2052 War Craft

Something similar, but at the same time different to what Master Alice had done to the arrowhead was taking place there.

The tapestry of a complicated spellweave was taking shape inside the armor. Only it wasn't forming all at once, as it had been with the bone arrowhead — instead, the process was more similar to how Sunny would have done it, one step at a time.

It was just that the speed with which the separate strings formed the patterns was astonishingly great… so great, in fact, as to seem instantaneous.

Nevertheless, the result was far worse than what Sunny would have done. The patterns that formed with tremendous speed were crude and messy, almost sloppy. There was no harmony to their flow, no intricate order. It was like a spellweave made by a dilettante.

At first glance.

Then, something strange happened. A pattern which had already been formed suddenly dismantled itself, the constellation of ethereal strings retreating like a tide. That, too, happened in an instant.

A few moments later, the pattern reassembled itself once again, this time looking a little more neat than before.

The process repeated several times. The strings would shoot forward to form a pattern, drift in the void for a few moments, and then retreat. The tapestry expanded and contracted, almost like the beating heart of a living being.

With each iteration, the messy spellweave seemed to improve a little. After a while, it became cohesive enough that Sunny could vaguely guess its purpose, staring at the strangely beautiful spectacle with a neutral expression.

There was the foundation of a durability enchantment, a heat-resistant enchantment, a strange friction-related enchantment, a weight enchantment…

Master Snow was certainly ambitious with his current project.

'How interesting.'

Sunny tried to make sense of what he was seeing.

The process was completely different from the Forgery Master Alice had demonstrated.She had simply transferred a quality of [being a Memory] from one arrowhead to another — as such, her Aspect power acted in a straightforward manner, without involving the Nightmare Spell.

But Master Snow was attempting something far more ambitious. He had indeed initiated the change inside the armor, allowing it to grow… quite like a living being would.

Currently, he was trying to guide that growth in a particular direction.

And the Nightmare Spell was assisting him.

It was very much like it had assistant Sunny, and even more so like she was assisting Cassie… and all Awakened, in a sense.

By now, it was clear that the direction of the growth an enchanted item experienced depended on the intent of the Spellsmith. Master Snow had called it guiding the form of an item to a more flawless state, and there might have been some truth to his statement. But to Sunny, it seemed like a large part of the change was still dependent on the Spellsmith's own vision, ability, and will.

Master Snow wanted to reshape the armor into a Memory that possessed a number of specific enchantments. However, he could not envision such a spellweave — he was incapable of seeing one, after all, let alone deciphering the complicated and mysterious logic that guided the patterns of essence strings.

What he could envision was the effect he wanted to achieve, though. The toughness of the armor, it's ability to repair itself in the owner's soul, withstand the merciless heat of Godgrave, and so on. Perhaps he knew enough runic sorcery to imagine how these enchantments would have had to look if expressed with runes, or perhaps not.

In any case, the Nightmare Spell was taking his intent… and simply translating it into the language of weaving. Just like it translated the insights Cassie received into runes, or the languages of the inhabitants of Nightmares into one that modern people could understand.

That was how Spellsmiths were able to create Memories.

The true powers of this branch of the Valor family most likely lie in special perception, an ability to unlock the potential of things, and then both guide and enhance their growth… at least of those things that were born from craftsmanship, conscious design, and skill.

It was a beautiful representation of the intersection between several domains of War God — craft, intelligence, and progress, all expressed through a struggle akin to that of life itself... to be used for war.

The Spell simply provided Spellsmiths with minor assistance, which, among other things, allowed them to include its own language into their repertoire.

Sunny could not help but wonder what Master Snow would have been able to do without that assistance. He would have been able to stimulate the growth of inanimate objects, still, as well as infuse them with special qualities… but most likely only those that he could personally understand and envision.

If he knew what being cut by a sharp blade felt like, he would have been able to guide a weapon to great sharpness. If he was familiar with runic sorcery, he would have been able to imbue the weapon with runic enchantments. The result still would have been quite astonishing — but it would not have included an element of weaving, which Spellsmiths neither knew nor understood.

But even with the help of the Nightmare Spell, the process wasn't easy.

The messy state of the supposed spellweave and its repeated failures to reach the desired state were proof. It was probably not easy for Master Snow to keep his intent sharp and find the one correct path to what he wanted to achieve among countless possibilities.

He was struggling.

Suddenly, Sunny wanted to see what it looked like when Anvil forged a sword. The nature of the process must have been similar… but his skill and intent would be infinitely more honed and precise.

It was a shame that Sunny had never witnessed the King working in the forge, and would never get that chance in the future,either.

Eventually, Master Alice approached and bowed with a sigh.

"This is going to take a while. In fact, for a Memory like this, the forging usually continues for many days… it can end in failure, as well."

Sunny shook his head.

"It's alright. Thank you. I have already seen everything I wanted to see."

The petite woman beamed.

"That is nice to hear! Then, Master Sunless, come back any time you wish. Lady Changing Star… I hope I will be able to forge Memories for you to use on the battlefield, one day."

Seeing the earnest look in her eyes, Sunny had no heart to tell Master Snow that her hope was unlikely to come true.

Nephis was too powerful to have use for most Memories…

And she had him, too.

Soon enough, the two of them left the crafting hall. Sunny was thinking deeply about something.

As they left the Valor Keep, Nephis glanced at him and asked:

"Well? Was it helpful?"

Sunny slowly shook his head, then nodded.

"No — and yes. I did not exactly get inspired, but I did gain confidence in the path I had been walking all along."

Then, his eyes glistened, and his lips twisted into a mischievous smile.

He lingered for a moment, and then added neutrally:

"Oh, but most importantly. Looking at them, I finally found a way to cheat the process…"