

To **Sun-Priest Amaru Yupanqui**  
High Warden of the Temple of Inti  
QUITO

Inti Raymi Festival Day, in the time of the Great Sun  
In the 28<sup>th</sup> year of Huayna Capac's Emperorship

Amaru Yupanqui,

I send this with the last runner before the mountain passes vanish into snow. I offer no coca leaves, no chants—only this scroll, and my trembling breath.

The sun rose late today.

We waited on the platform of the Temple of the Sun, as always. The singers began. The golden disks were polished. The white llamas bled beneath the altar.

But the sky remained gray.

And when Inti came, he was not the roaring father of fire. He was dull, faint, as if painted behind a thin cloth. The warmth never reached the stones. The shadows fell at wrong angles. The birds flew not in arcs, but in spirals.

We call him back with our blood. But what if he is not gone?

What if he is dying?

Huayna Capac lies fevered in Quito. The rivers are thick with frogs. The shamans of the jungle speak of a sickness that eats not the flesh, but the story. They say men will come from the sea, pale and iron-clad, and they will not know the sun's name.

I have called the light every solstice since I was a boy. But today, when I lifted my voice, I felt not response, but resistance. As if the sky now recoils from our offering.

Let it be known:

*In the twenty-eighth year of Sapa Inca Huayna Capac, when the solstice sun faltered and the rivers fell mute, Inti Tupaq, sun-caller of Cusco, wove the silence of the heavens into the quipu of memory.*

You are receiving this because you still keep the flame in the Golden Niche. Hide this scroll beneath the chamber of mummified kings. Let it whisper alongside their silence.

Let it say: *the people chanted, the priests bled, the drums beat—but the sun came late, and spoke no warmth. The Fifth Age stutters. The flame fades.*

And still, we wait.

In frost and fear,  
**Inti Tupaq**  
Sun-Caller of the Eastern Gate  
CUSCO