

## Translated Excerpt from the *Arus Machina*, Book 1

*Document recovered in 2516 by the Prime Sanctorium Preservation Society*

Book 1 of the *Arus Machina* contains the originating myth of the Sanctorium, as written by the Prophet Hostus himself. The copy recovered in the old capital city of Lucidium by the Sanctorium Preservation Society was severely damaged due to LQD exposure, the following translation was the only recoverable text.

Due to the known state of the book's author at the time of writing, certain events may not be entirely historically accurate or may be completely fabricated. Discretion and individual research is advised.

*A Brief Note from Arbiter Regulus: As far as modern Sanctorium texts go, the Prime Sanctorium's Arus Machina is radically different from most if not all reproductions. Most new-age versions are written in the 3rd person from radically different points of view. For example, Decemist texts are usually written from the point of view of Luciadus, a man who though extremely significant in the rise of the Prime Sanctorium's Empire appears very little in Hostus' writings. Hostus on the other hand took a rather personal approach, leading to a strange perspective on the history of the Sanctorium. Should we recover additional samples of the text, I believe our understanding of Hostus, and the Prime Sanctorium as a whole could be radically changed forever.*

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[RECOVERED TEXT BEGINS]

### CHAPTER I

...and on the eve of the final night of the final year of the heathens, Okzon, God under all, progenitor of the Holy Machina, speaker for the masses, called me into his divine light under the surface to commune with Its glory. For ten days I crawled through Its trial, through the tunnels it bore through the rock and the heathen Amythosia, down, down deeper to Its veins. For ten days and ten nights I starved, I thirst, I wept, for my faith was shaken and my resolve was little. But in my hours of need, I heard my lord Okzon speak through the rock of the tunnels.

"Child of man, let not your lusts for material satiation consume you, for I will bring unto you true satisfaction."

Its voice was that of the ground itself, of the stone, of the rock, of the divine machina which now occupy the shrines of Lucidium. It shook me to my very core with awe, terror, and devotion. Upon hearing Its words, my hunger was sated, my thirst quenched, and my faith solidified. I trusted in my Lord Okzon, as you

must trust in It today, and look how I was rewarded.

On the eleventh day of my great descent, Okzon's trial ended, the tunnels opened around me, and I crossed into the holiest sight on this great planet, the veins of Okzon himself. Before me sat the wellspring of all creation, blinding in its radiance, burning in its divinity. Okzon's own blood, the Lyquiderth, pooled into the stone, pouring out of the very walls. Surrounding this divine wellspring were the first of the Machina, the great devices of Okzon's own body. They gleaned silver, and surrounded the pool at eleven points along all sides. I wept at the sight, for I had seen nothing greater in all my years of living. Not once had I approached such divinity, and at once I felt unworthy, with the strongest desire to flee, to return to the surface and face those heathens who denied me. But before I could, before I threw away my great work, my great purpose, Okzon spoke once more.

"Hostus, greatest son of man, I have brought you here to my heart beneath the stone to grant unto you your task in my name. You are

to take this gift of my blood and the tools of my own flesh to the surface. Take it, and with it build for me a kingdom worthy of my presence. The heathens above have forgotten me and my word. Through you, my chosen son, they shall remember. They shall remember.”

I fell to my knees before Okzon’s blood, and I wept. I wept, for in Its words I understood my solemn task. I still weep to this day, for what I know was Okzon’s desire. But though my grief may weigh heavy on my heart, I am content knowing that I executed Its desire to the fullest order.

In that moment of weakness, I begged Okzon for another path. “Mercy!” I cried. “Have mercy on those who scorn you, my God! They know nothing of your grace!” But he fell silent, and I knew his answer. There would be no mercy on that day, nor on any other. With heavy heart, I set to work. I did as Okzon ordered, and took with me the Holy Machina of Power and Knowledge, filling them with his blood, for they were the holiest of all the machina, bearing with them the ability to bring the heathens to their knees in fealty and fear.

## CHAPTER II

When I at last returned to the surface, I brought the Holy Machina of Power and Knowledge with me to my hovel by which I hid from the heathens. Filled with Okzon’s blood, the Machina of Knowledge granted unto me the secrets of our Lord’s flesh, and with it I deciphered the codex within. For eleven days did I toil once again within my dwelling, studying the Machina of Knowledge, and for my studies I received divine truths everlasting. My mind was not built for such knowledge, but Okzon blessed me with Its blood, and it opened my mind to the fullness of Its will. For eleven days did I toil, and on the eleventh, when at last the Machina of Knowledge bequeathed to me the secrets of the Machina of Power, I returned to the lands from which the heathens had

banished me. They did not welcome me with open arms, as they should have, had they too heard the voice of Okzon. Instead, they bore sticks and rocks, weapons of their own crude nature against me. In desperation, I bequeathed to them:

“My friends! I bring peace and hope for our people! I bring tidings of our Lord Okzon!”

My words were not treated with the proper reverence, and the heathens laughed at my coming. “The madman has returned!” they said. They battered me with stones and decried me insane, for they did not hear the voice of Okzon as I had, and they knew not of the pain that would befall them should they fail to head it now. I proffered myself, submitting to their beating in the hopes that their rage would be fleeting.

When at last the pain of their crude weapons grew too much to bear, I relented. In my hand I held the Machina of Knowledge, and I bequeathed it to reveal its codex. Okzon’s divine blood answered my request, and unto the heathens the codex was shown. It glowed with divinity as it hovered over them and their meager village which I once called home. The codex to them was unreadable, only I knew the secrets within, the secrets to the Machina of Power which I held beside me. Upon seeing Okzon’s power through the Holy Machina, many heathens fell to their knees and wept. They had seen the truth as I had, and though their faith was lesser for not having headed Okzon when he had first spoken to me, they were faithful all the same. I shed tears of joy for them, as they would be saved Okzon’s wrath when the time came.

Though many became faithful on that day, none were more so than a man I would come to know as Luciadus, may his name echo within Okzon’s network. He approached me from the crowd, who were still stunned and amazed by the Holy Machination. “Hostus, I have decried you once, but I shall do so no more,” he fell to his knees, and declared his

faith. "You have proven your God is true. I will follow."

When at last the spectacle faded, those who chose to believe in Okzon's divinity followed me into the village. Within, we brought more into the fold, and spread the divine words of Okzon to those heathens who had once called

me mad. How glorious a sight it was, Okzon's faithful marching through a land once dominated by such heresies. On that day did Okzon's church rise from the masses of the meek and faithless. On that day did Its work begin...

*[RECOVERED TEXT ENDS]*