



Power is a gift. Power is a curse.

I learned of the fearsome power I wield on that day - the day of Calam's death. In a fit of rage I destroyed the murderer, and I destroyed my innocence.

And again I learned that most things cannot be returned to how they were.

And my power continued to grow even as I began to see that the prophecies of the Grower might speak of me. My destiny began to be fulfilled. But

there was still more.

The Least, Abused, Mistrusted, Misunderstood,

Ignored, They were mocked and scorned and their hearts still show their pain, but they continue to serve.

Such power they have, and yet they serve, They treated me with kindness, and I learned from them.

They respected what I was becoming, With them I learned new laws, new rules, and new powers. I

used the powers to care for a tree to come, and the

Tablet allowed me to grow beyond Ji ana, beyond

Father and Mother, beyond D'ni, beyond Calam.

The Tablet held them, The Tablet chained them.

The Tablet held me, The Tablet empowered me.

I watched with them. I waited with them. I

learned with them. I called them from captivity and

grew while they gathered. Together we became both

weak and strong.

And then my time came. My time to take the

Tablet. My time to choose. I was ready. I felt the

pull of holding it, of channeling and releasing the full

power of the Bahro. I would right the wrongs, I
would set things the way they should be. I would choose
well - I could not fail. I am the Grower.

I was so sure, so strong, so wise, but I didn't open
myself and listen to the Maker. The noise of me
drowned his quiet voice.

And I failed. Failed to see anything beyond
myself and what was obvious. And pain came quickly,
when I realized what I had done. The tablet
returned, and the Bahro continued to serve. The pain

still burns me.

But the powerful Bahro simply wait and serve.

Pain is often how we learn.



But it is not for us to give - we are not the teachers.

We must not abuse them. We must not abuse the

Bahro.



