

This isn't a story of heroism or of an epic journey. No one's fate changed because of our presence.

This is a message.

The gates to Hell are closed.

Charyss has seen visions of an enemy who wants to purge the place of its nature. The details are hazy, but the intent is clear... So we fortify ourselves for war.

Cerberus is vigilant; no one is gaining entrance.

These are questions.

We didn't expect to find the cure; we don't have years or decades or centuries to wait for an answer that may never happen. Enough groups were looking for the solution. **Tranquil Fury, Fostern of the Red Talons**, petitioned to travel there looking for clues about the cause. What happened before the Weaver sang? What did Charyss notice that no one else did to make her send messengers? If the Weaver is trying to 'fix' what it sees as corrupted patterns, could it have taken that inspiration from the process of this realm?

We can't fight what we don't understand. If we could start to piece together what happened before the song, things that led up to where we are now... maybe it's not too late.

Most Garou were too busy with their own plans to listen to the discussion in the corner, or maybe just pretending not to hear it. I don't blame them. A few brave Kinfolk and Fera were willing but unable - rules. But Fury was determined to finding these answers, with or without help, and with no one who *could* go who was willing to volunteer... he asked for my help. Because I was listening. Theorizing. Asking questions. I didn't volunteer, no, but I couldn't let someone go there alone. **Carte Blanche** and **Bekah Colbert** (kinfolk) weren't able to go themselves, but they sent us with aid and a blessing. We needed those; they helped. Thank you.

So we went.

These are answers.

But not exactly to what we came looking to find.

We crossed the bridge, held it. Reached the gates.

Cerberus told us there would be no entry, and we didn't argue like the one who'd been there before us.

He said to tell our councilors: *seek answers elsewhere, or come yourselves.*

Instead, we talked to the Guardian of the Gates. He gave us that message. He said perhaps getting back inside could fix the weaver corruption, but didn't know for sure. And none were getting in to ask - none that had a chance to remember the question at the end, at least.

He spoke of balance.

"Would not absolute balance be a static state? You don't want balance. You want chaos. Species go extinct. New species take their place. Nature swells and dims. Ruminare."

So we ruminated.

Nothing can grow if nothing dies. But those aren't at the same rates; the cycle fluctuates. A perfect balance is an imperfect goal - nothing growing, nothing dying.

Stasis.

This is a message, and a warning.

To any Telos who hears this story, from Cerberus: *Heed the signs to come. Make the choice for a future, lest you fall to a new foe and repeat your mistakes of the past.*

There *is* a higher purpose (No, I don't know what it is).

When the Gatekeeper told us it was time to leave, we left. The gates stayed closed.

~Ember

Cracks Thin Ice in the Face of Frozen Truth

Ragabash, Lupus, Cliath of no tribe

Telos

PS

Why are there so few of us, if there's some greater plan? I heard a rumor after returning that something is hunting the Telos who leave that realm. So... if anyone happens to chat with any spirits who mention it and wouldn't mind letting me know which ones so I can follow up... that'd be appreciated.

PPS

And a sincere congratulations to the other groups for finding far more tangible answers to the most urgent needs. Thank you for giving us all some time.