

The Prophecies Of Bix The Younger

As translated from his private journal

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The First Prophecy Of Bix The Younger

Written in the stones of my father's house are his Great Prophecies. Many long years have I searched in vain for these Truths. I fear they shall never be revealed to me while the walls of that house still stand. Worse still is the thought that, finding them, I shall be unable to read them. Nevertheless, I have endeavored to reconstruct the methods my father practiced, and if not to duplicate his great work, at least to see some small part of his vision. Here, then, is a detail of my first effort.

Casting the red stones, I read three in fire and one in water. I took this to indicate a time of great strife, tempered by a woman's influence.

Casting the rods, two fell on one. Two years then will be the length of this time, and by the fall of the black stone I see that it shall be two years hence.

When I read the mists of the boiling water, as my father described in his notebooks, I saw a dark land, grass dying among tall trees. If this be result, cause, or the place where events shall occur, I know not.

I cast only one green stone. It fell between fire and earth, signifying (as well as I have determined, after much study) that the blood of a man shall not suffice to resolve the conflict.

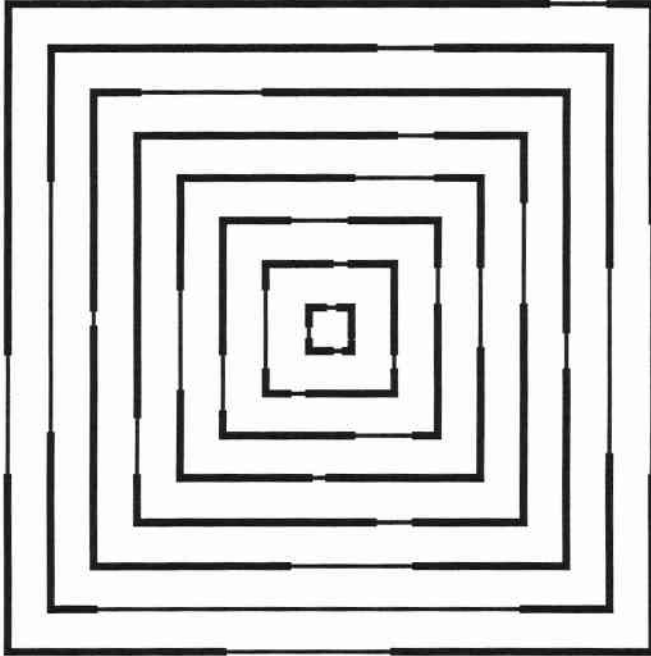
All my attempts to clarify this vision have thus far failed utterly.

The Second Prophecy Of Bix The Younger

Alas, what a fool I have been! My attempts to duplicate my father's work have thus far failed, and now I understand why. Studying and studying again his notes, I saw at last a message hidden therein. The first word of each line of the first page of those notes, when taken together, spell out a warning which would have spared me endless distress, had I but seen it before. Fool that I am, I did not even suspect! The warning reads, "You that seek to perform these rites know that these accounts are not true. Learn first the spells in the red book and be not misled by these pages." Of course, it was common practice in my father's day to hide the true methods amidst false information, to protect the secrets of the Craft. I knew this, yet even so was I misled. I searched the Libraries of this house for a red book, but found only one: my mother's diary. Could this be a secret spellbook? I have begun to read it, but have found no indication that it is anything but what it appears to be. I am despondent, but I cannot give up. The promise of the great mysteries discovered by Bix the Elder obsesses me. I must keep looking.

The Fourth Prophecy Of Bix The Younger

I found, today in my father's house, a cubic stone of roughly one third cubit per edge. On each side of the cube were inscribed thirty- six concentric squares. The squares were not evenly carved, but each side had portions that were shallowly inscribed and deeply inscribed, roughly as below:



I quickly realized that this was an unknown system of graphic logos, and set about deciphering it. My efforts were ended when I fell asleep at my worktable, pushing the cube off of the edge, dashing it to the floor of my study. The cube broke open, and I saw to my horror that the cube was not solid, but made of many concentric cubes, how many, I hadn't the heart to count. I then realized that this was a way of writing in three dimensions, and that to attempt its decipherment would lead to my eventual madness. I rushed from my father's house threw it down the well.

The Eighth Prophecy Of Bix The Younger

I have cast the rods three times; each time, the trilateral has appeared. The third time, one rod crossed the House of the Eye.

The flames still refuse to show anything but the fleeing horseman. The green stones are useless; the red fall into place, but say nothing intelligible.

I cannot find rest at night, nor peace of mind. My accursed father's writings cannot be used! Surely I will go mad!

The Sixteenth Prophecy Of Bix The Younger

The other evening a tremor shook the land, and in the great shaking which ensued, a stone fell from above the eastern window of my father's house. It fell upon my