Cicero's Journal - Final Volume

30th of Sun's Dusk, 4E 200

I have written the letters. So polite. So official! To Astrid, in Skyrim. Her Sanctuary still stands. Still operates. But how? No Listener means no Black Sacrament, no Black Sacrament means no contracts. Her family can abandon the Old Ways, and still survive, still kill, but is that family still Brotherhood? Or something else? Something new. Something different. Something wrong?

Something wrong.

Still, we must go! Tomorrow, we set sail. Float on a boat through the moat called the sea her and me!

22nd of Evening Star, 4E 200

Sick sick sick of the rocking tossing rolling throwing upon the gray gray waves!

I've been reading of Skyrim, of the good days, the old days, of the Old Ways. There was another Sanctuary once. A Dawnstar Sanctuary. Good, ancient and strong. Blessed by Sithis. Cicero will go there! No need of Astrid!

The Mother and I will settle, and she will speak to me, finally, and we will build the Old Ways anew, together.

23rd of Evening Star, 4E 200

The passphrase is mine! I have found it, in a letter ancient as the Sanctuary itself.

The Black Door will ask - "What is life's greatest illusion?"

I am to answer - "Innocence, my brother."

Finally, a space, a place, to call my own! A joker's retreat for the Fool of Hearts!!!!

4th of First Seed, 4E 201

The Sanctuary is home! As I had dared hope! Cool and dark and lovely. My Sanctuary, Sanctuary from all.

I know its every corner, every hall, every shadowed nook and alcove. My Sanctuary. The guardians know me, recognize me as Keeper. They leave poor Cicero alone. The big

ugly beast - a different story. He'd eat me if he could, but to bind me, grind me, he'd need to find me. And Cicero will make sure that does not happen. For I have Sanctuary!

Sanctuary from all.

13th of First Seed, 4E 201
The Sanctuary is safety, and salvation. But silent, so silent. I give my love to the Unholy Matron. I give my laughter freely. But I do not hear her. The silence has returned. Now that I am laughter, and no longer hear laughter, I once again hear the silence. The silence of the Void. It reaches across time and space. Its silence is deafening, once more.

1st of Rain's Hand, 4E 201
Mother and Keeper must go. I am not the Listener, and never will be. But I am the Keeper. I must serve my Mother's will above my own. I must find her Listener. I must teach Astrid the error of her ways, the beauty and necessity of the Old Ways.
I have sent the letter to Astrid. We leave soon. But Cicero will keep this Sanctuary as his Sanctuary!

A place to rest and ply my trade, for I once more take up the blade, and send some lucky souls to Him, when laughter strikes, as fits my whim!

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Teaches	(none)
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Leveled lists	0
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