

An Account of the Book

(The Last That Shall Be Given)



— Nulla est structura ultra Fidem.—



The Prolog

I am *Brother Anesthesius*, keeper of the *Libraria Obscura*.

The last to witness those unfortunate Easter events,
by some cruel arithmetic of survival.

Mine is a life of letters, not legends.

I write this to answer—and to warn.

The younger brothers—
come with *questions* they do *not understand*.

Some name the *Book*. Some *dare not*.

It is absent from every catalogue,
yet present in every whisper.

They believe it is myth.

I would be comforted if that were so.

I understand.

Once, I might have asked *the same*.

I have not merely seen the *Book*,
but *witnessed* the rupture it carved
through our Order and Parish.

That *Book* is not merely heretical,
though heresy would be a mercy.

It is wrong.

Fundamentally, impossibly wrong.

It does not oppose the *Truth*, but warps it.

It is not only a *Blasphemy*,
but also an *Error Incarnate*.



But let us begin where we must:

That *Book* gained its infamy not by its contents alone,
but also by the events that unfolded around it.

It began in the Year of Our Lord 1412,
in a season when nothing began.

The winter was atypical for the Flemish Lands:
cruel in form, and sustained beyond expectation.

April began, yet the ground remained frozen.

Hunger had long ceased to be a visitor.

Even here, behind thick monastery walls,

The *Spirit* of sharing was strained.

In *Confessionals*, we heard not only the sins,
but also the slow unravelling of patience.

In *Silence*, we bore the weight of a collapsing *Faith*.



Easter Friday

(On the Ceremony Itself)

That Easter Friday was unlike any in memory.
Even the most ascetic rites hold a warmth.
Grief shared—transfigured by tradition.
But not that year. The air was thin. The sky grey.
The villagers gathered more from habit than *Hope*.
The Passion of Christ, once the refuge for sorrow, now felt like comparison.
They did not contemplate the Cross.
They competed with it.
Still, when the Liturgy began, something stirred.
Eyes lifted—briefly—toward the *Lamb Who Suffered*.
Not *Hope*. A shadow of it.
And *then*—from beneath the Altar,
the *foulest* of all creatures emerged:
A *skunk*! It moved with *oily confidence*, as if *ordained*.
The Altar Boy reached for the censer—
—Swung once. Then *twice*.
There was a pause—long, unbearable. Then the *Ceremony* shattered.
The skunk responded as only it can.
A single burst—and the altar was unmade.
Not defiled, but *reversed*.
The linens. The chalice.
The Priest himself—caught in that rank undoing.
It was not a smell. It was a statement.
The chants died. The crowd did not scream.
They scattered in disorder—leaving behind shoes, cloth, prayer.
As if they had glimpsed something older than *Fear*.
We felt it deepest. This was no farce. No accident.
The altar, the vestments, the Sacred Books—now *untouchable*.
Not merely unclean, but *inverted*.
As though the *creature* had not entered our world,
but we had stepped into *its*.
We bound the altar in black. Posted a guard—though none stood close.
The tainted items remained.
Not as relics, but warnings of the shattered *Belief*.
That night, it was agreed: a letter must be sent.
Brother Petrus—strong rider—was dispatched to the Bishop's See.
We prayed for his arrival.
Not for answers. Only for *containment*.



Easter Saturday

(On the Ritual Performed)

The day after was grey in a way that had nothing to do with weather.
The sun rose, yes, but its light had no warmth.

We waited. All through the hours of Prayer, we waited for the Bishop.
But we knew he would not arrive until after nightfall.

In the meantime, the rites of Holy Saturday had to proceed—
transferred hastily from the Outer Altar to the Monastery's Inner Chapel.
The space was secured and sanctified.
But the echoes in the stonework did not sound right.
The incense did not rise; it hung.

We said the words, lit the candles—but it felt more like imitation than *Worship*.
The people who attended were subdued, glancing often toward corners
and doors, unable to lift their *Mind* toward the Heavens.
Some flinched at ordinary creaks; others kept glancing at the doorway,
as if something *unspeakable* might enter again.

And when the Bishop finally arrived—well after the last light of day—
he had retreated behind the Abbey walls. He was exhausted. Travel-worn.

But he did not come alone.
With him came the Designated Exorcist of the See.
Among the brethren, he was well known, but rarely spoken of.
His face bore the permanent scowl—
of a man too familiar with Authority, and yet too *proud* of it.

He insisted The Ritual be performed immediately.
No rest. No question. Only procedure. We *obeyed*.

Torches were lit and placed in sconces around the quarantined Altar.
The cleansing of the liturgical items took hours—
though *clean* is a word I use *loosely*.

Some were simply declared *reclaimed* by the authority of Salt and Fire.
And *then*—at the hour furthest from God—the Ritual began.

I have observed many rituals. This one was... precise. Measured. *Brutal*.
And yet, it did not feel like *Exorcism*. It felt like *invocation*.

There were no *signs*. No disruption. And yet no one rejoiced.
We left the site in silence. It felt as if something had been invited
under the pretense of *banishment*.

Later, alone in my cell, I could not pray. I could only ask myself:
What if the *Ritual* echoed downward—
Not to cast out, but to call forth what lay beyond the *Doctrine*?
An *Elder Force*. Not opposed to *God*.
But unaware of *Him*?



Easter Sunday

(On the Feast and Subsequent Events)

Most of the villagers, and many of the monks,
had only heard of the midnight ritual *secondhand*.
They had not witnessed it—only *felt its echo* in the way others moved and spoke.
Still, there was a collective exhale.

Relief is a fragile thing,
but it spread through the Sunday Rites like a *cautious thaw*.
The ceremony was observed in full. People watched the altar with *wary eyes*,
but their songs returned, haltingly. The incense finally rose.
A kind of *grace* returned quietly to the nave.

Later, when the feast was set—long wooden slabs in the cloister yard, bearing loaves,
broth, and *cautiously measured wine*—a sense of *tentative fellowship* returned.
Parishioners, pilgrims, and peasants were served—*pious and vulgar alike*.

There was *laughter, faint and fragile*. When the sun fell
and the guests dispersed, we cleaned the tables in *tired silence*.

That was when *she* arrived.

A *peasant girl*—barefoot, innocent—
and *bright with joy, untouched by knowledge*.
She ran through the gate *smiling*, cradling the *Book*.
She held it with the grace of one bearing *the Scripture*.
Said she had found it that morning, near the *restored altar*.
She thought —*God help her*— it *belonged to the Church*.

That was *impossible*.

The site had been *cleared*.

The Sacred Implements had, for the most part, been *purified*.
The rest was taken away and *burned*—with *Prayers*.

The guards had seen *no one*.

We gathered around it, and the moment we saw the cover, *we knew*.

We immediately recognized the title, set in *gold*.

But there was a line beneath it:

Cum Fides corrui, Structura manet.

We did not open it.

We had to summon The Exorcist.

He recognized the form *immediately*—
a *Scholar's Structure*. A *Perversion of Study*.
He implied, in terms *careful and few*,
that the girl had *seduced a Scholar*—
knowingly or not—and *corrupted his mind*
until he subscribed to the *blasphemy* himself.

I returned to my cell before sunset.

I tried to *pray*. But the sound carried—*measured, unbroken*.

It was *interrogation*. But also a *method*.



Easter Monday

(On the Events After the Resurrection)

Morning prayers were spoken. We knelt. We bowed.
But what haunted us now was not the *fear of apparitions*,
but the *certainty of a Sentence*.
There would be no *new signs, no omens*.
Only *consequences*.

The *Exorcist of the See* summoned us before the conclusion of *Terce*.
The girl, he said, *must be burned*. Not at dawn, nor in secret,
not in the *proper hour*. But *after the Monday Rituals* had been completed.
His voice carried neither *anger* nor *haste*.
It was *cold, canonical, and final*.

Some among us asked, *carefully*—if the matter might wait.
Might *she* not be held until *Tuesday*?

He did not answer *directly*. He only repeated the *Formula*:
“*Peccatum, cum revelatur, purgandum est antequam serpat*”.
And so we obeyed.

The *Rituals of Easter Monday* were conducted as *prescribed*.
Every *verse spoken*, every *genuflection performed*.
But even the *Alleluia* rang *hollow*.
We were no longer afraid of *desecration*.
We were afraid of *participation*.

At the *meadow behind the village*—now deemed *clean*—
wood was *stacked with exacting care*.
The site was no longer treated as *profane*, but as *prepared*.
Darkness had already fallen, but few had brought *torches*.

She was led out as if for *Confirmation*.
The villagers gathered. Some *wept*.
Most watched in *silence*, as if uncertain
whether this was a *Sentence* or a *Sacrament*.

The flame rose *fast*—
but not before she *looked up to the Heavens*
as if *expecting an Answer*.

When the *ashes settled*,
the crowd dispersed *without instruction*.
No bells were rung.

That night, I sat in my cell and listened to the *Silence that followed*.
For a moment, I allowed myself a *thought*
—one I will *not repeat*.
It passed.



The Book

(On the Document That Was Prohibited)

I had the *misfortune*, not the *privilege*—
and the *duty*—to examine it in full.

Even *touching its cover*
was *repulsive in a manner that bypasses reason*.

I felt nothing but *relief* when it was *locked away*
in the *Libraria Obscura*, sealed beside those few volumes—
deemed unfit even for the eyes of penitents.

The suspicion that it was the work
of a *mad Scholar* or *apostate monk* prevailed.
In the years that followed, many were *questioned*—
some even *burned*—on suspicion of *authorship*.

But *madness* is a poor thing to interrogate.
It yields neither *Confession* nor *Clarity*,
and ultimately, *no conclusions* were reached.

I bear my own *suspicion*— it was penned by a *young monk*.

One of our own, perhaps.
A boy who had *stolen a few rolls of parchment*
and a *half-used bottle of ink*.

Alone in his cell, he turned the gift of Faith upon itself.
Not out of *rebellion*, nor even *malice*—*only curiosity*.

And that is worse.

He *applied structure where there is none*.
He *mirrored the Doctrine*—*back onto Itself until it split*,
just to *name the Contradiction*.

The verses are *crude*. The typesetting *poor*.
But that line on the cover—*deliberate*.
And beneath it, an *incision*,
precise enough to name.

The book is not just *heresy*. It is also *Inversion*.
It is the *Sacred*—*ridiculed*—
as if it was *never True*.

And that is *The Final Error*.

Not to *reject the Lamb*—
But to *dissect Him*.



caccumbis y her
Nul cadon lorniga
imceptetur

victu
mundo

inven
inatum

icatum
oepes

hosen
amzatu

itungrum
satus' chutic'
menna upe
reclitatu

antibus m
apergu chutic'
celutur abicee
reptorum



