***Blood Faith VIII***

My dear Porfirio,

I find it expedient to, at this time, educate you in proper selection of feeding grounds and who should and should not be Converted. This comes as a mandate from the Council, else I would have left you to your own path. But certain fools in the Pyrenees mountains have drawn attention of a most undesired sort. The situation had grown to near-cataclysmic proportions before it was brought to the attention of the Council and was of such nature as to require incitation of the mortals and quasi-sterilization of the region. And for this we are required to now oversee our Converts in this most basic and ingrained of rituals.

Simply put, feast on whom you will, and where you will. I care not. But for your own wellbeing, mind well what I am about to say. While any mortal serves our purpose, we should take care in our choices. Choose those with privacy and discretion around them, those who are invisible either by stature or lowliness, by their normalcy or shyness. Choose those who the mortals see without seeing; the riff-raff, the loners, the self-destructive. These often present you with opportunities to feast without interruption or discovery by mortals. In many cases, the mortals will even dismiss or excuse the offal left behind. Yet it is best to, when possible, dispose of any evidence of your passage.

Of greater import to me is whom you Convert. As I once told, you the person must be Converted, but should not become a homicide-obsessed maniac. Such a person would draw unwanted attention and would warrant destruction of all involved.

A proper Convert is one who appears to all intents to be a saintly soul. This is not to say religious leaders of the highest order, but rather those with ethics and morality in their lives. Such a man is more likely to hide any indiscretions until fully converted, in order to retain his status among his peers. The less-than-moral hold no such injunction and are, in my opinion, more prone to expose and glory in their deeds; it is who they are both in public and in private. But the more moral hold to the belief that they are not truly being Converted, until they are too foregone to turn back. The majority, will continue to present morality to the public and abuse it in private; a discretion that is vital to our continuance.

In truth, such lofty aims are difficult at best to achieve.

Perhaps I misspoke when I said that I care not upon whom you choose to feed. It would be better to say perhaps that I do not care if you heap damnation upon yourself for poor choices. However should your choices affect me in the least, I assure you my response will be swift.

I have performed my duty in this redundancy of a lecture and am now clean of any idiocy in which you may now partake on the matter. As such I will address something of graver and more immediate concern. The council has called for a Registry. Such an event has not been held for two centuries, and was not expected for another two, so you would hold no knowledge of it.

A Registry is an accounting from all Converts of their grounds, haunts, lineage, and standing. In short it is our census. It determines the lay of power within the Council and the numbers by which each cabal is represented. More importantly it informs us, by elimination, who is *malparido*—a blood outlaw, if you will. With census in hand we can more easily track and destroy both them and their ilk. But that is of no matter to me and my pursuits.

I bid you come to al-Qāhira, Egypt for the Registry with all due haste. I seek to establish my standing, and you are needed in some small degree to demonstrate my powerbase. An opening has appeared within the Council through a misfortune that betides me well, and I will fill it. Should you wisely render me aid in this endeavor it will bode well for you.

Oh, and Porifio, young Sibyl will be unable to meet with you in Lutetia Parisiorum. I find her company most pleasant and will not part from her soon.

Till we meet in al-Qāhira,

Hæmming