

The Spellbook's Attitude



The Spellbook's Attitude

Dewin was in a dilemma. It wasn't the sort of dilemma like being out of candles or needing sugar for his cup of tea. It was a problem of a much grander scale and it was stopping him from leaving the cave, his wizardry home of many years. "I am sure she is off somewhere else just to Spite me," Dewin muttered. "Never around when truly needed. I don't know why I let her stay." All of these thoughts went through his mind as he tried to figure out what he was going to do. He knew he needed to solve this problem before he could be out searching for the Wish Dragon.

The 'she' Dewin was referring to was the magical little Spite (not sprite ~ but Spite) he had found. It had been on that day when he and the village he had been walking through was magically wished into this unknown Realm by a Wish Dragon. The Dragon (he later learned), had landed on a mountain peak overlooking the village. The stupid thing hadn't even thought of his weight before the peak started to crumble and slide towards the village. Yes, he knew the



Dragon hadn't meant to hurt anyone (for supposedly they never do) but just like that -- without another thought, the Dragon rocked the wizard's world. The Dragon (he found out later through the Bee-Gs) hadn't thought of anything else other than to take everyone somewhere safe. Home was the safest place to the Dragon and the first place that popped into his mind. Being a Wish Dragon, all the Dragon had to do was think of taking everybody home and that is how Dewin and the Village on the Wall arrived in the Realm of Wymsey. At first Dewin was busy trying to figure out where he was and what the heck had just happened when he ran into the little Spite. She seemed to have adopted him because after they first met she was forever following him around from that moment on. But, as Dewin had muttered, a Spite was never around when they could be of some use. Today was another one of those times.

As Dewin paced from one end of the cave to the other, he continued to muse on his conundrum. "How do you put a spell on a spellbook?" he asked himself. That was the question causing Dewin so many problems. His journal book, which was not exactly a spellbook (like a witches or warlocks), was also not just a journal of his adventures either. It was a collection of sorts. His book was filled with spells and incantations (which could be said) had come from what he had learned or discovered over the years as he searched for a way home (but Dewin would never admit to it). But his journal book also held a treasure of the many secrets of the universe and stars that he had divined in his search



for the Wish Dragons. Now there are many magicks a wizard will commit to memory usually those needed in an instant. For example, spells of self-defense or aid were needed immediately while the calculations of stars and the more involved incantations like communicating with an inanimate object (rocks sometimes do have good stories to tell) are normally put down in a journal book to be remembered.

When Dewin first entered the Realms on a wish of a Dragon, his journal book was easily able to fit into his travel bag or within one of the pockets of his robe. That was many years ago and long before his travels began within the Realms as he tried to find his way back home. Now his journal book was much larger than two trunks. After all, magic does have size and mass in many forms, which made his journal such that it would require two strong trolls to even push it across the room. Even more trolls would be needed to lift it up from the granite floor of the cave. It was not the physical effort of someone taking the book that bothered him though. The weight could easily be overcome by magic, but he was now back to the basic problem. How to hide the spellbook and would it be willing to cooperate? For all things do take on a life of their own as they draw on the strength of those that possess it.



A simple glamour or charm would keep the non-magical beings away (those he already had used to make sure regular mice did not get into the book - magical ones were a different problem). The journal book even had a large lock on the cover keeping anyone from easily opening it or letting something get out of it if the book cover was lifted. Dewin knew that he needed something more to make absolutely certain it was safe if he was to leave it behind in the cave while he was out.



Earlier that morning as Dewin started to brew himself a cup of tea, he thought, "Maybe I need a creature to protect the journal." As the pot started to heat up (one did not waste magic on something as mundane as boiling water when it was just as easy to turn up the stove? Waste not-want not was his motto for magic wasn't endless. Besides it gave him a few minutes to think...). Dewin started listing what kind of creature would be good for this type of work. By the time the water was boiling, he realized that none of them would be able to protect his journal as well as he could. "Besides, who wants to feed and clean-up after a magical or non-magical beast anyhow," he decided. He really did prefer living on his own without having to watch over another or having to experience that annoying display of "caring" for something else.

Dewin had used magic to hide things before but he knew that those with the proper glamour ability could still see through the spell. Shrinking the journals had briefly entered his mind, but the

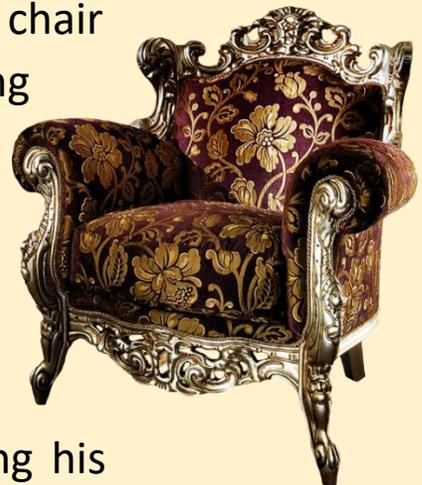
last time he shrank something magical it decided to stay that way. He never was able to convince it to grow back (thus the worlds now have miniature trees that did not exist before. That is the last time he would use the word "bonsai" and "tree" together). Even if they were only words on parchment, everyone knows that words have their own power. Once they enter a willing mind, the power can manifest in a number of uncontrollable ways. "No. I must be very careful if I am to enspell my magical book," Dewin knew.

"If nothing else, that little Spite would be good for telling me why my suggestions won't work," thought Dewin. That was one thing he had discovered about the Spite after all of these years. The little thing did love to laugh at him and then precede to tell him why not. The wizard could almost always count on whatever view he would present when coming up with an idea, the spite would say no and then make it sound so reasonable as to why it wouldn't work. A good example is the last time Dewin told the Spite that he was going to move a boulder in the cave that was annoying him. He had wanted it moved outdoors. The Spite proceeded to tell him all of the reasons why it shouldn't be moved. "Don't you remember you had just used it for a table last week? And to move it also will make a hole to where creatures could now come climbing through willy-nilly since you would have broken your own protection spell. I mean really," she smirked. "Do you have rocks in your head?"



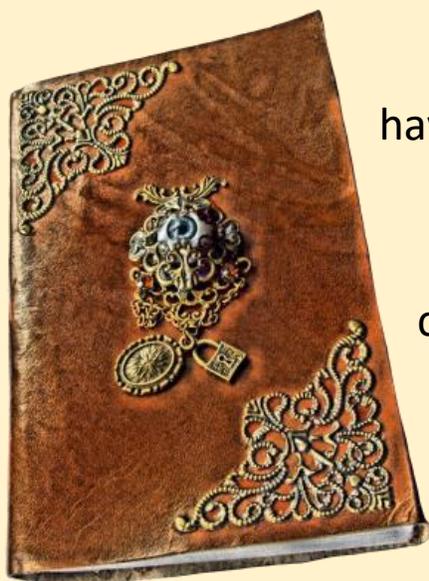
“So, what would the Spite tell me now?” Dewin mused. “She would probably begin with something like, ‘Don’t leave it behind’.” “Now why didn’t I think of that?” he laughed. So, taking the giant key from his belt, he opened the journal and starting looking for a way to ‘take the book with him’. After several hours, he had discarded most of the items within the journal as either not being enough of an answer (he could still loose the book) or too dangerous (he might never be able to re-open the journal). Slamming the book closed in disgust, he realized the day was almost over and he still was not anywhere closer to an answer.

Tired, and still unsure as to how to solve his dilemma, Dewin decided he was not making any progress and would go to bed. “Maybe something will come to me as I sleep.” During his slumber that night something did come to him, and when he woke in the morning, his plan was fully formed. He now knew what he must do. First, he set his favorite padded chair next to his journal. “No sense in being uncomfortable,” he thought. “This may take a while.” After having his morning meal and performing his daily grooming (a Wizard should always look his best), Dewin sat in the chair and proceeded to meditate, putting himself into a deep state of focusing his mind. Calling to the life force of his journal, he waited for it to respond. Dewin’s meditation was so complete that he did not know if he had waited only seconds for the response or if it had



been days before the journal decided to speak to him. Dewin then asked the journal what it desired, knowing the answer before it could respond. “To have a purpose,” was what it told the Wizard.

“I can give you that and more,” answered Dewin. “I have gathered all of the pieces that make you what you are now, but, I can add more if you will help me.”



“What more can you give? We already have much,” replied the spirit of the journal.

“I am searching for a great magical creature,” Dewin explained. “I don't dare leave you behind. You are the collection of all my magick and dreams and as such you have grown too large to be carried with me.”

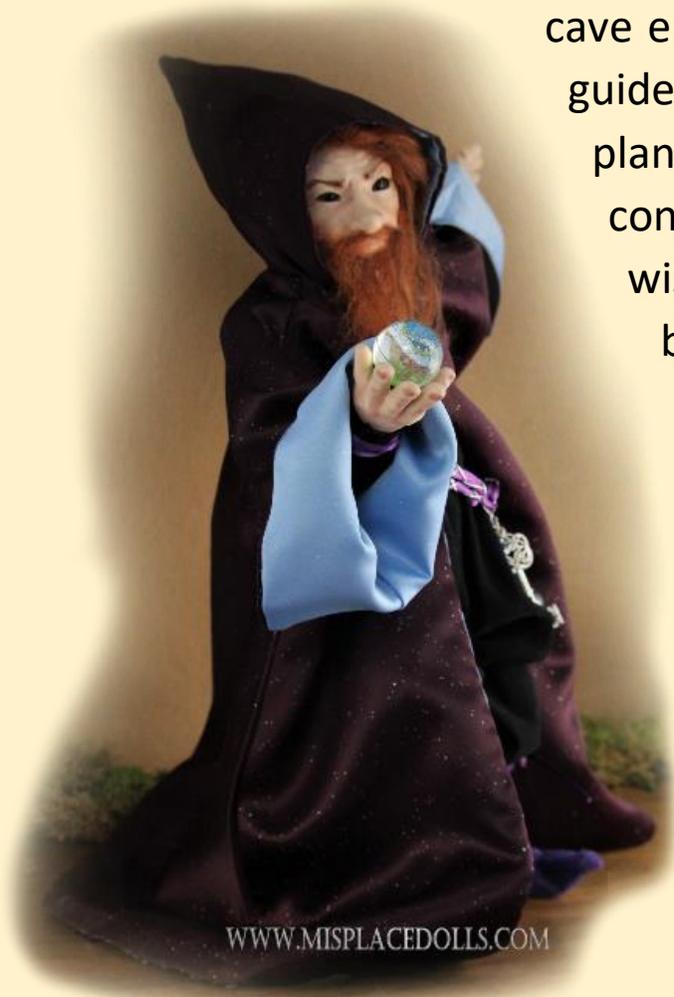
“We are willing to help you for we too want to feel the power of the Wish Dragon. Before you leave the cave, wrap us in a binding of honey and wax. This will seal the magic within a protective casing and keep all that is contained within safe. In the meantime, all that we are will travel to the Ether and stay until your return or when you call,” said the book. Now, Dewin knew of the Ether. It was



the place where magic was formed before appearing in the outside worlds but he did not know that magic could return to the Ether. This was the perfect hiding place! Before Dewin could agree, the journal continued speaking, "For this, you will give us the Dragon after you make your wish."

Surprised, Dewin was too startled at first to respond to the offer. "How did the journal know what I was doing and about the Dragon?" he wondered. "It doesn't matter," he realized. "The only thing that is important is that I have to convince the Wish Dragon to return me home. Since it was a Wish Dragon that got me here in the first place, a Wish Dragon is the only way I can return. I accept."

Opening his eyes, Dewin looked at the journal but now with a new understanding that it was more alive than he had thought. "I must be more careful around it," he decided. "I wonder why the honey and wax? I know that wax can be used to seal but why the honey?" Then he remembered what the Bee-Gs once told him. Everything is always better with a little honey. So now, with the main concerns about the journal finally taken care of, Dewin realized that today was as good as any day to leave the cave and start his own search for the young Dragon. For yes, he had heard through the Mushroom Line that many others were also out looking for this little Dragon.



As he started down the trail from his cave entrance using his crystal ball as a guide, he again worked through his plan on how he was going to convince the Dragon to grant his wish. Snickering, "Maybe I should bring along some honey with me. Either way I must make it believe that my wish to return is the only thoughts that are in my head."

Fini (or the end...)

[For more stories in the Realm of Wymysy](#)