(Nathan POV)

Okay it usually works this way. The weapon in question gives you like some kind of trial. First is the measure of your Magic. Well! If its insufficient then the trial doesn't even proceed. And if the magic is sufficient the weapon gives the person in question some trial to prove whether if he or she is worthy or not of wielding the weapon in question. But as usual, owing to my rotten luck it did not go that way.

Well! The process worked this way that only after the trail the weapon would accept you as its master. Don't take it the wrong way, the weapons were by far not sentient. They had their trials embedded into their constitution not by the makers but rather by the materials. The rarer and stronger the materials the harder the test. The weapons used by the Morning Stars were all made based on the same laws as the wands of any wizard. With the exception that they were usually made of metal instead of wood. As the wand choose it's master, so did the weapons. A weapon was made once the wand had chosen it's master. Then the same core material with which the wand was made would be used in the creation of the respective weapon. So, an armament worked on the same principle as a wand did. My wand had a thunder bird tail feather as its core. Never had I ever let the memory of the time when I held my wand in my hand for the first time slip from my mind. Not even for a second. I still remembered it clearly as if it had happened just a few hours prior. When Ragnell Morning Star (our personal wand and weapons smith, now dead) told me about my wand, I was on cloud nine.

"Intriguing" He had said. "a failed experiment indeed"

"What do you mean by a failed experiment" Hearing that my mum had been outraged.

When they took me to Ragnell for the purpose of choosing a wand, I destroyed almost half the store in the process of choosing a wand. Each wand was unique, or so we were told. I had affinity with two wands. I could have used them, maybe even at their fullest but none chose me as their master and I felt uncomfortable holding them. It was not until I held my third wand that I felt comfortable. The feeling was like I had met a long-lost friend.

From the moment we entered his place, I was drawn towards a shabby old door in a dark corner of the room. And when I asked what was there, he said "just some useless things". But I could feel something calling me from there.

"I wanna see" I was still a child. So, I threw a tantrum.

"Why sweety? What is it? Tell mum" My mom picked me up.

"Something is calling me" I pointed towards the door

"Impossible" Ragnell's face was a sight to behold. "There is nothing of that sort in ...…." He paused for a second and then his expression changed "...unless" He jumped from his seat and ran towards that room with an expression of the child who had just found his long-lost teddy bear. Now mum was a bit worried. He went in the room and after some thrashing around, he came out with an old rusty box. He placed it in front of us and opened it. The box was a small Cuboid. He put the box in front of us. There was a piece of wood laying in the box.

"That room is the place where I experiment on wands." Ragnell told us." And the only things I keep in that room are either too perfect and too precious to use them on a daily basis or too faulty and too precious to throw them away. This belongs to the latter category." At that point he was grinning like a mad man. "This wood was supposed to be used in wand making" He gave the box a little shove.

"But you said it was a faulty thing then why would he ...." She immediately fell quiet as I grabbed the wood. It felt so comfortable in my hands that I brought it up close to my chest and hugged it.

"By my makers, he has the greatest affinity with this wood. Only a wand made from this wood may suit him."

"But you said it was a failed experiment." Now mum was curious.

"I mean I thought it was" He replied. Reaching out to the wood he took it from my hands. For some reason I did not want to give it up but he still took it.

"Will you tell me about it then" mum asked

"Intriguing" He ignored her. "A failed experiment, I thought"

"What do you mean by a failed experiment" Mum shouted at him. He was starting to get on her nerves. Then he said

"Do you remember that I told you that this was faulty but still too precious to throw out" Mum nodded "Well you see, this was made by my great grandfather. He once found a speck of elder wood."

"WHAT DID YOU SAY? ELDER WOOD" Mum had her jaw on the ground. Not her fault thought. That was how rare the elder wood was.

"Yes, elder wood, but it was not even enough to make the hilt of the wand. So, he did an experiment that may have had created the best or a totally faulty wood. He joined three types of wood using different spells and rituals. How he did it is still a mystery to me. But the fact remains that he fused the elder, Acacia and Aspen wood. It was a success. So, he thought that he will only make a wand of this wood if this is attracted to that said person but three generations passed and none came. I was starting to consider that this wood will never find an owner but behold." He pointed at me.

Mother's legs gave in and she had to sit down.

"I can't believe that. Elder wood." She massaged her temples "This feels unreal." She spoke.

"I know but believe me it isn't" He placed the wood on the table and pulled out the other two wands. "These are the wands that showed affinity with little Nathan here and the only thing common in these wands is there core. Both possess the thunder bird tail feather as their cores. The rest is different. It does not take a genius to guess that he is compatible with such a core. I will start making his wand immediately and believe me when I say it's going to be a masterpiece." He was skipping like a little child.

Later when I got my wand, he told us

"11 inches made of the tail feather of a thunder bird and three types of wood.

Acacia wood: A very unusual wand wood which creates tricky wands that often refused to produce magic for any but their owner, and also withheld their best effects from all but those most gifted. This sensitivity rendered them difficult to place.

Aspen wood: This wood is used to make wands particularly suited to martial magic. Unyielding and stubborn, this wood only chooses the most ruthless of the wizards and never work best in the hands of any but his master.

Elder wood: Elder is the rarest wand wood of all and reputed to be deeply unlucky. The wands made from this wood are trickier to master than any other. They contain powerful magic, but never remain with an owner who is not superior to every other member of his company. It takes a remarkable wizard to keep an elder wand for any length of time. Only a highly unusual person would find their perfect match in the elder, and on the rare occasion when such a pairing occurs, it might be taken as certain that the witch or wizard in question is marked out for a special destiny." He stopped for a moment. "I do not know how the fusion of the woods will affect their properties but my speculations are ...… This child will be a monster."

"Careful with that mouth of yours Mr. He is no monster. He is just my little boy." My mom cuddled with me.

"Whatever mam but you got one hell of a boy there. Now I am curious to whatever his armaments will be like. I can't wait to make them. Can you tell me young one, how do you like your weapons made?" Ragnell asked. At that my eyes sparkled.

"Swords" I said immediately.

"OHHH interested in swords are ya. Fine fine. Ana! Come here and bring the book will ya now" That was the time I met Sister for the first time. Surprised ??? well the thing is that she is not my real sister but a distant cousin of sorts. Now that I think about it, I did not like her when we met for the first time. As I told what kind of swords I needed, she wrote down all the details. I was so anxious about my swords at that point. But if now given the choice I would be glad to exchange my swords for a spear or any other weapon because facing the trials of two swords not by any means a duck soup.