

## *The story of Chi Si Chen (Autumn Silver Reed)*

### *Chapter 78: Dreams unfinished (2<sup>nd</sup> ride of Marpenoth 1370)*

*Highharvestide was a ride behind us and the weather took a turn for the worse: storms, rain, and a kind of moist chill which is foreign to me. Berdusk was cold, but it wasn't this wet cold. A few things attract my attention: an odd kind of agitation seeping through the city, Lasham who had even more things to show me, more buying and selling, and last: I needed to have my wardrobe redone. It seemed that traveling for a year with all kinds of strenuous adventures is good for building your frame. I considered it, trying to think it through. If we'll stay the whole winter then my body would use that time to store more. I would need to be careful with what I ate.*

*Grimwald, of course, had use for more special materials. This material he was looking for was said to be found in the places of order and goodness. I hoped he was not planning to visit the Heavenly Court! The material seemed to bind the inherent goodness of the place. Grimwald seemed upset that most people choose to use the Art in binding such to a weapon instead of using the 'proper' material. Myself I would think that goodness came from the heart, and a strong enough spirit would entune any weapon if needed. But I had to admit my knowledge in weapon magic is limited.*

*Cuura declined to go with us, and I had to admit that the place didn't exactly sound like her. Again Zhae would be minding the forge... Why did I feel oddly about that? With the tuning forks ready Kendalan, Nethander, Felina, and I waited for the main fork to strike... Of course, perfect till the thirteenth, with just enough variation to show the joy. And again, not my music, although it was closer than the first. Then... wet legs. We stood in a sea with the coastline in sight. A beautiful land with hills, mountains... such splendor... and I had to stop letting it affect me. Faerun needed me, us. Places like these were for later.*

*A light on the coast appeared and disappeared even as we walked through the surf. Then a tome archon appeared. I could almost taste it being upset. Upset by Nethander, Kendalan, Felina, even me; upset by any group popping in unannounced; but mostly upset because we seemed to break some custom.*

*Grimwald and the Archon talked, Nethander was actually fairly nice, with the amount of things he could have said, Felina silent and almost unseen, and Kendalan... disinterested was the closest I could describe it. It seemed that they had rules and regulations for people like us who came looking for specific things. Rules and regulations, but for some (or several) reasons we were ineligible for all of them. So we were send to a kind of 'if all else fails' place, a place I was sure only a handful had been led to since the dawn of time. Karma kind of oozed around it, not a pleasant feeling. Guan Yin taught that each persons Karma could be changed if they worked at it hard enough, but this... Sometimes I envied the others: to feel this wasn't one of my happiest days. Felina... at least that path felt right. The opening in the mountain wept with loss, a loss that both gave me freedom and destroyed a shelter for many. Even gods had to follow rules.*

*We went in and walked... and walked... it felt like hours. The corridor went on and on, with no end, or change of scenery, in sight. One thing was clear to me, even with my limited understanding of the home of the Gods: we had left the Heavens behind. This place was an artifact, untouched in time and meaning. Why this could have happened was beyond my understanding.*

*Slowly we solved th puzzle, which was in part naming the essence still present in this place. 'Creation', 'choice', 'void', and others slowly transformed the dull tunnel in an simple yet exquisitely carved hallway, crossroad, then sixteen roads. Nethander tried to determine the proper path, yet he was almost sucked into it. We still could cooperate quickly if need drove us. Then Felina hit on the final word. 'Innocence'. A pathway opened up – although it as easily could have been down.*

*I got engulfed by the place we entered. We felt/saw all the souls everywhere... on Toril – the whole 'prime'. I found my family, sister, and could not stop an exchange of some sort. Then we were back on the crossroad, Grimwald holding a mass of silvery metal. We returned to the 'Gate. We had learned more than we knew.*