

**Unnamed - Apparatus Of Change**  
**Available Power : 1**

**Authority : 1**  
**Bind Insect (1, Command)**  
**Nobility : 1**  
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**Empathy : 1**  
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**Spirituality : 1**  
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**Ingenuity : 1**  
**Know Material (1, Perceive)**  
**Tenacity : 1**  
**Nudge Material (1, Shape)**

This is the shape of my reality, now. The sensation of a body slowly spinning on its axis, the memories of six lives lived, and the perfectly mapped mental mechanisms of three tiny spells. All that, and the vision of one singular honey bee.

Here is something strange; **Bind Insect** did not recover fully. Its capacity for use only contains perhaps three fourths of what it could otherwise. And as I think about that, I come to realize that the tether to my little bee is made of the solidified liquid nothing that fuels the spell. Solidified, of course, being a word that means nothing here, but also is good enough.

I feel like being whatever I am is making me more poetic. This is good, in my opinion. Of the five remembered lives I have, at least four of them think poetry is in some way positive. One of them outwardly thought poetry to be silly, but the farmer I was also was not very good at being vulnerable, or expressive. They could have been, but they lied to themselves so often. The memories are tinged in colors of self-deception, and it's hard to tell what their true feelings were sometimes.

But me, personally, now, who is all of these people and none of them, I like poetry. Or at least metaphor. It's helping me get through this.

I spend some time peacefully watching my little bee's point of view. They're in their hive, a close quarters of honeycomb and other bees. They brush against their fellows, going about their bee business. I've decided to just let them do their thing; I don't want to command the poor little insect. They're not my slave, just my eyes.

As I watch, I start to pay closer attention to the hive they're in. It's so... clean? It's strange to be surprised. I think a human would look at it from the outside and think it was a chaotic mass of teeming bugs, but it's really not, once you start to get into the patterns of it. Every bee seems to have a job, and they do their jobs enthusiastically, and in time with all the others. It's strange.

Strange because I've lived lives where people could have benefited, I think, from being more like these bees. I don't know if I'd call the bees happy, or even content; I don't know if bees can feel that way. But the bees certainly do get done what needs to be done, and none of them go hungry.

Part of me looks at who I am, turning casually curious eyes inward to a facet of my collective soul.

**Authority : 1**  
**Bind Insect (1, Command)**

**Available :**  
**See Rank (1, Perceive)**  
**Shift Dirt (1, Shape)**  
**Drop Trigger (1, War)**

I think, perhaps, that if I had the option I would want to be able to **See Rank**. I think it would be enlightening to understand how these bees relate to each other, how they measure themselves. Maybe it wouldn't work, maybe they don't have the social capacity for it. But as I am now, freed from the needs of a normal mortal body and somehow absent the presence of fear at the unknown, curiosity over small things takes hold.

I want to learn. Not in the same way I want to grow, that's more instinctive and pressuring. I want to learn in the way pieces of me used to want to pet a dog or take a swim on a summer day. To simply experience the joy of something, because no one has told me I couldn't.

But I have used my **Authority** slot. And so, I cannot. What remains is **Nobility, Empathy, and Spirituality**. Any of those could allow me something enlightening. Except... that is not where my current curiosity lies.

And as I think on my predicament, I realize that I have a second curiosity. One more personal. One that leads my wandering mind down a path of introspection to a piece of soul machinery very similar to the one that allows me to pluck those spells from the aether.

I push forward, and expend the power I have saved.

**Authority : 2**  
**Bind Insect (1, Command)**

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**Available :**  
**See Rank (1, Perceive)**  
**Shift Dirt (1, Shape)**

**Drop Trigger (1, War)**  
**Distant Vision (2, Perceive)**  
**Shift Metal (2, Shape)**  
**Fortify Space (2, Domain)**

Now see, that's something that is worth learning. That's several things worth learning. I can expand my soul segments, doing so will open up more pathways for me, and also it gives me further selections to make. And, as I take a minute to observe my little bee friend to make sure they're still doing bee things, I note that **Bind Insect** has become stronger as well.

The power it can hold hasn't refilled, but the empty space that holds the empty liquid has expanded. Quite considerably, really. I will be able to bring more bees into my fold, if I choose, or exercise more control over the ones I have.

If that same thing holds true for other pieces of my soul and the spells they contain, then improving **Ingenuity** to make moving this dirt around easier would be of great interest to me.

But for now, without any extra power to spend, I am left to wait once more. Wait, watch the outside through the eyes of my bee, and think.

Actually, before I deplete myself into unconsciousness once more, I do have a test to run. I still do not know where I am buried, but I can assume it is nearby, as I *know* that I cannot exercise my magic beyond a set distance from my body. But I wish to see if I can aim it. Or rather, what I can aim it through.

I direct my little bee to observe carefully one of its fellow bee citizens, and activate **Bind Insect** once more. Aiming not relative to my body, but through the eyes and antenna of my helper. And, like magic, a chunk of the power drains away, and I watch as it grows into another viewpoint. Now there are two.

I let loose my grip on the bees, leaving them to their own devices. There is so much more to do, after all, and apparently I am somehow capable of keeping an 'eye' on them while I also perform other tasks.

With every spell, my attention splits, and yet, it does not diminish. As if I have enough mind for every task put before me. And more left over still, to be curious and concerned and alive with.

I know now, roughly, how to acquire more power to spend. Push myself to exhaustion, and awaken anew. **Know Material** is already draining, so is **Bind Insect**. Which leaves only **Nudge Material** to play with. And play I do, trying to shape and mold the dirt around me without sight or sense. I deplete half my store of power before it occurs to me that, perhaps, I can make use of it the same way I acquired a new honey bee.

I peek through the eyes of a bee. They are outside, which is perfect. I direct my power out from them, not from my own body. Or rather, I direct it to *this thing I see*, through them. And just as before, it responds easily. Like a well trained hound, it flows forth, and shifts a tiny portion of soil, making a divot in the ground.

Underwhelming. It also says something about my size that this was able to bury me. And it is not something flattering.

Then, another thought. I turn to the merchant's ledger that is **Know Material**, and I ask *it* to be nudged. I point at the three units of wood, and I say *move*. And the energy of my spell *drains* out of me, like a dying woman in the desert taking the last swallow of a canteen that has long since been reduced to mere drops left.

I know, factually, that the wood has moved.

But I just attempted to move a rooted tree with a spell that had a hard time doing more than making a bee-sized divot in the loose earth. So I may have been overly optimistic. And it has done nothing except exhaust me beyond what I realized I could feel.

And yet... something happens, as I pour the last dregs out of my spell.

Those tiny flakes of something ephemeral and bright, I can feel them more clearly now. With the spell's vial of liquid nothing now truly empty, it become more intuitive to see how it is pulling in... *something* from the material I have interacted with. As I watch, the tiniest sliver of the available liquid refills itself. And though I can already feel the contrast getting dimmer, I know now that this is what is happening when I sleep.

Something similar must also be happening with the other two spells, and as I focus more clearly on them, it is very obvious on **Bind Insect**. The motes from the two bees are actually visible even with the vial still holding several drops of power in it. **Know Material** I can barely perceive, but it's half full and the sleepy memory I have of feeling something drawn to it makes me feel like it wouldn't have been perceptible to me anyway.

So now I know. My spells recharge themselves. Perhaps this is where my new power comes from, or perhaps that is something else. I could wait and see, I suppose.

But I am impatient. Despite being freed from bodily concerns, I still feel impatience. So I bind myself another bee, and I observe the swaying of a tree in the wind and the quantity of dirt around me, and I push myself toward sleep.

While I do, I think on what I could have, when I am once more back in the world.

**Available :**  
**See Domain (1, Perceive)**  
**Shift Stone (1, Shape)**  
**Congea! Glimmer (1, Command)**  
**Lock Portal (1, War)**

**Empathy : 1**

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**Available :**  
**Feel Fear (1, Perceive)**  
**Shift Water (1, Shape)**  
**Bind Willing Avian (1, Command)**  
**Alarm Trigger (1, War)**

**Spirituality : 1**

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**Available :**  
**See Worship (1, Perceive)**  
**Shift Wood (1, Shape)**  
**Congea! Mantra (1, Command)**  
**Confusion Trap (1, War)**

It occurs to me that it is strange that I have so many options for war, when only one of my memories that I have awakened was a soldier, and fights were not something the others experienced often. For the first time, I start to question *why* my spells are what they are. Who or what decided upon these options for me?

I cannot change them or plead my case, so it is of no relevance. But it does make me concerned. Why would I need so many traps? Am I expected to be attacked, that I would need to defend myself?

What my metaphorical heart wants is to see what a congealed mantra is, or be able to play with moving water, or to see if I even have a domain to view. But the fearful part of me, the part that is less mindful and more instinctive, drives me toward more hostile options. I do not know if that part of me is from my remembered lives; all of them feared, regularly. But none of them feared like *this*. Not even the soldier.

Confuse my enemies. Lock them out of my temple. Hire winged guards to fight for me. These spells call to me in a visceral way that I did not know I could experience in this life.

I do not... think I like it. I do not like it at all.

But I am now drained near to completion. And so, when I wake again, I will explore more. I think I will not listen to my instincts. I think, perhaps foolishly, that I can do better.

We shall see.