
WIND CHARMS

CHAPTER ONE: DISPAIR

This world is filled with mystery. But what is this so-called mystery?

Children screaming, "Ah, I want to become a mage!" Tales of dragons echoing through the air, from ear to ear. The world is alive with magic. People work, they strive, they build—creating with the very essence of mana. But not Ahmed.

For the past hour, Ahmed has stood before a dull, grey rock. He isn't lost—he knows exactly where he is. He has been here before. But today, something is different. The weight of failure presses down on his chest, suffocating him.

Ahmed always felt this way—lost, out of place. Despair had been his constant companion. He could not even grasp the basics of magic, could not summon even the faintest trace of mana. To those around him, he was nothing more than a burden. The weakest hero, they called him. The one who failed.

And the most painful part was, it was not just the world that rejected him—it was his own mother. Her face, cold and hard, still haunted him. "You're worthless. You will never be a mage. Get out." Those words, sharp and final, had driven him to the edge of the forest, where he now stood, fists clenched, eyes red from crying.

Magic ruled this world, powered by mana—the energy that flowed through everyone, the lifeblood of this society. Every living being had some. But Ahmed? He had none. He was an empty vessel, a failure. His mother had made sure he knew that.

His hand slammed into the earth, his knuckles red with the force. He could barely breathe through the lump in his throat. Tears, unchecked, fell freely. How could his own mother turn on him like this? The world felt hollow, like he was slipping further and further away from reality. His mind, too, seemed on the verge of breaking.

The silence around him was deafening.

But then a sudden change a familiar voice, 'hey what are you doing here at this time of the day'. As soon as he heard the voice, he knew exactly who it was. It was his friend. He was not just a friend but a brother a brother like no other. Ahmed looked up to look at him, his eyes soaked with tears. But there was something different a slight relief, due to his friend's presence. His name was Joy boy. He was given this name because he always had a smile on his face. Ahmed rushed towards him, tears continuously rushing down his cheeks.

'What happened' asked his friend. Ahmed stood silenced his arms around joy boy's body. For a second it seemed like the voice from the air had vanished. But then Ahmed spoke 'why do I have to be like this, out of everyone in the world why me! why!!,' screaming his lungs out. A lot of people started noticing them and it was as if their eyes were daggers stabbed in the back 'You have to tell

me what happened if you keep crying like this you will soon be sick' said joy boy with concern in his voice. 'There is no point in living any more, it would be better if I had died,' said Ahmed. 'Maybe it would be better if we talked about this matter at my house,' joy boy said noticing the unpleasant stare of people walking by them.

CHAPTER TWO: AN UNEXPECTED SURPRISE

Ahmed noticed the situation, and wiped all the tears from where they fell. Joy boy, with his shirt soaked with Ahmeds sobbing, and Ahmed started walking towards Joy boy's house. Ahmed still looking down, scared to eye contact anyone. Joy boy was worried as this was the first time his friend had cried so much and he knew it was more than his inability to use magic.

Joy boys house was at the end of the village. His house was far enough to be away from the continuous chatters by the people but still not far to be isolated. They had finally arrived at the gate, the gate was made from two wooden doors connected together, that had a crack between them. They both entered, Ahmed finally raising his gaze.

'Now will you explain what happened or, you still want to cry' Joy boy said with an angry face.

'Auh, she said to get out' Ahmed said disgusted on himself. 'Who said that?' Joy boy said with confusion. Ahmed sat on the sofa not wanting to take her name, joy boy caught up and said 'your mother?' Ahmed nodded. 'No this cannot be possible why would she do such a thing?' he said with confusion running through his veins.

Ahmed not wanting to say anything lowered his gaze again. He pointed his hands towards the ground and tried to focus some magic but failed. Joy boy looked at him and said 'it is okay you will use magic one day but you still have not told me why she said that to you.'

Ahmed stood up; his eyes blacked out, said 'it is because of my magic and if I had such a disgusting child I would do the same!! I am worthless just a burden! Why do I have to be like this!!' He had spoken so hard he started coughing and sat back down, his eyes filled with tears again.

'Why did she do that, this does not make any sense your mother was never like this' said joy boy breathing frantically. Both of them were sat quiet. It felt as if silence had left the room.

But then suddenly all the silence had vanished, some one started beating the door. Ahmed and joy boy looked in the direction of the noise and questioned in their minds who could this be? Joy boy rushed towards the door and said 'who is this and why are you smacking my door.' A voice called from outside but both of them did not recognize it. Joy boy opened the door, to find it was Ahmeds neighbour. He was breathing heavily as if he had run through the whole village. 'Is Ahmed here I have something very important to tell him,' he said with sweat running down his face. 'Yes, Ahmed is here what is it that you are so worked up for' Joy boy said. 'It is his mother she was passed out in the kitchen when I went over to see what happened with her and Ahmed' he said after gaining some breath. Ahmed heard the chatter and stood up and ran towards the door. 'Where is she?' said Ahmed with concern in his voice for his mother.

'I took her to the villages doctor, mister Wensley, after noticing her condition' the neighbour said.

Ahmed ran in the direction of the doctor's house, ignoring both of them. 'Wait' said Joy boy. But Ahmed did not listen.

Then suddenly the air around Ahmed changed. Ahmed noticed it and from the corner of his eye saw a magic beam heading towards him, it was over he could not do it he noticed it too late to react.

Ahmed closed his eyes, but his friend dashed forward with a powerful flight countering the beam. 'Well, well who knew he had a friend, I guess I have to take both of them head on,' said a voice from the top of a half-broken house. His neighbour soon caught up and all of them looked towards the top of the house ready to handle anything coming towards their way.

CHAPTER THREE: THE TRUTH

They still had not seen the face of the voice. But then someone jumped from the roof of the house. The house was almost two stories and a normal person would never survive that fall. The voice landed with his hands on the ground ready to strike at any moment. All three of them knew this was no ordinary person and he was at least a division 4. You maybe be asking what is a division 4? In this magical world there are divisions to measure everyone's magical power, with division 0 being the weakest and division 6 being the strongest, there was also a special division known as the 7 division. There was no one that was division 4 in this village and Ahmed and the others knew this was an outsider.

'I only want business with the Ahmed guy so why don't all of you go before you get hurt,' said the voice laughing out loud. Joy boy came forward and said heroically 'if you want to mess with him then you have to go through me first. His neighbour realised the situation and also came forward saying 'yeh' with fear in his voice. Ahmed standing behind them grateful to have such good friends but he also knew that they would not stand a chance with a guy like him.

'Ok then don't say I did not warn you,' said the voice still laughing.