

To **Tecuhtli Tlacotzin**
Head Ritualist of the High Temple of the Sun
TEXCOCO

2nd of Tlacaxipehualiztli, Year 1 of the Acatl Era
In the 17th year of Moctezuma II's Emperorship

Tlacotzin,

By the fire still burning in the obsidian brazier, I press ink to skin. May this word survive even if the sun does not.

At midday, during the heart-cutting for the war captives, as our brothers chanted the Four Winds, the sun was devoured.

Not like in the old eclipses—those left light at the edges, and returned with breath. This time, the light left. Entirely. No warmth. No shadow. The obsidian mirrors showed only our faces—distorted, floating.

The jaguar drums ceased. The dancers froze mid-step. Even the eagle priest at the top altar dropped the flint blade.

No birds cried. Not even wind moved.

You have always said the Fifth Sun would end in fire, and we would burn gloriously into the next age. But this—this is absence. No god. No answer. Just a hollow circle in the sky that watched and said nothing.

I consulted the Codex of Dawn. I read the glyphs of Tezcatlipoca. I chanted the names of Tonatiuh. But all signs are confused. The reed year arrives with foreigners on the coast. Their boats are white. Their god is unnamed. The sky grows strange.

Perhaps this eclipse was not the sun being eaten. Perhaps it was the eater being eaten.

Let it be known:

In the reign of Moctezuma II, when the sun's cry was choked and the moon failed her dance, Tecuhtli Cuauhtli, priest of the Tonatiuh Temple, wove the undone sky into the songs of the Mexica.

You are receiving this because you guard the temple glyphs. Burn this letter beneath the serpent stair, where the calendar stone drinks shadow.

Let it say: *on the day of flaying, the sun flayed itself. The blood did not fall. The sky held its breath. And we, who fed it, stood still, and knew—we were not being punished. We were being forgotten.*

In silence and in dread,
Tecuhtli Cuauhtli
Priest of the Southern Flame
TENOCITILAN