

Ancel!

How we delight in you. You coil and slither through the counsels of the Empire, wearing your truth on your face like a mask, and they laugh and think they have your measure, and turn to you for aid. You are precious, like a jewel.

As always we desire misfortune on our enemies. Sian of the Eternal Family. Eleri Bronwen's Rest. Livia of the Celestial Cascade. Joseph of Phoenix Reach. Finn Finnsen the so-called Imperial Seer.

Hatch schemes, Ancel, against these foes of secrets, these servants of the light. Or suborn them to our cause. To have agents of their Imperial Sovereigns control the department of historical research would be a choice thing indeed.

Then there is the library at Anvil. We would see it burnt. Destroyed. It is a place for the ignorant, the unworthy, the stupid to stake their thirst for secrets like pigs at a trough. It is sickening. Make it go away, Ancel. Teach them the fate of fools who draw out spite, Ancel.

Or if you cannot kill it, poison it. Fill it with lies. Root out the secrets and spirit them away leaving only common lore that any one already knows. Drive them down blind paths, looking for things that are not real and do not exist.

We are hatching a scheme against the library, Ancel. Find a weakness, and tell us of it, and we will reward you. You are so very good at weakness, Ancel.

You venture into the Synod do you not? Will you wield influence there? We watch with interest. There are matters of the High Counsels that we would see moulded to our will. Are you one who can mould them?

It would please us *greatly* if the Senate were to reconsider and allow the Conclave to destroy rituals, removing them from Imperial Lore. What can be removed is swiftly forgotten, becoming a secret.

The fat fool chooses a new Scholar at the Well this season. The Well of Shadows is hidden from us and it irks us. It may be of value to you to discover who has gained the bastard sloth's favour, and ingratiate yourself. You are good at ingratiating yourself with those who think themselves important.

Oh... We have one tiny tasty titbit for you, Ancel. A little thing. A minor thing. An amusing thing. There are some among the Navarr who listen to the King of all Scorpions, the Predator in the Web, the Dark Beneath The Leaf, who is all Blood and Poison. These Navarr are set to meet with the Prince of Threads and Blades one hour after noon on Saturday. We know that there will be others present. They will pass through the Hall of the Worlds. Find out who they are meeting with and what was discussed in the hall of the Crowned Serpent.

Remember also – one boon, one secret.

That is all, for now, sweet witch.