

# **ESOTERIC SALVAGE AND THE THIRD SIGIL**

*An Interactive Narrative Adventure*

With

Stanislaw Greykill  
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Written by Eric Kingsbury

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**From the Desk of Stanislaw Greykill  
Esoteric Salvage LLC**

3 December 2024

My Dearest Friend and Colleague:

I hope that this letter finds you well. I am writing to inform you that I have uncovered evidence of certain dark forces that I believe are about to beset humanity on a scale not seen in generations. Time is of the essence now, and we must act with all expediency to thwart an ancient evil that threatens to emerge from the grimmest chapters of human history and cover the world in mortal slavery.

Let me explain what I have learned, weave together the threads, if you will, so that you may I pray dispose of the suspicions that must certainly arise in a mind so devoted to reason as yours. Again, I assure you that I write to you in good faith and sober mind. I have not gone mad!

The first thread then.

In the course of my trade in rare esoteric antiquities, I have for over a decade pursued the mystery of the so-called “lost library” of the English courtier, alchemist and occultist John Dee. You may easily access accounts of Dee’s life in the electronic databases that are so popular today, but the salient fact here is that by the 1580s Dee had accumulated what was considered the largest library of books and manuscripts in Europe at that time. His collection covered science, mathematics, and a myriad of diverse philosophical subjects. Significantly, it also contained many volumes of alchemical, astrological and occult lore.

Around 1852, Dee left England for an extended tour of continental Europe, leaving his home and library in the care of his brother-in-law, but when Dee returned almost a decade later, he found his home vandalized and all of his books gone. Some of the books were recovered, but many remain lost, including a number of known occult texts. Who would do this, and why, has been largely put down to the greed of Dee’s relations, but there are other theories, and more on such in this next thread.

In my pursuit of these lost texts across the European continent, I not-so-coincidentally made the acquaintance of members of a secret society, based in Amsterdam, that we shall for now call the Liber Lumen. These people, some of them quite notable members of EU society, have been laboring for centuries to recover one or more lost occult documents from Dee’s collection. Their motivation, as I will explain, lies less in their interest in these documents, but more in preventing them from falling into the wrong hands.

The origin of the Liber Lumen is obscured by the mists of time, but it has emerged that a key figure was Dee’s contemporary, the English alchemist Edward Kelly. Dee and Kelly, during the time of Dee’s sojourn in Europe, worked together to access knowledge through what they believed was direct communication with angelic beings. There were many epiphanies,

and much fame for them among eastern European courts; however, the two English occultists soon had a falling out, ostensibly over Kelly's more liberal beliefs around such practices as "free love," and the two parted ways. According to the Liber Lumen, this schism was deeper than that, and that dark rationale lies at the heart of the larger crisis at hand. What's more, my contacts claimed to me that it was agents of the Liber Lumen, at the behest of Kelly, who raided Dee's library all those centuries ago.

You see, it seems that Dee was a high-ranking member of a different, much older secret society we will call for now Silva Rex, whose objectives the Liber Lumen was formed to oppose. The crux of the opposition of these two parties lies in the question of who should rule the individual. What is better for the fate of man? What is right and what is just? What do the divinities decree? Is it the privilege of so-called great men to subjugate the lesser masses, as the Silva Rex assert, or is it in the natural order of things that each creature should rule him- or herself, as the Liber Lumen hold? One must recall, as I'm sure you do, as learned as you are, that it was none other than John Dee who coined the term "British Empire" and inspired the English throne to set forth on the brutal colonization and subjugation of the grand variation of human spirits that wake everywhere to the dawning of the sun!

Oh yes, I know all of this must seem to you the plucking of a paranoid upon the lute strings of a facile apprehension of history, economics and social class. But it is not so, and as I beg you, here is the rub — a magic incantation, a truly daemonic spell, was written, was inscribed in the dark currents of history, long before the annals of western civilization. The incantation was divided into four parts long ago, accompanied by four glyphs, or Sigils as they are called by the Liber Lumen, that once revealed and activated through prescribed ritual, will effectuate the slavery and debasement of all humanity to the bearer.

Though I have not seen them myself, the Liber Lumen tell me the Sigils are small cards of some ancient, indestructible parchment or wood, with the Sigil etched in black on one side and the corresponding incantation, purportedly in ancient Egyptian, etched on the other.

Who created such a spell, and why? The only answer I've been offered by the Liber Lumen is that an "ancient priest-king of the forest" was deceived by a powerful evil entity to bring the Sigils into this world. In their ancient wisdom, however, the pagan grandfathers and grandmothers of man thwarted this forest king and dispersed these Sigils to the far corners of the world, lest they ever rouse the demons of our coarser nature. All attempts to destroy them, apparently, failed

To the next thread.

The First Sigil was reportedly found by Julius Caesar in the wilds of the Germanic wastes of northern Europe, or else in Egypt, which is said to have housed one or more of the Sigils in early antiquity. With this dark power, the Roman Republic became the Roman Empire and enslaved much of the Mediterranean basin. Its name in English is Crown, and its symbol is thus:



Its meaning is Empire, and Emperor, the rule of one man as a god, in a world in which all others bend the knee, forfeit their divinity, and work not as their hearts dictate, but as Caesar dictates, with all spoils to Caesar. Caesar himself was betrayed at the hands of the counter-spirit that Liber Lumen represents, but the spell lasted long beyond his reign, fading at last with the Germanic overthrow of Rome.

During Julius Caesar's reign, though the symbol was known as part of his regalia, it is said the First Sigil card itself was kept under guard in the library at Alexandria, at Julius Caesar's behest. Though Caesar set fire to part of the library in 48 BC, the First Sigil remained in Alexandria for centuries after Caesar, as attested by Ptolemy. When the Arab Caliph Omar finally destroyed the library in 642 AD, the First Sigil was presumed lost forever.

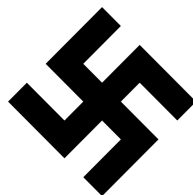
The spell of the First Sigil, Empire, then ebbed away into the darkness of history.

But it was not lost.

Aeons have since passed in silence, but alas, by some shifting of time, it is believed that the First Sigil made its way into Dee's famous library, before disappearing into mystery again, acquired by Kelly and hidden by the agents of the Liber Lumen.

The next thread begins when the Second Sigil was found almost 1300 years later, in 1919. We don't know exactly where the Second Sigil was found, but the Liber Lumen believe it was somewhere in Prague, where Kelly and the Liber Lumen had settled before and a tradition of alchemical and occult work has persisted through the ages. Regardless, it seems the Second Sigil came into the possession of a young German soldier and artist, a mid-level member of Silva Rex, who lay injured in hospital at Pasewalk in Germany.

The soldier's name, of course, was Adolf Hitler and the Second Sigil, of course, is thus:



Its name in English is Wheel. Its meaning is Tribe. Its foundations are Blood and Soil. Its turning is the violence of tribe against tribe, the subjugation of all peoples to one people, blessed by arrogance and baptized in hatred. Coupled in ritual with the First Sigil, it becomes the Empire of the Tribe and the horrors of genocide.

With the Second Sigil in hand, the future Fuhrer rose to power by appealing to the shame of defeat in the first World War, the insult of reparations and the tribal grievances of the German people. No one knows when or where the ritual took place, but in essence, Hitler and his inner circle invoked the Second Sigil and took control of a vulnerable Germany. But they also knew they would need the other Sigils to harness the full power of the dark spell.

In or around 1933, the First Sigil was found on a remote island in the Aegean by Heinrich Himmler, a deputy of Hitler's, and from 1923 allegedly the leader of Silva Rex. Remember that the Sigils had originally been hidden away in far ancient times, likely in the early Egyptian period, and most likely by Egyptians; neither the Liber Lumen nor the Silva Rex knew exactly where the last two were located. When the Liber Lumen, then based in Paris, heard the Nazis had recovered the first two Sigils, they immediately went underground and endeavored to find the last two Sigils before the Nazis did. But there was little to go on, and the best the Liber Lumen agents could do was to follow carefully the efforts of Himmler's well-resourced Ahnenerbe organization.

The Ahnenerbe, or "Ancestral Heritage," group was a research institute of the Nazi SS that labored ostensibly to establish the racial history and legitimacy of Arianism. Its archaeological efforts were shrouded in secrecy, spanned much of the world, and deeply obsessed on mythological and occult objectives. However, the Ahnenerbe's true aim was to locate the two remaining Sigils and thus spiritually empower the thousand-year Reich.

At this point, according to my contacts in Amsterdam, an extraordinary and largely unknown individual enters the picture, Prince Bernhard of Lippe-Biesterfeld, later known as Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands. Bernhard was born into a German royal house in 1911. He studied law and joined the Nazi party in 1933, at 22 years old. In 1934, Bernhard went to work in the Paris office of the infamous German chemical company IG Farben. IG Farben, as you may know, was deeply connected to the Nazi project, particularly Himmler. Among other war-time atrocities, the company invented and produced Zyklon B, which was used to kill over a million people in the Nazi death camps.

In Paris, in 1934, however, these Tribal-Imperial horrors were still some years away, but the ideas were swirling around the IG Farben office where Prince Bernhard worked. Remember also that the Liber Lumen was based in Paris at that time. Perhaps because he began to find the Nazi program appalling, or perhaps because of his relationship with a Dutch princess, it's not clear from his statements throughout his life, Bernhard turned against the Nazis and began to work for the Liber Lumen as a double agent. Apparently, Bernhard's position in the espionage wing of IG Farben allowed him, in about 1937, to intercept information regarding the location of the Third Sigil and pass it on to the Liber Lumen, who were able to recover it before the Nazis.

The Third Sigil was then hidden away from the Nazis. They also failed to find the Fourth Sigil. And though Hitler's armies inspired unprecedented bloodshed across the world, the Tribal-Imperial spell was eventually broken, and the powers of racial-imperialism ebbed away.

After joining the Liber Lumen, Prince Bernhard married his Dutch princess, and by 1940 joined the Allies in their fight against Nazism. After the war, he led a full and influential life. He founded the Bilderberg Group in 1951, the World Wildlife Fund in 1961, and secretly of course, he rose to the leadership of the Liber Lumen, a position he held until his sudden death in 2004. For most of the post-war period, I am told, Bernhard was the only one who

knew the location of the Third Sigil, and unfortunately it seems that secret went to the grave with him.

As for the first two Sigils, they were lost in the aftermath of German defeat, and considered either buried in rubble or hidden away somewhere in Berlin. Furtive searches were made by Liber Lumen agents after the war, but the political partition of Berlin prevented a comprehensive investigation until the Fall of the Berlin Wall in 1989.

After the reunification of Germany, the Liber Lumen were able to piece together that, in the wake of the collapse of the Soviet Union, the first two Sigils, which had been in Hitler's possession, were not buried, but instead fell into the hands of the Soviets who, oblivious to their import, stored them in a collection of souvenirs in the KGB Cultural Center in East Berlin. There is some suspicion that Josef Stalin had enacted these Sigils during his rule, but it is not certain. However, when Soviet rule collapsed in East Germany in 1989-1990, the Russians fled hastily from Berlin, taking all the documents they could, and burning what they could not.

And now, for the thread that reaches deeply into our present crisis.

In early 1990, a young KGB agent was tasked with securing those Hitler-era souvenirs from the KGB Cultural Center in East Berlin and transporting them back to Moscow. There is some confusion about what was recovered and what was destroyed, and the young KGB agent claimed some items were not recovered, or were left behind, because the building's furnace broke down. In reality, according to the Liber Lumen, the Russian agent secretly kept some of the more interesting and potentially valuable items, including the mysterious cards with the two Sigils.

That young KGB agent was, of course, Vladimir Putin, the current President of the Russian Federation.

At that stage in his life, Putin was a staunch Soviet Communist, and he believed deeply in the USSR. He has often since pined for a restoration of the Soviet empire. And what's more, he was an atheist at that time with no spiritual inclinations. His spiritual views would change ten years later when Putin was named Director of the Federal Security Service, where he would meet Sergei Shoigu, who was then Minister of Security Situations. As old-school Soviet loyalists, the two men built a close relationship.

A native of Siberia, Shoigu is an ethnic Tuvan and is steeped in traditional Tuvan shamanism, spiritualism and the occult. He is also a member of Silva Rex. It is said that Putin showed the Sigils to Shoigu some time in 1999, and Shoigu recognized them for what they are. The two men then worked together to enact the first two chapters of the dark spell, and by the next year, Vladimir Putin was appointed President and began his long rule of Russia.

Much has transpired since then, and Russia has assumed the Tribal-Imperial stage of the dark spell, and the current war of genocide in Ukraine is but the first stage of Putin's

ambitions. They hunger desperately for the remaining Sigils, which have eluded them thus far, but the Liber Lumen has just recently intercepted a communiqué indicating that they have found clues to the location of the Third Sigil. These clues, it seems, were laid out by Prince Bernhard himself and hidden in Poland, unbeknownst to the rest of the Liber Lumen.

Further, copies of these clues have been obtained by the Liber Lumen through agents in Moscow, now deceased, and this is where we are ourselves called to step on to the stage of this ancient drama.

The Liber Lumen have thus far been unable to decipher the clues that lead to the Third Sigil. Fortunately, neither have the Russians. My friends in Amsterdam beg now for my help, and I am flying to them on the next flight, where I will see these clues myself. It is my fervent hope that I may also share them with you, and together we can solve the riddle and obtain the Third Sigil before it falls into Russian hands.

I will send the Third Sigil clues to you when I can, in the coming weeks, and I trust you understand the level of discretion necessary with such a pressing project. We must not fail! Russia is as yet weak, and cannot fulfill its dark ambitions without the remaining Sigils. I do not exaggerate when I say that the fate of free humanity the world over depends upon our knowledge of the esoteric and our powers of ratiocination!

I cannot do this without you!

Finally, as a personal note, though the miles separate us, I fondly recall with radiant clarity and warmth our student years and youthful travels together so long ago. Our heated metaphysical debates as we walked along the Seine in Paris, our season in the brothels and opium dens of Northern Laos, and above all that momentous year in Cairo, among the booksellers of the souks, that propelled each of us to lives of divergent scholarship and yet ever the uniting bond of friendship.

I pray that we may succeed in this grave mission and live out our final years in contentment.

I must depart! More soon! Please attend to your letterbox!

Forever Yours in Search of Truth,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Stanislaw Greykill". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

Stanislaw Greykill  
Esoteric Salvage LLC

**From the Desk of Stanislaw Greykill  
Esoteric Salvage LLC**

17 December 2024

My Dearest Friend and Colleague:

I trust this note finds you well and courageously disposed to assist in the urgent business I have in my most recent letter described to you. We are losing precious time and, what's more, we are likely losing ground in the race to obtain the crucial Third Sigil and thus prevent the activation of the third part of a demonic spell that could eventually lead to a final snuffing out of the divine light of freedom that is our collective Promethean birthright!

Your assistance has never been more crucial, as we now find ourselves at something of an impasse. Know also that the occult climate in general has taken a dangerous turn, and I urge you to redouble your efforts to protect and obfuscate your involvement in this dire project. The risks here are not merely global and metaphysical. They are also quite specific and mortal. The efforts of the Silva Rex have grown increasingly open, far-reaching and aggressive. As an instance, by unknown means, Silva Rex operatives were able anticipate my arrival in Amsterdam two weeks ago, and only through a brilliantly executed clandestine extraction by the Liber Lumen at the Schiphol Airport was I able to avoid what would have certainly been my abduction and untimely end!

Given the elevated risks, I am dictating this communication through sophisticated encrypted satellite systems, from a secure underground Liber Lumen complex in the Dutch countryside, via my faithful and long-suffering private secretary, Mr. Eric Kingsbury, whom you have known for much of the past decade. He is a tried-and-true confidante and collaborator, and you may trust him to relay any requisite messages to me, in a manner I will explain in the closing of this note.

Personally, I know it is quite natural for you to consider my well-being, as I do indeed consider yours, but I cannot press upon you any more stridently than I have — all of humanity is in grave danger. Do not waste an iota of your enviable mental capacity on my safety. Again, I am securely embedded now in a cell of the Liber Lumen. These days are the first that I have lived among these dedicated members of this ancient brotherhood. Though the mood here is tense, grim, bordering on paranoid at times, I have learned so much, and I am every day uplifted by their general optimism and sense of eternal, thankless duty. But as I have said, the stakes have risen. The Silva Rex, now largely composed of Russian thugs, grows desperate, and for the first time in anyone's memory they have begun to hunt down and murder members of the Liber Lumen. A total of six so far, in the Netherlands, Poland and Romania. I have been given a pistol, and, as you know well, I am no stranger to powder and ball. We must not worry. And we must not let the risks deter us.

Now let us hasten to the immediate needs of the crisis in which we find ourselves.

As I wrote to you previously, Vladimir Putin and his Russian Federation, in league with the Silva Rex, are in possession of the first two Sigils. They have enacted those spells, setting into motion the Imperial-Tribal forces of the ancient dark spell. Putin's sinister political manipulations span the globe now, poisoning the minds of millions and propelling a system of warfare, both conventional in Ukraine and asymmetrical elsewhere. Bitter racial hatreds and long-forgotten nationalist grudges fan out through the minds of man like acrid smoke from some fetid smoldering cauldron, with ignorance and violence in its spreading wake!

The Silva Rex, completely co-opted by Russian intelligence, combs the world for the Third Sigil, but they have not found it. Yet! Remember that the Third Sigil was obtained by the Liber Lumen during the Second World War. The tradition here has told us that Prince Bernhard, the great hero of this great order, obtained it and hid it away, keeping its location secret and presumably taking that secret to his grave in 2004.

However, shortly after my arrival in Amsterdam, the Liber Lumen were able to provide me with additional information. It seems that, sometime in the mid-1990s, Bernhard began to sense and fear the dark currents swirling about in the former Soviet Union. Bernhard suspected correctly that the Silva Rex, largely dormant after the fall of Nazi Germany, was rising and strengthening in the post-Soviet Russian chaos. Concerned that the enemy would set its sights on Amsterdam, he entrusted the Third Sigil card itself to a peripheral Liber Lumen member, the Polish occult philosopher Jerzy Prokop, who kept it hidden in Warsaw.

By 2003, it seems, Prince Bernhard and the leadership of the Liber Lumen became aware that Putin and Shoigu had enacted the first two Sigils. The secretive ritual occurred among the Siberian shamans in Tuva, though much earlier, in late 1999, and the belated news came as quite a shock to Bernhard. At this point, Bernhard himself, though he was suffering from advanced lung cancer, devised and executed a plan to hide the Third Sigil outside the Liber Lumen network, in order to better prevent its discovery by the Russians.

All we know is that the Third Sigil card itself was transported to and hidden in a secret location by unwitting non-affiliated persons. This event is believed to have happened in the spring of 2004. A coded clue to the location was drafted then by Bernhard and left in the safekeeping of Prokop. Prokop was not allowed by Bernhard to know the location of the Third Sigil, but only to hold the clue should it be needed again. By the end of 2004, Prince Bernhard finally succumbed to lung cancer, passing the leadership of the Liber Lumen on to its current leader, who I am forbidden to name.

After Bernhard's passing in 2004, the inner circle of the Liber Lumen believed that the Third Sigil was still safely hidden away with Prokop in Warsaw. However, when Prokop passed away just months ago this year, a clandestine search of the Polish occultist's apartment failed to produce the Sigil. Another shock, as you might imagine, but remember that the Sigil was

secretly moved from Poland some 20 years prior by Bernhard, who said nothing of the change to anyone but Prokop, and also said nothing of the existence of a clue. Convinced they must have missed something, and knowing the Russians, who were closely following the Liber Lumen at the time, would also ransack Prokop's belongings, the Liber Lumen activated a sleeper mole in the Silva Rex to monitor the Russian efforts.

Of course, the Russian Silva Rex agents did not find the Sigil, but they did find the clue to its hiding place, written in Bernhard's own hand. The embedded Liber Lumen agent was able to obtain a facsimile of the clue and transmit it on to Amsterdam before he was discovered.

The clue is quite brief, written in two lines, the first in English, and then the next, a line of what is obviously an encoded statement. The complete text is as follows:

**Use the Jeffersonian cipher to decode the location clue**

**mqro kuy w&sru& bu hfwvbn ek rqbvpbqahvrk**

The Liber Lumen have not been able to decipher the code as of yet. But we also believe that neither have the Russians succeeded. The fact that Bernhard has written the first line in English, instead of his preferred German or Dutch, may be a clue in itself. And obviously, we must find and employ this "Jeffersonian cipher" in order to decode the second line. Regrettably, I labor now in a kind of information quarantine due to the security risks to the Liber Lumen, so I hope that you can access broader resources to help us.

Please see if you can locate this cipher and decode the second line!

Here with the Liber Lumen, I am moving to a new safe house presently, so I must conclude this communication.

I am counting on you; indeed, we are all counting on you. I humbly beg you apply your infinite talents to this puzzle and return the decoded text at your earliest opportunity. The Russians are persistent and well-resourced, and thus the last sands swirl about the elegant waist of the hour glass, if you will. Please make all possible haste!

Finally, as I must remain underground for the foreseeable future, I ask that you please relay any insights and/or cipher solutions via Mr. Kingsbury. His calling card is enclosed, but he admits that he is poor with email and phone, and so would prefer that you use the Esoteric

Salvage "Discord" channel to communicate. There, too, our other colleagues may share clues and insights. Mr. Kingsbury would like to note that he has also an "Only Fans" account,

but I am unfamiliar with that service and thus uncertain how it might help us in this urgent matter. Regardless, please use Discord, so that he may relay your thoughts to me securely!

Again, I must depart! More soon! I will write again to you when I am able.

Forever Yours in Search of Truth,

/s/

Stanislaw Greykill  
Esoteric Salvage LLC

SG:ek

**From the Desk of Stanislaw Greykill  
Esoteric Salvage LLC**

5 January 2025

My Dearest Friend and Colleague:

I have just received news of your cryptographic triumph! Bravo!

May I boast on your behalf that no finer a collection of deductive talent draws breath from the malodorous vapors of this dying orb than you and your fellow esoteric colleagues. I am truly in your debt, and I have passed on the decoded clue to the Liber Lumen. Needless to say, we are busy attempting to parse the meaning of this suggestive but rather cryptic line from Prince Bernhard.

Frankly, it came as some surprise to the Liber Lumen. I believe they expected an address and received an enigma!

Regardless, early theories have emerged, as well as various doubts, which I will get to in short order. Overall, the hypotheses circulating among the Liber Lumen are not sufficiently convincing to any of us here. We will again need, I'm afraid, your intellectual prowess to move beyond the riddle to the recovery of the actual Third Sigil card. The question remains: where exactly is it hidden? But again, more on that anon.

Now, to update you more generally on my clandestine accommodation with the Liber Lumen. The Russian agents of the Silva Rex grow still more aggressive and deadly. Four more of our Liber Lumen brethren have met untimely ends, mostly Romanians, which is significant given the decoded clue you have provided to us. Our group has moved across Germany to the Czech Republic and through the journey, the Silva Rex have kept us alternately on our toes and our heels, if you will, as we move every few days from country safehouse to urban hideout to makeshift camp deep in the forests, and around again, always ahead of the Okhotniki, or Hunters, as the Silva Rex assassins now style themselves.

We eat and rest only as we can, on such rations and pallets as we have been able to obtain on the run. You can certainly imagine the gastronomically disruptive effect it has had on a man of my age, accustomed as I have become to the quotidian routine of coffee and grains in the morning, tea and greens at noon, the inevitable brandy and filet in the evening, and a well-laundered set of undergarments throughout, I might add. But rest assured, I am as resilient and undaunted as you remember me in my youth. And despite our privations, we did, however, just enjoy an intimate fete at the turning of the calendar, deep in the medieval alchemical labyrinths beneath Prague, complete with a sublime rendition of Stravinsky's Three Pieces for String Quartet, a perfectly delicate bottle of 2001 Domaine Leroy Musigny Grand Cru, and a rousing burlesque performance in mime by a trio of anatomically impressive German dwarves and a miniature horse (also German, I believe). I cannot

adequately describe to you how such an enchanted evening can beat back, if only for a transient moment, the advancing gloom of this darkening world.

In sum, then, I confess my spirits had fallen frightfully low in recent weeks, but that delightful gathering and your quick work to decode the clue to the Third Sigil have revived me fully!

Now we must make haste to solve the riddle that Bernhard has left for us.

Thanks to your brilliant work, we know the clue is “Look for origin of species in Transylvania.”

The most obvious guidance from the decoded message is Transylvania, of course, which as you know is a historical region now located in central Romania. The Liber Lumen have noted significantly increased Silva Rex activity in this area, and as I mentioned, a handful of their Romanian members have been killed, likely after being brutally tortured by the Okhotniki. We can only conclude that the enemy in Moscow has also just deciphered the clue from Bernhard.

I trust I do not have to remark on how unfortunate is this turn of events for the world. If the Silva Rex find that Third Sigil, the divinities only know what disaster awaits us all! Keep in mind that no one alive knows the Sigil's name or what power its enactment will confer upon the bearer. We can only imagine the horrors of another level of human suffering.

So here is where we are with our current thinking on the riddle.

On the surface, the clue from Bernhard begs us first to ask, what species originated in Transylvania? Prevailing cultural mythology points to the Vampire, naturally, and further on to Dracula, the famed literary interpretation of the notorious prince Vlad the Impaler by Irish novelist Bram Stoker. Thus, some here have pointed to Bran Castle, which promotes itself as “Count Dracula's Castle,” but which in fact has no historical connection to Vlad the Impaler. Nor does it match any description by Stoker of the fictional Dracula's domicile. Despite these concerns, the Liber Lumen dispatched a team to Bran Castle, to find nothing more than a cadre of frustrated Silva Rex agents.

There has to be some other direction in which this clue points us. An earlier vampire story, another species of the Romanian region, some other fact associated with historical Transylvania. One theory that is beginning to be explored is that there may be another place besides Bran Castle, some locale more specifically associated with Vlad the Impaler. Some have also suggested Slains Castle in Scotland, where Stoker wrote the early drafts of his Dracula novel. I confess these lines of inquiry are in the early stages here, but also that they thus far lack the sheen of high plausibility.

You may remember from my last letter that the Third Sigil was moved from Poland to its present location at the behest of Prince Bernhard himself in the spring of 2004, and that he was terminally ill with lung cancer at the time. The relocation was said by the late Jerzy Prokop to have been accomplished by “unwitting” individuals outside the Liber Lumen. One particularly dedicated Liber Lumen researcher has found, in Prokop's occult notes from early 2004, mention of a project codenamed “American Animals.” This researcher has suggested perhaps the zoo in Bucharest, which houses an assortment of animals from the

Americas, and a recon mission to that place is in discussion. However, we do not know for certain if that obscure project reference has any connection to the location of the Sigil in question.

Another line of conjecture is that Transylvania refers to a ship, specifically the HMS Transylvania, which was sunk by a German U-Boat off Malin Head, Ireland, in 1940. One may recall that Prince Bernhard was deeply involved in the British war effort in 1940, and also that Stoker was Irish, but how would one securely hide a card in a sunken ship?

In short, we are at sea, and the bloody tide of the Okhotniki rises.

We need your help!

I beg you bring the power of your mind to the labor at hand. We do not have much time, of course, but I am confident we will solve the enigma before the brutish Silva Rex.

Finally, as I requested in my previous letter, I ask that you please relay any insights and possible solutions to Bernhard's enigmatic passage via my superlative private secretary, Mr. Kingsbury. And again, please use the Esoteric Salvage "Discord" channel to communicate. I understand that collaboration was a great success in the cryptographic exercise, so please engage our other colleagues to review any theories and insights on the present riddle.

Alas, we are off to yet another undisclosed location presently, and I must bid you farewell.

More soon! I will write again to you when I am able.

Forever Yours in Search of Truth,

/s/

Stanislaw Greykill  
Esoteric Salvage LLC

SG:ek

**From the Desk of Stanislaw Greykill  
Esoteric Salvage LLC**

26 January 2025

My Dearest Friend and Colleague:

With great joy and gratitude, I write to you now, at last, from the comforts of home!

Indeed, it is a rare delicacy to venture out in pursuit of adventure and the arcane mysteries of the world, but how doubly sweet to return again to the warm wholesome hearth and sheltering solace of one's own domicile.

And yet, how far more succulent than homecoming is the knowledge that, collectively, we at Esoteric Salvage have triumphed in yet another investigation of global existential import!

Thanks to the cumulative cognitive brilliance of you and your colleagues, we have thwarted the Silva Rex in their ambition to acquire and activate the Third Sigil of an ancient evil spell that has again, after nearly a century of hibernation, awakened to torment humanity. May its full power never animate the hands of evil men.

So congratulations to you all!

But now, let me recount briefly for you how recent events unfolded.

As Douglas and Sheila Grow noted, Bernhard's riddle, when understood properly, pointed not to the vampire mythos and Romania, but rather to an edition of Darwin and the Transylvania University library in Lexington, Kentucky. The Liber Lumen did not suspect such a locale, nor we assume the Silva Rex, but throughout our period of uncertainty I remained confident that the light of your genius would penetrate the shadows to illuminate the truth.

As indeed it did!

Upon my relaying your "American Animals" solution to the Liber Lumen, we all felt that at last we had a theory with a luster of sufficient probability. To the senior leaders of this venerable society, that probability was bolstered by certain idiosyncratic hallmarks of the late Prince Bernhard. For instance, it was pointed out that Thomas Jefferson, one of Bernhard's figures of interest, signed the founding charter of Transylvania University when Jefferson was governor of Virginia and the Kentucky territory still part of Virginia. Further, as a naturalist, Bernhard's fondness for Darwin was well known.

Thus, all parties felt justified in pursuing your suggested destination with expedient haste.

Immediately, myself and a very senior field agent, who I will call Dave, were dispatched to Lexington, Kentucky, to visit the rare book room and to “look for” the first edition of Charles Darwin’s *On the Origin of Species* housed in Transylvania University’s collection there.

Upon our arrival at that library’s rare book room, we were greeted by the head librarian, a Ms. Betty Jean Gooch, or “BJ,” as she insisted we call her. After some general discussion about the library’s collection, a strange expression overtook the librarian’s countenance and she inquired of Dave, “Are you a friend of Bernie’s?” At this, Dave extended his left hand in a peculiar configuration, and much to my astonishment, he and BJ worked smoothly through what I have come to know as the Liber Lumen adept’s handshake. I cannot divulge the detailed choreography of this confidential greeting of authentication, but the final five to ten minutes of the process includes an audible accompaniment that seems to require an inordinate amount of abdominal muscle control.

Anyway, as we were to presently learn, Ms. Gooch, or BJ rather, had once been an acquaintance of Prince Bernhard’s and has served since as a deep-cover deputized agent of the Liber Lumen!

From there, our business at the rare book room was brief. BJ took us to the Darwin edition, unlocked the case, and extracted a black envelope containing the Third Sigil card from inside the back cover of the priceless volume. Our orders were for Dave to transport the Sigil card to a secret location, unknown to me, and for me to return home none the wiser.

Before our departure, however, we accompanied BJ in a delightful lunch of savory submarine sandwiches at an adjoining eatery. There, she regaled us with tales of her student days in New York, where she had met and become intimate with Prince Bernhard during his frequent visits to the city. BJ recalled with obvious affection many late nights spent with Bernhard, debating the issues of the day, laughing that he had remarked of her rhetorical aptitude that she “gave the best oratory in town.”

The friendship between “BJ” and “Bernie” lasted until his death in late 2004. Earlier in that year, however, Bernhard enlisted BJ to assist in relocating the Third Sigil card from its location in Warsaw. The plan was to entice a student at the university to steal a handful of books from BJ’s rare book room, including the Darwin volume, and transport them to a New York auction house, where, under the pretense of assessing the value of the books, another deep-cover Liber Lumen agent, posing as an auction house employee, would insert the Sigil into the Darwin. After the ostensible deal falls through, the Darwin would then be returned to Transylvania University, where it would remain under BJ’s watch.

“The plan came off without a hiccup,” she said, laughing.

BJ also told us about participating in the 2018 documentary film about the rare book heist, which was entitled “American Animals” at BJ’s own suggestion, as a sort of covert signal to the Liber Lumen, lest they had forgotten her in the interval since Bernhard’s passing. She also confided to us that she contributed directly to the script of the film in order to obscure the core facts of the operation, including her own complicity in the theft itself.

A thoroughly fascinating discussion!

After leaving the university, and a rather more conventional handshake at the airport, I parted ways with Dave and the Third Sigil, possibly forever, and returned to my home. My abiding regret here is that I was not able to look upon the Sigil card to see its symbol and guess at its meaning.

And so this adventure concludes. We may yet hear from the Liber Lumen again in the future, as their eternal battle against the Silva Rex continues, but for the present, and for ourselves, the work is done. With your collective assistance, we have saved the day!

But please, I beg you, continue to be vigilant and take measures to ensure your personal safety in the event your involvement in this grave endeavor has somehow attracted the malevolent attention of the Silva Rex and their Okhotniki foot-soldiers.

As for me, my saccharine interval at home will be short-lived, alas. I am off next week to Buenos Aires, to see our Argentine colleague Gustavus Braustein. Certainly, you must remember Gustavus and his ebullient demeanor from our investigation of the Dorak Affair so many years ago. What a time we had then in the streets and cafes of Istanbul! Given Gus' formidable girth, I still cannot fathom how that young Turkish boy was able to walk after their encounter! Regardless, Gus claims to have discovered a tantalizing lead on the true location of the fabled Amber Room, as well as a cache of Nazi-era occult documents suggesting certain dimensionally resonant properties attached to the artifact. Fascinating, to say the least.

So now, the Amber Room and yet another mystery! You can only imagine the excitement that courses through me!

Until next time, with eternal gratitude and fondness, I bid you adieu.

Forever Yours in Search of Truth,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Stanislaw Greykill". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

Stanislaw Greykill  
Esoteric Salvage LLC

ES



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