

R.D Hughes

The Mage Of Thunder

Our protagonist Clive Rezno, has been accepted to The College Arcana, the only school of magic on the continent. He has been there for a month at this point, and has only just begun his magical instruction.

As Clive settled into his seat on the back row, his arms crossed on the table holding up his head. A sudden impact on his back, made his blood rush and snap his heavy eyelids open. Cursing under his breath as he shot upright in his chair.

“Oi what was that for Walshy?” The center of his back burning as he looked up. There leaning against the desk, a wide smile plastered across his tanned face. Walsh O’Cally. Clive didn’t mind the guy, but he was a bit weird. Especially that crazy mess he called a hair style. Walsh stood there comb in hand as he ran it through his grease slicked hair. The back and sides swept back, and the rest has been slicked up in a sort of cone, that protruded past his face but held still, like gravity had no hold on it.

“Ain’t no time to be sleeping! You need some fresh sea air in your lungs,” Walsh said, his bottomless pit of energy was astounding. Clive had never seen someone so energized all the time.

“Did you see that thing on the bulletin board?” Walshy must of just come in the room so he should of passed the bulletin board on his way.

“What thing?” Walshy cocked his head looking at Clive. It must have been taken down Clive thought to himself. Maybe he would talk to Loc about it later. For as aloof as Loc was, he was a surprising source of knowledge. The giant frame of Magnar Kelm barely fit through the door frame as he entered. The students all rushing to their seats, their conversations put on hold.

“Now then class.” Magnar’s high pitched voice rung out. “Today is an important day for each and every one of you.” Clive waited in anticipation for what Magnar would announce.

“Today is the day. You learn your first elemental spell,” Magnar announced, a smile on his face. Clive, along with the rest of the class, let out a cheer. Clive had become brain dead from the constant theory work they had been doing so far. Magnar pulled out an ornate box from one of the desk draws.

“These here.” Magnar opened up the box revealing different sized stones, gems and crystals. “Are similar to the stones used to test mana affinity. The difference is, these represent multiple elements, and will only react to a mage who is aligned to that element. So one after another I will call you up, and you will fill the stone with mana, just like you were taught in the affinity test. You will try this with each one in the box.”

Clive watched in anticipation as the people ahead of him went through each stone, letting some of their mana flow through it. If they didn’t have affinity for the element, the stone didn’t react. If they did, the stone would light up. Some shone more brightly than others, some flashed instead of a steady glow. Magnar would then decide what their best way forward would be and gave them a book. When the stones came around to Mila, two of the stones reacted very brightly to her mana, which led Magnar to let out a high pitched whelp of what Clive could only assume was joy.

“Well now Miss Zhurick. You are a rare thing indeed,” Magnar said, as he ran back to his desk. Opening draws and shuffling through them.

“What does this mean Mr.Kelm?” Mila said, with everyone eye’s on her. Clive was curious too. Up till Mila, nobody could light more than one stone. Yet she was able to light two.

“Well, in basic terms. You are a dual elemental user. Let’s see now. You lit up a water stone, and an earth gem.” Magnar shuffled through draws for a bit longer, before he pulled out a few books. “I should apologize though, dual elemental users are rare, and until we find out what your true element is. Well we will just have to keep experimenting till we find what works. That’s what I had to do.”

“You are a dual elemental user too Mr. Kelm?” Mila stared at the bunch of books that Magnar just placed down.

“Yes well. When I was in this class, I was able to light up a fire stone, and an earth gem. I am embarrassed to admit, but it took me a whole six months before I figured it out.”

“And? What element do you wield?” One of the students interrupted. Magnar smiled and made his way back to the front of the room. Rolling his sleeves up, he held his hands slightly apart like he was gripping onto a ball. Clive could see Magnar’s lips move, but couldn’t hear what he was saying. In the empty space between his hands, a liquid ball of orange and red started to form. The front row students all leant back, trying to get further away from the ball. The heat in the room had begun to spike. Clive could feel sweat start to form on his forehead. Magnar stretched his hands apart, the ball stretched with them. With a flick of one of his hands, the ball formed into a sort of pillar on top of his hand. With his now free hand, Magnar moved it around the pillar, his fingers bending and pulling, like he was trying to sculpt the tower. Eventually the pillar twisted and formed into the shape of a dragon. Then the hot liquid faded away into the air.

“I can wield lava, and there wasn’t a recorded user until I came along. So imagine how much of a struggle that must have been.” Magnar chuckled as he resumed the test for the others.

As the stones reached Walsh, Clive could feel his heart beat in his neck, the blood pounding. Was he nervous or excited? He couldn’t tell at this point.

“Which one is the water one sir?” Walsh had stood up, hands rubbing against his pants, like he was about to make a running jump into a lake. Magnar pulled out the smooth pearl like stone handing it to Walsh. Walsh held it in his hands, his shoulders dropped down as he stared into the pearl. Within a few seconds, a blue light pulsed from the pearl, a firm sphere in the center, with streams of light flicked in and out of sight randomly.

“I knew it! No way a man of the sea such as myself would ever be related to anything other than water,” Walsh said, his ever energetic smile radiated even more than usual. Walsh refused to test any others, on the grounds that he would be cheating on his love the ocean if he even tried. Magnar tried to convince him otherwise, but Walsh was sticking to his guns on this one. When the box was slid underneath Clive’s face, a sudden sense of dread began to sink in. What if nothing lights up? What if he isn’t an Elementalist? Clive’s palms began to sweat, as he rubbed the tips of his fingers against the bottom of his palm. A dull blueish light caught his eye, a jagged gemstone with a yellow tinted center. Clive picked it up, the gem was cold to the touch, and all the sweat he had felt seemed to subside. Clive tried to empty his mind of the doubts that had taken up camp inside him. Clive felt a slight pressure on his torso, as a tingling sensation moved from his chest, to his shoulder, down his arm and culminated at his fingertips. Clive, Walsh, and Magnar squinted as a bright light filled the area. With his eyes barely open, Clive could feel his ear drums rattling, as a sharp wailing sound assaulted his senses. The sound of smashed glass was followed by an intense sting in Clive’s hand. When he opened his eyes, the gemstone was just shards scattered across his desk, along with drops of red coming from Clive’s hand. His hand

began to throb, as a warmth rushed to his palm. Little cuts all around his hand from where shards of gemstone had caught or embedded themselves.

“Mr. O’Cally. Can you please escort Mr. Reznor to the healer’s wing,” Magnar instructed Walsh.

“Wait. What does that mean though?” Clive couldn’t think straight after everything that just happened. His ear’s rung, his head pounded, and his hand throbbed and bled.

“You are a lightning Elementalist Mr. Reznor. I will come by after class, go get that looked at.” Clive couldn’t help but feel like there was something Magnar wasn’t telling him.