

Tales of the Stormthrower

Esmiralda: Falling out

Dreams of a normal school life withered away when she saw her next assignment. She had to go high into the mountains to join a new group of students, weaving air. The ultimate prize of this course was learning to fly. Not actually like a bird, but enhancing your every move using the air to enable you to jump many meters, leaving some to again catch you. The training in this class however was somewhat radical.

A sign with her name steered her into the arms of her teacher for the next few months and was taken to meet the group as she was last to arrive. However small it was it should be the best on offer. The two other girls both were wearing the same type of clothes, though looking totally different. They came from the same starter course, learning in the big city in the east. The four boys all came from different schools and were sent here simply for being the best of their year.

The room they were in, normally one of the high service lounges was closed for its regular public and class started as soon as she had shaken the last hand. They all got brown cloth to work with and saw their teacher weave air to style his piece into a useful set of shirt and trousers. Saw him fold and hold the cloth. Cut small strips and stitch with them the other pieces into a garment. They got the whole day, but we're only allowed to leave this room in the brown cloth or in nothing.

A big sigh ran round the room none had ever made any form of garment. She however had seen the fairies make their dresses countless of times so she started to practice cutting the cloth with air, found out how to strip of threads instead. Visualized the fairies making their thread and wove some air in the process to give it a hint of color. Saw her classmates following her every move, so showed off the process and helped them get their thread. In return one of the boys gave a quick class in cutting and to the amazement of her teacher she started cutting a big part of the cloth in tiny oval shaped pieces and sewed them into an elegant dress showing off her figure in fairy style. Tried it on and then thought of their coming training and cut lots more of the oval shapes strengthening her dress, wove some air into the seams of the outer layer and still had enough time to improve on her work, but would not, knew it would tear more easily if she made it longer. Instead she used the time to cut a long piece of cloth abducted stitched it so she could use it as pouch. Then held it in front of the window to weave some golden sunlight into the dull brown cloth and draped it around waist and shoulders.

All walked out of the room fully clothed, impressing their teacher. Of course the boys deemed trousers and shirt enough and only after long discussion with them three girls had made them a bit more elegant. Still it looked so much better than what some earlier classes had fabricated. With a group photo the class ended and they were booked into the airport hotel for the night.

The next morning started early, with their breakfast set ready in the small propeller powered transport plane. Just before it lifted off from the airport, carrying their teacher, his seven students, an attendant of the airplane company and lots of supplies. High up in the airplane the big door slid open and were told to push out the supplies, each got a parachute and got the assignment to experience the airflow first-hand.

None complained, had all tried it earlier. One after the other they dove into void, making themselves as wide as possible, with their heads pointing towards the three white snowy peaks, they shot through the air trying to feel the airflow as their teacher had instructed them. She had no idea what he meant, but enjoyed it none the less. Got to the point they needed to deploy their parachute and after imprinted the sloped hills, steep cliffs, waving trees on sunny parts of the hills and quiet pines in the shadow. Followed the trail the little stream made in the forest up to the blue point of a lake the stream was originating from. Searched for their supplies floating below them and found their designation on a high rocky cliff, covered with grass. Steered her parachute for it and just made it onto the cliff, sad to turn in her skydive overall as it was probably the last proper garment she would see for a long time.

As they were waiting for one boy who overshot the grassy rock to be picked up they got a lesson in compressing air. Taking hold of some and pushing it into an immovable object. Thought about their past lessons and picked up a chair to jump off trying to cushioning her fall by using their new learned magic. Felt some lift and tried again and again, learning from each other's triumphs to find they were indeed thrown off the cliff to practice their magic.

Not willing to risk the lives of their students to much, they were started of low, only a few meters above the valley floor and gradually moved up. She soon found out pushing air into air made you spin and slowly build up a screen she could ly on, surfing the air. Had to perfect her surfing technique before she was permitted to jump off the top of the cliff.

Formed her screen before jumping, let it glide as she had done earlier, kept on top of it and surfed the draft rising against the cliff. Every now and then letting go of it, pushing air to circle back to the cliff wall, felt the screen beneath her diminish, grappled hold of the screen again, but got surprised by a sudden gash of wind toppling her, losing the screen, falling ever faster, she pushed air to brake, pushed more when she slowed down and landed softly in ten nets held by the teacher's assistant. Panting heavily, like she had just climbed the cliff ten times she sat down intending to just watch for a while.

Days passed by and all seven had found different styles of weaving air. All just as effective. The girls had an edge in this style of magic. The nights were long, with nothing to do, the three girls were helping each other in sowing, stitching and weaving pieces of cloth enough fast amounts of thread into ever intricate dresses for them to wear. Weaving threads of air into screens was very similar to their evening pastime, learning to hold the magic instead of just bursting it out in front of them, using their arms and legs to bind the strands, making the screens strong enough to use as parachute, while still having their limbs free to use for steering purposes.

With the boys struggling to master this kind of magic they got the morning off to practice on their own and found themselves on the top of the waterfall floating around in the water heavy air and cutting the screen to dive into the cool refreshing blue pond below, hoping they would finally the part of magic that afternoon that would make the ascent back to the a bit easier. The afternoon however were spent by weaving air ever faster, using your fingers to make the patterns. Creating screens almost instantaneous.

On their last run that morning she apparently made a mistake in the weave and felt the screen slowly unwind around her wrists. Cut it, not to get entangled in it and used a burst of air to cushion her fall, used her fingers automatically and was shot up in the air instead. Had time to spare now and quickly wove a new screen and floated down towards the pond and her two friends.

They said nothing at their lessons that afternoon and almost ran to the waterfall the next morning. Floated down into the pool and started practicing giving small bursts of air to jump into the air, make a few somersaults and dive back into the water, always fine-tuning the amounts of burst. Forgetting the time they bounced up the slope bumping into their teacher and the boys. Stammering excuses for being late they had to show off their skills for the lessons that afternoon, getting the boys up to date on jumping into the air.

One morning the three girls were taken for a track around the forest by their teacher. Jumping down cliffs, blasting over hills until they came to a small parking lot with a red station wagon on it. Saw their teacher steering for it and were whisked away to the airport to rerun their first jump without any help this time.

They decided to take the plunge together and floated down the first part holding hands, being more stable and only let go to use the bursts to steer them towards the cliff, their temporary home was standing on.

Floating in mid air was unfortunately something completely alien compared to the protected cliffs of the pool. With the wind freely playing with their screens, they had to let go way soon and struggled to regain control against it. She remembered to have seen paragliders soar through the air and made a screen much closer to her body, actually using her waist as well as her limbs to weave it around. Spreading arms and legs to soar and using a swimming motion to give bursts of air to propel her through the sky.

Searched for her friends, who jumped every now and again higher up, to make their journey against the wind. Floated towards them and got them to make a screen like hers. Together they swam through the winds and reached the cliff without problem only to make the track for another jump.

Finally one day after another track towards the airport they were given back their bags. Taken into custody at the beginning of their course. Had to say goodbye to the boys answered each given an airplane ticket and a nice piece of paper declaring them capable air weavers. She hugged the other girls and went home wearing her self-made dress shining like the golden sun with pride.

The end.