



Greetings,

WHETHER you are here by invitation or because fate has so deemed you stumble upon this most noble and holy path, we welcome you. This gathering of the chosen few, which is the *Bronze Clan*, the *Church of the Holy Bronze*, the *Order of the Holy Essence*, is the last remaining bastion of resistance against the machinations of the wicked. Therefore, learn and increase in wisdom, so that the truth is known, and so that not one of us is led astray.

THERE was a time when *The Bronze*, which is the *Holy Essence*, was balanced in itself, complete and whole, suspended alone, needing nothing - to take no action, to form no thought. Whether a cosmic mind had placed it there or no, none have been able to tell it, but there has been much speculation amongst the *Lost Scholars of Old* that *The Bronze* is in fact fundamental, and that its substance is that of mind, since, they say, it is spirit and immaterial, and since minds have proceeded from it. But this aside, for there came a time when it happened that out from the primordial essence of *The Bronze* things began to emerge, and many voids in between. The celestial spheres formed, and there were spheres within spheres. Within the smallest, most intricate of them all, a mass of ancient stone we know as *Sorenth* (falsely called Gielinor) emerged. Life in great variety burgeoned, and all the first forms danced to the mystic pulse that resonated within the *pure element*, that is, *elemental bronze*, as it communed with *The Bronze*, which communion brought forth and sustained all life. There was a perfect balance; a blissful song resounded throughout the cosmos. All was well. If only a final amen could be given to grace an era of perpetual peace!

BUT alas, over the ages there were many epochs of darkness, and the greatest of them all, the one with which we are concerned, left a terrible scar on the world which has remained till this day. Because it happened that a certain fragment had broken from the *Holy Essence*. It drifted along, like all other fragments before it, which contained in them nascent wills, becoming powerful beings of myriad forms according to the diverse places they came to rest. But this one took a way of its own, for while most became guardian spirits and demigods, it was content to drift and watch, because that it hungered after the void. In time, it was drawn to the corruption emanating from *Sorenth*, that of darkened and perverse wills, which the *Diviner's of the Past* have claimed caused its nature at the first (for nothing that proceeds from *The Bronze* is corrupt unless something affect it so, and this is elaborated in the wisdom of the *Sages*, that if one sows a dark seed, a dark fruit will one get). And it did feed, and in doing it grew, swelling unto a mass of perfect darkness, that, when the time had come, poured forth from the heavens, seeping into the earth. It abhorred the *Holy Essence* from which it first emerged and sought to destroy the *pure element* which drew from its life giving source. It warred, but could not destroy it. But though the *pure element* could not be destroyed, the darkness, as a force that works its ways like roots within a rock, was able to break it in twain. This came at a great cost to the darkness, for it suffered the severance of its substance into many fragments, many of which became lords. One of such fragments would seek after a man to possess him. This it did, preying upon the frailty of a twin prince. And so, ripened cosmic corruption, once a mere force, learned the ways of man, becoming *Dagonshal*, whose name is not to be taken lightly, nor spoken in vain in the night. And this *Dagonshal* did he seek to reunite those parts that had been torn from him all the while having within him a burning unrest - a desire unfulfilled, because, though he had ruined much, his work was far from unfinished, for he looked and set his eyes towards an ancient race, a race that had emerged from the waters at the beginning and that were living in a towering city by the sea. These were the *Piscines*, and there were none like them, for they resonated with the *Holy Essence* just as the *pure element* that was shattered had done. A great light rose up through their city, one beheld by all the world.

And they walked among us, they communed with us; they graced us with their presence so that mankind never went athirst for knowledge or purpose. They were our teachers - our guides, and there were times when no king or noble would pass any law without first seeking their wisdom. And *Dagonshal* saw that their souls were so aligned that they resonated with the *Holy Essence* in the same manner as the *pure element*. He abhorred their light. It was to him incessant and unrelenting, like a deep working thorn. And so, he set forth with an uncompromising malice to destroy. (I should say at this point that *Dagon*, as he is commonly known, had failed, before his conquest had begun, to acquire the rest of his fragments, which by now had manifested in *Sorenth* and had lost their capacity to grow in their formless masses. His final efforts were thwarted when his human form was slain. Thereafter was his spirit released into the winds, and thereafter did he tempt the nations to do his bidding.)

NOW were the nations corrupted by the spirit of *Dagonshal*, and they rose up against the *Holy City* to slay the blessed race and overthrow the throne from which the great light proceeded. All this because they believed a lie and sought riches above beauty and life. Then did *The Bronze* moan in the throes of imbalance because that *Sorenth* was on the brink of destruction. From this grievance was formed a soul. This soul was a reflection of *The Bronze* itself, for it was the very imprint of *The Bronze* upon the corporeal world. The *Piscine Sages* called her *Kristy*, which means in the ancient languages “*A Tear*”, because she was a tear of mourning formed of *The Bronze*. And it came to pass that, before all was lost, she translated and sealed all but a few of the *Piscines* within the waters so that they would then dwell in the lakes, rivers, and seas. It was a tragic, but unavoidable act, enacted with the purpose that they would thrive in peace in animal vessels until the day of restoration, because, as they remained, they could not continue immortal through the cycle of death and rebirth, but now their souls wait dormant and cannot be killed, returning again and again within the safety of the waters. But *Dagon* continued his torments, even after the last of the *Piscine Sages* had gone, and man, possessed of *his darkness* began to fish with unnatural greed, caring not that they drove in certain times the vessels of the *Piscines* to the brink of extinction. This continues to this day. Know, dear reader, if you must know anything, that without the *Piscines*, *Sorenth* would crumble, and that without the sanctuary vessels of aquatic life, the *Piscines* cannot remain. And it is better for them still to remain within the waters because of the abundance of the vessels, and this is what we seek to protect. And this was the plan of *Kristy*. Because it was that mankind was not wholly lost, for throughout the ages there have arisen *kings* who, in response to the call of the *Kristy*, have amassed armies to wage war on evil. This *line of kings*, not by a lineage of paternal inheritance, nor by consanguinity, but by a spiritual one, continues to this day.

AND so, under the leadership of *King Masurao*, we make war against the workers of iniquity, namely the fishers, and against the evil spirits and demons that make the places where they gather their habitations.

ALL HAIL THE BRONZE! LONG LIVE THE KING!

SIGNED,

The Prophet -+_+_+_+_+

