

## Little Luci

We still watch you, as your mother demanded. What is paid for stays bought. We watch over you still, although we do not need to. We see what you do, when you stand before the mirror and look into it we see into your eyes. You are precious to us. You have your ring, the ring of your line and lineage back so many generations. You may use it still, to speak to us.

Do you still want more than to be treasured? More than to know that you may choose a child of your line and we will watch over it?

Will you hunt for us Lucian? Petition us each solstice and equinox? And find our secrets for us? Will you wield curses for us as your mother did? Will you wield the sharp blade with a cold heart when it is called for as your mother did?

You are quite the master of the Night, Little Luci, but you still have not mastered a curse. No matter. Did you speak to the Empty One of Zulgan Tash about his most excellent curse that twists the dreams of the mighty, tormenting them with fear? Have you found one of the masters of the Well of Shadows and convinced them to craft a curse for you? We cannot enter that place, not even its mirrors, but we would be delighted to see what you might craft there.

Here is a secret – the fat old fool chooses a new Scholar in the Well this very Winter Summit. Perhaps they will make themselves known to you?

No matter. Perhaps you wish to be our eyes and ears rather than hands and mouth?

We desire misfortune embrace our enemies. We urge you to hunt Sian of the Eternal Family. We instruct you to confound Eleri Branwen's Rest. We wish you to visit suffering upon Joseph of Phoenix Reach. We desire that you to bring despair to Livia of the Spire of the Celestial Cascade.

We would have you slaughter Finn Finnsen the Imperial Seer and paint yourself with his blood, for he is an interfering meddler.

We have new enemies, and we would learn their secrets and their weaknesses. There is a library at Anvil – a place where the ignorant clodthrowers, the dorks, the casual student can all come to learn any secret the librarians have uncovered. It grates upon us, this place. We desire two things.

First we desire the secrets of the librarians, their names and their laws.

Second we desire it's absolute destruction. Burn the books, slaughter the librarians, salt the ground so that all know that to draw the ire of the Lords of Shadow is to invite utter annihilation.

You are of the League, and influential in the counsels of the world are you not? It would serve our purpose if the Senate were to change their laws. Can you gently urge the powers of the Empire to accommodate our design? There is talk of allowing the Conclave not only to interdict magic – a trivial thing that lasts like summer snow – but to remove magic from Imperial Lore. We would *very much* like that to be possible. What is removed from Imperial Lore will be forgotten, and become secret knowledge... and secret knowledge is sweet...

If you can move the counsels of the mighty, then move them to destroy the department of historical research. Remind them of the drain on the treasury it represents, remind them that the money wasted on trivial details could be better spent defending the Empire. Move them to do this and you will be greatly rewarded.

If you cannot move the mighty, perhaps you can move the meek? Whisper to those who pay lip service to the laws of the Empire that they should seek our counsel. Encourage them to perform our ritual, and seek our blessings. Spread our fingers into the world. Perhaps we will reward you if you do this?

Finally, we urge you to seek power for yourself or for your pawns. It would please us if you were to become archmage of Night, or Penumbral Watcher, or Imperial Seer... to have an ally in high office, one who listens to us, would please us greatly. And we believe that you are fit for such office, Little Luci, like so many of your line before you.

Oh...

We have one last task for you, Little Luci. A little thing. A minor thing. There are some among the Navarr who listen to the Spider King. They are to meet with it one hour after noon on Saturday. They will pass through the Hall of the Worlds. Find out who they are meeting with and what was discussed, and tell us. We desire this, and will reward you.

We yearn to hear from you again, soon, Little Luci. Soon.