

The Blind Warp

The living moon, Mist...

The first thing Will noticed when he woke up was that he was surrounded by green. "Trees!" he thought. Trees occupied every inch of the space around him. It was a strange thing. For a forest, Will didn't feel too uncomfortable at all. That was the instant the massive headache kicked in. Will let out a loud yell.

the sound echoed. "Odd," Will thought as his head ached again with angry pain. His head felt as if it had been split with an axe. He took several deep breaths and lay still for several minutes.

Sitting up, Will looked around. It appeared that he was in a deep ravine or valley as he was surrounded by hills on all sides. The delicate sound of flowing water could be heard from a short distance away. The ground was actually very soft as he picked up a handful of leaves and grass.

Up above the sky was a calm blue. the sun was almost directly overhead. In a distant part of his head, Will registered that he was no longer on The Grey World. The trees done were evidence of that. His world had scant few forests, at least on the continents he knew about.

Yet it was the sky that really mesmerized him. The clear, clean blue with puffy white clouds. Even though the sun was nearly blinding him, he enjoyed it's pristine openness. Open like a great wide endlessness.

It was several minutes before Will got up and looked for the stream. It was soft gurgling stream. When Will found it he took a few deep drinks. The cold, clear water took away most of his headache pangs.

"Did you have a long trip?" Asked a figure with salt-and-pepper hair and a dark red hat. As he approached he had a slight limp. Will reacted quickly in response to the voice. He grabbed his staff but the headache caused him to wince in pain.

"Hold there, my boy. I mean you no harm." The figure said in his slightly gravelly tones. The voice sounded sincere, so Will relaxed his guard as the steps came closer.

Will turned to look for the source of the voice, but was a bit shocked to see a man dressed in full robes like he had seen in the old history books.

Yet there were no insignias or signs of rank. In fact there was nothing very grand or special about them. he looked very much like a normal person except for the very sure sign that he too was a magi.

In his left hand, he carried what looked like a cross between a cane and a staff. However it was too long to be the former and too short to be the latter.

Will slowly got up. his joints weren't as sore as he expected. Thinking about it, his arcane skills had likely taken the brunt of the magical transaction. To be sure, he was fairly sure he'd done what no other magi on his world had ever done: teleported to some place on a different world.

The man walked closer. As he moved, Will noticed the man had a slight limp on his left leg. Perhaps the reason for his special staff. "How do you feel? A bit jarred, I suppose." The man said.

"yeah, my head really hurts. Where am I?"

“Well, as far as I know, this is the moon, [Mist](#), circling over the world of [Ged](#).”

Will had never heard of these places, but given that he only knew of the planets surrounding his own world, there was a good chance he'd been transported a fair distance across space.

“Where might you be from, if I may ask?” asked the man.

“I'm from Myra.”

“Hmmm, can't say I've heard of it, but I guess if you came from off planet that makes both of us outsiders here. I came from Ged, but somehow arrive here in a similar fashion as you.”

“Perhaps introductions are in order,” the man said with a lively flourish. “My name is [Hiram September](#). I am a Chromo-Magi, or a time wizard by layman terms. Who might you be?”

“My name is Will. I'm a third rank magi on my world.”

“What is a third rank? Do you belong to the army or something?”

It would be short to say that both of these people had many questions to ask each other over the course of the next several moments. Neither having ever heard of where the other had come from, as well as the numerous differences in their cultures and backgrounds.

For the next hour, both exchanged questions, answers' nd explanations about their home worlds.

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