



Elrick's Journey

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Elrick's Journey by D.A.Sanford

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Author's note

This is a prequel to the book "The Adventure of a lifetime"

At that beginning you learn only that Elrick has been asleep in the bodies of his successors. He has been marooned on another world but he has been brought back in sleeping in Rick Brown. He is awakened and gives his powers to Rick then goes to the final life.

Were did Elrick come from? How did his powers awaken? How did he get marooned? and what is up with the water?

By the way, the water is from me. Even now, during winter 2025, I have a thermal tall mug besides me while I write. Filled with ice and water. I let it cool until it is almost at the ice's temp.

Enjoy. I may at some future date combine it with The Adventure of a lifetime.

Elrick

I, Elrick from Randan, Have reached the point where I have to give up this body, I am stranded on this world. At the end of this life, the only thing I can do is to entrust my soul to my son. That is in hopes that someday, my world finds this one and they detect me.

That is my only hope.

I still have some of my powers that I had on Randan. I will have my spirit enter my son and will enable him to have a son. When it is conceived, I will hitch a ride so to speak. I will pass from son to son to son until such time that I can go home or until it is clear that I will meet her in the final life.

I did hear that is not going to happen. A god has told me that I will go home but at a most needed time. So I'll wait. I have all the time I need to get home. I will sleep until that promised time that I again reunite with Razael. I sleep, perchance to dream.

Elrick did not have a privileged childhood but he was a quick learner and had the talent on absorbing every aspect of magic. A mischievous felid, he could actually change even his normal form to mimic others. Sometimes he would show up, with a friend and they would be the exact twins.

He did not go unnoticed. His parents received a royal invitation to have him go to the royal academy for magicians. With a wisdom that a young teen should not have, Elrick does not want to go.

"All they do is try to instill their own ideas and limit growth. I'm not going." He tells his parents.

They know that it is the truth. The government does not want the threat of someone awakening the people to the fact that they are being deliberately kept at a subservient level. That is especially true with the more talented children. They are a threat.

Knowing that a refusal means retribution, His parents move to a new country and are far away from any village. The place they settled in is typical of the region. It is not uncommon to have untold miles between farms. The only close people are the hired farm families to help with the larger farms.

This is the case for his family. They have been given a house to use in exchange for farm labor. They get a portion of the crop. The amazing thing is that the owner's wife was a teacher at one time. She has a complete library which includes magical tomes. Some very old, almost forgotten avenues of the old original ways of magic.

She saw that Elrick had a very strong aura and decided that she would teach one last mage. She became like his second mother. While she taught him, she always had water there to practice on. She would have him bring it almost to freezing.

It was actually that she wanted it to drink. She had missed that because she was waning in her magic abilities. Elrick, because of her or maybe to honor her, developed a passion for that cold water. He had that desire for it until he slept.

Although it puzzled everyone that he met, he never spoke of how he developed the taste. He would however for his whole life honor that woman as his mentor. He would always defer to her as the source of what he is able to do.

While not emersed in those books and her lessons, He helped around the farm. His physical self became toned. He was becoming a very handsome man. One day something happened that would change his life.

He was in his late teens. Considered an adult by that age.

Razael

An adventurer was passing and asked if she could stay for the night on the household grounds. The owners said that she was welcome. They invited her to have a meal with them.

It had become a practice to have everyone together for meals. This caused the two families to meld into one. It was no longer owner and tenant. When Elrick came in from the field, he was stopped in his tracks.

There before him was the most beautiful female he had ever seen. Razael had, in an instant, captured him. He knew that he would follow her wherever she went. The four adults could see that they both were already bound and neither had said a word yet.

His old teacher said, "I can see that your auras have merged, your souls have become one. Girl, what is your name?"

She answers "My name is Razael."

"Razael, this is Elrick. He is going to be the most powerful being on this world. He is destined to be remembered in history to come. I see that you will become just as famous, just as remembered. There will be an event that both sadden but will be the most powerful and joyful event in this world's life. Nothing will surpass it. I would tell you what it is but I am forbidden, by the gods, to tell you."

She looks at Me, "Elrick, you have been my son for these years. I have been most favored by the gods to have been your teacher. You, in an instant, have been captured by this woman. You will be leaving with her in one week."

With that, she and my mother serve the meal. I could see, in their eyes both elation and sadness. They both knew that my time with them was up. What they did not know was the fact that I had discovered, in her old books on magic, a few forgotten spells that would make it easier on them.

After supper, I sat with Razael. We needed to talk.

"The moment I saw you, I felt a vacant hole in my heart being filled at once. I will not pressure you like they did. Please stay for the week. I would like to get to know you."

Razael was thinking, she did not know that I could hear her but I blocked her leaking thoughts. It was time for me to show her my soul. I ask her if she would like to know my deepest thoughts about her.

"I would like to hear them" she says.

“This will seem strange but I need to put my hands on either side of your head and you will then be able to hear my thoughts.” I hesitate, “and I will hear yours. Are you willing?”

She agrees because she is skeptical. She thinks that he will tell her that it did not work. Who can hear thoughts? I touch her head and utter an incantation then I step back and think to her that she is the most beautiful felid I have ever seen. It is truly love at first sight.

She has her hand over her mouth and has the most shocked look on her face so I tell her to just think what she feels. I'll hear

“What did you do to me? I can hear what you are thinking. I can feel the depth of your love. So much so that I cannot help but feel the warmth.”

I ask her, through thoughts, isn't this the best way. It is honest. It is my innermost thoughts. I hear yours also. Now I need you to see a mental lever. Label it as thoughts off. Good now pull that lever and I will do the same.

She again is amazed and speaks aloud. “I can no longer hear you. What did you just do?”

“I have learned that the firsts had this ability but did not master the blocking of projected thoughts. They abandoned it. I figured out the lever block as a visual. You are the first but not the last now that we can blocks leaking thoughts.”

Now to amaze her. I ask her to think to me a picture of her home yard. She does.

Now I have done this part before but again, I have not told or shown anyone. I receive a picture of a house that is average for a small village. I think to her and ask if she would like to go there. She thinks back that now she would but that would take months of traveling.

Out loud, I say “I know of a lost incantation that I have used many times so it is safe.”

Mentally doing the incantation, a shimmering, glowing opening appears in front of me. Razael can see her home. I take her hand and walk her through. We are now at her parents door.

“I call that a door. As long as I can see the picture or have been there before, I can open this at any time. Someday I should be able to open it to anywhere in this world.”

We are interrupted by a scream of delight when her mother opens the door. She had her garden basket in her hand. She had to be going to the garden to get today's meal started.

It dropped to the ground when she grabs her daughter in a bear hug and cries for her husband to come out.

“Get out here, our daughter is home. Who are you?”

She suddenly realizes that I am here as her husband comes out. I introduce myself to them and ask them if they would please come with us to my home.

“I want to ask both you and my family a question.”

Razael’s father says that they can’t travel at this time but asks how far is it to my home.

Razael now knows and she says that it is right next door. I take that as my queue. I open a door to my home. She takes her parents hands and leads them through. I follow.

The light caused my family to come out to see what it was. They see the four of us emerge from the light. My mentor realized that it was me. She thinks to herself that I found out how to do the transport spell just by reading about it.

I think to her, that is not all I figured. Razael then thinks, he showed me how.

All my mentor could think is that she needed ice water. I produced it. The others are just wondering what is happening with the three of us.

My mentor tells them, “He has now the knowledge of the old ways. He has shown Razael how to thought talk. We were just remarking that he was able to teach your daughter how to do it in an instant. Also he has learned the transport spell.”

She invites us into the home. When we are seated, Razael tells her parents that it took her months of walking to get here. They do not believe it but when I remind them that their area is on the plains, flat as far as the eyes can see, I have the parents look outside and they see mountains around the valley we are in.

I still detect doubt so I ask her father, “What is the furthest area that you have been that you can remember a clear area. He tells me that he has seen the ocean but that was almost a year’s travel. He says that is where he met his wife.

“Picture your old village by the ocean.” I ask the mother.

She does and I open a door. We all go though. The mother cries,

“I’m home. I never thought that I would see this again in my lifetime. I know that my parents have long passed and were buried in the village cemetery. Can we go there?”

“Lead on. “ I tell her.

It was not too far of a walk and she was able to find the grave by the wooden marker. It was old and in imminent danger of falling apart. I could still read the names and dates. I held out my hands and the board is replaced by a beautiful engraved grave stone with their names and dates. I asked.

“What were your mother’s favorite flowers?”

She said that it was daisies. There in front if a large planting of daisies. “Those will never stop flowering. Even during winter, they will flower. This site will become famous.”

She touches the stone and thanks me. I open the door to my home. In silence, they all go back inside.

My mentor looks at me. “There is nothing more that I can teach you. Other than this one last thing. I have had this hidden in the deepest vault of my mind. I was told that only the chosen one could retrieve the information. I challenge you to find it. I was told that I will suffer no harm in the search. Now put your hands on my head. I will allow you into my mind.”

I do and there are signs of divinity. My mentor is a retired god. She once was the god of wisdom. I open her door to that vault.

I am in a white room that has no indication of dimensions. There is a woman there. She tells me that she is the current god of wisdom.

“You are the chosen one. You are to give your world a new hope. A new direction, a new future. Your powers are awakening. That was triggered when you first saw your forever mate. You have been given the powers of the gods because you are fair, compassionate but true to your word. You treasure the peace of your family and will protect that peace with force if necessary. Your road will be good but there will be a time of separation but be sure, your separation will not be forever. You will know what to do when it is most needed. Live life to it’s fullest. One thing in desperation you will have a son but none from Razael. This son will bare you while you sleep.”

The woman and room disappear and I am back in my home. I am still standing with my hands on her head.

“Now you know everything. Live well but never let this knowledge go to your head. The warning will be clear when it is the correct time.”

She proclaims to the group.

“This man and this woman are declared, by the gods themselves to be mates forever. Know this, he is now the keeper of all the ancient talents. He will protect peace itself.”

I go to sit but once again, without asking, put my hands on her head. She shivers then looks at me. I bring over a tall glass of water. It’s tepid at best when she sips it. She smiles and in an instant, you could see ice crystals form. She takes a sip. “Just right.” And she smiles.

“Thank you. I again can do this for myself.”

“I could not live with myself if I left you without your water. Call this thanks for everything that you have done for us. Taking us in, teaching me and for Razael.”

Officially Mated

Razael's parents stay with us for the week. During that time we went with the parents back to their home. This was because Razael's mother wanted us to be joined by the local magistrate. He was a very close friend of the family. Razael, as a young child, told him that she wanted him to proclaim her married.

She does not remember but she does remember that she had a very strong attachment to him. Razael has a faint hint that she was, as that young girl, crushing on him. When she sees him, she sees an old man but can still feel the crush. That memory causes her to run over, hug him and give him a kiss.

He has a very sentimental look on his face when he is released. He looks at me and back to her.

"I thought that you wanted to be with me but now I am an old man and will refuse to wed you. Why don't I officiate your marriage to this handsome young man?"

"You will always be in my heart." She tells him with tears. "You are not too old."

By this time, people in their village have noticed the parents have been away. They see Razael and I. Her parents introduce all of us to them and announce that she is being proclaimed mate to me. Now there is a village wide celebration.

There is a desperate feeling when the women of the village go to start food for the celebration. I feel that it is time to reveal my new powers. I tell them that it is not necessary.

Now I don't need to verbally do those incantations. All I need to do is picture it. Suddenly there are tables of food and more than enough seats. Drinks of all types and a large roasted animal over the coals.

"Ladies, it is all done. Today is a celebration. I want you to relax. The only thing that will need to be done is to just stand and witness our ceremony. After that, and this is for you men, please serve your family. As heads of your family, it is your responsibility to provide food. Let the women have hot food for a change."

All laugh and then the magistrate calls everyone to attention. He asks us to ask each our question in front of all present.

I ask Razael if she would be my life's mate. She does and then she asks me the same. I accept. The magistrate asks if anyone objects. I did not know but the tradition of this village is that the strongest of the village objects. The male will wrestle him and with tradition, the strong will lose to the mate. Then they will be proclaimed mates.

The strong man comes forward and challenges. Before the ceremonial words are spoken. People gasp at the breach but I did not know. I counter. It started out as a wrestle but when he could not get the upper hand he starts a fist fight as he spits out in anger,

“Razael is mine! She belongs to me. I’ll kill anyone that tries to take her.”

I now see a man who is no longer rational. This is really getting out of hand. I picture him completely out of it so I just yell “Sleep” I spoke it for effect. He passes out and falls to the ground.

Going over to him, I put my hands on his head and take that rage out of him. I replace that with thoughts of peace.

“Everyone, please forgive him. He must have been taken by Razael’s beauty. I have been able to take that hate from him. I would like you all to not mention it to him. His mind is now at peace. Would you please get a chair for him.”

They do and I place him in it. I wake him.

“That was a good battle. You bested me but it took everything you had. I was worried for you. Are you all right?”

He looks at the crowd and then to me. He stands and proclaims that I am worthy of Razael. The people come over to congratulate us and console him.

The feast was well received. Now for the grand play. I gather my parents and say good bye to hers. Razael tells her parents that we will be coming back frequently. After some emotion, I open a door to our home. I placed my hands on her parents and explained the switch. Razael thought to them and her mother cried.

All see the shimmer and then a clear view of mountains and our home. We all go through. When we got back to our home, I had Razael think to her mother. She was able to get through and after a little while of telling her mother to think back, she heard her mother. They now can talk anytime they wanted.

On later visits. We explained the door to them.

Exploring the world with a door

The pair are now becoming famous. They are exploring the world. The only thing is that it is frustrating having to walk to go to places unknown. We need to think of a new way.

Elrick tells Razael, "Don't get me wrong, I will walk to forever with you and rejoice. I am content with being a felid but there are times that my feet wish I had the ability of a harpy."

Razael sees an opening, "Then you would complain that your wings hurt. Poor baby."

Then she sprints ahead, laughing. He shakes his head and laughs. She is right. I do enjoy seeing these vistas. He thinks to her that he wants to camp and enjoy the scenery.

She thinks back that she knows that I like seeing her ass waggle.

"Be honest, I know the real reason for stopping here. We'll stop. Be my brave strong hunter and catch us some fresh game. I am in the mood for some fresh raw meat that I can put in my mouth and enjoy."

I'm thick but not that thick. Talking out loud

"Keep talking like that and I won't be able to concentrate on the hunt."

Razael sheds her clothes and yells, "Your hunt is on." With that she sprints into the woods.

It was a good hunt and I did catch my prey. We spent the night enjoying ourselves. Exploring is wonderful. Walking is not so bad.

Sleeping with her snuggled next to me, My hands were loving the feel of her, I drift off to sleep.

People of this world are still getting used to the thought talk. Most have good control of leaking thoughts but as he is dreaming, their thoughts are entering his dreams. Most of them are benign. Night time erotic, next day needs and such. He also is picking up on scenes that people are thinking about.

When he wakes, those thoughts are still in his mind. Sometimes it is something simple that is in front of your face. There is a saying that if you want to hide a tree, put it in a forest. The solution was right in front of him. Leaking thoughts.

He starts laughing. So much so that he wakes Razael. She smiles at him.

“What’s so funny?”

“I solved my problem of tired feet.” and I smile. “Leaking thoughts! A solution that invaded my dreams in between those milliseconds you were not there.”

I kissed her then I continue.

“There were glimpses of scenes that people were thinking about. Leaking thoughts. Picking up on them, the scenery, is not invading their minds. I’m going to try something. We are going north. I will concentrate in that direction to see if I can pick up on a leak of a scene.”

Concentrating, it does not take very long until he sees a freshly plowed field. The person turned its head and looked at a female canid. I could feel the love that person had. I pulled out.

A farmer is admiring his wife as she complements him on his work. They both are startled to see a glow appear and two felid walk out.

Going up to them, I introduce our selves.

“Sorry to interrupt the both of you. I am Elrick and this is my mate Razael. We are traveling north to explore. That light is what I call a door. You were leaking thoughts. I saw this field. If I may say, you have done a wonderful job. I need to see a place to open the door.”

They had heard of us. The thought talk has spread to the entire world. People are just learning how but having trouble with leaks. I am able to show them the lever and they immediately were able to block leaks.

We were invited to stay with them. I decide that it is time to spread the door making process. At their meal I ask if there was anywhere that they would like to visit that they have been before. She said that it was the local village. They needed supplies and it was days away.

“The quickest way to teach this is if I put my hands on the sides of your heads.”

The woman’s mate agrees to have me do it. I get up and place my hands on her head and transfer the knowledge to her. Then I tell her to picture the town and open a door. She was able to do it. I had her close it.

I had her try with her mate. She put her hands on her mate’s head and was able to convey the knowledge to her. The pair were elated. I had them open a door to that village. They did and we went through, causing a commotion as expected.

The one thing I did warn them about is not to invade other's minds.

"Always ask."

It wasn't too long before the whole village could open doors. They were finding that only a few could open doors over a long distance. The remainder could only open doors that were no further than a week's walk.

For some of those, they developed their own ways. They were travelers so they could remember places. They would open the door to the furthest they could, go through and repeat. Hopping doors. The only draw back is stamina.

The knowledge has spread like wild fire. Most families have at least one person that can open doors. It is a common practice for inns to have someone paid to look at the inn from the front porch. They prospered. Stores picked up on it.

The only problem was that the emperor was being bombarded with not only those pictures but complaints of those invading the conversations that normals were trying to have.

It resulted in the first law passed concerning those broadcast pictures. Now those could only be sent to those who inquire about accommodations or services. Not more blanket broadcasts. They were ruled invasive. Fines were imposed. Soon that practice was abandoned.

Also leaks were vanishing. As people got used to switching on and off, only the very young would leak but now you could block those. The children, however, loved it. As far as the door, the children, their minds were not developed enough to understand let alone open one.

When we were going somewhere, we would now ask for pictures if we did not want to walk.

The healing that made our life complicated

They were now getting invitations to come to this place or that to talk about our travels and give advice. We would accept some but reject most of the nobles requests. They just wanted the status of having us come to them.

One thought was broadcast. One of the women that we first showed the door process to was calling out to us. One of them has come down with some disease that even the healers could not cure. Of course we obliged.

I opened the door to in front of their house. We were ushered into the home. She explained that her mate was fading fast. Having trouble talking, she could not walk or even control her bowels. She wanted to die.

Her mate pleaded with me, "If she can't be cured, do you have a door to the final life. Please, if you do, send the both of us there."

I look at the stricken woman and thought to her. "I need to probe your mind to see if there is anything I can find. It is invasive. It will not hurt you but secrets will be found and I promise that I will never reveal them. Can I probe?" She nods affirmative.

I started on the surface. It wasn't too hard. There were broken blood vessels that damaged areas of her brain. Strokes. The knowledge of the gods flowed in I spoke the appropriate incantation to her in my mind. That area healed to normal. There were a few more. When I was done, I did heal that joint pain she had.

When I pulled out, she was peacefully asleep. You could see the change in her. Razael told me to leave the room. Woman's dignity. I left and they changed the linen. They disrobed her and Razael cast a cleaning on her. She then pulled out new clothes out of her inventory.

The mate came out and was in tears. She hugged me and cried. I held her until she finished. Razael came out and got the same.

"Your mate will sleep for almost a day." I tell her. Razael tells her that we will stay until we are sure that she is recovered.

"Now go in and sit with her. We will take turns but we want you to be the one to be there when she wakes."

The next morning we open the door. There with her head on the edge of the bed, asleep was the mate. The woman that was sick was looking at us and quietly said that she had a hard time let her sleep.

We closed the door and waited. It was not long until we heard a scream of delight and mutual weeping. Soon the both come out smiling. They appeared to be going to thank us when one of the healers just walks in.

“What the hell has happened?”

She expected the woman to have died. Then she spots Razael and i..

“You’re the ones, aren’t you?”

Before we can prevent her, the healer is broadcasting to the world that I had resurrected the dead. This was a miracle on the god’s level. We must be the gods themselves. The word is out and the questions are coming in fast and furious.

The healer is sending out the condition and the fact that the woman should be dead.

Once something is out there. It only grows. The more I sent out protests, the more they knew the healer was right. There is no way to correct it or call it back. I throw a thought block bubble around the home.

Scolding the healer, I told her that all I did was corrected damage the stroke caused.

“She was not dead. I fixed things but I did not resurrect her.” I knew the trouble I was in.

The two women kneel in front of me. It has already started. I tell them to get up but they don’t. The mate that was not sick reminded me that she wanted me to send them to the final life. She told me that she knew that her mate would be dead before the morning.

“You resurrected us both”

Damage done, I give up. I look to Razael and all I could do is to say that I was sorry.

“Life will be hell from now on.”

I look at my hands, turn them and say

“I will not be able to save them all.”

I hold her hand and walk through a door to that ocean side grave yard. Even there, there were people looking at the perpetual flowers and knew it was the resurrection duo.

I open a door to a wilderness area. I sat and knew my life is over. I look at my mate and just weep. As I do I look through all my memories. I do find what I needed.

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