

To **Lucius Calpurnius Maximus**
Archivist of the Consular Records
ROME

15th of Martius, Ab Urbe Condita 710
In the 5th year of Gaius Julius Caesar's Dictatorship

Calpurnius,

You will receive this scroll stained with sweat and ash. Perhaps with blood. Do not file it beneath the laws. File it among the failures.

At noon, the sun turned to rust. Not shadow, not eclipse—it glowed, but gave no heat. The pigeons left the rostra. The statues cast no shadows. Even the Sibylline priests stammered.

And in the Curia of Pompey, they drew knives.

Caesar is dead.

Brutus stood pale, clutching a dagger like a boy who has cut the wrong vine. Cassius wept. The rest ran. I remained.

And still the sun did not return.

You know I have never feared omens. I have read Cicero. I have debated with Varro. I have walked the Via Sacra with the augurs and smiled at their birds. But this—this is not interpretation.

This is unmaking.

The Republic lies bleeding on the tiles. And above it, a red sun watches. Not a god, not a judgment—a witness. Cold, distant, uninterested.

I thought I understood Rome. That we were built on reason, on rhythm, on law. But Caesar understood something deeper: how to hollow those forms, wear them like masks, and speak through their mouths.

The Forum is quiet now. But something has shifted. Not just in politics. In cosmos. The stars tonight are wrong. The moon flickers like an oil lamp. The air feels heavier, as if the world now leans toward something darker.

You are receiving this because your records must speak what our laws will not: that this was the day Rome began to end. Not in sack or fire, but in misunderstanding. In believing that we could kill the tyrant and keep the crown.

Let it be known:

In the fifth year of Caesar's dictatorship, when the Ides dimmed and no omen favored the Senate, Lucius Fabius Severus, Senator of Rome, committed to wax the silence that consumed the Republic's breath.

Seal this in the Consular Archive. Not as law. Not as rhetoric. As truth.

Let it say: *we struck down Caesar beneath a red sun, and the world did not celebrate. It held its breath.*

In grief and in fear,
Lucius Fabius Severus
Senator of the Eleventh Bench
ROME