

Now you may be thinking... "Who is going to be our wonderful and beautiful narrator today".

The answer to that question is me. As to who in the world I am.... Just view me as a fictional omnipotent and invisible narrator. Let's see... what else is important to state... ah, the timeframe. It's May 12, which is boring and a date which most of you shouldn't find important. 3 days in the future is where it's at considering that's the day when [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

Seems there's no spoilers allowed ... oh well, I had to try at the least. Anyhow, a much anticipated superhero movie is close to coming out, May 15 in fact, so a few relevant parties are going to learn about it. Let's take a look, why don't we?

Oh wait... sorry to interrupt myself but let me tell you something I'll be doing from now. I'll describe the soul of whoever we see. Since you are likely unfamiliar with soul shapes I'll give you a quick little four paragraph explanation because I'm the narrator and I can drag the pacing as slow as I want. If you don't want this then skip to like... the end of the page I don't care.

In your world (and most of them to be honest) the concept of a soul is whatever you find when you google it. A true spiritual self, things like that. In this world however, souls are... well they're also that... but it turns out that ancient people were uninformed and kind of stupid so when they discovered the source of magic in people's bodies they immediately called it a soul. That little soul thing they know of is more like the heart of an invisible magical body around a person. Via naming conventions this is called the soul-body but that's what I'll be calling the soul. There's also auras (dubbed soul-aura of course) but that's just excess energy from the soul body.

Soul auras are supposed to be invisible, something I only learned after I already narrated the "I'm gonna win" Radia A. Mortis thing (got a stern talking after that one). I thought it just added a certain flair... and I only described them when they really sparked up... thankfully I'm not doing that anymore, and I get to express myself this time. No more just boring this happened then that happened then yadayada. I mean I'll still be doing that but shhhh.

Souls can come in many shapes but typically do the job of distributing magic around a person's body. It's why people (in this world not yours) can generate magic at their fingertips. People can generate magic in either the body or the aura part of the soul though the body is far easier and conventionally stronger. Aura size depends on the person of course... though they're not really that noticeably big... go back a couple centuries when magic was way way stronger and you'd see the anime type auras. Exceptions apply of course.

Now to the part that actually matters, soul shape... it tends to follow around and encompass a person's body so it's typically at least anthropomorphic (though I did spot someone whose soul was like a cube for some reason so who knows.) The soul shape takes up attributes based both on the family of the person and the individual as well. The mold is taken from the parents and the child's self decides the rest. You got that? I'll be describing souls as we go along then. Souls don't actually matter to the story (not like Radia'll be able to see them herself) so take them as just neat details that only I (and Kila if she locked in) can see.

Let's see... we can start off with Holiday Tower, situated right in the middle of the city (it's literally the founding point). It's the largest building in the city and a clusterfuck (is swearing allowed here? I'll assume so) of different things. There's regular office work, science, military work, living spaces, training rooms, etc, etc. It's also somewhat non-euclidean to fit all of this in it but that's a whole different can of worms.

On a random floor in a random room is Storm Holiday, who you should already have a visual image of, he is currently sat up next to a giant impressive looking computer, his phone is levitated to his ear, a book on dead languages or something is suspended in the air occasionally flipping pages, and a pen and notepad are on his hands. He also has the most neutral expression a living being could ever have while on a phone call.

Storm is a very bad example for a first soul to look at. His soul does the bare minimum it needs to do, it covers him, the soul is just 'he' shaped... which is odd. Storm's soul is just an overlaid Storm. There's no lines or blemishes, no additions, no stray coloring... It's perfection incarnate soulwise... but it just looks very boring. Also his soul is just white... souls come in a variety of colors... typically the color of their soul type with white, black, and/or gray. Finding a soul that is exclusively one color represents an impossible purity. He's a bad introduction to souls.

"I don't really see the point in doing that, let's focus on this first." he says to the phone, the pen and notebook are put on the air as he types out 'Moonchild' on the computer, scrolling past a list of documents until he clicks on one, looking at it, this must be why he has that book on him, I guess it must be partly useful.

"I hear you loud and clear, so far we've made little progress, I'll have to send you the file when-" suddenly a large error message pops into the computer seconds before it shuts down.

"I'll have to call you later, an issue just came up, see you." He shuts off the call and pockets the phone as his kinesis breaks, everything falling to the ground as he moves out of the room and into a hallway. His steps are completely quiet, I wish I could tell you what he was thinking but I ain't got a clue, his expression and body language are impossible to read. I could try to just read his thoughts but I'm not allowed in the head of any Holiday.

He passes into an elevator, where some bored looking person is standing, just looking around. I guess I should describe this bored looking person, kinda shorter than your average person, white and yellow hair (died I assume), some sunglasses (indoors?), apart from that they're dressed like a biker character.

Their soul is mostly white, though their extremities seem to be splattered in yellow... sorta like blood splatters... but yellow. They've also got a yellow halo, prehensile wings, and a yellow heart... Now this is a soul with some flair... though a tad bit over designed... This is the exact opposite problem of Storm's soul. This one has way too much going on... why can't I get a good

normal soul to share the concept with, I didn't even mention the amount of holy bullshit orbiting around the soul. Biblically accurate looking person.

"Rare to see you around here nowadays." They say, in a rudish tone.

"Just been going out more and more, I guess there's just more to do nowadays." Storm picks a key out of his pocket and into the elevator wall, I suppose that floor's not meant to be reached by many.

"Yeah I know what I signed up to with you Stormy, do whatever, as long as you're not forgetting about sunday." I swear I can see them eying me, which is odd, I'm not even in the elevator, just translucently floating by.

"Not at all, I was the one to pick the time and place after all... Is there anything on your mind? You've been looking behind me." Are these two... nevermind.

"Oh nothing, just making sure there aren't any demons on your shoulder." The stranger looks me straight in the eyes before turning their vision back to Storm. Weird.

"Funny, but really, don't worry about me, I'll be fine Divi." So that's their name... or a nickname... I'll just assume it's a name and save us the hassle.

"Well if you say so, anyways I'll be out, see you later." Their floor's been reached and they leave. I wonder what Divi's deal here is, they're not dressed like an employee, they had a certain holiness in their soul... not in their personality though. I can tell you here now that they're not relevant to Radia's story though... if Storm was the protagonist maybe.

Storm stands around for a second before the elevator stops for his destination, at which he promptly walks to. This floor I assume is for Holidays/Higher ups only, considering the fancy air around, expensive pottery and the like. Many doors sit around, which Storm ignores before heading to one tagged theater. Inside there is eccentric billionaire Winter Holiday, who is watching something on a rather large screen. (Well technically she's like... Winter Holiday the Fourth but who's counting?) The word 'theater' should say all you need to know about what this room looks like. There's also a trio watching things from the back but they're not important.

Finally an imperfect, blemished soul. Holiday (biological, not Storm) souls tend to be in the shape of anthropomorphic reindeers... that's the family base at least. Winter's soul is similarly a reindeer. Antlers look like overgrown roots... they grow awkwardly too far in some places, entangled upon itself, and filled with cracks and cuts. If this was her real body she'd have to cut off those antlers for sure. The main color of her soul is gray, there's some white and some green but it's mostly gray.

After seeing Storm enter, Winter snaps her fingers and whatever she's watching freezes instantly. "*Oh hello, here to join me for this movie today?*"

“Well, no, just here because the compu-”

*“It’s a good one I can assure you, it’s the much awaited finale of the Burning Heron Trilogy after all. Burning Heron: Last Breath.”* It seems Winter is ignoring Storm’s complaint to talk about her own things. She’s like this...

“Of course you got an early copy of the movie... so does the girl whose name I can’t recall just die in the end?” Unrelated but this room is far too cold, I think a fridge might be a more warm environment to be in.

*“Her name is Brenne, and you’ve gotta watch the movie to know that, suspense is always a good thing. Not knowing whether or not our heroine is going to make it to the end, that’s what I find valuable. She walks so confidently into every situation but who knows what’ll happen if you lead that life... you know?”* I’m sorry but is the character literally just named ‘Burn’? I know my Norwegian.

“I suppose so... maybe I’ll give it a watch one of these days, not now however, I’ve got a certain-”

*“Yes yes, that computer of yours errored out, now thankfully I can assure you that it’s a temporary problem.”* Storm sighs.

“Ok, what’s the condition?”

*“Oh, not much at all, just check up on the other Dalton’s recent work. No touching though, just be a witness and that should be enough, I’m sure the computer error will be dealt with by the time you’re back.”* A command from Winter is something one shouldn’t ignore.

“...I’ll be out then.” And with that Storm walks out. One of the people watching the movie way back, teleports out as well, meeting Storm outside.

“Ah, hello. I’ll be seeing your brother in a bit, anything you want me to say to him?”

*“I don’t really care, just do what you’ve been told to.”* Not giving him a color for one line.

“Alright alright... say, mind bringing me to my room?”

Without a word, the man teleports away with Storm... typically you should only be able to teleport one person... but I think I’ll leave this here.

This was a rather disappointing section. This was supposed to be about that uh... what’s the title of this again? Burning Heron yes, and she was only brought up once, 4 pages for like 3 lines about the main topic, this is disastrous. Storm isn’t going to be thinking about it and for my

own self benefit I'd rather not follow around Winter so I'll just go somewhere else instead, other people have to be talking about it... maybe a couple will be best for me.

I decide to fly there at a leisurely rate rather than teleport. You probably have more questions about what in the world I'm doing and who I am than before. So... preemptively, I'll answer these questions that you hold toward me at my full extent of bright honesty.

1. What's your name: NOMA (all caps is very important, those like me care about the branding part of our names and titles, though mine is also an acronym so who cares)
2. What do you look like: I'm red, translucent, got two legs, two hands, two eyes, a nose, two ears, and some antelope antlers. I can change around those features however I want.

And no, I am not a demon, people keep mistaking me for one for some reason. Demons have goat horns not fucking antelope horns, I genuinely do not fucking get how people keep making the same god damn mistake every fucking time they see me, the horns aren't black, they're red, like the rest of me, but like a different shade. And since when are demons fucking translucent?

They're like ugly motherfuckers with skin, I don't have skin, its like saying a ghost has skin, it's fucking stupid because they're dead and they have nothing attached to them. If people mistook me for a ghost more often I think that'd be fucking cool actually, still wrong, but like come on, its closer, I know people's first thought isn't going to be multiversal anomaly or something but why is demon always the fucking first? I don't even have like a red trident or any demon characteristics apart from being red (which not all demons even are actually), is that it, is it because I'm fucking red? Would whitewashing myself serve you better you disgraceful animal.

Anyhow, where was I? Oh yes appearance, I'm also quite good looking I like to think, though no one in this world can appreciate my beauty, due to laying invisible.

3. What's your origin: "Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house. Not a creature was stirring. not even a mouse."
4. Why are you following around random nobodies: Because I can, and also because it's been decided by the writer (no capitalization on this one, remember what I said about branding)
5. Will you marry me: Wow I'm flattered you asked me that, yes YOU, you did want to ask me that, otherwise it wouldn't be in this questionnaire. Anyhow... I know your feelings and I respect you quite a lot but I will sadly have to decline, try not to have your heart broken, we can still be friends after all.

6. What are your abilities: Whatever I feel like really, it's fun to be me.
7. Favorite Color: I'll give you one good chance to guess. Okay I'll even give you a hint, starts with the letter R. Ok fine, that's not enough, But this is my final hint, second letter is e. Should be fairly obvious what it is now right? Okay okay okay fine, one more, just one more, the final letter is a d. No more hints now, guess.

What do you mean you didn't guess Reef Gold?

8. What in the everloving hell are you: Refer to question 1.
9. Do you have any weaknesses: I am deathly allergic to people's souls so if you offer up yours I'll be dealt with instantly, no need to make an offer or anything, just pull that sucker right out of you. I won't bite. I mean it, I have no teeth as of this micro-instant.
10. Why are you padding out this questionnaire section so much: Because it's fun for me...

Okay fine, let's get back to the actual thing you're here for, cause who cares about some anomaly or whatever, yeesh. Turn to the next page

Wait, this is a document... just scroll down okay?

Our next location here is a nice little flower shop. Well it's not really little but... okay what's the measure for flower shop size... actually who cares about this, it's a flower shop. I'd tell you the name of the shop but whatever (lazy) god that wrote this world hasn't thought about that yet. Inside of this little shop are two lovebirds (not herons, they seem more like macaws) who seem to just be chatting about.

First, is a happy little guy, though his expression doesn't show it. Wearing black jeans, black running shoes, and a black shirt with the phrase 'Moms Against Seatbelts' displayed on it. He must think it's funny. I also wish to state, he's wearing a weird glove on his left hand. Nothing on his right. The glove has a weird purplish circular thing in the middle.

His soul is weird to me... it's contracted, which is something you don't see every day. Looks horribly inefficient energy-wise. It just sorta looks vaguely humanoid to me but I'm sure that if it uncontracted I could see better. In its current state, the soul doesn't even fully cover his body. Apart from that his soul is crumpled and is just in different shades of gray. Weirdly enough the purple part of the glove seems to have some sort of an (admittedly weak) artificial soul-like thing poking into his. Where the hell did he get that?

The other one is a jolly girl, who's expression does show it. She's wearing some baggy white pants, pink sneakers, square glasses, a similarly pink tube top, and a white blazer with a pink floral pattern. Also, she has parts of her hair dyed pink. Pink is possibly in her top 5 colors.

Her soul is tragically not pink, it's a sort of blue instead... if only there was like a hair dye for the soul so she could match, I mean that's technically a thing but definitely not in this world. Her soul looks like a black wooden dummy with pretty blue flowers growing all over it. As with any normal soul, some parts of the dummy look damaged.

"Sorry for dragging you along into this by the way." She says out of the blue, or the pink I guess.

"Don't mind at all, I wanted an excuse to visit you anyways."

"Well isn't that nice? Just know you can come over anytime." By our current time here, they've only been dating for... a bit(nailed the timeframe), so this seems normal for new-ish couples.

"Same thing here, invite me for literally anything, I will go"

"Anything?"

"Yep."

"So if I invited you over like in... 3 days you wouldn't mind right?"

"Oddly specific but I don't think I have anything then, what do you wanna do?"

“Oh you know, just your favorite thing...”

“Eating good food?” Gluttony incarnate.

“...more of a visual thing honey.”

“But I’m already looking at you aren’t I?” Oh he’s corny... my weakness. She seems to enjoy the corniness as she lets out a pleasant laugh.

“Okay okay okay, second favorite.”

“Fine, no more jesting, you’re inviting me to a movie right?”

“Yep, but kind of different, we haven’t seen a single movie in theaters yet.”

“Oh, that new superhero flick right?”

“...you’ve seen the Burning Heron movies... right?”

“... ”

“Zeb??????”

“I uh... never got to them.”

“How???”

“I just don’t watch superhero flicks... sorry?”

“...okay, which of your exes and/or Radia is responsible for this?” Zeb does a large sigh.

“...Radia... she really doesn’t like the superhero genre at all.”

“And that rubbed off on you?”

“I’ve been told to be really impressionable.”

“Quick question... and please don’t take this insultingly but... how many of your interests just come from the girls in your life?”

“The only thing that’s mine is this fashion sense. What you see here is a statue sculpted by many an artist.”



“Gotta say... I like the end result, I'll just put this pretty statue in my garden if you don't mind.”  
Zeb lightly blushes, I want to kill the both of them.

“Don't mind at all, let me tell you...”

“Okay that's enough of you being cute, I need you to see those movies like... now.”

“There's only three days left so I don't-”

“No no, you, me, my house, 10 pm, tonight.”

“Do you have these films on DVD or?”

“No, even I'm not that much of a nerd...”

“Streaming?”

“... not an option either, maybe I didn't think this one through...” Real thinkers these two...

“Don't worry, you can find these things online, I know a good page.”

“A very legal one?”

“Probably not.”

“Legal enough for me, I'll take it.”

“Nice, plans set.”

“Wait sorry I got too excited, you didn't have anything planned for tonight did you?”

“...no.” He's a real shitty liar.

“I know that face, you wanted something.”

“Okay so maybe I kinda possibly had the chance of a little thing...”

“Zeb, please try to live your life, you don't have to follow everything I say.”

“But I like spending time with you...”

“So do I, but we can reschedule, anything tomorrow? Be honest.”

“Nothing at all, I promise.”

“Cool, same time, tomorrow, ok?”

“Yes ma'am.”

“Now that's sorted, been meaning to ask you... what's the deal with the futuristic glove.” Oh I'm so thankful someone brought it up.

“Oh this? It's just a little bit of experimental stuff, I think I've told you Drew works with this guy... Declan I think?”

“No? You've never mentioned this, and I don't really know any Declans.”

“Last name Dalton.”

“Oh... yeah I know those... wait Drew's buddy-buddy with a rich guy?”

“Yeah, should I have mentioned that?” Yes.

“I mean... probably, but whatever, I wanna know what the gloves do.”

“Okay, watch this.”

Zeb sticks his gloved hand out, before a bunch of metals quickly materialize together to form a pistol, his fingers are very clearly off the trigger so he has good trigger discipline at least. He shows it off for a second before putting it on a table. I do wish to state that the gun's materialization happened in milliseconds, so to anyone it'd just look like the gun teleported to his hand instantly.

“Oh, I forgot to ask if you were fine with-”

“So you can just summon a gun? That's just a thing you do?”

“More convenient than even concealed carry don't you think?”

“I mean I guess, you're the gun nut here. How does that even work though? Does it teleport the gun from elsewhere or?”

“Do you want the short answer or the really really long answer?”

“Giving you the chance to yap today, go long.” I'm gonna stay quiet as he explain things.

“Okay... first thing first, it's a sort of artificial replication of a soul's power, though calling it an artificial soul would be rather wrong... it's more like a soul converter to be honest. The miniscule tech in the glove takes energy from the wearer, and creates a sort of second soul inside.”

“So you can teleport things in your left hand now?”

“It’s a faulty replication, so it isn’t really a teleportation soul that I’ve got. We’re probably centuries away from something that advanced... Drew just liked the color purple for this one. The gun itself is already stored in the glove’s aura, I just have some of my energy to call it forth is all.”

“So it’s a magic gun? That seems simple.”

“That’s the thing... The gun itself is entirely made of real metal, no magic. That’s the actual experimental part of this tech. Just the way people store their own magic in their auras, this manages to store real materials and materialize them the same way we do magic. Of course, the metals themselves aren’t exactly normal either... to be honest, I’m not fully aware of the exact logic behind it... but apparently they count as magical enough to work into the glove’s aura. Any other questions?”

“You kinda glossed over how the gun itself is made.”

“No I didn’t, I said-”

“You said where the parts come from but not how they’re put together.”

“Ohhhhh. Okay okay okay let me explain that better. How well did you do in M.E again?”

“My school mixed that with P.E so it was only like half... I’ll just say I wasn’t the best.”

“Okay then, here look.”

Zeb raises a finger and little magical flames start to materialize all around him, they’re about normal, though gray streaks leave them. These fires don’t generate any heat it seems.

“When you create something out of magic, the process isn’t actually instant, it has a sort of state of nonexistence beforehand... in fact, most people tend to have a decent amount of magic just ready to activate through the day. That’s why in fights, the first moves are usually pretty fast, the magic doesn’t have to be prepared so they just duke it out quickly. Any longer fights and you’ll realize that attacks tend to take a bit longer to come out, at this point the soul is no longer storing but instead instantly using said magic.”

“Huh... I thought it was just that people got tired, good to know.”

“Well, that too is obviously a factor, but even if someone doesn’t break a sweat in a fight they have a disadvantage if they go through many and burn their standard instant supplies.”

"You really know a lot about this stuff."

"Well duh, that's what I'm working towards getting a degree in after all, can't be a good professor without the proper knowledge."

"I can tell you're gonna be great at it."

"Huh?"

"You're really really passionate about this type of thing, usually you're the quieter of the two so I can tell. That's how I look talking about flowers or a random tv show I'm really getting into."

"Well... thanks, it feels nice hearing it. Back to the explanation though."

"The glove pretty much stores these metals the same way, in a sort of in-between state, but when something is needed, they all form together." The little flames zeb made coalesce together, forming into that identical gun.

"Tada... actually let me make it something more pretty." The flames expand and form another shape, instead becoming a replica fire statue of an Acantha. The real acantha lets out a short laugh at the sight of this. Zeb turns around to look at the Firecantha...

"Hey there, good looking."

"Oh come on, how am I supposed to beat that?" She says, moving her hands back as vines and overall plantlife come out of her fingers.

"Well, what are you trying to say?"

"I mean look at her, she's like... so much hotter than me." As she says this, she's finished constructing a zeb out of plantlife... that was rather quick, and considering how she's self described as bad at magic, she's definitely practiced making this one. She wraps her hand around the Beelzeshrub.

"Guess I'll have to stick with this cutie instead."

"Huh? Oh damn it, that guy's so much more lively than I am..."

"So... gonna stick with that chick?"

"Eh... to be honest... she doesn't really have much of a smile... so..."

"And I can't even hear this guy's voice... so..."

"I think I like the real thing so much more." The fake constructs dissipate out as they walk towards the other, they stare into each other's eyes as they hold one another... they lean in and-

A loud knock on the door startles the two of them away. Now I didn't want to ruin the moment, but I'm thankful, I just can't with that romance and love stuff you know? Especially with these two... there's a reason I stopped commenting much on things... are they really that cheesy all the time or is this just an exception.

Zeb goes to dissipate the gun (which they never bothered to get off the table) as Acantha opens the door to a blonde girl that looks like she's been through 2 consecutive car crashes in the last hour. No, I don't think I'm giving her a soul description.

"Sorry if I was interrupting something but the schedule said it was open so I..." I didn't feel like giving her a color, she can get some underscore instead.

"Oh no worries, it's uh... totally fine yeah. What type of flower are you looking for?" I guess they're gonna skip mentioning the girl's current state. Zeb seems to be eying her worriedly tho.

"Honestly I have no idea, just wanted to check out this place, it's pretty new right?"

"Yeah, only been open for like... a couple weeks now, stuff's been going good though."

"Really? That's good to hear... hope to see this flower shop running in a decade. Anyhow, what've you got?"

"Thanks, feel free to look around while I list some off."

"I've got roses, orchids, daisies, tulips, lilies, marigold-"

"Anything like... pink?"

"Sorry, currently out. If you come by tomorrow I should have some pink carnations though..."

"Oh, I was just asking for a friend, but good to know." The girl looks around a little more before getting up.

"Welp, sorry for wasting your time but I don't think I want anything, everything looks pretty though. I'll definitely recommend the place. bye."

"There's nothing wrong with a little window shopping, have a good day." And with that the weird girl is out. Acantha sighs and walks back to Zeb.

"I mean you are doing well."

“Yeah I am... but you know, still a big fan of money.”

“The deadly sin of greed...”

“Hey, what’s wrong with wanting some riches?”

“Honey I love you but you opened a flower shop, you’re not gonna be a millionaire.”

“Come on Zeb, let a girl dream at least.”

“I will not have another fall to the American Dream.” He says, as if that statement doesn’t need any further question.

“Hey, the guy who’s effectively your father is like friends with a rich guy.”

“I don’t think that means much here.” He didn’t deny the father thing huh.

“Probably not... actually wait hold on, how much does that glove cost? You said it's experimental tech.”

“Uh... okay I don’t know much but Drew did say its value was like... around that of a decent military helicopter, I think?”

“Zeb... zeb... honey... look at me, can you repeat that?”

“Yeah... ‘about as much as a high quality military helicopter’, those were his exact words.” Who measures things in helicopter cost?

“Do you not see the...”

“I’m not really a military guy so-”

“You’re into guns but you don’t know how much money is spent on military stuff?”

“Those are two very different interests, let me tell you. You’re a flower girl, where did you get this?”

“I had a phase in my teenage years okay?” Noted for future universes I check out.

“Oh, yeah okay that’s fair, so how much do you think this is worth then?”

“Uh... he said high quality... that’s like... 20 million at the absolute least... could be way way higher.” Zeb seems only lightly shocked at the revelation that he has enough money to buy a mansion in his left hand.

“Huh, yeah that is quite a lot of money.” He is very punchable right now.

“And Drew just gave that to you? Like no favors or anything?”

“He just walked up and said ‘Hey, here’s a cool thing from work’ and pretty much handed it to me for free. I do think I eventually have to return it though.”

“Oh okay okay that’s a way different thing then, I thought you’d be keeping the millions on you forever.”

“I probably should have started with that.” How does someone like him get so many dates?

“Probably... but we can talk about more things later, got a job y’know?”

“Alright alright honey, have a good day, see you tomorrow night, we’ve got some herons to burn.” He kisses her on the cheek before waving goodbye as he leaves the flower shop.

Funnily enough Storm is on the other side of the street talking to the weird girl from earlier. Zeb eyes both of them for a second but continues on his way uninterrupted.

With that, I’m done with the lovers, hope you like that much. Let’s see... for my interlude before the next section... What should it be now?

Ah, I got it. It’s currently day time but I guess I should bring up the most unique feature of this world right now. When it’s nighttime... There’s absolutely no moon, just nothing at all. The moon used to be there but right now... there’s nothing. I assumed this would change a lot of things but it really doesn’t, it’s treated rather casually.

Teleporting to the nightside of the planet. There’s just the stars to light the sky, which do a good job but still... Thankfully the moon’s death happened after reasonable light sources became a thing... though in a world with magic, people could just... create light to use during the night anyhow.

You’d think somethings about the earth would be messed up without the moon... but not at all, the ocean still flows the way, it has the same gravitational pull... somehow.

Flying quickly to where the moon is supposed to be... there’s a magical force creating the exact gravitational effect the moon is supposed to have... trying to land on this one though will end with damage to whoever attempted it... I’m not even touching the ‘emptiness’ but I can feel the energy sprouting off it. If people tried a moon landing here they’d just die off before even arriving at it.

This weird space nothingness carries the same rotation the moon is supposed to have... but this could be either a magical remnant of the moon or a creation of someone's magic to recreate the Moon... though at that point why not make it actually resemble the moon visibly? Moonshards are magical beyond comparison so I assume the moon itself must have had quite a force.

I do feel sad for kids here... looking into the moon is a rather beautiful sight, you really don't think about it much, it adds so much to the world just by being there. I remember laying on the grass with [REDACTED], looking into the night sky and... actually who gives a shit. You already have a set of characters to care about and I'm not one of them. All you need to know is that I care about the moon, even if the one in this world doesn't care back. Let's move on.