

In a field next to a wood, a lonesome Wizard lived. Though, I shouldn't say he was lonesome at all. In fact, he had many neighbors. Rabbits, birds, foxes, and mice... even the flowers he called friends. He was the great Wizard of green nature and life. He could tell you everything about nature, and all about life. He would often say they go hand in hand. His magic could heal and make things grow... or it would go off on its own and make the lily frogs dance during the night. Life, such a silly thing! It's full of adventures and triumphs. Dancing, laughter, all the little things, too. But there is something that usually goes underappreciated. All things come to an end, whether we like it or not. And we call that very thing, "death". Death, it's no stranger to the Wizard who lived in the field, next to the wood. He knew it all too well, more than any human. Now, something you may or may not know about Magicians is that they nearly live forever. Just nearly.

The Wizard learned to know that his dear friend had passed when he saw the flock of ravens in his field. He and the Wizard of the East Island, of tranquility and peace, had been close friends. Long ago, they had settled the East Island together, before the humans renamed it "*Hummingbird Island*". The life of a Mage ending is rare. It is so rare that there is a mystical ceremony dedicated to the occasion. It's nothing ritualistic or cultish, good grief, among those who use magic, it's called the Day of Departure. The day of which a magical being leaves this world and goes on to another, presumably... At this gathering, it's said that all the Magicians of the land travel to where it is held: at the highest mountain, during the latest hour, when the moon shines bright, and the stars guide accordingly.

The next morning, the Wizard left, dressed kindly for the gathering, with nothing but a staff in hand. The staff holds the magic he is unable to embody, all Magicians have a vessel of the liking. Perhaps a ring or a necklace, a crystal that never gets lost, or maybe another staff. There was even a live toad used as a vessel, once. Anyway, the not-so-lonesome Wizard continued his way to the mountain. He passed by towns, rivers, villages. Fairies that lived in the Enchanted Valley. Now, the Enchanted Valley was a mistake made by a Great Sorceress. She cast a spell, intending to turn mushrooms in the barren valley into birchwood trees but instead caused a