

Just a flicker

A modded Stardew Fanfiction

Von Calyses

Kapitel 2: Magic Talk

Sam laid back in the bed, her hands behind her head, as she was thinking about the day. It wasn't that late, but she was pooped. Too much had happened on her way here and everything was new and exciting. Like her new temporary home. The room she had rented at the boardinghouse was small and cozy, but it was hers and she had made sure to get one with an adjacent bathroom. Her journey to the valley had been long, she had been on the road for almost the whole day. The last leg of the train ride had by far been the most interesting part.

She really could tell she was in the countryside right now. She hadn't even reached her destination and the gossip had already started. She didn't know what to make of it yet, but she felt sorry for the guy, if that's how the people here saw him. He just seems to be a normal, guy with an interesting way of life. Something similar had happen to her once, so she was cautious about things people were telling her about others.

Maybe she could find him and give him back what was his, when she started to explore the town tomorrow.

Sam reached for the notebook she had placed on her nightstand. It wasn't that old, but clearly showed signs of heavy usage and it had been expensive. The leathery cover had some superficial scratches and some of the gold plating on the rim of the pages had lost its shine. A grassy stain here and there completed the picture.

Someone had written a dedication onto the very first page: "Follow your dreams you big dumbass and find your true happiness. I wish you the best of luck. I believe in you. Love Damian."

She flipped some pages. The next was blank. The rest looked like a diary. There had a date been written in the outer upper corner of every right page used. The handwriting was neat sometimes, sometimes hastily scribbled all over a page.

After reading through a few days and then a few days more, she closed it again and put it back on the nightstand. His writing style seemed nice, but there weren't any clues to his person or whereabouts.

Sam turned off the lights. Envisioning her new life as an adventure she had to master, she slowly drifted to sleep.

"Somethings not quite right. I can't put a pin on it quite now, but I sense a...

disturbance. It may effect the barrier. Should we talk with Lady Belinda about that?"

"Magnus, old friend. I think you worry to much. Fluctuations within the magical field are not uncommon. At least in such bustling environment as the valley. It will pass."

Magnus Rasmodius was not convinced. He had learnt to listen to his gut feeling when it came to magic a long time ago.

"Aquatros, could you at least ask Lady Belinda, if she could talk to the mountain spirit for me? My gut tells me to keep watch on the situation."

The balding man twiddled with his blue beard as he thought about it. He put the wineglass he was sipping from away and pulled something out of his lab coat, that looked like a perfectly round, highly polished bluish stone.

"Okay, the evening is young enough so I think I won't wake her up."

With a small whispered spell he brought the sphere in the air right in front of him. It began to glow and after a few moments he began to speak:

"Lady Belinda, may I have a few minutes of your time?"

A few seconds of silence passed, before a deep, rich woman's voice spoke up:

"Aqua my friend. What can I help you with. And I've told you many times now, you don't have to be so formal. Belinda is fine."

"Rasmodius wants me to ask you to contact the mountain spirit for him. He's worried about something disturbing the magic and that it could affect the barriers."

"Oh, Rasmodius is with you. With haircolor does he sport today? Is he still wearing his hat insides?"

"Lady Belinda, please." Aquatros said.

"Just teasing... okay, let me see what I can do. It may take a bit. We need to prepare the ritual. I'll come back to you as soon as we're ready. Do you want to be there in person or should I just go on and do it without you?"

In the later case I will need to know what you want to ask her specifically."

"Her?" Rasmodius asked.

"Oh, you didn't know? I thought you would have met her someday in the past. Anyway I have to go now. I call you later if that's okay."

"It's fine by me." Radmodius answered. "And I would like to meet the mountain spirit. So tell me in advance and I'll be there. Aquatros, how about you?"

"I'd like to come too, but I'm afraid I've to pass. I'll be out of town for the next weeks. Don't you remember?" The last words were addressed to Rasmodius.

"Oh, I forgot. Maybe I'm getting old."

"You are old my friend." Aquatros answered. Belinda shuckled.

"And you told me not to tease..."

"We thought you had to go." Aquatros and Rasmodius said in unison. All three laughed. Belinda excused herself one last time and ended the call. The stone went dull as the spell ended. Aquatros caught it before it could drop down to the ground and put it back in his pocket.

Rasmodius filled there glasses again.

"So, what's next?"

"The East Scarp situation is becoming kind of a pressing matter. We'll need a solution for that soon." Rasmodius scratched his beard and sighed.

"The Lightkeeper is still doing their work but we can't purely rely on them. I think it will be to much if we don't provide any help in the near future."

"What about Camilla." Aquatros asked. "You always talk so highly about her."

"She's a great witch with a lot of potential. But I'm afraid she has a lot on her plate already with keeping Castle Village safe. I don't know if she will be able to cover

another responsibility. I hardly see her these days." He finished and sipped on his drink. The situation wasn't easy. Maybe it could be different if... No, he shouldn't think about that. He couldn't just walk up and talk to her. Not after so many years.

"What about the farmer. Do you have news about them." Aquatros interrupted his train of thoughts.

"... about them? I'm afraid there's nothing to tell you. They just didn't seem to be interested."

"In the valley in general?"

"I wouldn't say that per se. But it seems they definitely haven't any interest in the magic surging through his place." Rasmodius sighed.

"What a pity. Could that be the missing part?"

Both pondered a bit about that question. The disinterested of the farmer in the magic of the valley had definitely angered Rasmodius. After all their grandparents had done so many good things for the valley and he'd hoped, that the farmer would be an heir to their legacy. Over a year they had been a part of the community now, but not much had happened since their arrival. They barely took part in communal activities either.

"It's a shame they make themselves so rare, but it is what it is and the valley has been alright and its magic has been stable all the time without them here. So maybe you're right and it is just a flicker in the magic and will pass in a blink." he said.

"I hope so my friend. I sure hope so." Aquatros answered.