

# Epics of Isavoire

## Chapter 7: Of Sewing and Spells

Champaign Village was a simple place, a settlement in the plains with little to no danger or conflict. It served host to a few people who lived there peacefully, typically farming or otherwise making use of the expanse of fertile land.

To the east was a small copse of wood, that Luka saw, it had a trail that led towards other towns, but he needed to stop in Champaign Village. Though he could walk almost ceaselessly, he wanted to know where he was going and possibly get answers.

The white haired young man stopped in town, where some of the villagers looked on at him in concern. He was a small, pale child, wearing bandages and raggedy clothing. Many of the villagers looked at him and thought of him as a mere, poor urchin. Luka said nothing to them though, he kept his hood up and began to look around for someone he felt he could talk to. That was when he noticed a woman carrying buckets of milk.

“Excuse me, ma’am?” he asked as he spoke to her. The lady put down her buckets and looked at him, surprised.

“What can I help you with, young man?”

“I wanted to ask if anyone around here had information about Auldcrest.”

“Oh, why would you want to know about that place? No one’s lived there for eighty years, at least.” The woman said. “My grandmother used to live there, though.”

“Your grandmother?” Luka asked in confirmation, before he noticed she looked similar to someone he knew. She had freckles on her face, as well as her brown eyes “Wait, was your grandmother named Heather?”

“Yes, how’d you know?”

“Er, lucky guess.” Luka chuckled to himself, “Uh, still, is she alive?”

“Yes. She ended up going into town with my brother for some medicine. She’ll be back in a week.”

“What town?”

“Accordance.”

“Oh, that’s where I was going next,” Luka said. “Thank you.”

“Wait, do you really plan on walking all the way there?”

“I do,” he told her plainly, but she took him by the wrist.

“You can’t just go on like that. You need to rest, at least have some dinner. You look like skin and bones.”

“Thank you miss, but I’ll be alright,” Luka said politely, but the woman seemed insistent. “Ma’am...”

“At least allow me to give you some food and money before you go. You seem like you’re in a hurry, but I can’t imagine letting you go hungry for so long.”

“Alright, if you really want to, I can take some for the trip ahead,” Luka relented, thankful for the kindness; he did not want her to believe that he was being unappreciative of her generosity.

“Good, please follow me.” She walked ahead and led him to her home. Once there, she placed her buckets aside and began to prepare food, as well as give him a

new set of clothes in a bag. Luka appreciated the hospitality and could smell the food as she cooked it. Despite the scent, it didn't make his mouth water or him desire to eat it. There wasn't much need for him to eat anymore, even though sometimes he did miss it. Once she finished, he thanked her and took the gifts.

After that, he travelled towards the small forest. The forest was rife with the sound of wildlife wandering about. Luka could hear the birds flying and the sound of small creatures scurrying about. He continued his trek until he noticed what looked like a house, a little ways off the beaten path. The sight of it was surprising to him and made him curious.

Walking over to it, through a makeshift path that was before him, he heard the sound of humming. Before long, he heard actual words too.

*"Little birds, bring me nice little things,*

*Little birds, little birds, listen while I sing,*

*Bring me nuts and berries, bring me fruits and seed,*

*Bring me lotsa yummy stuff, everything I need!"*

Luka walked towards the sound of singing and noticed that there was a child inside, also dressed in rags. She had long, matted hair and bandages on her legs as she sang. That was when she spoke. She appeared to be around his age, physically.

"Huh? Someone here? Either that or a big bird brought me a nice big thing," she said with a faint laugh. She began to smell the air, the scent of food wafting towards her. "Come here, I won't bite, unless you're food."

"I'm not food, but I have some." Luka said as he came in. "Are you okay, miss?"

“Annie.” The girl faced his general direction. She moved her head left and right, not seemingly noticing him at first. “Hey, you’re a heartless guy.”

“Wha? What makes you think that?”

“Oh, you don’t have a heartbeat. I have decent hearing.” She sniffed the air, yet again, this time smiling. “And I can smell food on you!”

“You’ve got some good senses.” Luka grinned.

“Some. I can’t see anything,” she replied, revealing her clouded eyes, “No arms either. I sing my song so the birds will bring me food.”

“Wow, you can do that?”

“Yep, I’m a witch. I don’t know many spells, but I have a natural gift.” She approached Luka again, this time with her hair raising a little. “It gives me a general idea of things...Like how you’re being powered by magic.”

Luka froze, surprised by the girl’s statement. He then looked at the clothes he wore, remembering the energy he felt it emanate as he rose from his grave two weeks ago, confused and afraid.

“Can you do something about it?”

“Nope, it’s too powerful and I don’t know anything about it. Maybe if I learned more and had more power, but I can’t help you now.”

“I see...Then at least let me help you.” He took the bag and opened it. Luka walked towards her and placed the food on a cloth. “Let me share my meal with you. I’m not much of an eater, so it’s best if you have it.”

“Thank you,” Annie said gratefully as Luka began to feed her. Using a fork and knife, he cut up pieces of food and gave them to her as she began to eat happily.

Soon, she was full, with Luka wrapping up the leftovers. “Delicious stuff!

“Glad you liked it. I’ll save the rest for you for later.” Luka took out the spare clothes he was given. Taking a sewing needle, some scissors and thread, he went about changing the clothes as he spoke to her. “Say, have you always lived here?”

“No, people put me here after I learned I had magic. A nice old lady in Champaign village and her family bring me food, but when they can’t I sing for the birds. Aside from the worms they bring in, it’s nice.”

“Gee, hope you didn’t eat those.” He continued to fashion the clothes he was given into something new.

“Nah, too stringy.” Annie smirked. “It’s extra hard when I don’t have arms.”

“Then maybe this will help.” He placed a scarf around her neck. “I made this a bit hastily, but it should do the job.”

Annie felt the attachment on herself and noticed she had an odd sense of feeling on it. The tassels on the end could be moved like fingers while the large, soft scarf worked effectively as an arm.

“Wow, this came in handy!” she exclaimed as she moved it around. “You’re not bad for a dead guy.”

“Heh, I’m glad for that. I hope these things were helpful, but I need to go.”

“Wait, let me go with you,” she said. “It’s boring here and I want to show the old lady the scarf you gave me.”

“Sure. It’ll be nice to not walk alone for awhile.” Luka said as he packed. “Get what you need, and I’ll wait outside.”

“All I need is some adventure,” she said as she hummed once more. That was when Luka noticed the birds had flocked to the window, singing songs for their friend.

Luka smiled as his journey with the blind witch began.