Death & Higher Powers (Year 278.1.3, 27th of Secondmoon)

I must admit, when I accepted a bond to Hermes, I didn't expect it to be so relevant quite so soon.

To begin, Lux crafted me a pair of swords, seemingly out of the blue. I'm beginning to wonder if the bard has some latent psychic ability that he has neglected to mention for how perfect these weapons are. He has made a shortsword and a broadsword as I usually use, both with silvered blades. Lux was kind enough to enchant one of them to deal magic damage in exchange for my protection on the battlefield should the situation warrant it - something I would give freely, as it were, but I did not object.

What makes these blades special is the detail. Each blade has a shimmering, shifting caduceus - the symbol of Hermes. Additionally, the crossguards are exquisite: wings on the shortsword, and a shining quill forms the basket hilt of the broadsword.

Needless to say, I felt a strong connection to Hermes as I began my day of adventuring.

Later on in the day we closed the Shimmerglass leytap, and again, I sacrificed the excess mana flowing through me to Hermes. This time, however, I had intent. I gave my mana thinking of the wind under my feet, the smell of parchment and ink, my letters and messages traveling across the land, the whispers that creep into my mind every moment of every day. I offered my mana to Hermes through all that connects us, and perhaps this is what allowed for our extraordinary connection later on.

And now for the true subject of this reflection: my death. I died three times over the course of the day. The first was a cascading death ray casted by a stone golem. The second, an odd mutated creature that blasted me with arcane power. I am told that my body was dragged into a crystalline river and, upon being recovered, was caught in a second arcane blast that ensured my death. Finally, an influx of mana as the Arc built caught me off guard and I exploded. All par for the course, far from the first deaths I've experienced on my journey thus far.

However, one of these deaths felt different. More... permanent. I felt death pulling me away, like a tug in the core of who I am as a being in this world. As I felt the strings of my very being unravel, as I felt myself fade, another presence became known. A divine power that wove me back together, tethered me back to this plane.

I was dying permanently, and Hermes interfered.

I cannot speak much of his presence, but it felt like every word I've ever written and spoken, every folded piece of parchment I have held in my hands, every enemy I have dueled and defeated, every heated conflict I have soothed, every rumor and whisper in the back of my mind. It felt warm and welcome, with a quirk of a mischievous smile.

I cannot speak to why Hermes chose to interfere. I have followed him for less than a moon, offered little true sacrifice in this name, and I am not arrogant enough to believe myself integral to some great plan. Furthermore, I cannot consider this a random or mindless act. To do so would surely drive me mad.

Thus, I can only believe that this intervention is a sign to continue on my path. A sign to keep going. I must believe that Hermes has affirmed that what I'm doing is important. He put me back on my feet to continue learning and growing, to continue building connections and bonds, to further my research and the research of others. To continue using my voice.

I will add that something feels unfinished. Everything comes with a price, and I feel that this one has not yet been paid. There is something hovering over my head, and I still await its fall.

However, no matter the price, the fact remains: I have connected myself to a divine power, and in turn, a divine power has connected itself to me.

To Hermes: Thank you. Our bond is solidified, and I pledge myself to my path and your guidance. I will continue knowing that your presence lies within me.

