

My dearest Joscelin:

I write to you in abject desperation, not for the love you have refused me, but for fear of the fate that will soon befall this place. For this, and this alone, I beg you to heed this warning for your own sake.

The Elders have gone mad! Immortality is no longer enough for them, and I fear they cannot be stopped until it is too late. I have read the omens, and a great darkness will soon descend if something is not quickly done.

Only Caecilius seems to understand the peril they have awakened, and it is my hope that he may heed my council. He has not emerged from the Sanctum for many weeks, so I have resolved to go below despite the restrictions and entreat him to make the others see reason. I have been there several times in the past, and I trust that I can find my way safely. Still, the risk is great, and it is possible that I shall never see you again. I cannot allow this danger to let me, however. I put my faith in Beratus, and will accept whatever fate befalls me.

If I do not return within three days, I beg you to flee this place and get as far away as you can.

I remain your devoted friend and servant, come what may in the days ahead.

In haste,

Martínus