

To Crown Scribe Arinnašmu  
Under the seal of Suppiluliuma II  
TARHUNTASSA

14<sup>th</sup> of Nenas  
In the 5<sup>th</sup> year of Suppiluliuma II's Kingship

Arinnašmu,

We have watched many stars together, you and I. We charted eclipses, mapped comets, and taught princes to tell time by Taurus. I never thought I would write to tell you: the sky is no longer readable.

A red-tailed comet has set its gaze on us. It does not pass. It hovers. Like a sword suspended by a thread above the king's court. I have measured it for seventeen nights. It does not move. It burns without fuel. It shrinks no constellation. It obeys no path.

The priests say it is a sign of kingship. The king believes it is the spear of Tarhun, ready to fall upon our enemies. But I—I believe it is a sign of unmaking.

Suppiluliuma has begun to prepare for war. He sacrifices oxen, hawks, and doves. The readings are confused—liver veins twisted into knots, bones cracked in curves. There is no pattern. No favor. Only spirals.

The Sea Peoples draw near. The southern granaries burn. The outposts send no word. The court still performs the rituals of certainty, but I see it in their eyes: they look to me, and I look to the sky, and the sky says nothing.

I remember the coronation of Mursili. We released doves into the dawn and watched them circle upward into the eye of the rising sun. This morning, no birds flew. The sky is a lid now, not a mirror. A sealed jar with no breath inside.

Let it be known:

*In the reign of Suppiluliuma II, when Jupiter's fire blinked and stilled over the city of Hattusa, Tudhaliya-natar, priest of the temple archives, impressed the fading sky into cuneiform lest the gods' forgetting undo the world.*

You are receiving this letter because you hold the Archive of Signs. Record this not as omen, but as event. Not as message, but as the failure of all messages. The king believes we stand at the edge of conquest. I believe we stand at the end of interpretation.

If Hattusa falls, let it be said: we saw the stars dissolve, and we knew the gods had stopped writing.

Hide this letter within the folds of the Royal Codex. Let the next world discover what we saw when the sky forgot its language.

In fading light,  
**Tudhaliya-natar**  
Astronomer of the Northern Dome  
HATTUSA