

# For the Eyes of the Respected Sodales of the Loch Leglean Tribunal

Time, the one thing not even the most powerful magi can claim superiority over, is viewed by others as a friend and by some as a foe. A year for a young apprentice seems like all eternity while an older magus hardly notices the passing of seasons.

Twenty summers have gone by since rumours about the fall of Insula Maledictus on the Calf of Man started to spread with the ill wind. We can easily imagine how the Magi all over the Isles reacted to these rumours each in a way most suiting their character. We would like to think that at least some mourned while we know for certain that many rejoiced. But no matter what kind of feelings were brought on by these news they can now easily be described with one single word.

*Premature.*

For not unlike all the resurrections in the history of man, be they for evil or for good, the power that once ruled the Isle of Man has returned and will not go unnoticed by others. Indeed the light on Insula Maledictus is as bright as ever and the hands that are known for great deeds are idle no more.

Tomas ex Verditius  
Profanus ex Tylalus

Nelly ex Merinita  
Caligula ex Mercere

Bearnard ex Miscellanea  
James ex Guernicus