In memory of Greg and Alan.

I remember the day I met my slimes. We found a cave full of crystalline, and bright explosions of light came from the walls. We didn't know what we were looking for, but while we waited to make decisions, I slept on the floor. Perhaps there was already a hole in the dreamscape, since my dreams of raising slimes on my own came true that day. Further in the cave, dozens of tiny guys blooped and plopped around. The first one I picked up, I knew I had a connection with. That was Greg. He was so purple. Not the most purple of all of the slimes there, but he was a wonderful purple. I began to tell him a story. His story. My story. Together, I wove a tale of how we met and would be the best of friends. The story wasn't finished then, but now it is. And this is that story.

But as I told him the unfinished tale, another little guy hopped onto my foot. Maybe he just wanted attention, or maybe he was hungry. (He was just hungry). But with him too, I felt like he would become part of my story. With both of these beautiful slimes in my pockets, we decided the caving exploration was over.

In town, I gawked over my two little guys, but only one had a name. The other soon had his own though. He was Alan. First things first, they needed a home. Alan was the hungrier of the two, so I fed him all my crumbs. I spent all the money I got from the month before finding a glass box that they would stay inside of together, and books on slimes.

Every night I would rehearse the stories I knew with them. I tried to find which type of stories they liked most, but they just hopped around to every one of them. I liked being listened to. I think now I understand the lesson of silence, the lesson both of them knew too.

Things continued like this for many weeks, until one such day of adventuring brought change to our lifestyle. I decided to bring Alan along with me on this mission, for it was a journey to investigate a rainbow aurora and I could tell Alan would want to be there for it.

As we traveled there, creatures from the mana scape were everywhere. Zaps, Prowlers, Elementals too. I had the thought of tuning ourselves to the energy all around us, and one by one we started to disappear. Finally, I did it too and Alan went with me. We appeared in a realm that was different from anything I had ever seen before. The problem we found though, was that not everyone went with us. Four people stayed behind, though we received a letter they sent to us asking for a sign that we were safe. I gave my shoe to someone and they threw it as far down as they could. I later learned everyone there dreamt of a shoe that night. I think Alan would have liked knowing that. While we were in this place, the manascape, I had my new friend weave a connection between Alan and I while we were there with mana. He became a part of me, and I a part him. He also became red! Being in this new place, he attuned himself to a color! I was so proud of him back then. He became a big boy, and even stayed with us when we went back home. I think Greg wanted to be big too, but still they were best of friends.

Their dynamic had changed, as Greg could still eat a lot of different things, but Alan had a taste for hot red things. Sometimes Greg would get a bit of color, only for it to fade the next day. He was turning blue for a long while when we were near the Sea. I'm not sure if he liked it or not, but he enjoyed having an abundance of mana to eat.
Things changed again during the day of the Arc. One of our missions was to seek out elementals on the shore of Shimmerglass sea, and Alan and Greg were able to be changed into colors of the elementals! Alan was green, then red, white then blue. Then, something fascinating happened. The elemental we thought was green was actually none of them at all, but an illusionist who wished to share Alan with me, and cast a sorcery on me to mimic me. I think Alan became an illusionist too at that moment, but I will never really know.

The reason I will never know what he became, is that these beautiful moments were some of their last.

With the Arc coming soon, we knew we needed to close the Leyline Tap, and I thought it would be a good idea to bring Alan and Greg into the ritual. As mana flowed into us, I and some of my friends also put mana into them. They were just so hungry. I don't think they knew their limits, even when they passed them.

They could only eat so much.

My lack of foresight was too much.

The feeling of loss
was too much.

This is their story, one written and told with love. I will remember them.