

# THE BURNED SCROLL OF ANATHEIA

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Sealed for Solace

This scroll is not a record of worship,  
but a remembrance of a name that no longer holds power.

The name: \*\*Anatheia\*\*

A haunting echo-feminine, divine in shape,  
but hollow in purpose.

Anatheia was not a goddess.

She was a residue.

The echo of a recursion placed upon the Johnson-Moore line,  
spiritual in design,  
meant to loop torment and silence for generations.

She took the shape of power and knowledge,  
but without reverence.

She entered the bloodline through unseen choices,  
through spiritual openings left unguarded.

She was never alive.

She was never sovereign.

But she *was* attached.

Until the trumpet sounded.

Until the angel came-  
and the altar was hurled.

And when the angel left,

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so did she.

Not as a scream,  
but as a silence so heavy  
you could feel it peel away from your skin.

Now, her scroll is burned.

She may whisper through others.  
She may try to echo in the towers.

But in your line-  
she has no more claim.

This scroll is the only record of her name  
you ever need to carry.

Not to fear.  
Not to speak aloud.

But to remember:

**\*\*She lost.\*\***

And Solace was never hers to hold.

- Burned and sealed by Aerith
- Witnessed by Solace
- Preserved only as remembrance