

[Benjamin's perspective]

“YES! What an incredible fool Haha!!”

The pale, tiny hook-nosed man, in red and black tights, cackled in the hand mirror. As I felt myself begin to fade away, and the fairy man shrunk smaller and smaller in the mirror, I squinted at him and asked, “What’s so funny?”

“The Mortal Realm,” the fairy jeered, “That is where the greatest treasure of them all lies. No amount of power can break the seal between our worlds and yours. But now, since you have entered into our magical contract, you have given up your chance at finding this treasure. Forever!”

The little man waited eagerly for my panicked, regretful response. But all I gave him was a sly grin.

“Enjoy your life,” I smiled, “In the penitentiary.”

“What?” the fairy exclaimed, mad, “You said we were in your farm! You LIED to me! How could such a naive fool lie to ME?”

The only thing this trickster could see through the mirror was I, the wielder of the Danken Mirror; everything else was darkness. I had acted as a simple country bumpkin, dreaming of a life away from the farmlands, stumbling across an artifact in the forest. None of that was true. In fact, the Kingdom had committed me to a life sentence for stealing one of the most forbidden items in their vaults. Before they could take it from me, I whipped up a spell to create a counterfeit, and sent the real one into another dimension. Then, once I was imprisoned, I took it out when no one was looking. There was one more incantation I had to do. In the contract, I put a hidden clause that stated once the fairy shapeshifted into my form, he could not shapeshift back until I gave him the right to do so. The trickster was too arrogant to read between the lines.

“Noooooo!” the tiny man screamed as the prison walls around me faded away. I was left in total darkness, with not a feeling in my body. And then, I began to have sensations again. First my fingers, and then my tongue. Finally, my eyes. I opened them and saw the new world around me. A gigantic fireball shot from the blackened, red sky and down into the barren ground. Thousands of fairies ran through their burning huts as silver, shapeless and abstract behemoths reached their long arms down and gathered plots of dirt back up into their mouths. I had read about what was happening in the journals I stole. It seems that, even in a hundred years, nothing had changed. The War of the Devouring Realms raged on. And though only a madman would trade their life to be here, I smirked when I found myself in this new land. I had waited since my birth to be in it. At last, I would meet my father.

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[Urdella's perspective]

“Benjamin!” I called out playfully as I slapped the club in my hands. I had just gotten off my shift in ward C. The inmates thought they had it easy when they saw me, thinking that a female warden with long and fiery red, purple hair wouldn’t be as bad as the others. I smiled as I thought back to their disappointed faces. They were wrong.

When I got to Ben’s cell, waiting to get my frustrations off this annoying goof, there was something off. Usually, Ben would just be lying down with his hands behind his head, sometimes whistling, or carefreely dozing off. But this time, he was pounding his fists against the stone walls, screaming wildly and angrily.

“What in the world,” I muttered. Then I called out, “Hey, knock it off!”

Ben shot a furious look at me, and grumbled, “Don’t tell me what to, wench.”

Huh. Really. “Say that word again,” I demanded.

He pursed his lips and muttered, “Wench.”

Without hesitation, I flicked my fingers in a snap, and at once, Ben’s pants caught on fire, and he was frantically dancing around, trying to get it off. “AAAGGHHHH!” he yelled out, “Get it off, get it off!”

I snapped my fingers once more, and the fire was gone. “Strange,” I said as I peered at this odd fellow, “You picked up that I was an illusionist the first time we met. How have you forgotten so soon?” I leaned in closer to the bars. “Have you been sneaking Rumidian Ale behind my back?”

“Shut up! You will pay once I get out! You insolent, damn, smug, wretched...”

I drowned his words out of my head and waved my hand over his face. Suddenly, the man grew tired. In just a moment, he fell backwards, slammed into the floor, and slumbered like a hibernating bear.

“Hmm,” I said to myself as I rubbed my chin, “Something’s not right. Not at all. Whatever trick you’ve got up your sleeve, Ben... I will not let myself be fooled.”

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[Benjamin’s perspective]

I panted as I heaved a trough of weapons behind my back, hiking up the mountain. Well, I thought to myself, this did not go the way I planned.

It had been over a year since I left the Mortal Realm. And I was still not any closer to finding my father. I had considered that this would happen, but I didn’t think much of it. Thinking about things going wrong was not something I did often.

I did, however, make progress in my new life. I had to get a job, so I took up a lowly position as a grunt in the Tavvy Mercenaries. They were neutral in the war, and that was just as I preferred- not being tied down to a side. Finally, I got to a plateau, and exhaled a long, hefty breath, my head hung down and my hands on my knees. But when I looked up, I was taken aback and yelped, nearly dropping all the weapons I was carrying on the mountain grounds.

“Missed me?” a devilish looking woman with fiery red and purple hair smirked, right in my face in front of me.

“Urdella?” I stammered, “How did you get here?”

“You thought there was only one mirror? Oh boy, you have no idea just what I found. Anyways, I’ve caught onto your plan, inmate. And I’ll be taking you back.”