

# **Winds of Magic**

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*this story was inspired by an elf pic that i put up here along with my love of magic and adventure so hope you will enjoy this preview^^*

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# 1 - My new journal

From the Journal  
Of  
Raven Solar Star

Hi I'm Raven Solar Star, or just Raven if you like. This is my new journal, which my mother bought me for my birthday.

Ever since I was born my parents have hidden me because I have magi. Why is that a bad thing you ask? Well because in the world where I'm from anyone who has magic is made an outcast.

What? How do people know? Well anyone who is born with magic is also born with a mark on their upper left arm; here is what it looks like – (sorry you can't see)

I think it looks cool but my parents say I have to keep it covered.

The reason people are afraid of magic is that a. they don't understand it and b. they don't know where it came from.

I asked my parents once and they told me that it came from what we humans call Elves, but also told me that their proper name is Wispin which in their language means pure magic or light. They also told me that Wispins call non-magic humans Doshiya meaning shadow of, to hide, or afraid.

My mother tells me stories about how they would heal animals And all human along with their own. But my father told me never to think them weak for there are fierce fighters amongst them. Warriors with magic and metal, they will fight to the death to protect what's theirs.

They are the ones who interested me most. Father says they are the best fighters across the land. I asked once why they needed to be so good and he told me that there are humans who hunt them, kill them, and capture their children for not so good things.

The most well known group is the Wolfclan. They are the most fam- or rather infamous clan of bounty hunters.

Every clan has their own mark this is what theirs looks like -- (again sorry) similar to the mage mark right? Why you ask? Well that is simple it is because supposedly once every five generations a very powerful mage is born.

Drat it my mom has found me. She is going to be so made. Why? Two reasons one I don't have something on to cover my mark,(of which I am proud of unlike her and my father) and two I'm writing freely about the clans.

Oy. I don't see why she fusses so much I mean there is no one for at least three miles in all directions.

Here let me tell you more about my parents and me.

My father is a horseman a horseman is someone who herds cows, sheep, and other horses. He has light sandy brown hair cut just below his ears, his eyes are a bright blue that can hold our gaze no mater what. He is about six feet tall and very strong even though he doesn't look it.

My mother is good at carving and sculpting little thing like horses, dogs, cats, a whole bunch of different

birds, and a lot of other things, she even made a little Me. She has long golden brown hair that comes almost to her waist, her eyes are a light brown that always seem to dance with hope and joy. She is five ft. five inches and can pull her own weight.

Now for me. I really don't have job but I do feed all of our animals. We have for cats, seven dogs that help my father, and about twelve horses, -- I say about because we let some of them roam so it's hard to keep track -- I prefer to ride my horse Sunburst. He is a black stallion with white on his face and left flank. He is my second and most trusted horse I ever had. I have longish golden hair that comes to the middle of my back, my eyes (sigh) my eyes are hard to explain they are a mix of orange and yellow but sometimes looks brown like my mother's. At the age of fourteen I am five ft. on the dot and I have good throwing arm. And when I say a good arm I mean two great arms, I'm great at throwing daggers, darts and short knives.

How did I learn? Well there is a village just outside our land that I and my father go to every now and then.

I learn a whole bunch of stuff from the people there, like skipping rock, throwing darts, how to fight with both my hand and with draggers, there are also some boys who taught me ground fighting as well and now I can beat all of them.

There are also Rangers who come through here too. A Ranger is sorta like a bounty hunter; they go after fugitives and collect the reward for them. They have a number of skills such as hunting, tracking, sword fighting, hand to hand combat, bows and daggers.

I know three Rangers; the oldest is around thirty-five his name is Yon I later found out that yon means hawk in Wispin, he taught me how to track and helped me with the hunting skills father had already taught me. The next just turned twenty his name is Flit that means fire in Wispin, he helped me with hand to hand combat, sword fighting, and dagger throwing. He asked me to be his apprentice once but I said no and that I wanted to be Sontai's apprentice. Sontai is the other Ranger that I know he just turned eighteen. Anyway this is what happened the day he asked me;

"Great throw Raven!" Flit said after I had hit the target for the seventh time in arrow

"Thanks." I said rubbing my shoulder. "I have had a lot of practice and a great teacher." I smiled as I turned to look at him as my mom and dad came into the barn.

"Thanks Raven. It has been both a pleasure and great fun to teach you." He said with a cheerful smile, but there was something else in his eyes so I used my magic to see what he was feeling. --yes I can do that-- He had light green around him and I thought, He feels for me. He loves me! Maybe... No if he found out that I had magic...

That's when he did it, he came right up to me--the light green getting stronger--and he asked, "Will you become my apprentice when you are old enough?"

I froze not knowing what to do, weather I should say yes jumping up and down or should I ask him to wait for me to think about it for a few days, but most of all I was wondering if he had asked because of his feelings for me, but when I looked there was light blue over powering the light green which meant that he was asking because he knew I could do it not because of his feelings.

I looked at my parents who looked as shocked as I felt. I almost said yes but then I thought about Sontai. He had helped me with every one of me skills, and taught me not only how to be a good Ranger, but helped show me how to be a great person.

"Sorry Flit, I can't. I was hoping to be Sontai's apprentice." I couldn't look at his face. I didn't want to.

"Why would you want to be his? He just got the title of Ranger." There was more behind his question then what was heard; I know this because as he said it all of the light blue vanished and the light green shown for all it was worth.

"Well he IS closer to my age, and we get along pretty well, and he can make me laugh. And he plays

with me and the other kids in the village so I fell like I know him more...and..." I was trying to think of something else when Flit took my hands and put something made of wood in them.

"I understand it's okay." He left one of his hands on mine and lifted my chin so he could look at my face with the other, "I shouldn't have reacted like that. But if you ever need me play that tune I taught you and I'll be there. Now I know where Sontai is, I will go and find him, and tell him to come back here. Okay?"

"Okay. But Wait!" I said as he turned to leave. "How does it work it's just a wooden flute?" I asked. He just tapped his upper left arm and said, "Magic." and left. I touched my own left arm where the mage mark is on every mage and thought, If he has magic then it won't mater that I do, he will still love me... but... do I love him?

Well that's what happened. Right now I'm sitting under my favorite tree that's on a cliff that over looks the ocean. Sunburst is out here with me, I'm going to go for a ride on the beach. I'll write more when I get there.