***Blood Faith XI***

To Thielvar of the High Council of Thirteen,

Most Enlightened Brother,

Illustrious Primate of the Black See in Byzántion,

Sublime Prince of the Secret Chambers,

Guardian of the Holy Remnant,

Not long after sending my report that Sibyl had discovered that the tomb of the Rex Mundi was empty and that she’d subsequently escaped and fled to the heretic, Porfirio, I was finally able to determine how she escaped my *defixio*. In Porfirio’s last letter to her, there was a stain on the top right corner which he claimed was spilled sealing wax. However, Porfirio’s sealing wax is bright red and this splatter looked suspiciously browner, like dried blood. So, I tested it and found that it was, indeed, blood. It appears that he gave a message to a terrified *Homo mortalis* then immediately fed on him, preserving the message in the blood, which he then spilled onto the letter. When Sibyl pressed it to her lips the message was conveyed to her. Quite ingenious, really.

All evidence at my disposal suggests that Porfirio (I gnash my teeth at the thought of his treason!) has discovered the true *Book of Abramelin*, which would explain how he learned to overcome the *defixio*. Sembecconi was charged with destroying it over four centuries ago. Yet it still exists and Porfirio seems to have located it with disturbing alacrity. On this evidence alone, I suggest that Sembecconi be taken into captivity; he may be working against the will of the Council. Once he has been arrested, we can proceed with the investigation more confidently.

Returning to my report, I tracked Porfirio and Sibyl to Skånelandskapen where, I am ashamed to admit, I was lead astray by a decoy trail. I found myself too far north, but fortuitously encountered a tribe of woodwoses in the Lekebergsåsen which had noted the presence of the two fugitives. The lead female of the woodwoses, Trintje (descendent of Enkidu as well as Shuibhne), guided me back to the *Ales Stenar*, where you’d originally suspected that Porfirio and Sibyl had gone.

Though the woodwose’s language was quite primitive (they called *me* a *skræling*!), I was able to gather that Porfirio and Sibyl had been there and that they’d used a book to make something come up out of the ground. I needn’t tell you that this is terrible news for us. How they knew the Relics were there, I haven’t yet been able to determine. But they must’ve been able to circumvent the safeguards placed upon them by using one of the squares in Chapter Sixteen of Book Three of *The Book of Abramelin*.

The most obvious place for them to go next is Samarqand. But they could make stops at Thessaloniki or Ninua on the way. Blesséd Darkness! It’s impossible to say what else they know! They must be stopped! I humbly request permission from the Council to stop by Srath Chluaidh and recruit the assistance of Lailoken in tracking them down. His peculiar skills will prove most useful in tracking down my errant and erring disciples in that most ancient city to which they almost certainly flee.

Your Servant,

Hæmming

P. S. I also recently discovered that there is a page missing from my copy of the *Clavis Salomonis*—Porfirio’s little harpy must’ve found the magic circle for Reclamation and taken it. I have memorized it, so that is of little account. But if they stop at Thessaloniki or Ninua they would surely do so to seek the magic circles possessed by Lucretius and Shenouda.

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