

The Grey World

From above, the world of [Myra](#) looked much like any other world. Rivers, mountains, forests, and, of course, cities. Cities that covered roughly half of the arable land of Myra.

It hadn't always been like this - as [Will](#) called it, "a grey world". Long before it had been a world that was wild and free of this gloom. It was in those days still a very young world.

Until the [Arcanian Revolution](#), the world had long been home to what most people refer to as 'magic'. Those special powers were latent in nearly a third of the world's inhabitants and during the ages of antiquity had shaped many of the earlier kingdoms as empires.

As wars consumed the world in those older days, a small cabal of the magical elite began meeting with the other like-minded elites in the surrounding kingdoms.

Though a minority of the world's populace, these gifted families of magi landed upon a solution to the endless bickering and suffering of the common people. They formed a ruling aristocracy that would pull a single country into control of the entire world. Though at first it was intended for good, as time passed, power did what power does to great men and women across all times.

That had all been over a thousand years ago. All of those great families had since collapsed, corrupted, or been abolished over the spanning centuries. In fact, from Will's perspective, it was all so pointless. He hadn't been born into any of that. For all he had known was that his parents were of non-magi lineage, which meant he was only slightly more important than those who hadn't been gifted the magical talents.

People without magical aptitudes still lived in every corner of the world, but they all, in one way or another, paid homage to the magical elites and their grip on power.

There had, of course, been revolts. The details of which were unpleasant, to say the least. A few thousand or so repressed workers would rally for action, they would damage property, try to assault magi-elites in their homes, but were met with the inevitably response.

Few knew the horrible details, but those who weren't killed in the streets were arrested, tortured, and anybody associated with the uprising would be executed or exiled to the [Trans-Herridan Wall](#) - a virtual death sentence.

Will had always hated the system, but knew better than to voice his thoughts. That would have been dangerous. Instead, he simply kept his head down and tried to remain as harmless a person as possible. His studies helped in that; most hardly paid much heed to a non-elite magi, even if he was one of their most talented.

That was how all of this stood on the day before he found 'it'; something that would change Will's entire perception of the world and his life.

The night before there had been a fire shower in the Eastern Sky. It was common - usually space dust impacting on a city-wide barrier or discharges from the many generators that provided power to the cities.

Next day routines were like normal. He woke at dawn for practices, went through his morning

inspections, went to classes, had lunch, and then the daily exams. Not much changed on the whole. His academy was surrounded by a meter thick 'wall' to keep non-magi out. New students were transferred from other academies, while others were sent closer to the main nexus in the capitol city, [Thallius](#).

It was during his lunch that he chanced a quick walk around the ground. The ground felt good under his feet after the past several hours of standing and sitting on solid stone floors.

He might have missed it completely if there hadn't been just the slightest shift in the wind and sunlight that day. It was no bigger than his thumb; smooth and round in a way that there was a small scoop missing in the bottom center with specks of jet black speckled over the mostly turquoise surface.

The moment Will touched it; that was when everything changed forever...

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