

Alexandra: First Spark
Tales of the Stormthrower

She stared out over the everlasting plains, hoping the grass would start to move on the rhythm of some groovy beat, or a tree would appear out of thin air. A cloud crashing down from the sky would make a nice diversion either. Anything but these lessons she had heard so many times. The great mages of the crown thought she had the abilities to gain expertise in many of the magical diversities taught to the young elves. So finally in a class with children of her own age, she was on her fifth version of the impact of magic onto nature.

Only once she had laughed till she cried, as the teacher showed them some common misconceptions, going horribly wrong, destroying the teachers stand into small toothpick like splinters. The teachers after, current speaker included, did not have such an imagination, and if you would quiz the attending students you would probably get a better result on the amount of leaves on the tree, protecting them from the sun.

She lifted her spirit, satisfied as the ending of a long monotone warning was brought to them in the form of pictures, portraying exactly what it was they were not going to study, and smiled at the disappointment of her classmates trying to figure out who would be whisked away to the infirmary first, after trying what looked so very simple on one of the resident mages. She still remembered hanging down from a big branch. Thought she was just supposed to copy what the teachers did, and after accomplishing that, actually was showing off. Even if it was a little bit. The bigger kids struggling to get the basics, however showed their frustration, so even if she could do the spells portrait on paper, she would be done with the basics faster by absorbing what was said and done, and just look an average student.

A young mage entered their class, and helped clearing away what few furniture was there in the first place, and got everyone's attention with a big exploding fireball. Still dazzled by his looks she had to drag her attention to his hands, showing how to kindle a small spark. Did the exercise a few times in her mind, than focused her gaze on the three cute boys in front of her. Looked at their hands following their every move, finally choosing the example generating hot water instead of the spark.

Changed her smile into the shyest elf she could muster, and gave a small yelp after producing steaming water. As with the boys, the class laughed and she sat on the floor quickly secretly checking out every possible deviation to the theme, set out by the apprentice. Trying them all, and finally performing it right with a look of desperation. One of the girls came sitting next to her, asking her to do it again, and again until she was able to do it too. Giving them time join into the gossip corner, requesting all the dirt on the apprentice.

Looking surprised when you keep track of all magic action was a challenge, but she managed to mimic her friend to a certain degree when a spark exploded above their heads. Their teacher had thought it necessary to get all attention especially the two girls with their head up in the clouds. They were all lined up, and on command were supposed to perform the spark. Her friend and she managed some nice almost unnoticeable sparks, getting them off the hook for this round. Was pinched when she kept looking down the line. Just in time she adjusted and again managed a spark as the apprentice demanded a rerun.

The end of the class was heralded, when they all had to light the biggest spark they could think of. So she got herself dismissed as average, watching the high achievers and showoffs, light flames instead of sparks. Saw one make a mistake on his finger movements and automatically send a splash of water to protect him from the upcoming inferno. Apologized a thousand times for being so clumsy, and off course she and her neighbor had to stay late for talking and giggling in class.

With a death stare, the ignorant boys left the class, not knowing what they had been spared from. The apprentice kept talking to the boy, gotten wet, and when all other students were out of

sight, pushed him in front of the teacher. Showed him what it was he had been weaving. Quenching the inferno, he asked the boy again to create the biggest spark he dared to show.

Being more careful the boy made smaller gestures, still making the same mistake, burning the hairs from his arms and hands. This time welcoming her shower, leaving class and some meaningless apologies.

Turning to her and her friend, they both were asked to make a decent size spark. She sighed and offered a nice shower of sparks, ending in a decent explosion from her counterpart. Shaking his head the teacher offered them a place in the advanced group. She muttered, had just learned how to make a spark, hot boiling tea, exploding ice, not to mention the hot inferno, but in the end, agreed to come the next day and attend the advanced class.