1960 Master Weaver

Sunny could simply trap a bit of space within the backpack, making it much larger on the inside than it was on the outsider. Of course, that would create several problems of its own, which he would then need to solve.

For example, there was the issue of weight — a simple Memory like that would be able to contain many items, but it would also weigh accordingly. Having a spatial storage Memory was of little use if its master could not lift it, after all. Luckily, Sunny had long mastered enchantments that manipulated weight. By adding a simplified version of the [Feather of Truth], he would be able to give the backpack the ability to reduce the weight of all items stored inside.

Then, there was the issue of continuity. Effie had actually possessed a spatial storage Memory of her own long before the Black Beast Locket, all the way back on the Forgotten Shore. However, it possessed a glaring Flaw when compared to the Covetous Coffer — once it was dismissed, everything inside was tossed to the ground instead of being safely stored within her soul.

The same would be true for the leather backpack, unless Sunny came up with countermeasures.

'Huh...'

He had to weave plenty more shadow threads, so there was enough time to think.

'Actually... I feel that the answer is hidden in the rudimentary enchantments that all Memories possess. The most basic of them — the ability to dismiss a Memory and manifest it again from essence. If I can somehow make the backpack treat everything stored inside of it as a false Memory... maybe a part of itself? That's worth exploring...'

He mentally planned out the desired enchantments in his head.

Just like with the backpack itself, which was made from leather, but required many little details to be added — like clasps, pockets, decorations, and so on — the fundamental weave also needed many additions to perform well.

There was a lot to think about.

Eventually, though, Sunny took a deep breath and concentrated on the backpack, peering beneath its surface.

He was ready... as ready as he would ever be.

The tentative design of the weave was fleshed out in his mind. Unlike how he had done it before, meticulously imagining every twist and turn of each single thread of essence, Sunny did it differently this time.

Instead of a precise and clear image, the weave in his head was more... abstract. There were clearly defined sections, those that were responsible for the overall structure and framework of the entire tapestry. There were also several precisely mapped patterns, mostly the smaller ones.

However, there were also segments that were loose and vague, more of a concept than a detailed solution.

Those, he was going to finish in the process, following his knowledge, intuition, and inspiration.

Before starting, Sunny cleansed his mind, bringing it to a state of clarity — something he usually only did when going into battle, but which felt strangely appropriate.

Then, he picked up Weaver's Needle and one of the soul shards...

And started to weave.

Sunny started slowly, creating the framework of the weave and its rudimentary enchantments. In the process, he dove deeper into the state of unity with the Marvelous Mimic, exploring its connection to space.

Of course, the Marvelous Mimic was a Shadow now, not a Memory. But Sunny remembered the spellweave of the Covetous Coffer quite well. By becoming the Mimic, he could mentally connect its traits and Attributes to the corresponding patterns on the Coffer.

'I think... I understand...'

Following an intense spark of inspiration, Sunny entered the state of flow and switched to the conceptual patterns of essence strings he had loosely planned. It was not absolute improvisation... rather, it was a guided improvisation that sought to invent the correct connections between the concepts and elements of the weave he had prepared in advance, forming the functional pattern out of them.

There was a strange, unfathomable, and beautiful logic to weaving that Sunny did not quite understand, but could feel intuitively. It felt close now, just out of reach now.

He was the heir of Weaver, after all.

Armed with that intuitive kinship, the deep well of theoretical knowledge he had built, and the state of unity with the Marvelous Mimic, Sunny used all six of his hands to form the intricate patterns of essence threads.

At some point, his eyes widened.

'This... this is it!'

As if by magic, the chaotic mess of strings was slowly forming into a harmonious tapestry, giving birth to order. The correct decisions were just... clicking together. In that moment, Sunny fully felt the nature of a spellweave, where everything was tied together and interconnected.

Resolving one problem led to a solution to another, which hinted at how to deal with two more. Like that, a cascade of understanding was born, helping him deal with dilemmas that he had no prior knowledge of, and pushing the weave to its final form.

'It's... wonderful...'

Finally, many hours later, Sunny let out a long sigh and dismissed the shadow hands, looking at the beautifully crafted leather backpack with satisfaction.

He had succeeded.

He had created a spatial storage Memory — not by copying a pattern created by the Spell, and not even by altering one.

Instead, he had enchanted the backpack simply by having a sufficient understanding of the fundamental rules of weaving, graduating from imitation to originality.

This was his first entirely original Memory. Sunny smiled tiredly.

'Hell. Am I a bona fide master weaver now?'

His skill was at least on par with that of the unknown sorcerer who had created Ananke's Mantle, and even superior to it in many regards.

And it would only continue to grow.

In fact, he was about to enter a period of explosive growth. The sky was the limit.

Well... maybe here in Godgrave, that phrase was not the best to use.

In any case...

There was one last step left.

Sunny stared at the leather backpack lovingly.

"What should I call you, huh?"

He intended for Rain to use it well.

Sunny scratched his chin.

What was the purpose of a spatial storage Memory?

Obviously, it was to hold things.

Not just hold things, of course, but hold it away from the grabby hands of other humans.

And here, in front of him, was basically a leather bag.

Sunny's eyes glistened, and he raised a finger into the air.

"Ah, I know!"

It was so obvious.

He nodded in satisfaction, as if having arrived at a perfect answer.

"I shall name you... the Bag of Withholding!"