

Talis Riverwind

by Mohale Matsapola

Not every tale has a happy beginning... No one knew this more than Talis Riverwind. Born into a family of African slaves Talis' family worked in the house of a Noble named Lord Atlee in London. At age sixteen Talis was cleaning his master's attic when he stumbled across a book written in a mysterious language and painted with weird symbols. Strangely, these symbols seemed familiar to Talis almost as if he could read them. It wasn't that Talis couldn't read. Lady Atlee taught Talis as a boy before she passed away from illness. But this text was in a language that wasn't English but was yet familiar to Talis.

"What is it you have there Talis?" came his master's voice from behind his shoulder sending a chill down the young boy's spine.

Talis turned to find his master smiling at him, a sense of pride in his eye.

"That book is about the magicks of the Alchemical arts." said his master "If you wish to learn it you must be prepared to work hard, diligently, and with fierce determination for success."

And so 6 years passed, and Talis studied diligently learning the lessons his master had to teach him at an astounding rate. And soon he was declared a full Journeyman of his craft. In celebration of his accomplishments Lord Atlee set free Talis' Family proclaiming that the family of mages were never to be slaves. And handed Talis a letter. "There's trouble in Bristol my son, go now and may air, fire, and light guide you."

"Will you not come master?" Asked Talis

"I'm your master no longer my son. And I am too old to be slaying dragons."

And so Talis went to Bristol and did slay that dragon, though that's another tale. And he went to marry a lovely woman he bought from slavery and the two of them now live happily in London again raising their two children. Sadly, he will not be able to return to Bristol as he now has apprentices of his own to train but who knows maybe he will make a small appearance mayhaps not.