


**A Young Wizard's
First Journal**



**A Useful Record of
Experiences & Discoveries
for the
Beginning Apprentice**

The student of
magic should
record here
important events,
observations,
and disasters.

Only diligent
study of past
mistakes brings
advances towards
ultimate spiritual
awareness and a
lucrative career
as a wizard.

Svending, 23rd of Lombasa

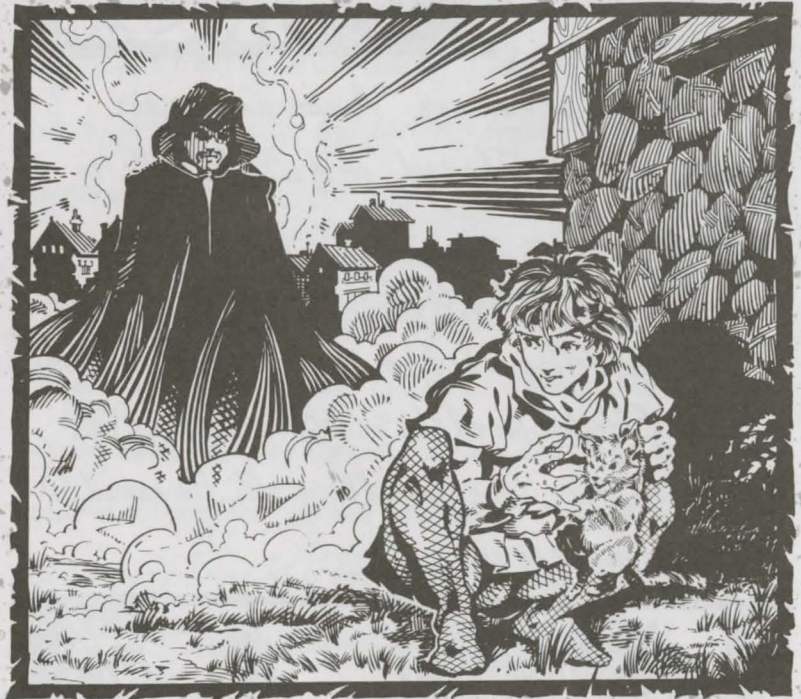
There should be more bleeding cats around here. Innkeepers and cooks chase them — wretched children play tricks on them — not to mention dogs and even wolves! The cats in Fairhaven should look like soldiers after a bad loss.

But they are all healthy, at least the ones I have chased down. HOW am I supposed to practice this new Heal spell? I almost worked up the nerve to twist one fat tom's leg when I thought no one was looking, but Drek (grrrr!!) was waiting to catch me.

He appeared in that same cloud of smoke he always uses. It smells like sweat, like he does, but worse. (It's from all those potions.) Of course he jumped to conclusions when he saw me with the cat, and he swore he'd tattletail to Master Eldritch if I didn't let it go.

*So I did, and then Drek laughed and chased off the cat with a fireball! Then he laughed and disappeared again. I wish he would disappear **FOR GOOD**.*

When I told Master Eldritch I hadn't found a subject for my Heal spell, he said, "an apprentice should be more resourceful. Take your fellow student Drek as your example." And then, as punishment, he wiped the Silence spell from my book! After all that trouble I had finding it! I should have used it on Drek while I still could!



Turnday, Lombasa 24th

I decided to be more resourceful by buying some cat food to lure the cats. I went to Master Eldritch for some money,



but he wouldn't give me any. "A wizard relies on citizens' generosity," he said, "or if all else fails, on thievery."

He was probably thinking of that time a farmer in Fairhaven Valley asked him to clear a field of tooth-beetles. Eldritch lured the insects out with a Redolent Decoy potion, then flamed them all. He named 30 gold pieces as his price.



The farmer said he couldn't afford it, so Eldritch left.

But he snuck into the farmer's house later, under a cloak of invisibility, and rooted around until he found a pouch of 50 gold pieces under a mattress. "The other 20 I took as interest," he told me.

With Master Eldritch's example in mind, I borrowed a vial of adamantite dust from his laboratory. I was sure he wouldn't mind. It's such pretty, sparkly stuff that I hated to use any of it, but I only needed a pinch for invisibility, and another pinch for a few demon images.

I couldn't work anything on a farmer, since they're all poor from the drought this year. But Mayheco, the bartender at the Crystal Goblet, is a warty loat, so I went in and started knocking over some chairs and bottles. When that got everyone's attention, I brought in the demon images. People SCREAMED! Mayheco just about tossed his beer bottles.

IT WAS GREAT!

I was waiting for the moment to become visible and happen along to perform a convenient exorcism for a price. But then this tall, spooky-looking, bald man with weird eyebrows wandered in, took a look around, said "images" — I heard him — and waved his hand in a *Dispel*.



Poof! All the illusions gone, and my invisibility too! Good thing I was crouching behind a counter. "Minor prank," was all the weird man said to their questions. Then he asked for a tankard of stout. I managed to leave while everyone was looking at him.

I told Master Eldritch about it later (leaving out the bit about the adamantite dust). All he said was, "That's Xavier. We'll have to do something about him someday." He was so preoccupied with the story that he forgot to penalize me another spell for not Healing a cat.

Spawnday, 1st of Vorntchik

They wanted resourceful? I gave them resourceful! I used a little more adamantite dust for another spell of invisibility, stole some cat food from the merchant's, and set it out in a forest clearing. I figured the cats in the woods were probably in worse shape than the ones in town.



But that lousy Drek followed me again! From the forest I watched him appear above the food.

He was cackling in that scrawny, chicken-cluck way he has, and he poured some kind of potion over the food. What a stink. It took me a moment to recognize it—Redolent Decoy.

I was about to rush out and jump him, when this stampede of forest animals just about killed me! Every beast for a mile around made a beeline for that potion. There were deer and rabbits and I think I saw a bear! Good thing I was invisible. But even over the growls and squawks, I still heard Drek laughing.



I barely dodged a charging buck, but I dropped the vial of adamantite dust. It hit a squirrel. All that dust, enough for a platoon of soldiers, but unshaped by a spell—all soaking into one little brown squirrel!

I'm surprised the squirrel didn't explode right away. Eldritch said later anything could have happened, and he wasn't surprised when I told him what did. That squirrel grew bigger than a young dragon. Must have been 30 feet at the shoulder.

The squirrel charged into the clearing, snapping tree limbs like twigs, brushing aside deer and bears with its tail, heading right for the Redolent Decoy. Drek was laughing, but when he saw that squirrel barreling toward him, he looked like he'd swallowed a beehive! The squirrel's tail bopped him right out of the air and onto the ground, where he got trampled by a couple of goats! It was GREAT!



The squirrel never stopped. It grabbed the potion and stampeded into the forest. Of course, moving the Decoy deactivated it. That sent all the animals screaming back into the forest. Drek was in fairly bad shape, so I started to drag him back to town.

Then I remembered Master Eldritch saying, "an apprentice should be more resourceful. Take your fellow student Drek as your example." So I did!



The Heal spell worked pretty well, all things considered. Drek complains about the, ah, robust hue of his skin, but Master Eldritch says that will wear off in a few days. And now Drek smells better—exactly like a bushel of roses.

Eldritch congratulated me on my resourcefulness. Then he found out that I lost all the adamantite dust, so he wiped my entire book of spells! Says he's going to give me an assignment tomorrow that should put me in the way of plenty of new ones. I can already guess what that is.



