

In the six-hundred and fifty-seventh year of the ninth era, the high Vestes of the Most Esteemed House of Violaceus gathered together in the manor hall of Principius Lascaris.

They fasted through the morning, spending their hours in the study. They poured over old tomes until their eyes watered and the page-ink seemed to swirl and lift to mingle with the motes of dust in the candle-lit air.

They held a modest lunch, to save themselves for the celebratory feasting each hoped would come that night, and then made their way solemnly into the manor hall's ritual chambers. There, they waited. And when the moon rose and the soft pale light filtered in through the high arched windows, they began to work.

They set up a great glass lens.

*They whispered threads of moonlight through carefully
cut facets too small for the eye to see.*

They chanted and wove the threads into strands.

They sang, and bound the strands into knots.

*And when they had finished, they held before them a
mote of darkness no larger than a closed fist.*

*One by one, each Vestal added to this one single drop of
blood. Suffused, as they were, in the malignancy of
affliction.*

*Then they sang one final hymn, and the mote departed
in a flash of light.*

*With glad eyes, and light hearts, they returned to the
candlelit halls of the manor house.*

They ate. They drank. They sang.

They reveled into the long hours of the night.

As they waited for the dawn.

As they waited for the world that would come with it.

As they put a bomb in the Sun to murder it.

The Vesties saw in the Firmament an oppression.

They saw in the Sun a tyranny.

They saw in the Moon a betrayal.

They saw in the Stars a disdain.

And so they sought liberation.

And so they killed the Sun.

The next morning, one-by-one they awoke from their slumbers.

One-by-one they filed out from the cold, dark halls.

One-by-one they gazed up at a cold, dark sky.

No Sun. No Moon. No Stars.

The Firmament was no more.

With this act of defiance came a reckoning.

With this act of defiance came the end of the world.

Not in an instant.

Perhaps that would have been a mercy.