***Blood Faith V*** *Regarding America*

Pereles, Invested Justiciar of the Ward, to Porfirio, Devoted Servant of Truth

Esteemed Porfirio, I write to you from the *Nova Mundus,* where I have been labouring for the past six months, not to keep you abreast of matters for their own sake but to warn you against the sophistry that beleaguers the dark sophists in this savage land, a conglomeration of failures which has retarded the society of Blood in America, both at large and individually. May you see that their folly never spread to our demesne.

Most appalling was my introduction to the ways of these offspring of the Philosophy, in my chance encounter with a certain misguided whelp in the new city of York. The varlet possessed sense enough to recognize that I am neither *homo mortalis* nor native American and so confronted me with the question of whether I had yet announced my “intrusion” to the elders of the demesne, or “diocese,” as they call it. At that point, it was my resolve to pay him no mind, as I was in a public place and assumed that the churl was demented, a *phasma*-to-be. He followed me, however, and through his indiscreet divulgence, I discovered to my horror what has become of the pilgrims who carried the order to the *Nova Mundus:*

None of our colleagues remains alive on the new continent. All were killed at the hands of their vituperous acolytes, misguided fools who have perverted the Truth into a religion of social obligations. The whelp who introduced me to this atrocity was himself too young to know any of the history firsthand and had only the most erroneous understanding of what it was the pilgrim Disciples had to offer their converts.

The dark sophists erroneously refer to one another as Brother, as though the Alignment is meant to breed interdependency among Disciples. You may think the label, however inapt, innocuous; but recognize, Porfirio, that it demonstrates a gross misteaching and furthermore obfuscates the very basic tenet of the Philosophy, that a Disciple’s ultimate aim is to become self-existent.

The fomenting interdependence in the *Nova Mundus* takes the form of a hierarchical blood fetish cult, to which all *immortalis* are required to submit on pain of extermination. You must be wondering whether I was not required to alliege with their society; apparently, someone of the higher echela of the church prevented any such injunction being applied to myself, and well that he did, for these *atroths* have pushed my passions to their bursting point, but I digress. I repeat that the *immortalis* on this side of the world, every one, are inescapably retarded by their social organization. By nature of the fact that not one of their number has attained enlightenment, their adherence to their established creed and traditions (though established on a timetable that would hardly signify to one such as you or me) prevents their evolution. Each checks the progress of his neighbour by insisting with paranoia and militancy that he abide by the crippling customs of their society.

I cannot conceive of a method for rectifying the disaster on this side of the Atlantic. If ever a culture such as this should develop in Italia, I fear that all of Europe would fall into a dark age similar to the one which allowed the Church to rise to its position of eminence and subvert the mortals. I suspect that the tides which are presently reshaping the spiritual world of the humans of America contribute to the degeneracy of the *immortalis:* The Americans have begun to replace the Church with religion. Point of instruction: the Americans, for the most part, descend from miniature societies which long ago replaced the Church with churches of their own. This they did for primarily religious reasons, while those who placed less priority on religion than on stability remained with the Church. So imagine, if you will, a society already more concerned with their immortality than any society we know in Europe undergoing a transformation to become so much the more interested in the well-being of their immortal selves. It is a phenomenon with no parallel in my cognition.

In this environment of spiritual cravings, the practisers of the Shedding—from their self-termed elders to even the *syla—*egregiously misguided but thinking themselves in the right, whatever they do, strive to jockey the religious movements of the mortals. The dark sophists of America work individually and cooperatively, and I presume that those of the Philosophy’s other half do no less. I have gathered only cursory understanding of the changes afoot and so cannot say more, but I conjecture that the religious fervour of this renaissance, coupled with the sundry philosophies which the *immortalis* promote, shall make of this people a very contentious and violent race, quick to war and swift to its own destruction. That is what I have witnessed the humans to do with their broken religions in the past; however, it is altogether possible that the potent influence of our perverted cousins inadvertently engender another outcome. Silently divided by their doubt in the enlightenment of their creed and yet strongly unified by their fear of mutual extermination, the dark sophists may produce in the human world an infectious atmosphere of tolerance, which pervades until not one of these humans accepts even his own beliefs any longer, an age of complete nihilism.

I have carried on quite long enough with nothing to record but supposition and grievance, Porfirio, so I bid you farewell until we meet again. *Sapiens in creperum.*

Post script: My congratulations for your investiture in the office of *agent provocateur.* Should you ever for the sake of your duties need hold counsel with a voice of experience across the water, you have but to inquire.