

The story of Chi Si Chen (Autumn Silver Reed)

Chapter 14: Taking position (full moon Tarsakh 1370)

Today, today I made a big step. Perhaps later I will see it was a small step, but it will be important no matter what I will do or become. Today I learned part of what I am and part of what I am not. So little happened and so much I felt, so much I learned. Those borders I worried about, they're still there, but now I can look beyond. With this insight come new questions, some of which I will need to answer soon. Yet I should start with telling what happened, so later I can read it and feel what I felt when I was a child seeing the world for the first time.

I knew my body was wet and cold but I couldn't really care about it. I mean, would a mountain worry about single wet rock? Would a – never mind the comparisons. I felt part of the land, timeless. I told the others what nature had shared with me. I tasted the feather like touch of Felina's Art to dry my clothes, and also, for the first time, felt the words of revelation appear with my conscious mind. I told Goya, but he reacted like a true merchant: he is a blind man who does not even wish for sight. Still the words had to be spoken.

*He sells all, but what is his price for a body, a mind, a soul.
From jade green, moon silver, past sunny gold, he hold more than he tells.
Will he end with iced over blood money?*

Goya was upset of the things happening to him, but Felina artfully talked around the subject. I'm sure Paul is thinking his own thoughts and Rebecca, hmm, Rebecca has her own part to play. I clearly felt how Bruno's actions had influenced his Karma, so I told him. Again the person might not understand, but this time I feel something good will come from this.

Zhae is drinking. I still feel what I discovered a few hours ago, but now it seems a small thing. Seen in the distance. Time has no hurry, so why should I? Thing will happen as they will. The question suddenly shifts: can he grow with me? Will he open his eyes and see that his art is a path, but not a destination?

Louis opened up about the Works he has been carrying: the top most should be dedicated to Lathander, at least it should be if its age is correct. Yet it feels older, harsher, the blinding, burning power of the sun: Amaunator. It is almost odd that I, as a stranger in these places, know more of their Gods than they do themselves. Perhaps that's why I am here. The bottom tome *does* feel like a tome of Myrkul, although I cannot preclude Jergal. In a way it would be fitting: Amaunator and Jergal worked together in the days of old. The third Tome had been written by one who embraced the power of unlife to fight the Entity we now oppose – putting a positive spin on it. I have never heard of the man Azatoth, and the book emanates a feeling almost worse than the Tome of Bones.

Felina shows her courage. She placed her hand on the Scripture of the Sun, opening herself to it. At first the glow seemed good, but then we noticed that Felina looked more like she was absorbed instead of absorbing. We pulled her from the tome, yet her hand did not stop glowing. As both Lathander and Amaunator opposed undeath I used minor magic to align myself to that pattern and opened myself.

I learned a bit, but to say that I can relate to this knowledge? So, what is the word... one sided. There is a beginning and an end to everything, but the end is also a kind of beginning. Not so in this tome. I might be able to follow the steps, but what use is it to walk a path when you know you do not wish to arrive? Kendalan too had no problems, but also no great insight: he clearly liked the sun, but I doubt that that it truly spoke to him. Grimwald... in hindsight it feels logical he connected to this Tome. Jealousy has no part of it, but I fear the direction this is taking. Where is Compassion?

Felina and Kendalan could handle the book of the Brotherhood, and Grimwald, well, he becomes more present. Rule of Law. Why do I feel alarmed. I try to open myself, but no. Square peg in a

round hole. Grimwald learns one thing though: that one can feel beyond ones eyes. There are undead in the neighborhood. He decides to ask Dumathoin for help and after some discussion we ask these questions: Is it necessary to visit the location of the undead – which is answered by a clear negation, and if we could recover the third, missing, item – which results in 'a fought over cave with many crystals'. I'm sure I missed some important parts in translation. Anyway there seems to be such a cave in the north under a great moor.

I steel myself and open the Tome of Bones first. I learn many things, but I will not speak of them, for the most important thing I learn is to abhor life. I almost kill myself but for a voice which makes me hesitate just long enough for the others to stop me. The feeling subsides a little afterwards, but I feel detached like after my revery. Like but not the same. More like the opposite. The circle is almost complete. Zhae isn't there to help me, and there is a lesson there too.

Fate lays a path and he walks it as in a dream.

Could he wake?

What would he see behind?

What might he achieve tomorrow?

Greatness requires purpose

Knowledge, undead, stealth, demonic, war, exaltation, nature, sun, rules, death. I stand in the center. Body, mind, and soul. I could follow the path of the Art, I might become mighty, perhaps rivaling Zhae's mastery, but what is all this without caring. In a way this 'day' started with Felina using the least magic to dry my drenched clothing. Great things happened, but perhaps that was the most important lesson. If we do not care, then who are we?