

This is an alternate version of Will's merge to Earth. It should be later merged into the main draft of the story...

As Will managed to his feet, his 'hangover' seemed to subside a bit. Distracting his mind and body, it seemed, eased the burden.

He was definitely in a park of some kind: lots of trees and taller bushes but he could see manufactured pathways and the noise of a city could just be heard outside the forest. "It's a world of industry," he thought.

The weather was cool enough he was glad he had long sleeves, although the sunlight flickering through the canopy alleviated any chill. There were no buds or flowers so he gathered it must be the end (rather than the beginning) of the warm season. This world was too blue and clear to have trouble maintaining it's seasons.

"I wonder what snow might be like!" Will mused.

"Time for a bit of exploring. Find my bearings and see what's around."

Will moved in the direction where he could see manmade paths. He had to squeeze around a few shrubs to get into a clearing. Thankfully, whatever power was pulling him had landed him in a discrete place. "At least," Will thought, "I don't remember directing it."

In the open, he could see people out enjoying their day. A man with his dog for a jog along a smaller path; a younger couple enjoying each other's company on a bench; an older man with a cane gazing over a small pond with ducks... "Cloaks don't appear fashionable. Maybe I can say that I'm just traveling. Hiram seemed to understand that."

Will was still under the tree's canopy, so he moved along the jogging path from whence the man and dog had preceded. It was strange being here. Will was torn between his habit of avoiding and fearing unknown people (something necessary on [Myra](#)) and his natural desire to learn and progress. He had a new kind of personal freedom and didn't quite know how to use it yet.

He had enough clarity now to know with certainty that he was the only magi on the planet. This place was not devoid of the basic energy his magicks relied on; rather it felt as if that energy was in a perfect, undisturbed pool with no ripples. Magicks might have been used long ago. If they were, it was long enough that none of the echos remained. He would hat to disturb such beauty now, but it gave him some confidence to know that was available. Will wasn't drawing too much attention, so his stride became more confident. Never again would he have to deal with the paranoia and fear of his grey home. "On this world, at least, I'll choose to trust," he thought.

As Will neared the edge of the wooded park, he approached an intersection. The gravel path he was on ended abruptly at a path of large, flat, off-white stones. The street was a large single-layered hardened tar amalgam. His technical mind was amazed that such industrious work could be done without magick. On Myra, they didn't use incantations to lay concrete or asphalt, but the energy running the steam powered machinery was fire and ice magicks while much of the 'heavy lifting' was done with things like air spells and enchantments.

As he knealt down and leaned forward to inspect the pavement, he felt a strong pull on his shoulder and,

at the same time, heard a loud horn from a machine that passed quickly through the space he was about to occupy. He fell backward from the pulling. His eyes had closed as the horn and the fast motion had prompted his hangover to rage again.

“Whoa, buddy! You alright? You almost had your head taken off!” came from a comforting female voice with just a twinge of annoyance. *Mom, is that you?*

Her hand was now gently resting on his shoulder above his chest. As he opened his eyes he saw her looking down over him. Her brown eyes were filled with concern, which was not something Will had seen often.

“Did you have a rough night?” she asked, still concerned for his wellbeing.

“What?” he asked, not understanding the question.

“You look hungover. Don't worry about it. We've all been there.”

“Uh... I've been traveling,” Will said as his hand braced his head attempting to push the headache away.

“Oh yeah!? I heard comic-con was this weekend. What character are you?”

“Character?” Will looked down at himself and tried to think up something that a non-magi might have seen, “I'm an... illusionist.”

“Neat! Look, there's a coffee shop just across the road. Do you want to grab a cup of coffee? It might help that hangover. My treat!”

Sure... end.

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