E. Laithe Journal Entry - Shah-Gloriel

I partook in my first delve today. I don't know what I expected, but it wasn't *<inkblot>*

I partook in a delve, a magical ritual into the mind, the memories, of another. Normally I wouldn't be able to do this, only I've become a regular face at the Guild of Wind and Flame and was offered something in the way of instruction. It was thorough, if hasty, and I've forgot most of it now but, it was enough to do the *verdammt* thing.

I gathered with the others, and we began, our hands linked and our life energies pulsing in sync, before ..

It pulls you into their experiences, from their point of view. You see what they saw, and you <*inkblot*> feel what they felt. I've been in magic rituals before, been tossed like a ragdoll through the ether any number of queasy times but the roiling fire of someone else's emotions and adrenaline, to leave my body so fully… it takes courage. I respect it. I'm not sure I want to do it again.

Salamander has been through horrors that would break anyone. Crucibles of alchemy and torture. I saw through their eyes as we ran through the jungle, the bloodrush of the hunt, the killing, the fear of being prey. It was… intense, and raw, and I had steeled myself against it. I had heard from Salamander of the project, of the bio-anatomical experiments, I knew what to expect. I've seen horror.

There were other things, though. Other ~~me<~~*~~wet inkblot~~*~~>ies~~ memories that we saw and felt together. Being cared for, looked upon warmly by family, b<*inkblot*> living in a hope and kindness and love that…

The ritual ended. We were abruptly jerked back into our bodies, and for once I was grateful for the rough disdain that magic shows our adherence to physics. My shoulders were shuddering, and I covered my damp face with my hands as though recovering. Making my excuses, I left quickly enough.

I'm not sure how I feel about delves. Pouring yourself so fully into the life of someone else, their shadows and their glories, it takes… a specific fortitude. I might try a delve again, with more caution.

Today's delve was my first. I expected to feel pain. To feel anguish, fear, rage, maybe.

I never expected to feel loved.<*inkblot>*