

NAMES: FELTFOLDHART

By M. Amanuensis Sharkchild

The creations of the artisan were always magnificent. Every detail, contour, and finish orchestrated a perfection of visual embrace. The way his completed works mesmerized the most critical of art and the most cynical of achievement proved his worthiness to all who might own—or if but see—a piece of his allotted mastery. Even in touch, his work marveled no less; a blind man would have been amazed. The work that came from his hands was embodied by nothing less than a craftsmanship inspired by the heavens. What a gift he had, and he did not spoil it.

There were many different mediums for the artisan's work, but there was one he greatly preferred. He used wood, marble, and clay, but his favorite, and domineering preference, was bone. Its rigid, unique, and lifelike form allowed accomplishments unlike anything that could have been imagined. With grooves and notches, he connected them into powerful displays of entity, which he then manipulated into strange figures and beasts ranging from short heights to towering presences. It was as if the ability given to him was for something much greater than art. Yes, it was art, but it was also architecture and science and innate, unnatural understanding.

How did he come by these bones? That is a very forthright question, though it has no forthright answer. I could try my luck at many guesses or hypotheses, but it would only confuse the truth at hand. What I may offer as sustenance to such a matter is that he somehow created them. No dead bodies were ever involved, only what was not and then what was. And surely many laid their fingers upon the materials of his use; they were quite real. It always appeared to me as if he could steal matter—take it from one place and make it his own, perhaps by replication, perhaps by transportation. I did know, without a doubt, that his work was strangely destined for a horizon not of our world.

Let me introduce the way I know of the mysterious artisan—it may shed a hint of light on the shadow of this uncanny man.

Every moment of my life was the same; it progressed in an endless rhythm of habit, habit of which I could not exit or forsake. In simple terms, and for the sake of understanding, I was trapped. There was nothing I could do individually that would change any aspect of my vector-engraved direction. I was not what would have been expected of me to be. I was robust and strong in my age. I was diligent and unwavering. And I was very so accountable. I had no grasp on the world around me, but I understood life, and the essence behind it, well. There were many things I could not see; there were many things I could not feel. This was the skeleton of my existence.

One day, there was an intrusion into my home. It was not clear the exact scope or duration of it, but it was enough to send me convulsing off of regularity. I was taken from my place of residence, suddenly, and at what first seemed to me cruelly. Five fingers held fast around me, gripping me, cradling me. I felt gentle sweat barely seeping from the hand's pores. I had never left my home until that moment, and in the light of the dawn of my exit, it was the artisan's hand that held me. I was chosen not out of chance, but out of

proximity, and bond. It was an experiment that could have ended the very hand that held me, but I continued to live, and the hand continued to hold.

When the hand did release me, I was out of my element, bizarrely surrounded by an atmosphere very foreign. The air and its touch were different. The degree of heat was foreign.

I was quickly placed onto a warm bed of what appeared to be algae. Upon my impact, a small pool of equally warm water appeared at my base, seeping through the green as I weighted it down. Then, walls of the same algae were placed against all of my sides and finally on top of me, boxing me into a humid habitat. I immediately began to panic and my movements began to drastically cease.

Everything grew hazy and my acute will became lethargic. A very dismal moment approached. The end of things verily tapped upon my insides and stroked me further from vitality. But, at what felt like the turning of time and the shifting of existence, four sharp tubes plunged into me, easily piercing my tissue. Fluid churned as it was pumped into me. A mechanical machine outside the bounds of my greenery case hummed loudly. My movement returned and all but the liquid entering and exiting me kept me from fully returning to that state of comfort I had always known.

I began to change and grow. Pieces of my older self fell as I pressed against the algae walls around me, and soon thereafter, the walls crumbled themselves. I did not, however, enter into an open space upon leaving. Another encasement waited for me, but it was much different; it was bone. And as I continued to grow, I stretched throughout and around its structure, embracing body and limb. When the growing finally stopped, everything was different.

“It is the perfect body,” the artisan spoke to me.

I could not reply.

“You are me and you are your own; you are perfect. I flawed you and held you from your true potential. Now you have reached it. See yourself.”

The artisan pulled a large curtain down from a tremendously large mirror, allowing a reflection of myself to burn eyes that had just finished forming upon my face. I looked into a behemoth of creation.

Maroon muscle and tissue saturated the skeletal frame of a giant. Huge feet rooted into the ground. Long legs rippled and supported a wondrous form with agile ease. A torso expanded further upwards where two arms hung like large beasts: The left arm formed the body of an otherworldly animal, at which the hand was jaws lined with teeth, and as it flexed, a second hand came forth from the throat, pushing aside the jaws and revealing five stocky fingers; the right arm formed a grouping of five flexible stalks, allowing the ends to act as fingers, or the entire stalks to act as a tool of a myriad of designs, constricting or separating to replicate the imagination. Upon a neck of thick impenetrability, a head of both human and alien qualities appended. Its mouth serenely stretched on one side in contentness. Its nose hooked down in three parts, each accomplishing a different identification of scent. Its eyes loomed forward, harboring thousands of small antennae sensors. The pupils within were hazel, matching those of the artisan's. There was no hair on this entity—only a plate of dense bone that extended free of tissue from the forehead in an array of four articulate designs crafted meticulously from the hands of the artisan.

The artisan smiled beside me through the mirror. His features grew paler by the moment. Sweat beaded across his face and his breathing was shallow. I

stared at him for what seemed like a long while. I put to memory his face and their features, his clothing, and his mannerisms. At the end of that abyss of affection, the artisan fell to his knees. Upon his chest was a device that hummed not entirely different than the machine that had pumped fluid into me. It was large and covered the whole center of his chest. Though it was working, its steadiness was faltering. Even through his downfall, the artisan continued to look at me. After a run of wild coughing, he held out his hand and placed it against my arm.

“Before I leave, I must give you a name,” he said. “It will be Feltfoldhart.”
The artisan then fell completely to the ground and ceased to move again.

I remember things through his eyes as if they were my own memories. I recall emotion—excitement and sadness—that spread throughout him during his times passed. Through these things, I know who he was and how I should be. Like a candle, I burn through the wax of his accomplishments, acknowledging them and absorbing them. I have no place in the world outside, but I have a place in a world. I will follow the artisan’s ways, for he knew the power he contained. If he had his heart, he would not have succeeded in fulfilling his dreams. That is why I am here and he is not. I am his heart.