1949 Sonorous Silver Sunless

Sunny had quite high expectations for the next stage of his experiments. He had been making a living by selling Memories, after all, and was obligated to forge a stellar sword for Nephis.

There were many Saints in the world, and even a couple other people who possessed Divine Aspects. However, he was the only weaver left in existence. There were some who could enchant weapons and craft Memories, but their ability was no more than a pale imitation of his own.

Therefore, what Sunny was going to do now thrilled him even more than the possible advancement of Shadow Dance. It was just that he was a bit tired, so his excitement was calm and focused.

He was going to fuse with his Memories, which would hopefully allow him to learn more about their weaves.

'Lets see...'

He summoned the runes to study his soul arsenal.

Memories: [Silver Bell], [Extraordinary Rock], [Endless Spring], [Weaver's Mask], [Shadow Lantern], [Shadow Chair], [Overpriced Saddle], [Weaver's Needle], [Nebulous Mantle], [Handy Bracelet], [Quintessence Pearl], [Definitely Not Me].

He possessed far fewer Memories now, after being banished from the Nightmare Spell. Still, it was enough for a good start.

The Memories he did possess could be divided into three categories: the ones he had created himself, the ones he had altered... and the two Divine Memories he had received by chance.

Sunny suspected that he would be able to learn the least from the first category, and the most from the last... if he even had the capacity to fathom the infinite sophistication of Weaver's Mask and Shadow Lantern, which was unlikely.

In any case, it made sense. He knew everything there was to know about the weave of those Memories he had personally created, after all. [Shadow Chair], Overpriced Saddle], and [Weaver's Needle] could be barely called Memories — they were simply objects he had outfitted with the rudimentary enchantments every Memory possessed.

[Handy Bracelet], [Quintessence Pearl], and [Definitely Not Me] were far more complex, each created after he already became a Transcendent. Studying them would be of more use... but probably not as much as studying the Memories initially forged by the Spell.

They were [Silver Bell], [Extraordinary Rock], and [Endless Spring]. Each had accompanied him for a long time.

Then, there was the [Nebulous Mantle], which had a somewhat special origin. Neither Sunny nor the Nightmare Spell had created it — instead, it had been woven by the sorcerers who worshiped Weaver, passed down to Ananke, and eventually ended up being turned into a Memory by Sunny.

And finally, there were Shadow Lantern and Weaver's Mask. Sunny actually did not know how Shadow Lantern had come to be — was it a true relic of Shadow God, or simply a replica of one? He had received it as a Legacy Relic, and since Aspect Legacies seemed to come from the Spell, it would be reasonable to assume that the Spell had created it.

However, another Legacy Relic Sunny had received was the Fragment of Shadow Realm, and even the Spell did not seem to know how to deal with it — to the point that it did not know how to describe the Fragment with runes, and where to place them.

Sunny knew the origin of Weaver's Mask, though. It was indeed a mere replica of the mask the Demon of Fate had personally worn — one of the two granted to the High Priests of the Nightmare Spell in the distant past.

However...

It had been created by Weaver's own hand. So, it was indeed a true relic left behind by the nebulous daemon, just like the Nightmare Spell itself.

Sunny stared at the runes describing Weaver's Mask for a few moments... then shifted his gaze and glanced at the [Overpriced Saddle].

A sad sigh escaped from his lips.

Chasing away the sudden feeling of crippling inferiority, Sunny raised a hand and summoned the Silver Bell.

A beautiful bell wove itself from sparks of light, its familiar weight making him feel a hint of bittersweet nostalgia.

Sunny closed his eyes for a moment.

[A small memento of a long-lost home, which once brought its owner comfort and joy...]

He rang the bell quietly and listened to its sonorous ringing, then smiled, a hint of sadness finding its way into his eyes.

When the melodious sound of the bell dissolved into silence, Sunny took a deep breath and controlled his incarnation to glide onto the small Memory.

Immediately, his consciousness was split into two states of being.

Sunny was the person who sat on the floor, holding the Silver Bell in his hand.

But he was also the bell being held by the person.

Overwhelmed by the strangeness of this alien feeling, Sunny shuddered.

Because the hand holding him trembled, Sunny swayed and produced a beautiful ringing sound.

'Ah... it's too strange...'

Becoming one with the Silver Bell was even more odd than fusing with the Soul Weapon form of Serpent or with the Marvelous Mimic masquerading as a quaint cottage... much more odd by far. His Shadow were living beings assuming the shapes of inanimate objects, at least. The Silver Bell... was simply the Silver Bell.

It was a thing cast of silver, with no awareness of the world, of itself, or of anything at all — it had no senses, no feelings, no fears, no thoughts, no desires. It just... was.

Sunny's eyes widened, and his expression froze. He remained motionless for a while, his mind torn between two incongruous and irreconcilable states. Somewhere far away, the Lord of Shadows stumbled midmotion, and a hidden shadow shuddered in the darkness of Rain's tent.

'...Is this what it feels like to be truly insane?'

Who else would be in the state of mind to consider themselves a little bell, if not for a complete lunatic?

Slowly, laboriously, he called upon his many experiences acting as a shadow of alien beings and managed to get a grip on his incapacitated mind. Sunny built a wall around the part of his mind that had become one with the Silver Bell, separating it from himself, and finally exhaled with relief.

"D—damn it... wow."

Sunny had known that he would experience something exceedingly bizarre by personally augmenting a Memory, but nothing could have prepared him for the strangeness of this foreign state of being.

Still, it was illuminating.

Even though the Silver Bell had no senses, no concept of self, and no way to perceive anything, it still had... something.

A subtle awareness of movement, vibration, and sound.

And underneath it all, something far more conclusive.

The Silver Bell might have been inanimate and simple on the material plane, but beyond that, it was a marvel of radiant light and flowing energy that existed in the vast emptiness of a lightless abyss. After all, it was woven out of soul essence and contained intricate enchantments designed by the Nightmare Spell itself.

Even the [Sonorous] enchantment added to it had not been invented by Sunny, but simply copied from another Memory into the weave of the Silver Bell.

Within it, soul essence flowed according to an elegant, complex, and infinitely ingenious pattern, its movement and pathways dictated by the intricate tapestry of ethereal strings embedded into the nature of the Silver Bell beyond the material plane.

That was its spellweave and the resulting mechanism of its enchantments, shining brightly in the darkness.

And, therefore...

That was Sunny's spellweave and the mechanism of his enchantments.

He inhaled slowly, staring into the distance.

Sunny had seen plenty of weaves before.

But...

He had never experienced being a weave before. He had never felt every detail and nuance of his sorcery so deeply, vividly, and in such a profound way.

His eyes, which were opened wide, suddenly glistened with sharp light.

And deep within them, golden threads shone for a moment, then disappeared into lightless depths.