

You looked up at Logan Pearce—your partner in this class, as in most Life Magic disciplines, for this was still one of his stronger subjects even if he did not fill his list with healing and restoration spells. His expression told you all you needed to know about your own. You took a deep breath, steeled yourself, and nodded.

“I’m fine,” you asserted.

It was lie. An obvious one, too. Pearce took no comfort in it, and watched you closely. An idea sprung up in your mind, though—something devious, and dangerous, and more than a little desperate. If vivisecting the jackalope—leaving it alive during the analysis itself—then what would prove GREATER mastery of life magic than keeping it alive, actually RESTORING it to life? And if you were to make a chimera of a deer and rabbit... Well, what if you could take JUST ENOUGH material from the one to transform the other, without killing either of them?

“Tips, come on,” Pearce pleaded with you in a whisper, as you set to your grisly work, already expending precious mystical energies to keep your primary subject calm through the procedure. “This is just going to blow back on... And it’s not going to save all the other pairs of rabbits and deer.”

“If I can prove it can be done,” you said through gritted teeth, focusing upon the difficult work at hand, sweating with the exertion and the pressure and with the precision necessary to pull this stunt off, “no more animals will have to die in experiments, AND I’ll be a legend.”

You flashed your best friend a brittle smile, and your eyes filled with tears, but you willed them to stay put. None left your eyes, or spilled down your cheeks.

“Have a little faith, huh?”