

The story of Cedus Mesatjs



A tale of Ayrin Greenflag

The story of Cedus Mesatjs

The Story of Cedus Mesatjs



It was an autumn night, we were in the black swamps, and we had just avoided an encounter with a swamp Worm (a carnivorous creature, fifteen steps long). After a full day's walk, we were exhausted, legs painful from the continuous effort. My mind was wandering among the shadows that divide reality from the otherworld. A voice distracted me from my pain.

“May I disturb you, *manahir*?”

It was Cedus Mesatjs speaking, one of my travelling companions, a cleric of Shilman, God of War. He turned toward me with an ancient elf word of respect. This seemed very curious to me. He was a diffident character, and selfish, but was certainly a capable fighter, and much helped by his god. But courtesy surely wasn't his strongest point. He nodded and moved closer to me. I waited patiently for him to start talking, but he seemed hesitant, so I pressed him.

“What can I do for you?”

“I don't know.”

The story of Cedus Mesatjs

I was amazed to hear that assertion.

“You have travelled far on an adventure that could cost you your life.”

I agreed.

“Why?”

“When I decided to study magic, I knew that my life was never going to be quiet, and I hoped that my studies would served for a Great Cause. This is it.”

Cedus nodded, his eyes blank.

“For me, it was pure chance. I came back to Stonebridge since two days when I met you. I have long been far from home, and my mother wrote me letters asking when I would return. Later, a neighbour wrote to me. In her letter she told that my mother had fallen ill. Then I realised that my wanderings in the Wars have kept me for away too long.”

“What about your father?” I asked him.

“I never knew him. He went away before I was born. Then, when I was fifteen years old, I met a Cleric of Shilman and something in him attracted me to that God.”

“Did you leave with him?”

“Yes. He took me to a Temple of War, where I began the training.”

“I know that is very hard.”

He agreed. “Worse than any can imagine. There are mortal Tests to face, training in unknown

The story of Cedus Mesatjs

Disciplines. I don't know how many days I passed hanging from a rope head down, or balancing on tree trunks suspended over cracks, or facing rooms of death, or killing my comrades in deadly duels! A thousand times I thought to run away from the nightmare, that nothing could prevent me. Yet, something inside kept me there. Have you ever felt a Voice inside yourself, that goads you to continue, even when every sane advice seems to the contrary?"

"Yes, when I left my home to study Magic."

He smiled, and for one moment I could see his emotion, then it was gone again.

"I became a Cleric, and was given my first tasks. When my apprenticeship was complete, I began travelling around the world. I passed from one war to the next. I don't know how many men I have killed, and how many I have saved."

"In the end, when my neighbour's letter came, my convictions fell to dust. I locked away my weapons and armour in my chest, and I went back to Stonebridge. For a day and a night I tended to my mother, but it was too late, She didn't recover consciousness, and died.

After the funeral I went back home, what I should do. I prayed long for some sign, to show me the path."

"Then, when the alarm bell rang, and the Goblin Army arrived, I knew what I had to do. I unlocked

The story of Cedus Mesatjs

the chest, put on my armour, and took up my weapons.”

I remained silent after he had finished his story.

“At least now, if I should die in this quest, someone will know who I was and what I have done with my life.” He stood up.

“Thank you *manahir*.”

It took me a long time to fall asleep, images of Battles, and of deadly training, chased one another around my mind, until, finally, weariness overcame my resistance, and I slept.