

Wordcount: 1100

**Alexandra: Keeping it a secret**  
**Tales of the Stormthrower**

## I

Just a small editorial in the newspaper: Due to domestic violence a house in a London suburb has been shut of by the metropolitan police. The house was burned to cinders with not much left but a few parts of some inner walls. No casualties has been found yet.

Neighbors heard little that night. Some, coming in late at night, thought they had seen some flashes of light, but that was all. It was only when the house exploded they became aware something was really amiss. One can only speculate what happened in the house that night.

The resident was a 26 years old female, living alone. “She kept much to herself, traveled a lot, but was such a sweet girl. I cannot believe this has happened to her. She did nothing wrong as long as she lived here.” according to one of the locals.

Early in the night she had a weird distinct feeling something was wrong. So much she had packed her stuff in her traveling bag and lay on the couch in her traveling clothes. Living the live she lived, you get attuned to danger, but here in the human world. Was she getting paranoid?

She heard the shriek of the top window. The intruder was good. She hadn't heard the thump of feet landing on the roof. Thanking the insight of staining the window hinges, till they made some noise. She scanned the house and the near surroundings, watched for changes, something out of place from one instant to the other, smiled at the image of the family of mice living in her basement, but counted three mages. One upstairs. Two just outside. A surge of magic on both ends of the house meant they were just now picking the lock with some air. Got ready en wove some nets in the living room. Knew all drapes had been closed, as she did every night, just to have no secret onlookers when she practiced her magic to stay sharp in periods she was not at work.

A second surge of magic blasted a part of the inner wall towards her, creating an opening to the hallway. Just jumped out of its path and used wind to move the floating nets a few yards over, caught the mages when they entered the room and watched them burn off the incantation sticking to them as a result. Blew small fireballs into the room, catching them with whirlwinds, making them slowly close in on the mages. So close they managed to take over one, using it to destroy the others. Conjuring up a screen to divert the blast in her direction. She let it burn up in one of the protecting nets she had put around herself, just stepped through the raging heat, used it to heat up a new twister, a bigger one. Let it rip through the ceiling just

above the mages and watched them sidestep the rubble just picking up her incantation nets as the twister destroyed the rest of the ceiling, circling back to her. Used up precious time to yank out the connecting wires of the web running the twister, rendering it too weak to destroy, slowly dying out. Used the remnants of it to push off.

Standing on the landing of the first floor she quickly pushed some fireballs with some incantation nets in between them, kept the mages busy, while checking her options. Fleeing now would leave a half burned house, with too much to tie her in some kind of investigation. Killing three elf mages was, besides very messy, absolutely no option, considering the pretty advanced state of the forensic science in the human world.

Slowly tearing down the floors and inner walls and directing the remains towards the mages she opted for the third option. Limiting their possibilities to attack as she tore down the roof.

Three gusts of wind catapulted the mages towards her. Standing on the high ground she used fire screens to block their advances, bashing them down to ground level. Making them bolt themselves through the space that once was her house to gain a higher vantage point than her, unwillingly picking up more of her incantation nets, having to stomach them in fear of losing more than only this fight.

The mages grown used to her defenses and finally managed to get one of them onto the little ledge, left of the second floor. With fire and wind they hacked at her foothold, slowly chipping away at it until it collapsed, leaving her stranded in mid air. Standing on a twister she slowly descended to ground level, watching the ledge, weakened by her much earlier, give in, just after its attendant jumped down joining his peers.

With the house safely in pieces she bolted through the space picking up the loose ends of all the incantations spread over the mages, yanking the resulting spell in place, leaving them unable to use magic for a while. Began forming a huge ball of ice in the middle of the room, pushed the three towards the back door, started a slow moving whirlwind, added fire and heated the air some more with a firestorm. Put out some nets to hem in the whirl and added some ice to let it shrink over time as the ice melted. Picked up her stuff, wove a net over her, making her invisible. Followed the mages out the back door and left them to their own, circling the house.

Walking down the road, saying goodbye, in her mind, to all the kind people. Crouched when the fire and ice merged, looked over to see the walls tumbling down in the resulting explosion and went on wondering who would benefit of this and why they would risk angering a high elf mage.

The morning after, the fire specialist asked the sergeant if he would accept a gas explosion in the house. Since he had found nothing that would indicate any body or remains was there to find, he could give a guess of what had happened here, but would rather not. The sergeant lowered his voice and asked to try anyway and agreed after hearing, inner walls and ceiling where torn to pieces like paper, roof collapsed by air sucking it down and outer walls flattened in a explosion of what seems just air and fire, that a gas explosion would fit just nicely on the report paper.

The end