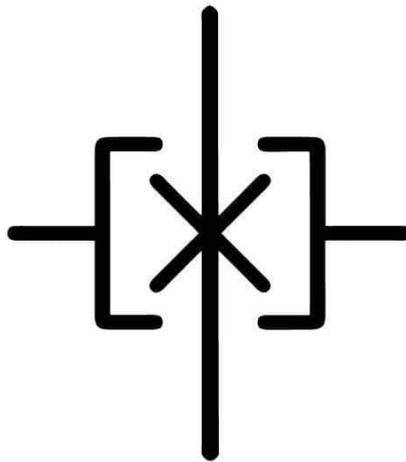


The Origin of Hexorius and the Hexorian Movement

By Yavhe Alexander



THE ORIGIN

It all started with a dream. On August 8, 2020, I woke up with the memory of a rather peculiar dream of which I only have a single fragment: A group of white sheets where I signed under the name "HEXORIUS" in the lower right corner of the first one. He had also added, at the end of the name, the symbol that would later become the seal of the deity. The dream surprised me with its short duration and the feeling of reality. After a few minutes of reflection on its meaning and not finding any, I got up to start my normal activities.

It was a particularly gray and lonely Sunday.

That day, I decided to do a magic drift using the Randonautica application, which took me quite far, but did not give me any results. Back in my neighborhood, I ran into a colleague who goes by the name Gowter. We decided to eat and as we finished our meal, we were caught in a terrible rain. There were feelings of hopelessness, loneliness and depression in the environment.

The rain ended and we decided to move aimlessly. We got lost in lonely streets and alleys. We met an acquaintance and shared a coffee. When that meeting ended, Gowter and I decided to keep exploring. By then, I had completely forgotten the dream.

The path took us to a very extensive park in my city, one where the name of it is found in quite large luminous letters. We followed the path and curiously, we found a rather peculiar house, adorned with structures that struck me as faeries, products of the skillful hands of a goblin. We continued on, as dusk began to fall.

As we left that park, we talked about the global situation in our city due to the pandemic and how lonely it had become. I talked to him about the abandonment situation in Detroit, USA and we speculated about whether that would happen in our city.

As we left the park, we came to a university campus that was abandoned and neglected due to the pandemic. We were the only people there - who knows how many meters or kilometers we'd traveled - and then a dog appeared. Unlike most stray dogs, he did not seem erratic. He was coming straight to us. Gowter stroked him and the dog motioned for us to follow him. We did so.

We followed it for a few meters until we reached a part of the campus that had already been invaded by vegetation. The dog disappeared from sight and I asked Gowter which way we should go. There were two options: stairs that delved into the vegetation and a path that took us away from the place. Gowter decided on the stairs. Climbing them, we entered the vegetation, but we were surprised to find in the middle of it a fully functional log cabin hidden among the vegetation. A construction that, incidentally, is unusual in the city where we live.

We were surprised, and even more so when we saw that the dog had already entered the cabin. Despite its neglect, the cabin was in perfect condition. It had a kitchen, dining room, electric light, places to sit, windows, and a living room.

The only way we could describe that place was as "magical." We were there for several minutes, testing the facilities and joking and making plans concerning this peculiar discovery.

Suddenly, we were surprised by the presence of a security guard, seemingly having appeared from nowhere, heading towards us. We thought he was going to reprimand us or worse, but to our surprise the guard ignored us completely, or did not notice our presence even though we were in front of him, with the light of the cabin a few meters away. He completely ignored us and we had no problems.

The situation surprised us. We kept talking and now I can understand that it was at that moment when we began to enter an altered state of consciousness - surely the product of all those experiences.

Finally, we decided to return. We said goodbye to the dog, who made no move to follow us, as if showing us that place had been his goal all along. We returned to the park by the opposite path from which we had reached the cabin and found another "secret" path and another group of very steep stairs hidden within the undergrowth. That served as a shortcut and sent us directly to the luminous letters of the name of our city.

Moved by who knows what, Gowter read that name backwards and here I must stop being objective and talk about my personal experience. Hearing the name of my city backwards, it seemed as if "something" had been activated in my mind. I even stopped my march, surprising Gowter. He asked me what was happening and I asked him with a wave of my hand to wait.

I felt as if I was remembering something - something important - as if that word that he had just said had activated a very, very deep memory.

And then I remembered: "Hexorius."

I remembered my dream, that strange word, and the symbol. Gowter, visibly surprised, said to me, "Why did you say that?"

Suddenly I remembered everything perfectly and I told him that that morning I had had a strange dream of that word and a symbol and that by him saying the name of our inverted city, I had suddenly remembered it. Gowter told me that

that word reminded him of "something", but that he didn't know what.

Then the fun began.

Our attitude and perception began to change, as if we had consumed some substance that altered our mind. Gowter started talking about "Hexorius" as if it were something we had always known but forgotten, and above all, to talk about "hexorian" things. The house with the fairy buildings, the dog, and of course the cabin, were "Hexorian", as was a girl who talked to others in the park, a tree whose leaves looked like a great giant bird and...us. There were things that were "hexorian" and things that were not, and we could clearly perceive them. (Right now, while I'm writing these words, my player played a song called "The Magic is in Your Skin" by Surfistas del Sistema. A group that I had never heard or would listen to on my own. (They are not my style.)

In short, it was as if the word "Hexorius" had made us perceive a new layer of reality. A reality where "Hexorian" things (and people) lived. As we would say later, it was as if we had always known but forgotten. It was like having to remember a word on the tip of your tongue and finally remember it. A concept that we had needed all our lives and we finally had it. A new word to describe something that we previously perceived but could not express.

It was clear that the "Hexorian" existed, but what was it? The foreign? The extraterrestrial? The extravagant? The extraordinary? And suddenly Gowter said it: "The hexorian is what is really real - the magical and Hexorius is its god."

And in that moment, it all seemed to make sense.

That's what we were doing when a girl and her dog approached us. She was a Hexorian girl.

"What are you doing?" she asked us.

"Talking about the Hexorian," we answered in unison.

"Oh yeah! The Hexorian," she told us. And we talked for hours and hours about Hexorius and his domain. She never asked us what we meant by that word. Hours later I made her see it, and she understood. "It's true," she said again. "It's like I've always known."

That was how the night ended. When I got home, still in this altered state, I wrote a first draft of this chronicle, as well as a brief profile of this new entity.

EPILOGUE

I have the need to clarify a few things. Today, that cabin is our base of operations. We have seized it and consecrated it to Hexorius. We visit it frequently and have never had any problem or mishap.

The Hexorian girl, Gowter and I decided to form a small magical group. More people have joined and I dare say it is the first cell of the "Hexorian Movement".

Both the symbol and the knowledge of Hexorius have spread outside my city by various magical and occult groups. About that, I'll speak later.

HEXORIUS PROFILE

A street whose structures do not seem to have coherence, the graffiti of a heart in the middle of the street, a house that was not there the day before, a cabin lost in the middle of the forest.

Each city has two names: the one that is read from the right side and the one that is read backwards. And that second name is the name of Hexorius.

Hexorius represents and rules over the hidden aspects of cities, be they physical or immaterial. About that "other world" that is in sight but not everyone can see.

The synchronicities, the chance encounters, the messages written on the walls that only magicians can understand.

888 manifests itself in those aspects of the city that are strange or uncommon, from that tile of a different color from the others to that gothic-style house in which nobody seems to live. Each of these anomalies sends a simple but very powerful message: "magic is real" and serves to encourage magicians on their way as well as provide homes, shelters or bases of operations.

Also, Hexorius speaks of a twin world but inverse to the world of the mundane where non-magicians inhabit; a similar but different world, a world of forced

coincidences, synchronicities and knowledge for those who dare to enter it. A magical world that lives close to the ordinary world which can be accessed through sacred, lost and hidden places.

Other names: 888, - [X] -, The Lord of Portals, The Mirror World, Shadow City, [Nombre of the City] de Abajo.

Equivalences: "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" by Lewis Carroll, "The Invisibles" by Grant Morrison, "Neverwhere" by Neil Gaiman, "Silent Hill", "Anden 9 3/4".

Function: 888 has the function of guiding the magician to unknown physical or mental locations, to find answers that he did not know he was looking for or to provide guidance and refuge to travelers and vagrants, as well as chance but lucky encounters that will resonate in the future.

Hexorius is also the guide and patron of "the lost souls" of the cities: vagabonds, street vendors, urban vigilantes, runaways, and magicians.

Invocation: Magic Drift, Trick of the Door, Randonautic App.

SEAL OF HEXORIUS

The Seal of Hexorius was the symbol I saw in my dream and it represents the deity. Together with Gowter, I realized that it represents a twin world to another. Two reflections face to face, just like the number 8 or an infinity symbol, as well as the X associated with the deity. On a personal note, I see great similarity in its design to the characters in the "Krakoan" language designed by Jonathan Hickman for the Marvel X-Men comics. Its design was made by ElGato Negro.

888

The reason the Hexorius gematriac code is 888 is because it arose on August 8, the eighth month of the year. The third 8 arises from the similarity of the stamp of him with the same number. Of all the cardinal numbers, this is the only one whose symbol is symmetrical.

A SHORT EXPERIENCE WITH HEXORIUS **by Yavhe Alexander**

On a Sunday two months after I had contacted Hexorius for the first time, I decided to put his effectiveness to the test. I got up ready to perform a magic drift in my city, but I would do it without carrying money and without taking food in the hope that Hexorius would help me on my way. I got ready and when I left my house I said a little prayer: "The city will feed us." I traced the Hexorius sign in the air and empowered it with my mind and started walking aimlessly just with the intention of testing if the entity was on my side.

The first surprise came a few minutes after my drift started: an unknown man gave me a COVID mask (even though I was wearing one). I took it as a good sign. I kept walking and a few minutes later a lady gave me a bottle of yogurt for no reason.

Finally, after taking about an hour to travel, another woman gave me a 200 Mexican peso bill (approximately 10 U.S. dollars). Enough to buy food and get through the day.

I considered these events as proof of what I was looking for.

The city fed me.

THE LITANY OF HEXORIUS **by The Black Pilgrim**

(For before making an expedition of magical drift, astral projection or any other purpose that fits the functions of Hexorius)

Oh Ellis listen to me!
That by your brand, the worlds are unified.

Oh Ellis please me!
That by your brand, the worlds are unified.

Oh Ellis answer me!
That by your brand, the worlds are unified.

(Each invocation is accompanied by the tracing of the Binding Sigil)

Through the brand that unifies the worlds, through the thread of the Red Queen that connects realities, through the web that Ellis tirelessly weaves for those who turn to her: I call you, Hexorius! By your name, by your brand and your number which is Eight, Eight, Eight. You who are the strange twin of the worldly kingdom; you who are not from this world but are among us, you who lead the adept to walk the path that magic has prepared for his feet. Come, listen to me and grant me your guidance, grace and favor! Come, oh Hexorius! (Hexorius's sigil is traced) and take me where magic awaits me.

You who are the ethereal flesh under the worldly skin,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

You who are the hidden path in plain sight,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

God of the Shadow Peoples,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

Patron Saint of the urban shaman,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

Magic Pilgrim's Guide,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

Passage to the World behind the World,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

You who are the path behind the mirror glass,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

Lord of Portals,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

You who are the city under the cities,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

You who are the flow of magic drift,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

Abode of Magic,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

Threshold of Sorcery,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

Witchcraft Asylum,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

Street leading to the invisible world,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

Hole in the face of reality,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

Alley leading to the Dreamlands,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

Ghost Citadel,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

Chamber of spirits,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

You who are the X that marks the place,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

Rabbit Hole,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

Entrance to Wonderland,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

Guide of Lost Souls,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

Protector of the Fugitives,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

Friend of the Watchers,
Hexorius, open the door for me, show me the way.

(Once the litany is finished, the practitioner is free to carry out the activity for which he has resorted to Hexorius. Once concluded, he must trace the sigil of Hexorius and close with the next prayer)

Join me in my walk, may my feet walk your path and open my eyes to see beyond the obvious Oh, Hexorius! That through you, find what my Will seeks and express itself through your intervention. Now that I am in your domain, allow me to walk it safely, thus granting me once my journey is over, to return to my plane with your blessing. Hail Hexorius, I thank you for granting me your guidance, grace and protection!

So be it, so it is and so it is done.

Full Moon Ritual - The Advent of Light
October 1, 2020
by Cristian Rogelio Velazco

Find a place outside where you can be undisturbed. If you can't find such a place, you can work indoors, but make sure you are aware of the position of the moon at all times during the ritual, always present in your mind's eye.

With your back towards the moon, draw the LS Seal in front and to your left, while chanting the following words:

Ellis, The Singularity!
For you the Space is unified!
For you Time Dissolves!
And for your Brand Unite the Worlds!

Let the energies fill your ritual space, and feel the connection with the other participants, your Work and Energy now intertwined with theirs, through space and time.

With your back to the moon, draw the Seal of Hexorius in the air in front and to your right, while chanting the following words:

Hexorius, The Hidden City!

I'm at the door!
Ready to Cross!
What the Bosom of Destiny gives birth to a New Path!

Now look at the moon and let its light surround you. Let the light enter your heart, and let the images flow freely into your mind. When you feel in communion with the light, repeat the following words:

I am here with the vulnerable heart
Signaling the Coming of Change!
A Sincere Practitioner of the Arcane,
Willing to Surrender to my Will
No Reservations
Waiting for nothing
More than a path to grow.
Having learned to receive I have infinite possibilities
As Free and Open as Heaven.

Let the energies flow freely within you, and don't finish the ritual until you feel ready. Once you are ready to close the ritual, visualize your surroundings reappearing, the Light still in your heart. Forever a part of you. Your Own Light.

HAVE YOU HEARD THE MESSAGE?
YES
ARE YOU WHAT THE MESSAGE NEEDS?
NO, BUT I CAN BE MORE.
THE CITY WILL FEED US ...
THE CITY WILL FEED US.