

Hammer God 65

Chapter 65 Repairing the Hammer

Kyle tried to come to terms with the fact that he was plagued by the voice of somebody who obviously suffered from paranoid schizophrenia.

Even worse, that somebody couldn't even remember the last four sentences.

This thing or guy or whatever was like an old AI that just generated responses based on the current topic and whatever Kyle said.

But it also was a human... in a way?

It was like an old AI human.

As Theodor kept droning on and on about Hieronymus Skysand, Kyle tried to think of a way to deal with this entire mess.

'What the fuck am I supposed to do with this schizo inside my brain? What do normal schizos do if they want to live a normal life?'

'I guess they just do their best to ignore the voices or take some medication.'

'Well, I can't really do that. This guy can blow himself up, and I kind of believe him. This guy seems insane enough to strap a bomb to his torso just so that the other person wouldn't be rude to him or something.'

'For fuck's sake, man. Can't I just have a normal journey through fantasy land or whatever?'

'Of course not! I get a fucking super powerful schizo stuck in my head!'

Kyle rolled his eyes.

"How dare you roll your eyes?! You are my inheritor, and my words should be your law!" Theodor shouted.

'Well, whatever,' Kyle thought. 'So what?'

'Just gotta deal with it.'

'Life happens, dude. You get shit hands, and you get good hands. Just play the shit hand as well as you can and wait for a good hand.'

'Schizo time.'

"I was thinking about something else," Kyle said. "By the way, I think we should think about how to get out of this place."

"Foolish inheritor. Do you not know how to operate a door?" Theodor asked with annoyance.

"No, there..."

'If I talk about the Ore Fiends again, he's going to ramble on about that Ancestral Stone again.'

"There are Ore Fiends outside, and I already told you several times. Don't ask how many, I already told you. I know you're extremely smart, and I can't compare to your wisdom, but you are kind of limited in your current form due to your limited space for information. Can you please just tell me how to repair my hammer?" Kyle asked, pointing at the broken pieces.

"This is not a hammer but a mining weapon! Also, how did you even break it?!" Theodor asked.

"Please, just tell me how to repair it," Kyle said, trying his best not to sound annoyed.

"Hm," Theodor answered. "Alright. Get the core and ask me again."

Kyle walked over to the core of the hammer and lifted it. Luckily, it wasn't very heavy.

"What's the next step in repairing my mining weapon?" Kyle asked.

Theodor told Kyle what to do step by step, and Kyle always had to ask the entire question after every step.

Finally, all the components had been gathered in front of him.

"This thing is completely ruined. How did you even accomplish that?" Theodor asked, looking at the parts.

"Just tell me what to do," Kyle answered.

"We can't repair that. You need a new one."

"And how am I supposed to get a new one here?" Kyle asked.

"Take the pieces and carry them to the ground floor. Ask me again when you're there."

Kyle walked down to the ground floor, and Theodor directed him to an unknown machine.

"This thing is out of energy," Theodor said. "Get some Ether."

"How?" Kyle asked.

"I don't know the last three sentences you spoke. How do you think I am supposed to know that?" Theodor asked with arrogant annoyance.

'Great, when you have the advantage of knowing something, you act all high and mighty, but as soon as you don't know something, you don't take any responsibility,' Kyle thought.

He went up to the third floor again and asked if the pieces of the Ore Fiend worked.

"The will of the Ether is dispersed, but it's still there. You need to extract it with a different machine, though," Theodor said.

Over the next minutes, Theodor sent him to one machine after the other.

He operated one of them and took a vial from the machine.

There was blue liquid inside that shone quite a bit.

'So, this is Ether,' Kyle thought.

The blue liquid was highly-condensed Ether used for operating machinery.

This couldn't be used on humans since the Ether inside was still chaotic.

Kyle used the vial to power the first machine, and after it activated, it expanded.

Several parts came out of the machine, and a bunch of buttons came out of its walls.

'This thing looks like a cockpit. I mean the flying kind, not a room full of sweaty dudes,' Kyle thought.

Theodor told Kyle what to press, and he did just that.

He dumped all the broken parts of his mining weapon into a shaft before putting the core in a different part.

Shortly after, the machine started to whirr, and Kyle waited.

DING!

Ten minutes later, the machine opened, and Kyle's new hammer fell to the ground in front of him.

"Huh, that was easy," Kyle said.

"Because you followed my instructions," Theodor answered. "Mining weapons are my creation. I know how they work better than anyone, and I have completely automated the process. You wouldn't be able to make one yourself in decades."

Kyle nodded.

Theodor was probably not exaggerating.

These mining weapons were insanely complex and had so many functions.

Kyle easily lifted his new hammer with one hand.

"It's a bit light," he said.

"It's a new one. A lot of the Ether gets lost during the process. You have to upgrade the materials again," Theodor said.

Kyle just walked up to the third floor again, and for the fifth time, Theodor exclaimed in shock about the presence of this pile of ore in his tower.

Kyle carefully siphoned some Ether from the pile until his hammer had its perfect weight again.

He swung it around a bit.

'Perfect!' he thought as he rested it on his shoulder.