

Unnamed - Apparatus Of Change
Available Power : 11

Authority : 3

Bind Insect (1, Command)

Fortify Space (2, Domain)

Distant Vision (2, Perceive)

Nobility : 2

Congea! Glimmer (1, Command)

See Domain (1, Perceive)

Empathy : 2

Shift Water (1, Shape)

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Spirituality : 3

Shift Wood (1, Shape)

Small Promise (2, Domain)

Make Low Blade (2, War)

Ingenuity : 3

Know Material (1, Perceive)

Form Wall (2, Shape)

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Tenacity : 2

Nudge Material (1, Shape)

Bolster Nourishment (2, Civic)

The humans have gotten too used to me simply providing glimmer as often as I can, and more, had become accustomed to their simple group choice on whether the glimmer came in the form of a stone, a blade, or a wall, being almost instantly accepted by me.

I had promised, after all. And they knew I had. They couldn't not. I think even the newcomers could feel it, somewhat. The small truth I had etched onto the world. It interested me, resonating differently with different old memories, the fact that **Small Promise** had, through reaffirmation, lasted this long. That it had changed. And that what was once a *small* assurance was now something more.

It would, I think, be an inconvenience; one with the potential to truly worry me, that I had given up my freedom to the whims of the people living nearby. Except that, crucially, I had included in my promise that *I had to find their vote fair*.

I did not find their vote fair. I made them no glimmer.

The singer's memories speak of tyrants, the scholar's of the inability to know the best way to organize lives. The soldier most closely aligns with my own feelings here, the trust that

decisions have to be made, and that we should - I should - do our best to make the decisions that will be best.

Regardless of if I am a tyrant or a commander, I still have feelings. And here, in a wildlands camp that is barely a community, with no law or rule, my feelings, my combined knowledge, and my calm logic, are the only things I have to guide me.

It takes my champion - the elder among the two now, I suppose - barely any time at all to realize why. She writes in the dirt after getting my bees' attention, scribing letters in that way that is closer to a list than anything like flowing grammar that I am coming to know her for. *You want them here. She writes. Helping. Together?*

I do. Neither of their groups has done well alone. Together, perhaps, they will have a chance. Yes. I reply back with **Nudge Material**. *I will help all of you.* And then, shortly below that, I add, *What is your name?*

Yuea. She puts down, after a long look at my words.

Yuea. A good name. I find a chip of wood in the small store of firewood, and **Shift Wood** comes to life in my magic as I smooth it down. Then, with more precision than **Nudge Material** allows me, I dig my spell into the coin, and carve her name into it. Another push of the magic lets me move the wood across the camp, where I deposit it in her hand.

She catches on quick. She also writes out a question, to know if I can point the direction to the demon's old camp. I oblige, making use of **Distant Vision** to pinpoint it for her, and updating the marker on the camp's outer wall.

I speak to everyone, over the day. It takes a little waiting, as **Nudge Material** is still not made for writing, and the effort drains it quicker than simply moving embers or digging a tiny hole for myself. But soon enough, I have their names. Or at least, the names they are willing to give me.

Mela, the spearfisher girl. Kalip, the other armored man who is still recovering from his injuries. Dipan, who knows more written words than any of them. Malpa, the one who first brought me clay. The children do not yet know how to write their own names, so I will have to learn them later.

And then, after carving them their tokens, I ask a few more names as well.

The demons take some effort to get them to pay attention to my writing. I have to send my younger champion, haloed in every bee I command, to get their attention. But once I do, I explain the outline of the situation, as quickly as I can. And before too long, I have the names of their adults as well.

Jahn is the name of their fighter, also still recovering from the damage suffered during their recent near deadly encounter. Seraha is the older woman with the paling pink fur. And Muelly is the injured woman who was hurt protecting the two children with them. Of the children, I run into a similar problem. They do not know how to write yet, but also, they are currently sneaking through the woods around the camp with their human counterparts, searching for berries or interesting bugs, and out of range of anything but the sight of my bees anyway.

I make them their own tokens.

With the remaining half of **Shift Wood's** spell until I give it time to refill, I make a trio of small open boxes out of the sticks and branches that have been brought near to me. I make simple pictographic marks on each of them. A glowing stone, a blade, a wall. I place it at the base of the tree with my lovely beehive. The bees are still hard at work, as always, and I give them a fond look as I release a few of their commanded brethren.

There. A vote I will find fair. And it takes practically no time for them to realize what I have set before them.

While I am still occupied, perhaps distracted, watching the bees and letting my mind unspool some of its tension, everyone within the camp has placed their token. Either that, or handed it to someone else to place. And *now* I will hold to my **Small Promise**, now that they have decided to truly be fair.

Make Low Blade and **Congea Glimmer** come into contact with each other, both now just barely recovered enough from my making a wooden knife for the boy earlier to have one last use for the day. I cannot make blades of any particular craft, but I can make a useful war knife, and I can put whatever shared magic the glimmer is into its pommel, fit like it was made to be there. I draw from wood and stone, and tiny scraps of pelt for the hilt, and I let the result drop to the ground just in front of the voting box.

The demon who was watching seems... mildly upset. It is hard to tell, just through my one posted watcher bee. But she does not seem like she is comfortable with the enchanted knife appearing from base materials in front of her. And yet, upset or not...

Small Promise sinks into her, and the others, alongside a small flutter of those motes of power being shaken from the world around me. They are weak notes in the growing roster that **See Domain** gives me. But they are *there* now. For good or for ill, we are bound together now, and I hope we can accomplish great things.

And *now*, finally, I have resolved what presses on my attention, and have some amount of time to spare to developing my magics further.

Eleven points now, and I can almost feel the twelfth fully formed. I have at this juncture just enough that I feel comfortable trying something just to explore what my options are. And with

that in mind, I spend four of them like water, raising both **Empathy** and **Nobility** to three apiece, and seeing what next I could fill my expanding arcane soul with.

Nobility : 3

Congel Glimmer (1, Command)

See Domain (1, Perceive)

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Available :

Shift Stone (1, Shape)

Lock Portal (1, War)

Know Resource (2, Perceive)

Stone Pylon (2, Shape)

Claim Construction (2, Domain)

Know Stone (3, Perceive)

Make Low Tool (3, Shape)

Mark Threshold (3, Domain)

Empathy : 3

Shift Water (1, Shape)

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Available :

Feel Fear (1, Perceive)

Bind Willing Avian (1, Command)

Alarm Trigger (1, War)

Feel Love (2, Perceive)

Know Armament (2, Perceive)

Bind Fish (2, Command)

Hear Intent (3, Perceive)

Imbue Mending (3, Civic)

Form Doorway (3, Shape)

And once again, I find myself excited by the magic of the world, and of my combined souls. My only disappointment is that I have no way to shout from the top of the nearest tree, no way to spin the nearest person around in joy, that I have uncovered some more tiny magical workings that will, over time, become so much more than their simple forms would suggest.

As has been the case so far, everything from **Nobility** interests me. Even that first, most *basic* of spells, **Shift Stone**, shines like a beacon in my mind as something I could find an endless

series of uses for. I know that **Make Low Tool** or whatever **Stone Pylon** is would be an order of magnitude more effective at actually making use of stone. But they are specialized tools. And there have been so many times when I have wished for the simple and pure ability to extract a small bit of rock from the ground. But, also, they *are* specialized tools, and that gives them, as well as **Know Resource** an excitement all their own. **Mark Threshold**, similarly, draws my thoughts; not because I can at once conceive of uses for it, but due simply to the fact that I cannot. I do not know what it does, or why it would do that. And that alone is enough to beckon me to the horizon of magic.

Empathy as well I am excited for, though in a different way. The spells it shows me are not the same world shaping tools, but they offer something I had not put much thought into until now. **Feel Fear**, **Feel Love**, and **Hear Intent** alike are all perception spells. And as I grow, I am finding that my perception of the world is both terrifyingly complete when I have it, and sorrowfully complete in its absence where I do not. And so, anything that expands what I can know outside of myself is worthy of consideration. And while I have not seen any birds around, it is entirely possible that is because I cannot see. And the eyes of a hawk tethered to me through **Bind Willing Avian** would be quite the boon.

But all of that falls away in my odd vision as I land upon **Imbue Mending**.

My idle thoughts are of playing with spells, exploring the magic, and bettering myself. But while all of that entices me, there is no real question, when I am presented with the option.

The humans and demons above me are broken and scattered remnants. They have arrived here with next to nothing, and what they do have is falling apart. Their clothing alone is close to being replaced by leaf skirts, and what tools they have are close to irreplaceable without my own magics advancing farther.

And I still care for them. Despite the problems I now see, there is strength and compassion among them that I value. And if you show me six things that would be merely fun, and one that would be truly useful, I will take my true enjoyment with the latter.

Though I also want a bird, and so I reserve that last slot until I can learn the truth about their presence, or lack thereof, within these woods.

I also settle upon spending another set of my points upon **Claim Construction**. My domain changes things, in a way I need to learn more about. But one thing that I know for certain it allows is for more deliberate aiming of several of my workings. Also, while **See Domain** is somewhat cold and emotionless in the information it provides, it does still keep me up to date on things in a way that I cannot help but find useful.

Nobility : 3
Congel Glimmer (1, Command)
See Domain (1, Perceive)

Claim Construction (2, Domain)

Empathy : 3

Shift Water (1, Shape)

Imbue Mending (3, Civic)

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With renewed vigor, as my souls expand and reweave themselves to catch the flow of the world in new ways, I set myself back to work. There is much to do, and every step forward I take makes me expands my work as much as it lets me accomplish it. But I do not mind. I have barely had the time to become accustomed to my new body, let alone bored with it. And for now, as I pour my new magic into the world and watch a small hut manifest within **See Domain**, as I watch through the eyes of my bees as a shredded shoe begins to pull itself back together, I cannot imagine a future where I ever become dissatisfied with my choices.

I wait with excited anticipation for **Nudge Material** to return to me, so I may write again. I wish to ask my survivors about birds.