

nearby and use Primera Azoth on it!”. Luke does so, he worries if being able to hold the technique was just a fluke, and while it was a lucky fluke, he is able to recreate the fluke by muscle memory. He has no idea on how he is accomplishing it, nor could he teach it to others.

“I have a question...” Luke asks. “If you ever have a question just ask, it is my job to guide and share wisdom” Daniel explains in a warm and caring tone. “How am I able to do this? Just before Ur I wasn’t able to, Jonah said it because I lacked evil, but I don’t have any evil now. I’m no different than a short while ago”. Daniel grabs her chin and thinks with an audible, “hmm” she leans in close and examines Luke, “well I can’t tell you. That’s something you’ll have to understand. However, I will give you a hint. Evil in the context of Primera Azoth is a correct term, but it can be misleading. Primera Azoth is the empty shell of a Philosopher’s Stone, it is a perfect material. To have perfection, in this sense, it must encompass everything in this world. Such as death, everything must kill in order to live. Animals kill animals, or kill plants, plants steal water from nearby plants for themselves, and even Satan will be slain by Michael someday. Death is “evil”, there is no good to it, but this “evil” is just part of the natural order. That is what is great about heaven, is that is a place where there is no evil at all”.

Luke looks down at the glowing stick in his hand, “so I’ve already made a Philosopher’s Stone? My master said no one has made one before?”. Daniel sighs, “I’m sorry, it is my job to share all the wisdom I have, but part of that wisdom comes with responsibility. I will only tell you how to make one when you are ready”. Julius sits up straight, “good work boy, you are improving fast. Keep up the good work. You’ve impressed me already”. “Thank you! I’ll keep it up!” Luke chants. Daniel looks back at Julius, then to Luke, “impressed you already...then he must be something special...”. Luke awkwardly asks, “so what is the next part of my training?”. “Oh just that” Daniel somewhat explains. “Like...just stand here...” Luke attempts to understand. “For three days yes. When you run low on mana I’ll give you more” Daniel explains casually. “Keep this up for 3 days?! What about sleeping or eating?!” Luke yells. “You’re gonna have to learn how” Daniel says encouraging.

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Mical arrives at an ancient temple made of clay bricks. With the sword still sticking out of his stomach he has to walk and enter the tight corridors a bit awkwardly. He makes his way down the hallways until he finds the large open main room. Inside are many men and women sitting together eating and laughing. They hardly even notice Mical walking in. Mical coughs to get their attention, but no one turns. He gives up on subtleties, “hello, all the Brackensteins?”. One of the men raises his hand, “yes yes, that’s us, what do you want player?”. Mical is taken aback by the extremely nonchalant response, “oh well I was here to propose an alliance. Take down one of your greatest enemies”. None of them respond to him and continue to eat. Mical begins to grow impatient, “is Richer here?!”. The same man who answered before, answers again, “he should be back soon if you just wait a minute”. Mical shakes his head, “where is he even at? He wasn’t fighting any of the players, and he wasn’t with his son”. The man grunts loudly and then answers, “he did this last time too, he’s determined to kill all the Wodsnells at the start of all Ur”. Mical looks around at the crowd for any sign of confusion or surprise, to find none. “All of them? The Wodsnells have been in Ur for at least 200 years right? That’s dozens of the strongest magicians all at once”.

Mical is interrupted by a wet plop sound. He turns around and sees a head rolling on the ground that then breaks apart into mana. The man who entered is tall with messy hair, his eyes are gold color rather than any of the usual hues, his face wears an uninterested frown, and his hands both hold the hair of 10 severed heads each. While he walks in none of the other Brackensteins give the man any notice.