

Ok. I know how this is going to sound but I met the most astounding fellow in my travels. He was a dwarf... that could do magic. I know, I know, everyone these days thinks that dwarves don't exist other than in stories or those people with dwarfism, right? Well that may have been true for this universe at one point, but you see... my adventure starts elsewhere. I suppose I should start by introducing myself, the name is Sol Orpheus. I guess I should start my tale from the beginning...

"Wake the hell up, kid!" shouted Drogmar on the morning of Sol's twelfth birthday. Drogmar had been pretty much raising Sol since their village had burnt down seven years ago. Drogmar however had been old enough to remember some of the traditions his family had held before the event. A twelfth birthday marked the beginning of advanced training for the Orpheus family.

As Sol rose he wondered why his brother was waking him so early on his birthday - he was used to being able to sleep in once a year and now that was being taken from him. "What is it Dro?" he enquired as he pulled on an extremely ragged shirt. He looked like a farmer in his faded green bottoms with his dark half shut eyes, which matched his slumped, half awake posture.

When walking out of his room he saw his brother, who looked very much like him in the fact that they were both of a rather tall, lean build with untamed hair. Their elven ears were also similarly shaped; yet while Sol's hair was black his siblings was white. Sol's eyes seemed red in contrast to his brothers electric blue eyes. As such few people could guess that they were related. The next thing Sol noticed was a stranger stood taller than his particularly tall brother, a massive cloak covered the stranger's body with its hood casting a shadow - concealing their face. Sol didn't know of his family traditions, he

hadn't been told and had been content to leave all memories of the first five years of his life firmly behind him as they did nothing to help feed or clothe him. That is why he asked "Why is there a stranger in the house brother?" Drogmar very rarely let anyone enter the house because the work the siblings did was not exactly lawful. They were mercenaries - at least Drogmar was. He wouldn't allow his younger brother to have any real weapons even though Sol constantly argued it would be beneficial for him to have one.

"Sol, this is the smith from the next village over. He has been supplying my gear for for the past three years. Now then - you don't know anything of our family and I have only been able to rediscover a little. Yet it has been tradition for those of our line to begin advanced training at the age of twelve. Burr is here so you may commission your first weapon - if you choose to embrace the Orpheus lineage" firmly explained Drogmar while sitting, staring into the fire; not even sparing a glance for his younger brother.

"Well" Sol started as he too turned his attention to the stone circle in the floor where logs were burning, similar to how the bones of his parents had when he was five "Farming is really very boring, and I suppose I'm an Orpheus whether I like it or not. I will accept the heritage and I would love a proper weapon..."

"But?" Burr queried, his deep voice rumbling through the small room. "I am already the best fighter I know," he turned to face his brother "other than you; so I am not too sure how much advanced training will help."

"Sol - trust me, your brother can train you to be so much better than you are now. But then again that is none of my business... so what weapon would you like?" Burr spoke softly though still his voice still carried throughout the house.

"One moment" Sol said as he hurried into his room.

Sol's room was small but he didn't mind - his room was the same size as his brothers and so he knew they couldn't have anything larger. The clay walls weren't adorned with anything other than two sticks that had been repaired and reinforced so many times they were now at least as hard as iron yet still as flexible as the birch from which they came. The floor was clear except for the dust which slid under young Solomon's feet as he entered his room. His bed consisted of nothing but a heap of blankets strewn across one side of the room next to a small set of drawers. Sol carefully reached behind the drawers and withdrew a folded piece of paper. As he sped out of his room the dust clouds spun into his one wardrobe and came to rest upon numerous other pieces of paper and an old slightly burnt stick.

"What is the boy doing do you think?" said Burr - his voice surprisingly normal now.

"I have no idea; I tend to let him have his room and n-"

"I got it! Okay then here you go... please take care opening it" Sol said as he handed over the paper to Burr "I know that it may not be possible but I would like this if it can be done. Please" As Burr opened the paper he saw the designs for a blade. It shocked him but he looked nonetheless.

"Solomon what is that?" enquired Drogmar incredulously as he hadn't known about his brother designing a weapon. He had known Burr for just over three years and had never seen an expression, on Burr's worn face, that was even remotely similar to the one it wore then.. It was as though he was... impressed.

"I spent a long time designing a sword for myself; just in case the opportunity for me to commission one came along. I also have tried other weapons but this is the only one I kept." Sol proudly announced, and even though he knew it would be rude to not look at

his brother while answering the question he could not help but steal glances at the smiths face as Burr examined the intricate designs.

“Well brother I never would have th-” started Drognar but was interrupted by Burr saying “I should be able to make this but there are no dimensions... how large should it be?” when Burr finished Sol held up his left index finger to them as he ran back into his room.

“Burr, you haven’t interrupted me, or anyone for that matter, in the entire time I have known you: what is so special about that design that would make you do so?” asked the eldest Orpheus alive.

“Well my friend, when I have made it you will see makes it so special. What made me interrupt you ,however; is the fact that I have been attempting to make one of these swords most of my life and your younger brother seems to have found a way to make it work!” Burr exclaimed.

“The kid has too much time on his hands - also you’re talking normally again, if he wasn’t so excited about his sword then he would probably have asked about it by now. If he finds out you’re an inventor as well as a smith and scholar he will likely never stop asking you questions, so just keep speaking normally for now alright?”

“Fine then, I know you couldn’t deal with him being distracted once you begin his training.” Burr said, unable to keep a hint of disappointment out of his voice - he enjoyed explaining his trade.

“What is taking your brother so long?” he inquired.

“I honestly don’t know... Hey Solomon - HURRY UP!” Drognar bellowed, after no reply within a few moments he stood up, his expression changing from annoyed to worried, his light eyes expressing genuine concern for his only known relative. Burr was rather shocked when a cloud of dust stood where his friend had been - he had never got used to how fast Drognar could move when he wanted to. “Eugh, damn it Solomon. Why do you have to be such an idiot.” Burr couldn’t help but wonder what could have happened and

stooped through the doorway to Sol's room. He saw a pile of wood and paper underneath Sol's unconscious body. Drogmar was bent over him looking rather exasperated.

"Hey, what happened?"

"Oh, Burr, he smashed into his wardrobe and knocked himself out... he heals fast so the chances are he'll wake u-"

"Why is our house so dusty all the time?" Sol interrupted his brother.

"Shut up, it would be fine if you didn't hurry so much! You destroyed your wardrobe and I am not making you a new one. Why did you have to come in here so quick anyway? All Burr did was ask you what size sword you wanted!"

"The same size as my sticks, I was getting one of my sticks. Let me get up" Sol said, the drowsiness disappearing from his voice as he spoke. As Drogmar moved away he pulled one of the sticks from the wall and threw it to Burr.

"Sol, if you want it exact I will have to take this with me and it may take a rather long time for me to make this as it is rather complex." Burr said, gazing at the battle-staff with admiration.

"Fine - I shan't need it for the 'advanced training' shall I Dro?" Sol enquired.

"Burr, how long will it take, because staff training is the second step when you walk the path Solomon seems to want to?"

"It will be at least three months, possibly longer I'm afraid" Burr spoke, still closely examining the staff.

"Can't you go for a similar size? I don't want to have to rework the training."

"Brother I designed it to be the same size because it is the optimal size for me to use, if you want me to be less efficient with my first commission then fine but you are always saying how important it is that one's blade should be the best they can have so they can be the best they can be!" Sol reminded his elder which caused Drogmar

to sigh and say "Fine then, as it is your birthday and your training I will allow it but don't forget that I did this next time you have to do something you don't want to." Before pulling Sol up, turning to Burr he said that he could go and that they would agree upon payment later.

As Burr was leaving he couldn't help but overhear the two brothers talking about weaponry and heard Sol's surprise when he was informed that he would be training with a real sword starting tomorrow. Then Burr was walking down the dirt path thinking about how he was going to explain to his wife that a 12 year old boy managed to design the weapon that he had been failing to make for longer than the boys life.

Sol was extremely shocked when his brother announced he had another gift - they never gave each other birthday gifts. "Solomon, I know that you have always wanted to have a cloak similar to mine so you can have mine. I know it is worn and old but I am unable to acquire a new one: besides - it suits your hair." Drognar said as he took his dark cloak off to reveal some leather armour complete with numerous sheaths, most of which were empty, before passing the coat to his younger brother who donned it immediately. It was rather large on him so it would drag along the floor slightly but he seemed overjoyed by the gift and did something he hadn't done in his memory. He hugged his brother and then proceeded to break the embrace and walk through to the former cellar which they converted into an armoury shortly after moving in. Sol called out "What am I doing today Dro?" and, much to his surprise, he was told he could do whatever he wished for the day so long as he fed Drakae before bed. As the incandescent light of the morning sun had just broke through the canopy surrounding their abode, Sol knew he would have to do something for the day but nothing too tiring as he wanted to be

prepared for the next day's training. He chose to head out into the village through the woods.

As he walked out his back door he saw the training field his brother would not let him use, he walked past it in order to get into the forest area he had familiarised himself with since they had inhabited the local area. As he passed Drakaes cage under the extremely large birch tree he thought about what he would do today, he knew so very few people in the village because he wasn't really allowed to talk to people and he may have beat up one of the village watch when he was nine because they tried to confiscate his staff. As his feet instinctively followed the path that he had walked so many times he allowed his mind to wander. He thought of the fact he was going to be receiving a sword in three months. The fact he was going to start true training. Then his thoughts went back further, he thought of his life for the past three years, how when he and his brother arrived they were not particularly well received by the villagers. Admittedly he may have been caught stealing a sack of potatoes from a cart by one of the village watch so it was partially his fault. The man was a trainee guard at the time, he tried to get Sol to return the bag to the cart but when the young orphaned Orpheus refused the guard chose to use force. The guard ended up with a laceration on his thigh and a fractured femur. He also was ejected from 'The Watch Academy', as it would have been bad for their reputation to have a 2nd year recruit beat to a pulp by a young elven boy.

Solomon Orpheus smiled to himself as the memory ran through his mind. He was too wrapped up in his own thoughts to notice one Aias Warwick throw his latest recruit - Adilet Eoghan - straight at the elf. When the rebellious peasant girl crashed into Sol they both crumpled to the snowy ground.

The impact had been sufficient to snap Sol from his nostalgic stupor and he looked up. Barely recognising the man who's career he had

butchered. 'What are the chances?' he thought. Following that he realised he only had the one staff now... and he had the extra weight of his new coat... he would be at a severe disadvantage if the man wished to fight... and seeing the way Jonathan was hefting his club he was fairly certain that a fight was coming...

The Haikus of Hope and Despair

Creativity
It causes hope and despair
Blame society

Imagination
Is shows the light and the dark
Confusion awaits

We hunt our monsters
But we are monsters ourselves
There is no winning

Let us know magic
To aid our youth we need the
Supernatural

Children have but hope
But they do scare easily
They can cause despair

Hope is just naïve
Those that despair are just weak
One must have a mix

If love conquers all
What happens if two loves clash?
It is a paradox

Darkness will consume
Anger and hatred will rule
But they'll be alone

Hunger is evil
An imperfection of life
And so we must eat

The internet is
Making people forgetful
We are gonna die

Limitations will
End up making me angry
Let me be a god

Those with no limitations
Would have to get quite bored
Would it be worth it?

Freedom is a lie
So might be all your beliefs
Just let that sink in

Society will
Crush all of your hopes and dreams
Support anarchy

Why do scars vary?
Some are bright, some are just not
Life is confusing

Frames of mind are odd
They make you act all crazy
So does emotion

We learn different
We should remain different
The system's flawed

If I were a dog
I would not be able to write
Alas I'm no dog

This is a haiku
It has only got three lines
Poetry is odd

For this English course
One can do non-fiction work
The title is wrong

If I met a dwarf
Then I would likely feel tall
It's all perspective

I used to be a
Dragon but I got cursed
Now I'm but a man

If you got eaten
By a very large fly trap
You would likely die

Chalices are not
Meant to be used as a food
That is obvious

When you have a new
Job. You should work very hard
Until you're fired

Gaming is easy
To become addicted to
One must use their will

Why did monkeys lose
Their tail in evolution?
Surely it just helps?

When I was a boy
I did not know all that much
I still don't know much

At this point in time
It is 3:15 P.M
And now it is not

I wonder if pigs
Will ever manage to fly
Telekinesis

My brother is an
Annoying fool and should leave
Yet he just won't go

Inspiration
Can be found in odd places
Like in one's elbow

A portable pen
Is a very useful pen
Pens on chains cause grief

A mouse matt is for
Computer mice, not fur ones
Why are they both mice?

Education can
Can cause great despondency
Think of uni costs

University
Why is it hard to get in?
It makes misery

Dreams can mean great hope
Nightmares cause a dark despair

Dream catchers are cool

Creative writing

Poems and a short story

This may be the end