

The story of Chi Si Chen (Autumn Silver Reed)

Chapter 34: Maze and Metal (2nd ride of Flamerule 1370)

The others tried to get access to the closed levels of the Nashkel mine, but Kendalan hated to go underground, and there was this little problem of a 'druid' who ruined the forests growth. So we two went into the woods, or what was left of it, to determine the likely 'center' of the spell.

It is frustrating for both of us. We know that the power to heal the forest is not that far out of reach, but neither of us can do it: we both follow a path where there is no difference between arcana or divine magic, but the price is that we need more training to arrive at a level a specialist would have reached by now. There are of course some big differences between Kendalan and myself: Kendalan is a ranger, a traveler, who happens to have a natural insight in activating magic and is inherently in touch with nature. I am a person who studies, magic, myself, and nature. Identical and totally different. It shows the unending possibilities of life.

Magic is strong, but limited. My control over fire is handy, but again it is no solution to any attack. I think I need to improve my handling of the Guan Dao, the Jian, and perhaps even try to learn the twin dagger style my great aunt described. While we were there I asked Kendalan if he could help me wielding my Jian. Kendalan is not that much more skilled, but his technique is different and his strength means his blows are hard to block. I need to become a better fighter: evil is growing and we will need to stand firm. Perhaps I should ask the others too – currently I am the weakest fighter and I cannot let the others pay for my lack of skill.

Everybody deserves a second chance, but they need to show that they'll try to be better next time.