Chapter 13

During the trip I grew apple trees at night and made light stones. The trip took 8 days with golems pulling the carts and the people walking. Everyone seemed in good spirits as we reached Avalon. Amelia was not happy, 47 new residents who didn’t speak English. Her problem. Riona was making some progress as a magic teacher and wanted Hogwarts built immediately. To compromise I cordoned off the land and spent six weeks moving the fields and part of an olive orchard. The planned dining hall building would be built for her and the students. Carina wanted another child and I was happy to oblige. Renee and Ella wanted more teachers as classes were out of hand. The fall was very busy and we got an envoy from the Spanish crown this time. He was impressed with the city of Avalon. He was prepared to sign a non-aggression trade pact. This would let my ships sail into any Spanish harbor and not be attacked on the seas. I signed it and accepted some gifts from Charles II. The French also returned when the Spanish were in the city. Phillipe had brought 56 thespians, 42 multi-lingual troubadours, 42 dancers and 25 musicians. This was great and Ella and Renee now had the seeds for the college’s Performing Arts school and more pool for teachers. They were to divide them into two groups and get two different plays ready. We got the same pact signed with France but they recognized the 60 mile strip of land around the road as the sovereign nation of Avalon. Both delegations wanted light stones, 50 each. I prepared an additional 50 for Phillipe. Phillipe had left his wife in France and was here with his eldest son. He visited his grandchildren and said I should choose a consort from Louis 14th court. I wouldn’t have to marry her just add her to my household. I worried about inbreeding and spent a few nights explaining genetics to Phillipe. He had a rough grasp of it. He understood and said he could find me someone suitable if I gave him the go ahead. He was loving this political gaming. I said fine, more to get him out of my hair than anything else.

The freed slaves were spending half of their days in school learning English and the rest working. I found that 22 of the women were working at my tower. They were cooking, cleaning, taking care of the children and gardening. When I asked Amelia why she said they wouldn’t accept work anywhere else. I didn’t mind I guess. Only six of them actually lived in the tower, the rest commuted. Besides Carina, only Ella had been sharing my bed since I had returned.

The winter of 1669-1670 was cold. I spent a lot of my time making thermal stones. One of the freed slaves working in the tower tried to get into my bed repeatedly. Her name was Dawne and she was maybe 16. I decided to leave Avalon in February to get away. I planned to go to Amsterdam and pick up my Rembrandt paintings. My ships were scheduled to be in Italy around now so I would have to book passage on another ship. I decided to go incognito.

I got to Camelot and there were four ships in port. Only one was headed to England and it was an English ship. The other three were headed south or to Africa. It was a large ship but probably slow. I talked with the captain and got 10% of the cargo hold. I used it to load with a cozy sleeping area and a few hundred pounds of stone, food and water. We left port on February 15th, 1670. I stayed in my ‘cabin’. Ignoring the crew and 7 other passengers. I made my own window in case I needed to escape and focused my efforts on making sabers and knives. I was focused on my artistic ability. I also made a golem but left him inactive. I cooked my food on thermal stoves and grew a little food if I ran low. I was sleeping in my hammock. I had a bed too but we were in rough waves so it was more comfortable when the ship shook. I focused and ran to the deck. Even though we were in the middle of the Atlantic we were under attack, a Spanish warship.

Cannons were soon fired and shrapnel drove into me skin and I was bleeding. I pulled a 6” piece of wood from my leg. I went to my cabin and transformed to panther and lay down on the bed. The transformation healed me and I just waited. Soon we were boarded and there was fighting, then quiet. I transformed back and walked to the deck with my writ from Charles II. On deck the Spanish had secured the ship and held me at gun point while they took my paper. I was shocked to learn the king was dead. Louis I was now king. The captain decided the treaty needed to be ratified by the new king so I was going to be brought before him. I told the captain to get my things transferred to his ship. He complied and my accommodations were nice. A large cabin with two windows. I hardened the glass windows. Then I set up stone lights. When I left the cabin a marine followed me. That was fine. We sailed two weeks and were maybe a week from Portugal when two English ships bee lined for us, then there was a third in the distance. We had two of them outgunned but a third would be a problem. The captain decided to try and sink the two ships first and the third would flee. He suggested I go below deck but I decided to stay on deck. My only fear would be getting hit by a cannon ball of musket ball in the head. We ended going between the ships getting fired on by both and getting a volley on both. The noise and death was insane. Looking behind us, the port ship had lost its mast and the one on the right had a few holes in the hull. The report to my captain was 5 dead and 15 wounded. The 3rd ship was 600 yards ahead. The captain decided to hit that ship as well. The little ship turned into us at the last minute trying to cut across our bow but we ended ramming them broadside. We entered the ship and were struck. I went to the stern as the English swarmed the bow. The fighting on deck was intense and I was standing next to the captain as we slowly took control but the other English ship that wasn’t crippled was coming up on us. We couldn’t bring our cannons to bear. A second small wave of English came from the impaled ship as the other ship fired muskets and grappled us. I joined and used my stone bullet spell, killing a boarder every second. The third ship was also limping toward us under two small sails. I cleared the deck of English and the captain’s jaw was open. I told him I was a magician and we had a 3rd ship coming. This battle was more subdued. I added my fire to the battle. The final toll was 39 dead, 25 wounded and 56 prisoners. We didn’t have enough sailors for our big ass ship and we had damage to our bow. Two of the English ships sunk, the 3rd was stripped and sunk. We started repairs and limped toward Portugal. Eight more of our sailors died and 17 of the English prisoners in the two weeks it took us. It was another 4 days to reach a Spanish port. I then had a two week journey in a wagon with my things to visit the new king.

The pomp of the young kings court was interesting. He asked me to perform magic for the court and I grew an apple tree and ate an apple. The king was impressed and I could see the greed in his eyes. He asked about light stones and I said they were trade goods of Avalon. He had me quartered in the castle. I got the servants to draw me a hot bath every evening as I believed in cleanliness. After two weeks I was ready to leave but didn’t want to fight my way out as the Spanish could cause trouble for Avalon. I found they were rotating servants, hoping I would take interest in one. I decided to push my leaving in the next court of the king. The king said I was free to leave and he signed the same treaty. I was surprised but left and found there was a rampant small pox outbreak. I went to the poor quarter and started healing kids. There were too many…I was frustrated. Wait I had a spell evolution for cure disease or at least I should be close. Yes I was really close. Two days later it advanced and I immediately choose 25 square yard area of effect for the spell evolution. The magic cost increased slightly for each additional person but still more efficient. I spent a week before leaving the capital. All I had was a backpack with gems, food, a bunch of silver coins, various seeds and a roll with 12 sabers.

I had a 1000 miles to reach Amsterdam unless I got sea travel. I decided to walk. My first stop was for a wagon and cart in a village outside the capital. I tried to keep my magic sense on like Riona. I started estimating about 1 in 250 women had some spark, no men. My best guess was magic was recessive requiring both genes to have it. I had magic as a dominant gene on both chromosomes, meaning I passed it on to my children no matter what…but that would mean my children with a non-magic person only had a 50% chance to produce magical offspring. The question was should I accelerate spreading the magic gene? A week from the capital and my magic sense leveled to 3. This was good news. In a small Spanish village I found the most powerful witch I had seen in this time she was about 15% my power…so 25 or so magic pool. She was in her 30s and I approached her. She was selling butter. I had learned a little Spanish and asked her about magic. She tried to run but I held her arm. She was a peasant and I had noble clothes. I dragged her to my cart and sat her down. I asked her again quietly and showed her a light stone which made her eyes pop. Her power was the ability to read minds and discern truth. But she couldn’t read me. She lived with her sister and brother in law and never married. I told her about my magic school in America and she decided to come. We took another week to leave Spain and enter France. I was stopped but my writ was good to get us past.

I was careful in towns looking for more magic wielders and started teaching Maya the magic sense skill with a light stone. A week into France I found a young girl, Chantelle was 9, who had magic pool around a 10. Surprisingly her mother and sisters didn’t have magic. Talking to the father I bought her for a few gems. I didn’t feel guilty as it was obvious she had been abused. I decided 10 was the minimum for me to add a prospective mage. The next was an old woman who was around a 16 but I just talked to her. She could control animals. We were getting close to Paris and I needed to see the king or pass by.

I had been curing disease on children, growing fruit trees on the side of the road and making knives to sell in villages. As we approached the gates to Paris I decided to visit the king.

We were well received and in a private meeting with Louis I found a consort had been selected by Phillipe and sent overseas. He was sure I would be happy with her. She was 19 and really smart and had good looks. I talked with Louis about the English mostly. He said Charles II was close to losing control and the Dutch were going to invade. The English were making massive concessions to the French to prevent them from joining the war. That evening at a dinner of royalty there were 60 or so people including my two adepts were dressed up. I was introduced in pomp and he brought out some light stones. He asked if I would show my magic. I decided on growing an orange tree. A large pot of soil was brought and boom, an orange tree. Everyone got an orange off the 6 year old tree. And as they came up a young women triggered my magic sense. She was maybe an 8 or 9 but definitely had potential. I asked the king about her. She was the daughter of a baron whose wife had died giving her birth. She was 17 and was named Noelle. It was easy to see she wasn’t pretty under her makeup but she had magic. I told the king she had magic and if she came with me I would train her. The king was shocked but talked to her father and she was added to my flock. I spent 6 more days in Paris showing magic every night at dinner. When I left I had a covered carriage that was loaded with gifts and eight mounted soldiers escorting me. I still stopped and cured children looking for magic wielders. I didn’t find anyone young enough with power to take, just old women.

At the border to the Spanish Netherlands I passed my writ from the king of France for passage. My escort was allowed to continue with me. I only stopped in one town and wasn’t well received so continued on. We made Amsterdam and I went to see Rembrandt and found him deathly ill. He had been sick for two years and was close to death. I checked him out, three diseases which I cured. I got him some willow bark and sat with him. My cure disease just got the disease not the damage. His body was a mess and I didn’t hold hope. I had 3 spell points and needed 7 to learn the healing spell. He was moving around and showed me the 11 commissioned artworks. He was so proud of them. They were all massive 8’ x 8’ paintings. Two were of sailing ships, one at sea and one on the docks. One was women picnicking in the park. One was orphans playing in a building. One was a farmer delivering a cart of produce to a castle. One was the last supper. One was a naked women riding a horse with her arms in the air. One was a mother nursing. One was a cobbler working. One was the slave pens with seven black men. The last was six women walking in dresses in the street. They were all gorgeous, he was a master of light. I gave him 22 small gems as a bonus. I gave him fresh fruit and vegetables. I didn’t think he would live but I hoped. I added a small amount silver and gold and asked him to do a portrait of me. It was 6’ x 6’ canvas. I said I wanted a panther at my feet and a white wolf at my side. I used Maya to bring out the white wolf and panther for him to sketch for the portrait. Then I posed for 3 days while he sketched.

I spent the next three weeks getting a ship and crew. The ship was a medium merchant, a 450 ton galleon. It was 7 years old and should get us across the ocean. It would have no cannons. I was ok with that. We got the ship provisioned and I used my funds to fill the hold with luxury goods. In Amsterdam I found the orphanage and a girl with magic potential of 6. She was just 5 but I got her adopted. Her name was Hanna. I cured the other children. I bought another printing press for Camelot and a few more pieces of art. My last stop was for books and I got 79 volumes of science books. My portrait was done. I also found seven painters who wanted to go to America. I gave them free passage to come teach in Avalon.

It was a masterpiece. The black panther and white wolf gave Rembrandt light contrasts that worked well. I looked majestic like I owned the beasts. I was becoming vain but Rembrandt thought it was one of his best works. I agreed. He also seemed more lively. I gave him most of my last few gems, a mix of 46 pea sized cut gems. I asked him for 3 more works…I just gave him the direction that I wanted them as complex as possible. He thought and them said complex…he could do that.

It was good to get back on the ocean. We sailed north of England and ended making port in Iceland due to weather. It was a nation of poverty under Danish rule. The port town had about 300 people. I walked through town but didn’t find anyone with magic. I did spend time talking to a family of shipwrights who spoke some English. They mostly repaired ships and built small fishing boats under 20 feet. The family was a father, 4 sons with wives and their children, 14 total people. His daughter’s husband also worked for him. They invited me to dinner and it was terrible but I ate it anyway. I talked about opportunities in America. They were very interested, steady pay, ample food and warmer weather. Armon was the father and head of the family. He wanted to come. Eventually he said it would be 37 people, all his employees and their families. I said ok and three days later we had 31 new passengers with gear. Six people decided not to go to America. The ship was getting crowded but I cast cure disease on everyone over the first week out of port.