

## Rithmere

---

**Written by:** Ether (Interstellar System)

**First Written:** October 9, 2025

**Last Edited:** October 9, 2025

**Original Post:** ([Tumblr](#))

---

### **Content Warnings:**

- Mentions of death.
  - Mentions of war.
  - Species dysphoria discussion.
- 

This post is by Ether, about homesickness, loss of a previous world alongside what that means, the process of adjusting to a new planet, and other things of that nature--All from a fictionfolk perspective. I am from the Deltora Quest universe, and wished to have some form of written document of my experience.

---

I miss my home. This place, this planet, this life--it is not a home of mine. It is not a place I understand. We are different, my people from yours. This is not a bad thing, difference is to be expected, and yet... Differences are clear as fresh dew. This place may accept others from my timeline or similar worlds, and it may accept me as well--but this is not where my people are. This is not the country of Deltora, and this is not the city of Rithmere. My people are not a people here, they are a story. A children's tale.

The people here are strange. This is also to be expected, we are not the same, that is true. However, this also makes it hard to commune. Some folk are cruel, some confuse me greatly, some are kind but I am not close to them--we do not "click", oftentimes. They struggle to understand me and I do the same toward them. They do not share the culture I came from. Things commonplace to me are fantastical to them, much as cars and computers and phones are fantastical to me.

My purpose, my own place in the world? It is one of the greatest losses. There, at home, I had felt I was of worth. There, I had felt I had community who accepted me as a part of their own. I was important to our society, I had a position in an important trade. I was a silversmith, working specifically as a charm crafter. Silver, a very lucky material to make charms of fortune from.

A charm crafter is immensely valued. In my city, if you are hoping for good fortune, you are to dress yourself in different silver charms representing your specific desired form of luck. You would string them up on ropes or chains attached to your belt, boots, neckpieces, or other clothing you'd wear, as part of your daily attire. Luck with health, luck with crops and livestock, luck with battles, luck with raising children, luck with any wagers you'd make... There were many, many possibilities. I provided charms of many forms, and I had many customers make purchase from me. I loved my work as much as people required it. I have nothing like that here--and I do, truly, long for that level of need once again.

I attend a lapidary club, here, in this life. I am fortunate enough that my system has provided me the space to continue my work, when our body permits the energy. I carve gemstones on machines I would have once never dreamed of. I am able to work with silver once again! Yet, my skills have vanished. With my death, came the death of my career and my skill. These hands do not hold my memories, they do not have years of crafting and shaping etched into them. I have been forced to start again, from the very beginning. I know that in the end, even though I am doing this because I truly enjoy crafting, I will not be valued in the same way I once was. These things are not in union with society at large as they were for me. It is a hobby, nothing more. It will remain that way.

This loss... Does not feel earned. Though it feels as if I knew it was coming from the beginning. I knew I would perish, I would not be able to live out my full life in my home. I am a metaphysical shapeshifting entity, created by an immortal sorcerer as a tool. My species was created to be a tool to this man and do his bidding, spies to aid in his takeover of the country. I was stationed in Rithmere to spy on and blend in with the people, and I grew attached to them. I became a part of their society, a very important one. I stopped obeying my Lord, unbeknown to him. I simply stopped relaying information as frequently, with lies scattered inbetween, and he was too busy to notice my change.

I had no ill will for the people of Rithmere any longer, and I saw myself as one of them. Yet, I knew in the end, war was brewing, and he would be defeated. This would result in my end. I was doomed from the beginning. I was not there at the battle, but I knew when it was coming. There, he either perished--and therefore I was dispelled alongside him--or he recalled any energy from entities he created to save his last strength in retreat. I do not know or care which it was, I do not care for him. But I wish I was born of flesh and blood, instead of spirit and energy.

I am flesh and blood now--something I could never fully understand before. It is new, I am still learning how a body works. Things as simple as eating were foreign to me in my before. Balance is particularly hard for me--legs bend at odd angles and I am told ours are less functional than most, we are ill. I have learned of many illnesses, mostly--of mind and flesh. I now hallucinate, but it does not bother me much. I am told I hold more symptoms of our Autism Spectrum Disorder than most of my innerworld peers. I have learned the meaning of depression and have struggled continually with it myself, now. My joints and bones ache with small amounts of use--I did not have bones, before. I can feel my body in detail. If I press on my arm, I can feel muscle and bone, warmth and a heartbeat. My form from before was not this perfect. I was unable to imitate the real thing perfectly, I was not strong enough for that. I am learning, now, many things about what it means to be of physical form. I feel as if each time I front to control the body, I learn of some new detail I had never noticed.

But even with my truly human body, I can no longer find it easy to fit in. With the loss of my life, came a certain loss of adaptability. Or, perhaps I was only adaptable to those from my own lands from the beginning? Either way, I can no longer shift my shape, and I can no longer shift my culture. I cannot change myself to fit here. I can take time to learn new concepts, but time is what I do not have plenty of. I am sharing my body with over 500 others, many of who wish to also have an external life. This is simply a part of life, though it is making my own progress slow.

Many forms of technology and medicine here are foreign to me, as well. I mentioned cars and computers and phones before, but it does not stop at just those creations. Houses look very different from what I am used to--they are too smooth, too sleek. There are new cooking appliances such as toasters, air fryers, microwaves.. Things I have had to learn the use of. Self-serve checkouts at stores, paying with a card instead of gold and silver coins, doors that move on their own, stairs that move you upward and downward of their own volition... Even in a simple shopping centre--which is supposed to be similar to a market I would be familiar with--there are many things I am not used to.

There are new things beyond technology as well. Animals and plant life are not the same. We have similar species--chickens, horses, rats, apples, plums, wheat... Yet some things we do not have, back home. And here, we certainly do not have many forms of food I would have once eaten (or, pretended to eat in order to blend in--my species did not require food).

In the end... Every day, I am reminded of where I came from. I am reminded that this place is not where I belong. I can only hope that, perhaps one day, I will have made this into my new home.