

*Right, right, reverse.*

*Right, right, right, reverse.*

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The click of knitting needles was sharp but faint, drowned out by the gentle hum of the Voidbreaker's engines. Soft yarn slipped between dexterous digits, running along the polished needles and twisting by command into shapes, loops and hooks, links in a growing whole.

Amber eyes followed the work, guiding and adjusting the angle and cadence of the needle tips, though purple lids lay closed upon a restful, serene face. The sight was ethereal, the yarn a brilliant stream of silver white which flowed like a wild stream along the snaking grooves of the earth. The needles, equally ephemeral, shifted that unseen earth to coax and suggest the shape the river ought to take and bending the unreality around them to the will of the peaceful craftswoman.

The work was moving forward and her attention was not fully required. The earth yielded easily, the river flowing where she suggested. She could afford a look back.

Behind her was a stream of knitwork, a pattern of interwoven yarns that formed a grand pattern not wholly her own design. She suggested, she coaxed and she guided, but the river was a primal force and it held a will of its own. When the streams crossed and became one, when the loop tightened and the hook was pulled taught, the gleaming silver pattern that would emerge would always carry that faint asymmetry of life and organic thought.

Down, ever further downstream the pattern joined cloths of others, like rivers meeting at a delta and here and there she could see dozens of lesser tributaries that had fed their yarns into her pattern, weaving into her cloth for a moment before departing; or being cut short.

She averted her eyes and shook her head, the memories of those losses painful to recall. That moment of regret sent shivers through the silver stream and her immaterial needle struck the basalt bedrock of her fears. Skipping off the harsh stone, earth turning jagged and hard, she was losing control of the pattern and before her very eyes the flow of weave changed.

Gone were the soft bends, the gentle suggestions and whispered beckons, replaced by harsh and unyielding stone against which the silver stream rebelled and broke in frothing waves. Each new splash lanced pain across her mind, draining the bulwark of her will, yet each time the stream was forced to yield and it flowed in harsh canals of confined, pain stricken thought.

Guiding it this way was easy, the speed of progress intoxicating. The pattern she weaved was harsh, sharp and utterly her own make. She knew she could bend it to impossible loops, force it into tapestries that defied all reason or weave it so fine and glorious it would have made mortal craftsmen weep hot tears of jealousy. Delicious tears of the feeble and powerless that wailed their lot in life.

It would be so easy to grasp this power, weave her patterns with raw will. But she chose not to. She chose the subtle form, the imperfection, the organic. She chose the Light.