

# **Abstract Plural Presences**

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## **Content Warnings:**

- N/A
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You know how sometimes, certain people have a certain natural smell to them? Not necessarily unpleasant or unclean, just a thing that you smell and go "ah yes, *them*". Maybe you remember the brand of perfume they always use and it's forever associated with them. Maybe they use a certain shampoo. Maybe it's a food they cook so often in their house, it stays with them. Maybe it's just them. But there's a sensory thing that's strongly associated with them in some way.

We kind of have that with systemmates. Not a smell always, though. Not really anything more than a thought, or a feeling. An association with certain things, relating to people, but so raw that you feel an abstract emotion more than you really have an "association" or anything similar to a physical, tangible thing. It's just a raw feeling of the essence of your headmate.

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Merlin feels like the sun shining through leaves on a warm summer day, the way that the light dapples the grass below. A nice cool drink to go with it--a smoothie or something fruity.

Jayfeather brings to mind pebbles scattered amongst grass. Maybe a river ran through here once--the stones are smooth all the way around, and comfortably warm to the touch after basking in the morning light. You are resting after something stressful. The feeling of knowing what's right and fighting for it, knowing your community will have your back.

Byte feels like an old CRT TV screen. It's been sitting in the attic for a long while, but you don't want to get rid of it--there's too many fond memories. The smell of electricity mixed with blinking lights. Wires hanging from the ceiling.

Trip is the feeling of being far from home. You miss it, but you have a purpose here--wherever that may be. The colour of the sea, ever shifting and changing. An orb, glowing softly.

Vic feels like a forest--dark, and cold. The smell of wet wood that hasn't had rain for a long while. The silvery colours that moonlight seems to bathe everything in. There is no breeze,

everything is eerily still. You're glancing around, making sure you can get to wherever you're going safely. The feeling of being alone at night.

Vince's presence, being a split from Vic, feels similar to his. The smell of wet wood is still there, but there's less of a forest and more of just darkness. But the darkness is watching, and it is calculating. Not necessarily malicious, but very, very focused on you. You are aware of how not alone in this darkness you are, but you can't figure out its intentions. There is also a distinct feeling of bookshelves, bathed in soft light from a candle.

Lux feels like coming home after a long day out, and being greeted with freshly baked treats for you. The colour of amber, held up to the light. The smell of cookies.

Sil makes you think of the void, but not a typical one. It's not nothing, because the void in and of itself is a thing. Is it alive? You don't know if you're alone within it. There is a pinprick of light in the distance, and just as soon as you notice, it flickers out. The vague thought of chains hanging from a ceiling.

Silas's presence feels like the fear of being caught doing something you shouldn't be, and the rush of narrowly getting away. An echoing cavern, but you can't tell what noise is actually causing the echoing off of the walls.

Martin is like a cabin in the woods--far from anyone else, but safe and cozy. Maybe there are bookshelves lining the walls, plants healthy and alive on shelves, reaching for the dim afternoon sun through the window. The feeling of holding a warm beverage in your hands after a long day.

Exeller feels like leaves caught in a warm, spring breeze. A vague smell of mint--maybe mint tea? Small, white flowers amongst the grass. The smell of paper, and the feeling of warmth when you pick it up freshly from the printer.

Bluegaze brings to mind the golden colour of grass after it's been dry for a very long time. Sharing stories with those who were not around to witness them firsthand. The smell of dust and old wood. A barn, with a little white fence around it, slowly being worn away by time.

Crowley feels like a distant campfire in a field. You can't smell smoke, but you can see the warm glow on the horizon. It's dark, the sun has recently set, and it's getting colder. The breeze picks up just a little, but you know you'll soon be able to sit by the fire and relax. He also gives the distinct feeling of wings extending in order to take flight, every feather kept neat and clean.

Filigree is like a bladed weapon--a knife or a dagger--put on a shelf inside of a comfortable house to keep it safe. It's cleaner than it once was, and the light hits it in a certain way that makes it shimmer. It's been taken good care of to keep in good shape.

Sundown emanates darkness. A darkness lit by 100s of tiny, orange-glowing candles. You do not know how you got into this space, and you do not know how to get out. The expanse of void and candles seems to go on forever, with a faint smell of something you can only describe as electricity everywhere you go.

Mystery's presence is the feeling of being dizzy, the kind you get after spinning in circles as a kid for fun, full of laughing. Something sweet like candy, but a flavour filed amongst lost memories--you'll never remember the type of candy it was. A maze you can't quite place the shape of. A faint feeling of a sterile environment, such as a hospital--artificially clean, fake-floral smelling chemicals.

Fleety feels like a memory of panic, but long enough lost that the feelings are stale. A warm bed to curl up and sleep comfortably in. Dim lighting against a tiled floor, a rug placed over it to make it a little less cold.

Lure being around feels like a house in the middle of a desert. Just a single, lone house, amongst an infinitely flat plain of dirt and sand. The houses windows have no glass, and you can't tell if someone lives there. There are a few shrubs outside, and you have to wonder how they get enough water out here, and why they're only around the house.

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A lot of us give the feeling of a concept or group of concepts, one that's hard to explain without a lot of words. They're distinct and can only be described through what they bring to mind. Sometimes, the presence changes and someone might bring new associations to mind than the ones they used to, but as all people do, changes happen.

It's not something we see talked about much, if at all. We don't know if anyone else gets these feelings either, but we wanted to share anyway. We like the diversity of plural experiences, and wanted to share a little part of ours with this post.