

Greetings,

Though we are strangers, I feel compelled to write to you out of deep concern for your safety and that of those around you.

In my heart, I want you to tell me that you have not dealt with that creature - to tell me that you have not acquired a Mnemosyne Orb and bound yourself to it.

Yet, I fear you have, and for that reason, I must inform you that you have made a grave and reckless decision—one so perilous that I may be forced to journey to Anvil next year to assess the situation personally.

I know you carry the memories of countless masques. I know you hold the memories of the Salt Lords' progeny. I know you retain the memories of No-Where. I know you possess the memories of the enthralled lovers. I know you bear the memories of my assistant. I know you guard the memories of the Keeper of Histories. I know you are burdened with the memories of self-sacrifice and blind obsession.

Be warned, Imperial Citizen. The shadows flickering at the edges of your vision—they are no mere illusion. These entities are now linked to you. They know your location and how to reach you. You have been ensnared by the Sixth Eye, and I do not fault you—the temptation is great, and its allure seems harmless.

We all long to forget the past and undo the misery that haunts our waking moments.

All of this I will explain in the coming year - I will travel to Anvil to speak with you all.

For the time being, please - lay low. I need time to ensure that what remains of Melpomene is guarded and assured safety before I begin my journey.

It is by light that you shall be hunted. Guard yourself fiercely and without hesitation, citizen.

*Anastasis*

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