2284 Shadow Smith  
  
While the battered incarnation was tending to the Nameless Temple, another one was in the great hall of the ruined cathedral - which had become somewhat of a forge now.  
  
At the far end, under the watchful gaze of the Nameless Goddess, the somber shadow of the King оf Swords was forging an enormous breastplate. He was using the altar as an anvil, while the material he forged to create the giant suit of armor was manifested shadows. His hammer rose and fell, shaping the shadows into form.  
  
The former King's face was still and impassive, and his gaze was peculiarly both full of cold intelligence and empty, lacking the spark of life. He still retained his sublime skill as a blacksmith and artisan, as well as the keen judgment necessary to employ it, but not the will and spirit that made one a person.  
  
The shadow of Anvil had neither desires nor emotions, existing in a tranquil state of silent emptiness.  
  
Still… he glanced at peace, almost content, having been given a chance to dedicate himself to his craft even in dеath. At least Sunny thought so after observing the shadow of Anvil for myriad days.  
  
Initially, he had wanted to destroy it. Sunny knew that losing the shadow of a Supreme being would be a great loss for the Shadow Legion, even if it lacked the Will. But he had still wanted to get rid of Anvil's shadow purely out of spite, feeling that its mere presence was tainting his soul.  
  
Yet he eventually decided against it.  
  
Then, he wanted to send the royal shade onto the battlefield. In the end, Sunny decided that the best use for Anvil's shadow was this - toiling as the blacksmith for the growing Shadow Legion.  
  
Sunny crafted the Memories for the members of the Shadow Clan himself, but the shadow legionnaires dwelling in his soul weгe too many and different from Awakened humans as well.  
  
None of them possessed the ability to own and summon Memories. Numerous of them, however, needed weapons and armor - the human shades like Solvane, Daeron, and the seven Saints of the Song Domain he had slain especially. They had lost their own Memory arsenals before coming to rest in his soul, after all, and were therefore forced to fight barehand as his shadow soldiers.  
  
The shadows of the Nightmare Creatures were less disadvantaged in that regard, being that their main weapons were their fangs, claws, talons, mandibles, and various limbs that Sunny did not know the names of. That did not mean that they could not benefit from forged equipment, though.  
  
What was worse than a hideous beast? A grotesque beast clad in an impenetrable suit of armor was, for sure. And while being torn by a claw was quite bad, being sliced apart by a claw encased in a sheath of sharpened steel was worse.  
  
Sunny's solution to this problem was to make the former Sovereign a weapon master and armorer of the Shadow Legion. So, the shadow of Anvil now resided in the ruined cathedral, forging shadows into weapons and suits of fearsome armor.  
  
Sunny had moved his own workshop and laboratory here, as well - there was plenty of space, and someone had to guard Slayer in her underground cell, anyway.  
  
Crafting the Memories for the Shadow Clan had been a big undertaking - not because they were particularly hard to craft, but simply due to the sheer volume. Some of these exquisite Memories, like the Black Canteen - the heir of Rain's trusty Green Canteen - were standard-issue and given to each member of the clan.  
  
Others looked similar but were actually carefully designed and tuned to fit the Aspects of the Shadow Clan members - like the suits of armor Sunny created, each containing a reservoir he personally filled with shadow essence, thus allowing even Awakened to use powerful life-saving enchantments in cases of emergency.  
  
The set of Memories for Corsair was alгeady complete. The Shadow Clan had been watching the prospective recruit for some time, after all, and Sunny already knew all about his Aspect with Cassie's help.  
  
So, at the moment, Sunny was busy with something else.  
  
He was slowly walking across the dark expanse of the ruined cathedral's great hall, looking up with a look of contemplation on his face.  
  
Above him, an infinity of black strands created a vast, mesmerizing pattern - a pattern that was as grandiose as it was daunting, filling the entire length of the great hall and reaching all the way to its ceiling far above.  
  
The pattern was not made out of strings of shadow essence. Instead, it was made simply from manifested shadows.  
  
It was a model of the weave Sunny had been developing for a long time, made visible to ease the burden on his overly taxed mind.  
  
Looking at a particular area of the intricate pattern, Sunny sighed.  
  
'The last solution caused more problems to reveal themselves, huh?'  
  
The weave he was designing was meant to become the foundation of his own shadowbound Memory - a charm that all his incarnations would be able to use.  
  
Unlike how it had happened with the Blessing, there was no Spell to help finish the process this time. So, Sunny had to oversee the entire process himself from start to finish. Considering how many precious resources would go into crafting the charm, he wanted to be extra confident that they would not be wasted.  
  
Looking at the problematic element of the vast weave, Sunny allowed the measured ringing of the dead King's hammer to wash over him and commanded the stands of shadows to rearrange themselves, forming a new pattern.  
  
Then, he scrutinized it with a somber expression.  
  
Eventually, a faint smile illuminated his face.  
  
'That's better. Now, on to the next problem.'  
  
There were still numerous problematic areas of the immense and astoundingly complicated weave, but he nearing the completion of the ambitious design. Once he did, his power and versatility would hopefully be substantially enhanced.  
  
…Far away, the last two incarnations of Sunny were busy doing something else.  
  
They were waging war on the Burned Forest.