

For **Medea Ruth**, of the **National Assembly of Urizen**

To be found at **Anvil**

Our Sister in Virtue,

Greetings once more from the Pines of Ulvich.

We see the controversy that swirls around you in the Synod. We see the things that you have been forced to write. Whether it is the hand of this corrupt newfangled Imperial Exorcist that has overshadowed you, whether it is the hand of the idolators that have overtaken the Assembly of the Way – we do not know, and we do not care. You stand condemned, but time remains. Preach to us, that the Virtue in your heart may live on. Preach to us, that your Benevolence may stand beside your Inspiration. Fire us with your words before you depart for the Labyrinth. Speak to us, that we may hear.

And remember the Exemplar, Berechiah. He, too, was vilified in his lifetime. He, too, was dragged time and again before the Magistrates, Imperial Law recast as a rod for his back. He, too, apprehended that Virtue cares nothing for mortal law.

There is little time – but there is time. I have arranged for the congregation to be gathered early. As you are not a magician, I have arranged for a discreet invitation to be lodged with Mother Varushka, our egregore, upon a convenient pretext. You are invited to attend upon us an hour before sunset – eight of the clock – for a discussion concerning your particular research interests

(We read that you are an accomplished physick, no?)

The gate may open for more than just you. If you bring others, vouch for them, or all they will find is a congregation of Ambition wishing to discuss surgery, and how the principles behind Unveiling may be extended to bring Virtue to the bodies of orcs and perhaps even Varushkan wolves.

**Barzina Anatolyevna Ulvena**

**The Pines of Ulvich**

**Kamienczka**

**Karov**