

revealing the dirt and ground under the foundation, with the walls destroyed the old man uses magic to hold up the ceiling. Jonah walks out of the room without saying another word. The old man sighs to himself, "Phantom Azoth forms a phantom version of a single object, and then drags it into our reality, yet he created sand and the sky above. That is more than just creating an object. He is hiding quite a few secrets about magic, that slimy Jonah. Before I die, I will kill that man".

Jonah walks back down the hall until he stumbles upon the boy that was standing with his head down, "excuse me, are you Luke?". "Yes" Luke mummurs. Jonah sighs, "what's wrong?". Luke speaks completely empty, "my father always told me that these games were what us magicians all strive for, but every game that comes, I always get passed up. I tried really hard to improve my magic, but I could never make anything impressive. So, give me the bad news Jonah, I was passed up again wasn't I?". Jonah grows a big smile on his face, "actually! You..." he trails off as he realizes this boys dream being accomplished, is actually just certain death. "Wait I was!" The boy's face cheers up, but then sinks when he comes to the same realization that Jonah did, "oh...I can tell by your face, I don't have a chance do I?". Jonah shakes his head, "no, you don't have a chance to win". The boy clenches his fists and growls at the ground, "then what's the point of dreaming?!". Jonah holds out his hand, "you'll have to find that".

Jonah leads Luke out of his house. The two walk down the dark night street. They walk for awhile before Luke asks, "why don't we just teleport there?". Jonah sighs, "kids these days, you can't use magic for everything, you have to enjoy life a little". Luke looks at Jonah and analyzes him, "why are you calling me a kid if you're like 30 and I'm 18?". Jonah laughs hard, "I must look good then if you think I'm 30!". Jonah stops laughing, but still retains his smile, "if you want to teleport there then you can start the ritual". Luke keeps his head at the ground, "no, we can walk". Jonah sighs, "no one ever taught you to teleport?". Luke tries to not get annoyed with Jonah, "I was taught it, but I could never pull it off". Jonah asks with true concern, "what magic can you do?". Luke stops and picks up a rock, "Primera Verth" the rock glows a bright light that turns the dark street to daytime. The rock continues to glow brighter and brighter until it starts to explode. Just before exploding, Jonah points his finger and calls out, "Silver Crest" it shrinks into tiny stream of mana that flows into Jonah's pocket. Luke sighs, "and I can't even do that right...".

Jonah faces the boy, "Primera Verth is one of the most advanced magical techniques. A magician forces mana into an object and cleanses it of all earthly flaws, turning it into a pure object of immense power, I bet that's how they taught it to you right?". Luke nods his head in shame. "That is only half the truth. The second half most magicians do without even knowing they are doing it. So this part of the trick has been lost to time. After purifying the object, the magician must pour pure darkness into the core of it. This comes naturally because most magicians use it for combat, or for greed, or for betrayal, so then the darkness comes natural and it is the purity they must train. I assume you have only been practicing for pure reasons?". Luke looks down at his open palms, "my father always pushed me to become better, and I know it was because I can do it. I do it because I just want to see myself become better. I hoped someday when I mastered it, I'd go to Ur and prove to myself that I earned something, but in the end I'm just going to die before reaching anything...". Jonah places a hand on his shoulder, "so you hate Ur then?". Luke answers coldly and empty, "I feel nothing towards it. I just feel empty".

Jonah lets go of the boy's shoulder and leads him again, "then you will have to find something to hate. I recommend another player named Lander Wodsnell". Luke nods, "my father and Erwin always told me that Wodsnell want us dead". "Erwin? Oh yes, your grandfather. Yes, your two families have been trying to kill each other for hundreds of years. That is nothing new. What is new, is this boy's