2nd of Spandarmad In the 2nd year of Darius III's Kingship of Kingships

Faravardîn,

The sacred fire trembles. And still I write.

You remain in the High Tower, I pray. If not, then may this scroll find the wind. I write it by the light of what once was Mazda's echo—and is now only smoke.

There is a star above us. Not a wanderer, not a guest. It does not move. It does not speak in brilliance. It is blue, and it is wrong.

I watched it for ten nights. It hangs above the Temple of Mithra, fixed as if nailed to the vault of the heavens. Around it, the stars warp. Patterns unwrite. The Great Bear twists. Even the blade of Tishtrya bends.

It is not a comet. It gives no warning. It does not belong.

I went to the fire, to ask. It gave back only cold.

Alexander enters Persepolis tomorrow. The king hides behind recitations. The generals plan no defense. The scribes whisper that the empire is ending, not with rebellion, but with misunderstanding.

And still the blue star burns.

Zoroaster taught that the cosmos is the battlefield of truth and lie, light and shadow. But this star—it is neither. It is not Angra Mainyu. It is not Spenta Mainyu. It is the silence that falls between them when both go blind.

You taught me that fire is not destruction, but order made visible. What, then, is this thing that burns without order? That consumes not things, but meaning?

I ask you, Faravardîn—what is a priest who cannot name what he sees?

Let it be known:

In the last days of Darius III, when the sacred fire dimmed and Venus wept unseen, Mobed Ardeshir of Persepolis set the darkness into script lest the house of Ahura Mazda be forgotten.

You are receiving this because you still hold the old verses. Hide this scroll in the sanctuary beneath the ash-cistern. If Persepolis becomes dust, let it remain. Let someone read it and know: We were the keepers of fire. And one night, we saw the sky open not with judgment, but with forgetting.

In embers and despair,

Mobed Ardeshir

Servant of the Eternal Flame
PERSEPOLIS