

The following letter arrives by Winged Messenger.

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Pakt the Ashborn -

Your letter is a vital solace to me here in this great, empty Temple. Where once the mysteries rang out and filled its seven chambers with the whispers of revelation and spiritual refinement, now is only a dreadful silence. Were it I could still convince an engraver of a skill befitting my imaginings of your visage to enter the chamber of Loyalty and place you in a prominent place, your hand outstretched in greeting. but I am now seen as foe by my people, that I am a true child of Asav means nothing.

When last I wrote I was angry, but your letter tempered the fires of Pride that burned within me into a steely resolve - but I must admit that I am still hurt, to have lost all influence, to have found the Loyalty of political allies wanting, the Courage of conviction in my fellow priests of the Noble Way nothing more than empty posturing. It was less painful the second time - with news of Rakensgrab I was put to severe inquisition by the Temple of Eyes for my involvement - such a public humiliation.

With each season it seems that there is worse and worse news - that the perfidious, unseen hand of fate worms its fingers more tightly about my throat. My Virtue is tested daily - my Pride sullied openly in the forae, on the street - my Ambition constrained by accusation and suspicion, my Prosperity chipped away and sold to mere pirates..

But no - I do not waiver - no, for I am Courageous! I still have the Loyalty of a few priests who have seen the true nobility of the Way and my vision for the

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future! Courage tells us to go on, despite the stones and arrows of those who would call you a traitor, a spy or an agitator! I am Vigilant - I see the eyes of the plenum amidst the baying crowds and will refuse them my convenient death - I will arrive at the Labyrinth resplendent in Virtue, a noble figure ready to carry my message forward to a new generation. But all in good time - all in good time!

But now I see my true destiny laid out before me - before I was to be the foam of the wave that would carry the Virtues to all of Asavea: a crushing, scouring wall of inevitability that would permeate the filthy, ancient avenues of those grown tired of true nobility and strength and cleanse them of their failings as Asavi. But now - seeking inspirations from the Realms I see that I am instead a liberating pillar of flame - that the nobility of the Way is not of the sceptre, but of the sword - that through my passion I shall ignite the flame that consumes the world! I will smash the yoke of the Kraken from the children of Asav and leave only ash where once stood edifices of moribund decline and wretched subservience to the past! It will be a purifying flame - a flame of refinement whose soot will be falsehood and failure and whose heat will be untainted Virtue.

It is not lost to me that destiny would see fit to sear away all allies save one born of fire themselves - Pakt the Ashborn - I extend my hand to you so that you might join me in this new purpose: in the burning away of fear, in revealing the hollowness of hate - the folly of vengeance! The emptiness of hope! We shall

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*shine like twin stars in the firmament - let future generations marvel on what we are to do as they look upon the constellation of our achievements!*

*Though wounded in wealth, in standing and in allies amidst the city that has spurned me, I am not yet spent - I gather my strength under the power of Night. Lend me fuel, lend me fire - lend me all you can - take my outstretched hand, Pakt the Ashborn - embrace destiny and let us change the world!*

*Portilium Inaposo, First Priest of Virtue,  
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