



All things forgotten.

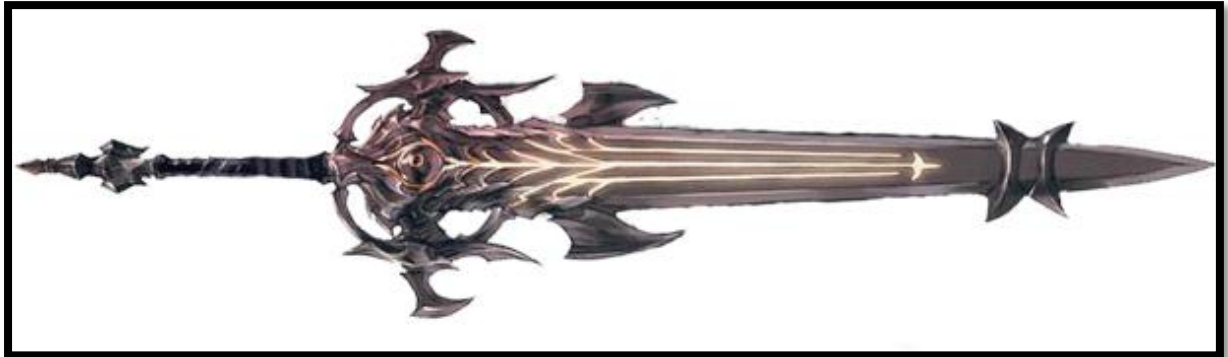
It was cold when Sora opened his eyes again. Looking up from where he lay in the sand the night sky stretched on forever in every direction perforated with the celestial whites and blues of the heavens looking down on him. In that moment he felt very small and adrift.

His mind flitted back to the happenings of earlier before he had passed out the memories all though vivid in his mind now seemed like a far-off nightmare, a sentiment quickly shattered when the young miqo'te looked down and saw the brand on his chest angry and red. He tried to recall how he had come to this, why he was in the middle of the desert at all and the events that had led him here. But to his shock and horror he could recall none of it. In his mind's eye where he knew he should recall most things there was nothing beyond the black flames and the pain from earlier that day. Where he had come from, who he was or had been was a blank, a deep void that threatened to consume him he pushed the panic to the back of his mind. He rose and saw a pommel sticking out of the sand no more than 3 yalms from him. He had no recognition of the artefact but at this moment in time he had no recognition of much other than his name and the searing pain of earlier. He reached for the pommel.

As his fingers brushed the end of the pommel it seemed to thrum under his touch, almost sing. He clasped his right hand around the hilt and with a heave drew the blade from its sandy prison.

He almost fell with the sudden movement of the sword as he had not counted on the ease that the blade came free and over extended himself the sword only a little shorter than himself looked as though it should way a hefty sum yet he held it aloft with ease as though it weighed nothing more than a feather.

The sword was black from hilt to tip and had jagged edges, in the centre of the cross guard sat a shape like an eye but closed, the guard itself reminded the youth of a tangle of thorns chaotic at first but on closer inspection showed elaborate patterns and workings.



With a little grin he lowered the colossal sword and picking a direction he started walking. The going was good and he seemed to make good time, as he walked the night sky weald over head and started to brighten, the sky behind him starting to redden with hues of red and orange as one by one the celestial lights of the night winked out.

After what felt like hours of walking he started to see a shape in the distance a dark blur at first taking shape with every yalm the young man covered. The sun was at its zenith when Sora saw the palm trees and rocky out crops, but most of all what drew his attention was the crystal blue pools that bubbled up from the base of the rocks. He rushed forward dropping the colossal gratesword on the shore as he waded waist deep in to the crystal clear waters, cupping his hands he drank down gulp after gulp of the cool liquid every mouth full revitalising his weary body. After he could drink no more he led back and drifted staring at the azure sky. His mind wondered back to the events of yesterday, the blackness was still there beyond the events as though his memories were hidden just out of reach behind a dark curtain close but just out of reach. He started to doze in the coolness of that crystal spring when suddenly from the shore line he heard a noise

