

"Isn't attachment an interesting thing?"

"Isn't attachment an interesting thing?" said Maurice as they examined the chronotape.

"Sorry, what?" asked the seller squatting on the rug.

Maurice turned the chronotape around in their hands, holding it up to the eerie, paradoxical light of the Great Black in the sky, smelling it, then trying a quick flash move to see inside. "I mean, two entirely separate objects pretending that they're one. Linked by bonds so tight you'd think they were unbreakable." Maurice pulled apart the hard green case of the chronotape, exposing the golden magipatterns inside. "But they're not! They're clearly not! See? Just apply a bit of force, and 'one' becomes two!"

"...mir, are you buying it or not?"

"Hmm..." Maurice flashily put a hand on their upper chin as they considered whether the technique on the tape would fit with their established style. "Naaah!" They threw the chronotape back onto the rug and strolled off.

"...at least put it back together." But Maurice could barely hear them as they strolled through the bazaar, green robe fluttering in the wind, or lack thereof, surveying everything with their Magic Eyes. "No, no, no, no, no, no, no..." they said. "This will just not do!" They turned around and raised their arms. "Do none of you have *any* good moves? Any at all?"

"Okay, I'm going to have to ask you to stop."

The shopkeeper from earlier had gotten up and positioned themselves in the center of the bazaar, about two shops between the two. Now that they had gotten up, Maurice could see that they had made a grave miscalculation. The miscalculation was, of course, the number of arms the shopkeeper had, which, as Maurice found out when they searched their memory, had always been ten.

"Hey, you aren't going to *use* the move on that chronotape, are ya?" Maurice asked, using a quick shieldmove and preparing for a plant-offense move. "It's the ain't of moves! You might as well just walk up and punch me yourself! See what good that does you!"

Spectral apparitions of the shopkeeper's hands superimposed themselves on their real hands. "And that's why you actually *let me explain the move* instead of using some low-level no-nuance Scanflash variant." They wound up five of their fists. "You see..."

And that's when Maurice felt five swift strikes to the face.

"It ignores shields."