

To the Flame of Old: In paradox, you shall find two to come. Seek the young elder, the Moon born of the Moon, now released from her grasp. Call the one who desires the true Eye, the one which will open the Eyes once closed.

To the Flame of Now: One craves knowledge he must not know but shall hear. One reveals knowledge he knows but cannot see. To unlock the labyrinths where deepest knowledge lies, you must lay out the road by which they will come and by which neither will leave.

To the Flame to Be: The Last is a traveler, whose course cannot change, who ascends to descend, who shall recreate the Key by which Wisdom is lost and Knowledge is found. For History is shaped in the hands of the Unwise.

Brothers, everything set here is the truth, so let its sparks catch upon the tinder of your hearts, let the fires of revolution spring forth from to burn bright in every History!

UTA IMPERIA, ITA ET ANIMI

