

**Of the Sky, Of the Sea, and of the Stones**  
**Chapter 2 - Of the Sky**  
**Part 10 - Reactive Spark**

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According to Trina's deductions (backed by an bizarre and alarming direct source, which will be discussed later), "what was needed" to create forces like lightning, typhoons, and scorching sun was the need for them. Who, or what, needed these things he did not mention, though he alluded to them being necessary for global regulation, such as for the temperature of the world's surface, the amount of moisture in the air, the circulation of currents among the clouds, and more. Though, this hints at some sort of plan, or at least the maintenance of one. This, in turn, implies conscious thought, which was a staggering notion. *Could this be the work of a sentient and sapient god?* I pondered, feeling a bit silly about harkening back to, what is considered on Orosilla, primitive thinking. As I looked up at my surroundings to rest my eyes, I almost scoffed at such a people and place being anywhere close to "primitive". The library that I sat in then was wonderful in all ways a library should be, including being without pushy scholars and obnoxious staff. At least at the time of my visiting.

As I continued my reading, I learned of some physical occurrences on such a minute scale that they seemed negligible. They appeared at such high frequency that their combined effect could not be ignored. As I ingested the many graphs and calculations Trina used to prove his claims, their logic could not be denied. Firstly, he explained how lightning is created.

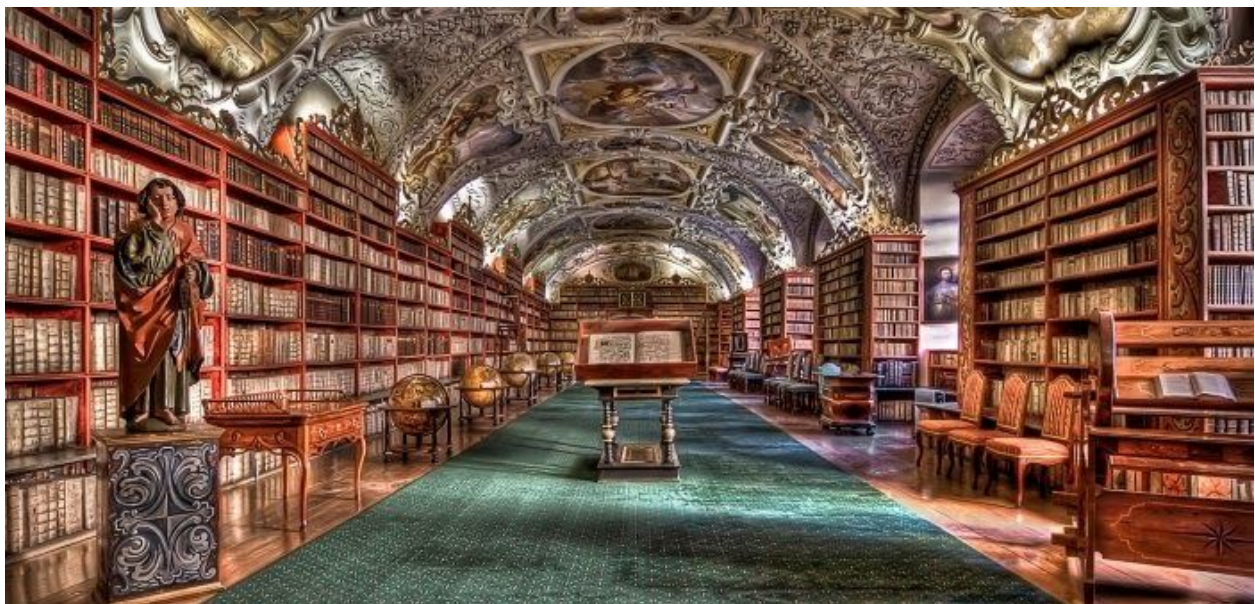
Every force under the sun stems from this spark of life, henceforth to be known as "The Spark", for convenience. Now, from The Spark comes aethereal particles, but as the aethereal particles propagate throughout The Sky across Okeanós, upon some a trigger, they shift. For lightning, a sudden surge is applied to the A. particles in exactly the right amount of force and in precisely the correct direction to cause them to collide into one other in a successive chain. Think of a bunch of pebbles in a line, resting upon a smooth surface. The first pebble in the line gets shoved forward, into the second. And the second into the third, and so on.

When each A. particle connects in this sudden and precise manner, energy is imparted from one, to the other. This energy, unleashed violently from life's raw, untamed force, is what we call lightning.

At this point I literally gasped. The mathematical equations of many experiments quantified in such a clear manner thoroughly convinced me of Trina's proposal. My slight outburst drew a couple of stares from those around me, though they returned to their own reading after noticing that nothing was amiss in their quiet haven.

I delved back into Trina's dissection of the world and learned more of how forces are created. Typhoons, tornados, and hurricanes are apparently caused when Spark energy is stirred and swayed at nearly unpredictable angles, though with, somehow, recurring motion. Scorching sunlight, on the other hand, was caused by A. particles being vibrated while occupying the same general area. The increased activity simply superheated everything. It was after this point that this part of the book, the first third, concluded. I checked the page number and was surprised that it read close to a thousand! I looked up at the many windows in the ceiling and saw skies of orange and red. Dusk was upon me and I remembered that I was to meet the Captain at the docks very soon.

As a reflex from being a tremendous bookworm, I instinctively tucked the silken bookmark gifted to me by Mao at the first page of Part 2 of Theories of the Sky: Volume One, and closed the book. I then gave the feline librarian beside me a gentle scratch behind the ears before hastily making my way back to Cais' desk, hoping to find the head librarian.



*Figure 17. One of the hallways of Temptes Equit's Central Library. Simply wondrous!  
How I wish I could return...*

When I found his workspace, he was indeed sitting there, though now surrounded by less books and more empty bottles. When he saw me approaching, he put down the scroll that he was scrutinizing with a magnifying glass and greeted me, “How goes the studies, mister Athos?”

“Well!” I replied in Koivan, which was becoming better by the hour, I found. “I understand that I’m not allowed to borrow any books beyond these walls, but can you keep this one safe for me? I’m only about a third of my way through it, and I don’t want this particular copy to escape me, for reasons a fellow scholar such as yourself probably understands.”

Cais smiled empathetically, “Of course. I understand your desires in this regard quite well!” He then paused and a curious look appeared in his calm, yet pensive eyes. “Though... did you say that you were already ONE THIRD of your way through Theories of the Sky: Volume One?”

“Yes,” I nodded, not understanding his curiosity.

He looked down and chuckled, at first in a slightly defeated way, but then his usual positivity returned. “...It took me a week to read that far when I was in school,” he admitted with a mild grimace before laughing lightly.

“Oh, I see!” I returned with an easy smile. “My thirst for knowledge can cause me to become drunk on words, from time to time. Often, in a frenzy.”

“I wish everyone’s thirst was this great. Then we’d have scholars worthy enough to assist me properly. For now, the best I have to work with are Mao, Olhos, and Relva.” I then heard a meow from above, which felt directed at us, somehow. I looked up at the top of a nearby shelf and there sat ever-watchful Olhos. “I meant that in a good way!” Cais added quickly. With another meow in response, Olhos leapt away, to unknown library business. The head librarian then smiled at me before extending a hand outward, palm up, “I’ll keep this copy safe for you.”

I handed him the book, and when I did he peered at the white, silken bookmark’s end, which was keeping my place. He smiled and then tucked the tome into one of his desk’s many drawers. With a fond adieu, I told him that I could make my way back without issue, and proceeded to the docks while enjoying a beautifully vivid sunset. As I peered at the clouds, illuminated by reds, oranges, yellows, and pinks, I thought upon what I had read of The Sky, The Spark, and aethereal particles. The heavens before my eyes then were full of majestic colours, but, unlike previous sunsets, were now tinged with knowing. Even after I met up with Captain Roac upon the docks, and went to bed that night in the belly of the Bitterwind, thoughts as vivid as a northern dusk twisted and turned within my mind. Encouraging a thirst greater than any I had ever had before. So much so, that the next morning, I was parched near to the point of madness.