

Glorious

“So, you’ve heard of beating swords into plowshares, right?” At the apprentices’ collective nods, I went on. “Well, it works the opposite way, too. *This*,” I said as I uncovered the artifact, “is a plowshare beaten into a sword. Only fortified.”

The apprentices all leaned forward -- then abruptly leaned *back*. I grinned as I put the cover back on. “Blinding to the Inner Eye, isn’t it? That’s because it’s directly plugged into one of the minor Judeo-Christian prophets. Strong stuff. *Very* strong stuff. That’s why we don’t let just *anybody* have the Sword of Cincinnatus. Your cause needs to *matter*.”

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