Was this…. The end? Myir had been so confident in their prior acts to help pull the people together but something like this.. well. Was there even anything that *could* be done? The world had fractured in so many ways, perhaps some of the pieces had floated further and were unable to be retrieved. The homes of many species were destroyed. Some people are missing. Gravity still felt like an odd sensation as they pulled themself to their feet taking a large breath of air. It didn't feel clean. As though the air had been polluted with every single inch of the corruption that had shattered the world right infront of them.

Was there anything that could be done? Was there some way to repair all the cracks in the world? Even with the team work and abilities of thousands it might not be possible. They picked up a shard of stone that had laid on the ground nearby, attempting to jot down ideas that could potentially work to bring everyone together. To work to save any creature possible. To attempt to rebuild some form of safe haven above the darkened abyss of the cracks.

They thought back to the moment it happened, the ground beneath their feet shaking and cracking further than ever before. The shelves in their home fell, precious memories and artefacts falling into the deep abyss that had begun to leak that obscene ichor once more. The thing that had thrown everyone into a state of fear. They had no idea what was happening, why it was all happening! There had been hope it would all pass quickly with very little damage, and most being able to find a safe haven amongst the chaos but every day that passed that felt more like a lie.

A precious photograph had been lost in the quake. Something that simply could not be brought back oh so easily and that was devastating for Myir. It had truly brought everything to a sorry state for the usually happy creature. There had to be something they could do, but what? Join the fighting forces? Perhaps.. but the creature had fallen deep into the cracks, could it even be something that they could fight anymore? Or would it just continue to destroy the world from the very inside, not hesitating in its destruction. It felt like the end of all days. As though every single way they were fighting would not put an end to the beast and the monsters that rose up out of the ichor.

At that moment a thought crossed their mind. Why hide if there's nothing to lose? Why not join those resisting and fighting back instead of hiding alone in the wreckage of homes and buildings? Perhaps it was a slightly nihilistic way to think but in a way it brought comfort. Another arm brought to the battle to defend and protect wouldn't exactly cause harm! So why not! Perhaps even if their weapons experience wasn't good enough they could help out in a medical sense, mainly the simple wrapping of any injuries and making sure those fighting were stocked with water!

Things were beginning to feel a lot more hopeful in that aspect. Fighting back was all they *could* do so get to it! Myir lifted a broken chest from the wreckage, clearing off the splintered wood and grabbing a few belongings that they knew could be of use. A small dagger, a few more magical creations that they had found on adventures, a long spiral of bandages and a medium sized jug of the water they had remaining. They felt almost blessed at the fact the jug hadn't shattered in all the chaos. They strapped each item for their body and stood back up on their own two legs, sprinting ahead of the ruins to commit to the battle ahead.