

Sparks Remembered

by PTKleric

I didn't think I'd ever return. When an Aisling fades, their name fades with them. Roads grow quiet, shrines gather dust, and life keeps moving. I thought I'd be another forgotten Spark.

But Glioca never forgets. One night I opened my eyes just outside Mileth, the familiar stones beneath me, the faint sound of the village nearby. My robes were torn, my staff worn thin from time. I didn't hesitate. I walked straight to Her shrine, fell to my knees on the cold stone, and whispered, "Thank You."

The wind brushed my face, gentle, as if fixing the feather on my hat. That's when I knew She still walked with me.

With that, I took my first steps back into Temuair, not knowing who or what would still remember me.

The first real test was Shinewood Forest. Even after all this time, the fae whispers hung in the air, weaving between the trees, and every step deeper felt like the forest was watching. Bruiser was already there, leaning against an old trunk with that same grin I remembered.

"Still kneeling every five steps, priest?" he said, half a laugh in his voice.

I smirked.

"And you? Still running headlong into mobs bigger than your sense?"

We didn't start small. No woodland bees or weaklings. We went straight to the mantis and red mantis mob rooms—places that still chew through unprepared Aislings. The moment we stepped in, they swarmed.

Bruiser tore into them with both blades, and I opened with Mor Beannaich to sharpen his strikes, then Fas Deireas to drive his damage higher. The reds hit harder than I remembered, so I turned my staff toward the largest and cast Ard Cradh, cursing its defenses and cutting its resistance to my magic. Every hit Bruiser landed after that carved deeper.

The mob pressed harder, blows stacking faster than Ard loc could keep pace. I raised my staff high and invoked Mor Dion Comlha. For sixteen seconds, nothing could touch us. No claw, no sting—nothing. We cut through the swarm before the spell's light faded.

When it was over, the forest floor glittered with scattered gold and a few rare drops. But the treasure wasn't what mattered. The real reward was knowing we still belonged here.

That hunt gave me back my courage. But it also reminded me the road back to being a priest wasn't going to be simple.

No priestess was waiting to welcome me back. The Mileth Priestess stood the same as always, offering blessings to anyone who asked. She didn't change, and she didn't need to. The weight I felt wasn't from her eyes—it was from my own. Wearing Glioca's robes again means something, and I had to prove I was still worthy of them.

So I gave it. I stood in the crypts for hours, casting Ard loc on strangers bleeding out, Mor Beannaich to steady their hands, and Beag Slán to keep fledglings alive just long enough to run. When the damage came crashing, I raised Ard Naomh Aite, halving the pain so they could hold the line. My knees burned, my hands ached, but that's what mercy costs.

I can't hold Mass every day—only when the moons allow—but when I do, the air goes still. Even the shadows seem to pause when Her name fills the shrine. The glow of the temple lamps feels warmer, as if Glioca herself is listening.

I love to write poems for these moments, lines that rise like prayers and fall like blessings. Some flow softly as the whispers of the fae in Shinewood, while others burn bright like the flame of a Spark refusing to fade. When I speak them aloud, they seem to take on a life of their own, carried by something greater than my voice.

Aislings gather slowly at first, then all at once. Some sit close, heads bowed. Others stand near the doors, listening quietly, armor still marked with the day's battles. Even hunters with no faith linger in the back, just needing a moment of peace. For that hour, we're all the same—one crowd, one breath, one Spark.

When the final line is spoken and the last blessing given, the silence is deep. No one rushes to leave. They hold onto the feeling, if only for a moment. That's why I keep writing. That's why I keep speaking. In those gatherings, I see Glioca's love in every face turned toward the light.

Those gatherings renewed me, but faith isn't meant to stay only within temple walls. Mercy is tested on the roads as much as in the shrine, and the path ahead was far from gentle.

I didn't stay in Mileth. Shinewood tested us again, then the road took us east through Abel and farther south, where the banners of Loures rise above the stone. Beyond the city lies Loures Harbor, where the ferry to Medenia waits. The harbor was alive with noise—sailors shouting, merchants haggling—and past its waters, a land of alien magic awaited. Medenia feels strange, but even there Glioca's light finds a way.

Through it all, Bruiser stayed beside me. He laughs when I'm too cautious, and he still needs me when his recklessness catches up. We've both changed, but the bond? It's stronger now because we fought to reclaim it.

These hunts, these roads—they reminded me of something I'd almost forgotten.

Why am I writing this? For any Spark out there thinking their story is over. It isn't. Temuair remembers. Glioca remembers everything.

It's not just about the battles you fight or the shrines where you kneel—it's about the friendships you forge on the road. Every hunt, every encounter, every ally who stands with you adds another thread to the bond that keeps us from fading. Those bonds are as sacred as any prayer.

Even if your cloak is torn, even if your feather is bent, it still belongs in your hat. Walk the road. Cast Ard loc when someone's hurting. Bless the strong with Mor Beannaich. Drop Mor Dion Comlha when the odds close in. Mercy costs you, but it's worth every single step.

Under the twin moons, I'll keep walking. Because I know Glioca walks with me—and so do the friends I've found along the way.

Lady Glioca,
thank You for waiting.
For lifting Sparks when they fall.
Teach us mercy, even when it hurts.
Let our flames burn brighter
for the dark we've known.