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sourcery.txt

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There was a man and he had eight sons.
Apart from that, he was nothing more than a comma on the page of History. It's sad, but that's all you can say about some people. But the eight son grew up and married and had eight sons, and because there is only one suitable profession for the eighth sons of an eighth son, he became a wizard.
And he became wise and powerful, or at any rate powerful, and wore a pointed hat and there it would have ended...
Should have ended...
But against the Lore of Magic and certainly against all reason - except the reasons of the heart, which are warm and messy and, well, unreasonable - he entered the halls of magic and fell in love and got married, not necessarily in that order.
And he had seven sons, each one from the cradle at least as powerful as any wizard in the world.
And then he had an eighth son...
A wizard squared. A source of magic.
A sourcerer.