***Blood Faith VI***

My dear Porfirio,

You have disappointed me. And I warn you, do not play innocent nor deny your participation in those unfortunate events. You tampered in forces beyond your ken. You are fortunate that distance has tempered my response to your actions. For had I been in your presence upon learning this news, you would scarce have escaped alive. Mark my words well: we do not meddle in the affairs of Death.

I speak, of course, of the Reclaiming you performed. And for a mere mortal tidbit no less! It is one thing to assist in a Conversion. To bring a nurtured, cultivated soul to our Philosophy is a thing of great honor. But to Reclaim is an abomination. I should not have to explain such unto you; it should be written upon your very bones. But I shall.

In Conversion, we move from a lesser state to one of glory. But in Reclaiming the opposite is true. The body is brought back to a semblance of life without a guiding intelligence. It is nothing more than carnal desires, an insatiable force seeking to claim what it no longer has. The Reclaimed seek to tear the soul, the intelligence from the living. And since they cannot help but fail in this endeavor they murder, time and again, never learning their error and doomed to repeat their mistake.

The Reclaimed have become an object of fear to the mortals, and recently of humor. Few mortals believe in the existence of the reclaimed, save for some few regions of the world wherein spiritualist religions hold sway. But even there they are feared. And with good reason.

As I stated, the soul does not return, so the corpse becomes an animated decaying bag of flesh. It cannot further the ends of either Philosophy. That is, it cannot unless it is controlled. Yes, it is possible to control such beasts as the Reclaimed. They will obey their master, their necromancer, as readily as a dog will chew a bone, but it is always a tenuous hold. Should at any time the master’s will and hold be weakened, the Reclaimed would wreak havoc—immediately seeking the soul of any present including that of their master. Once lost, control is nigh on impossible to regain.

I have not learned of the method the Reclaimed have of detecting the living, but it is obvious that they seem to possess one. Inevitably they are drawn to the living like a moth to a flame. This does not mean that they can tell one person from another, save for their master whose iron will is writ in their being. I would not recommend research into this realm.

I have learned that in some cases, the Reclaimed become infectious. Those they destroy join their ranks. Fortunately, we are immune to these effects in great part due to our Conversion and patronage of our Philosophy. Damnably, the Opposition, I believe, posses the same immunity. Regardless of our protection from becoming such as they, they can still render us grievous bodily harm and even death.

Should any incident of Reclaimation not be sufficiently suppressed, it could alter our relationship with the mortals and perhaps lose us some who we seek to Convert. In addition, mortals would begin to question other myths and fears. They could discover us. And I need not tell you the damage that would do to our campaign.

But these are trivial hazards compared to the true danger of the Reclaimed. There is a third Power in the universe, silent, patient, and potent. It is Death. In each incident of Reclamation of which I have learned, Death has eventually manifested. It sterilizes the region to a degree that none escape. Death, I have learned, is jealous of its kingdom, and does not lightly allow tampering. I warn you, Porfirio, we currently could not stand in direct conflict with this Power.

We know little of Death and how it acts, but I have my suspicions; shadows that linger too long, places my eyes refuse to see. Mark well, we are watched and our actions recorded. How and why are of little matter so long as the observers do not interfere. But I still ask the question, and I cannot answer it—I doubt the best of our minds could fathom the thoughts of a Power—why does Death even permit the intrusion into its realm, when it can so easily end them? How are the necromancers able to Reclaim a body against Death’s opposition? Much less swell the numbers of Reclaimed for any length of time?

Though these are tempting questions that could easily induce one to investigate further, do not! Should you again commit this ignorant act, I will personally come for you, Porifio. And not even an injunction from the Council will save you then.

You are warned,

Hæmming