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VADIM POPERKOV



PUPIL

OF MAGICIANS OF A RAINBOW

Vadim Poperekov

Pupil of magicians of a rainbow

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Аннотация

A young man named Vladimir, who lost his parents in a fire as a child, was raised in an orphanage. Disfigured body parts, including the face, prevent them from living fully in society. By chance, Vladimir enters another world in which Magic, Elves, Gnomes, Orcs, Dragons, and Bright and Dark Gods are real. Overcoming obstacles, Vova develops on career of fighting magician.

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Preface



Vladimir Naumov stood in front of the mirror and saw the person of an average constitution of years of twenty-five with extremely frightening off appearance there. His face disfigured by fire as if a lifeless mask looked at it blue eyes. It should not have a shave and cut the absent hair though in something, it was lucky – he thought.

The tragedy happened when he was only ten years old. Vladimir with parents lived in a country wooden house. At night,

their two- floor house caught fire, and his parents did not even have time to wake up, suffocating with smoke. The nursery was on the first floor therefore firefighters managed to save the child who managed to get serious burns of all body. As firefighters told then – old electric, conducting is guilty.

Therefore, Vladimir did not have none of relatives, and he got to orphanage. In orphanage, Volodya did not make friends for the natural reasons and let all the not dissipated energy to reading books.

It bore fruits in the form of the diploma of the university. But because of appearance the way on a career ladder to it was ordered and therefore it worked as the ordinary engineer at the plant for modest salary. There lived Vova in the rental one-room apartment, which was in the bedroom community and even managed to save the saved money for own housing. As entertainments to it served books and computer games in which he forgot what freak it looks. Once on the Internet Vladimir was acquainted with group Tolkien's fans and decided to vanish with them in the fresh air especially as there all changed clothes in different fantasy characters.

At choice, there were Elves, Orks, People and Goblins.

I will be an ork – Vladimir thought, it would be so possible to hide the ugliness behind a mask of and a dress.

The leader of Tolkien's fans under an assumed name Agloron appointed departure to the country for their group to this summer Saturday with spending the night in the fresh air in tents. The

custom bus took their group to an edge of the deep forest. The stunning view opened on the small mountain towering nearby. Somewhere on it the small rivulet flowing near their place of disembarkation originated.

Agloron broke group into two contradictory parties – on the one-hand elves with people led by the magician Agloron, with another orks and goblins led by the shaman of orks Gromogryzl.

Having played a fantasy scene with attack from an ambush of orks with goblins on patrol of elves and people in which the victory remained for people with elves (them was just more), all dispersed to fry shish kebabs on groups/races, to take strong drinks and just to have a good time.

Vladimir having communicated to other orks after shish kebabs and decently drunk amount of vodka thought that orks on that and orks that drink much.

Very soon began to darken. Reeling, Vova rose from a glade and went to celebrate need. It was necessary to go long as not one him it was impatient and under each next imperceptible bush it was already busy. At last having departed on decent distance Vladimir made the necessary business and was already going to come back as suddenly its attention, the dim spark involved mountains from outside not far. The curiosity, together with crooked the elbow, won and he decided to find out it.

Having approached closer on a spark, he saw in a shallow cave at the foot of the mountain the old woman something cooking in a kettle on fire and decided to leave already as suddenly the

blow by something stupid and heavy behind fell upon it, light grew dim before eyes. Vladimir regained consciousness feeling that he bound hand and foot lies on something cold completely naked and understood what cannot be shown that he returned to consciousness.

At last that you caught the virgin, freeloaders! I the great hereditary witch Garvena on a step will bring closer today day of coming of Lyutoglaz to our world! – the happy voice of the old woman was distributed.

From where she knows that I am a virgin? It that real Witch? – rushed in the head of Vladimir.

Now everything is ready to a ritual, and today the Great Demon Lyutoglaz will accept the next victim and will become one-step closer to awakening in our world – the old woman continued.

Pour to the virgin in a throat in this soup, he has to be without fetters when Lyutoglaz accepts it in the victim – the old hag ordered.

To Bays Vladimira brought the vessel filled what – that with smelly liquid and poured to it in a mouth.

Volodya pretended that he took a sip, feverishly thinking how to get out of this situation.

Untie it and depart! – The witch ordered. Then began to pronounce by a loud sepulchral voice unclear words from which hair bristled if they were.

In process of reading a spell, and there was it exactly a spell

for transfer of vital force through space to the demon, the voice of the witch became louder and closer to Vladimir.

Through the slightly open eyelashes, Vladimir saw an approaching old woman with a dagger. Having collected all his will in the first Vova at the last moment intercepted her dagger with his hands, at the same time spilling the contents of his mouth in her face. The witch was confused by the surprise, which Vladimir took advantage of and intercepted the dagger from her hands, stuck in her stomach. The witch leaned back, screaming in pain. Splashes of blood of the witch from a dagger got on Vladimir's body and in several moments on an altar. The space around Volodya began to spin, started turning. Cotton after which he fainted was distributed.



Chapter 1. Goblins

I regained consciousness, feeling that I somewhere connected am carried. Legs and hands became numb from pain. Having opened eyes, I lost a speech power for an instant – around in a dense grass there were low little men less than a meter high with green skin and the wrinkled faces. Four porters carried in free hands a spear of rough quality, reminding a spear of primitive people. They went apparently to the tents standing not far.

– Hey boys, it is good to play the fool! – Loudly I said to these green guys in hope that it is some silly joke. I have likely hallucinations and at all not green people, and quite to themselves such simple children in white dressing gowns carry me on a stretcher now.

In reply, one of these little green men uttered rapidly something, but I did not understand any word from told. These little men resembled very much computer characters – goblins.

Soon they reached a glade around which the semicircle located tents.

The biggest tent left the goblin who unlike other goblins on a neck had a necklace from small crocks of small rodents. In his hands, he was holding a staff of a bigger skull.

– GrrbvkhuKh to the tkh? – This goblin rumbled, pointing a finger at me.

– Arrgkh vren tkha – continued he, showing to a staff on me.

– Who are you such? Why I was connected? – loudly I was indignant.

– Kungkh drin vtykh – loudly said the goblin and touched the staff my forehead, empty eye-sockets of a staff sparkled a green flame and right there went out.

For an instant, I fainted...

– Now you understand me? – I hear a voice at myself in the head from nowhere.

– Yes well to hell what occurs? – I thought.

– I am Gliston, the leader of the tribe of goblins «A green grass» and the shaman of the 7th level! I communicate with you through a spell of thought

Speeches. Answer who you are such stranger? – The leader looked at me with feeling of own superiority.

– My name is Vladimir Naumov. I do not know how I appeared here. Why I am connected? – I answered.

– This night in the side of the Middle Mountains there were lightning and most of them beat in the area of poles of ancient. In the morning on this glade, my soldiers found you and delivered here. And now I have to be convinced that you do not constitute for us danger. – having said it he suddenly fixedly began to look to me in the face and made hand pass, from top to down.

My eyes were closed and consciousness failed in darkness. the come dream was some strange: I dreamed what happened

to me since that moment as I regained consciousness on the witch Garvena's altar till the moment as threw out me on this glade Ancient. There was a feeling as if whom – that stands nearby behind a shoulder during my dream and watches me.

It was difficult to call awakening pleasant precisely. Having opened eyes, I found out that I lie on a laying from withered straw in one of huts of goblins. After a while couple of goblins came into a tent, threw to me some rags, which are bearing a faint resemblance to trousers and a shirt.

Having put on and having reeled up couple of rags on legs, I with high spirits proceeded for goblins to the leader's tent.

The leader in the tent sat on the decorated chair with such important look as though he sits on a gold throne.

– The stranger, you arrived from other world to our world with the name «Centroniya». Your memory of other world until your capture by the witch is closed for me. Therefore, we cannot release you just like that. Especially as you know nothing about this world at all and do not know local language.

– Dress this amulet, it will help communication until you learn to tell and understand our language.

The goblin approached me and gave an amulet on a rope. Having put on it a neck, I addressed the leader:

– What will be with me? Why you left me in live?

– Ancestral spirits told me that in you there is a magic spark. And it means that you can leave the good magician at due desire and training. I can train you in what I am able to do itself, but

you will have to swear an oath on blood in devotion to my tribe, or can go wherever one wishes. But know if you leave now, then most likely you will die. Around there are a lot of dangers which to you without knowledge and the help not to experience. You have time to think till tomorrow's morning for now go have a rest. Also remember, Noted that we the only tribe of goblins, which does not eat people...

I was taken away by the same goblins «escorts» back in that pathetic tent in which I regained consciousness. Lying on straw, I tried to collect the thoughts. What turns out, I actually in other world and it is not similar to a hallucination. Here really there is a magic and I am a potential magician??

Probably the leader did not leave me the choice, to go now to uncertainty means to die. But also there is no wish to swear an oath somehow. In the world of magic, judging by books, oaths have much bigger value, than in the native world. It was lucky that these goblins do not eat people, and that to be to me their lunch. And a name that what at the leader – Gliston, suitable (I burst out laughing internally).

With these thoughts to me the dream came, but long did not allow to have a sleep to me.

– Hey Noted get up – two goblins stood nearby. One with a spear, and here the second probably was female, judging by half-open green rotundities. She held in hand a bowl with something not bad smelling.

– Is you will be?

– Yes, I will be. Thanks for food.

Took from it a bowl with some soup by the form consisting of an unclear grass and broth. Here reached me that I perfectly understand them. But when I speak, I pronounce it seems native words and in too time as if I break language over pronunciation of words unfamiliar to me. Food was frankly nasty, but a little nutritious. Having eaten, I began to reflect over the unenviable destiny and did not even notice how I fell asleep. Having woken up, I saw that light of the morning sun makes the way through holes in a tent, in the head cleared up, there was a wish that – to undertake that. Having looked out of a tent found two hour goblins guarding at my tent.

– I am ready to a meeting with the leader, take away me to him. – I told them.

We reached quickly, because the village was small and had almost a hundred small tents capable of accommodating no more than five hundred goblins.

In a tent Gliston already sat on «throne» and having stared at me, asked:

– Did you make the decision the Stranger by the name of Vladimir?

– I agree to your conditions the leader Gliston – I blurted out, having understood that I and had no choice per se. The instinct of self-preservation cried out that it is necessary to agree or I in this world will not last out also day unaided.

– Approach and extend a hand forward, I need your blood for

fulfillment of a ritual of an oath.

Having internally shrunk from fear, I gave it a hand.

– About ancestral spirits of the tribe a green grass, accept blood of this person who wants to join the ranks of our tribe. Shaman, holding in his right hand his sugar with a skull, taking in the left ritual dagger, slightly cut my palm. Then having palmed off the staff under blood drops, waited so far several drops will fall to a staff. Empty eye-sockets of a staff blazed bad green light.



The shaman began to smile and only wanted to tell something how eye-sockets of a staff blazed in red color. The staff consisting of a set of small skulls suddenly brightly flashed and was scattered by gray dust. The shaman in mute dullness looked at the ashes which remained from a staff, and then, having focused the eyes poured by blood on Vladimir, cried:

– Get out of our land, you have the seal of goddamn blood, you do not belong here, man!

– But how so? I hoped that you would help me.

– On you there is a mark of blood of the admirer spiteful demon Lyutoglaz, and he so just will not release you any more, he needs your soul.

And here as if flash the inspiration came: on me blood of the wicked witch Garvena got and there were even traces on a body as if from burns.

– And where to me to move? – Sadly I from myself squeezed out.

– Go to lands of people, and do not come back, here are not glad to you.

– Fast-legs, you will see this person to border of people as far as you will be able – the leader addressed one of the goblins standing nearby.

– Gliston, but is not simpler to kill this person and problems will be less? – Bystronog at the leader took an interest, gloomy glancing at me.

– It is impossible to kill him, it will be looked for and then will contact us, and excess problems are not necessary to us.

And quickly, he cannot stay with us for long – as if something very scared, said the shaman. Then the shaman called that goblin and began to whisper something in their language, but judging by the expression of his face, whether it was something good.

The bad presentiment wakened in me and in spite of the fact that I was promised to be seen to people, I was by no means not quiet. Collecting did not take a lot of time. In total through half of hour we with my gloomy conductor walked through the woods towards the of Bystronog was equipped with short hunting onions with a quiver of arrows and a spear of nasty quality. On the way I tried get to talking the goblin, left me a medallion. Probably were afraid of it to take away because of the words of the shaman about a mark of the demon, but the soldier was silent.

So we by the evening reached the foothills and began rise to pass them. On a lodging for the night located in an imperceptible depression in the ground on a slope of the mountain and, having a little had a bite, settled to sleep.

At night, I woke up from a rough poke of the stupid party of a spear. When wanted to be indignant already from so ill-treatment, saw Bystronog doing characteristic gesture of silence. In me, the fear woke up.

– Get up, it is necessary to leave urgently, I feel danger – the goblin – the hunter whispered. Honestly, from the wood through which they went later some time the short roar, which developed

into noise of an animal fight, was heard.

Having quickly gathered, we carefully continued our rise on the mountain in the twilight. Through what – that time in the sky because of mountains seemed two moon as if two twins floating on a sky. Rise complicated the blown strong wind; it blew a body through as if there were no clothes.

– Let's take rest here – Bystronog showed towards imperceptible deepening in the rock – here we will hide from wind and we will have a sleep.

I, desiccated and frozen from the wind, curled up with a cripple inside a forced place for a night out. A little warm, I went to sleep, but the goblin apparently was not going to sleep.

I woke up from a quiet scrape of stone about a stone quite near and a formidable fish of a dozen swallows. The wall I slept at went away and had dirty, healthy kids with guns in their hands. I did not even have time to be scared, as I saw that one of these children with fangs protruding from the mouth on a green hare swung at me with some stick. My head was burned by pain and through the darkening consciousness I saw that Fast justified his name by running away quickly.

Chapter 2. In captivity of orks

I had a strange dream – I, tied on my hands and feet, lie in a small cave with low vaults in a pile of some cloth and watch myself as if from the outside. And here the voice – Hi the stranger behind was distributed.

I smoothly turned back as if forcing the way through water in the pool and was stupefied with what was seen —

In front of me stood or rather paraded a transparent silhouette of a man buried in armor from his feet to his head with an open fence. He held a transparent long two-handled staff in hand and smiling looked at me. Behind his back, he saw a cone-shaped shield, and behind his belt, a one-handed sword in knives was pushed.

– Ghost? – reached me.

– Yes a ghost – he grinned – Unlike you.

– Why? How? – Pinned with fear I uttered or wanted to utter, but he understood me.

– I am a ghost of the killed fighting magician, and you is similar, only – that the initiated young man with abilities to magic, time you appeared out of the body, and your body lies hardly live nearby. Look on yourself – what you see?

After examining myself, I found myself dressed in my favorite earthly clothes, consisting of jeans with a ruby and shoes on my feet, but everything was a little transparent.

– These are your habitual clothes, the image which is subconsciously taken from your head. – the magician explained.

– But why you here? And what is your name? – I took an interest.

– When I was alive, my name was Siuris Stongblaind or Siuris Lightning. In my lifetime, I was a second-level magician in Guild of Rainbow Magicians. Our Guild fights against powers of darkness in the person of demons, orks, the trolls, dark elves and other representatives of races worshipping the dark gods living in this world. On Centroniya at us is, and light gods as opposed to dark. And our award was created for fight against the evil in all its manifestations. I had a purpose to find and take away in these mountains a dangerous artifact from shamans of orks which is a part of the whole uniform artifact of dark god Gloom, to thereby prevent inducement of a bowl of scales towards powers of darkness. Having got to smartly arranged trap, I got beaten then I cannot far depart in the form of a ghost from the artifact supporting my existence in such look for already about two hundred years. Time to be presented to you came. – the ghost grinned.

Having presented and having told Siuris the story of hit to this world and «hospitality» at goblins, I stopped the story on capture, apparently, orks.

– Lyutoglaz you speak? It means all this time imperceptibly collected souls from other worlds, increasing the power. Goblins wanted to deceive to make you serve them; in fact, you would

become their slave until my death

Days and a trained magician can have a very long life. I see on your aura that you do not lie. It is long-awaited good luck I will help you Vladimir Marked and together we can get out of these caves with my artifact.

– I agree what needs to be done?

– Do you see this ring on a forefinger of my right hand? – Ghost took the non-existent Latin sleeve off his right hand and showed off a thick gold ring with a large diamond on his index finger. It is a projection of my artifact which teleports us in the closest citadel of my award. All problem is that only living magicians can use an artifact. When I got to a trap, could not use it because cunning shamans of orks provided this option and agitated the astral field so that it became impossible to move. Before death, I hid a ring in an astral spatial pocket, which is supported at the expense of an artifact, as well as I am after the initiation of the beginning, you spontaneously produce mana – the resource necessary to create spells. Let's hope that you will have enough mana that with my help to call an artifact from an astral. After that, you should dress a ring on a forefinger of the right hand and to saturate a teleportation spell which projection I will create before you at the right time.

– How will I call an artifact? And How I will saturate this projection?

– You will understand intuitively, and now you should recover.

You and so for the first time stayed long in an astral, just wish to return to the body.

I wanted to come back and here I was pulled towards my lying body, fascinating as if a rush of air.

– Get up the asshole, for you came – the sharp rough voice was distributed, and I felt a strong kick on edges. After that, with pain in the area of the sternum, he was stuffed and chained with blood.

Having opened eyes, I saw two dirty orks facing me. Big big fellows, with dirty faces of greenish shade with fangs peeling from under the lower lip, were very similar to a computer game. They were dressed in an armor of rough quality, one had on a belt a bludgeon, and at another behind a belt a sword in the sheath which rusted from an old age and the wooden board behind the back fitted by a skin of an unclear animal.

– A block look do not kill him if it does not live up to the necessary moment, then the leader learns who will be guilty of it – hissed the voice full of rage belonging to the appeared shaman of orks judging by a staff in his hands.

– Gartran, but he's just a pathetic man, a piece of meat, why are you so sad about him?

– Not your mind business, the Block, you and should not think, put it on legs and conduct for me – the sharp order hail of the shaman which orks – soldiers did not dare to disobey was distributed.

Some time we went along monotonous corridors did not

appear before the massive door upholstered with iron with a bolt from this party and a big keyhole yet. Before a door couple of orks on each side in an armor stood sentinel and at weapon, it is better quality, than at escorts.

In my head, all thoughts were about Siuris and his artifact. Where it? Where am I conduct?

– Vladimir – quietly rustled a familiar voice in my head – the shaman can notice me, wait so far you will remain alone.

I was rough brought inside the room opened by the guards and put on a chair in the center of the hall.

The small room to the right of the center occupied a wide table with two benches opposite to each other. On the center a chair on which I was put and the fire which now brightly burned and roasted carcass of the unknown animal on a spit reminding a pig only was difficult at the left is larger. Over a fire the opening in a ceiling where smoke left was punched. And on corners of the room wall torches burned.

A pangolin of snakes out the door opposite the one we walked through. A blue shade scaly skin as if a diving suit enveloped a tail, hands and the head, as at a lizard, not hidden under the cast-away hood.

– Gartran, I am glad – with to see – from you. – The pangolin hissed, flicking out tongue at a conversation the doubled language – this is my captive? – showing to a forefinger claw on me.

– So far it is my captive, dear Gadyukers. – The shaman

answered unshakably.

– But we agreed with you? Besides it hardly live, more than twenty gold I for it will not give.

– Give to my captive waters and to eat, and take away him back. – Spitefully frowningly Gartran looked at the Block why that internally shrank from fear – less than gold I will not sell it to you for full one hundred, I know that it is necessary to you for your Lyutoglaz, a servant demon.

Here I was taken away, and debaters began to agree about the price for my head.

When I left I heard such a phrase shaman – It was expensive for me to negotiate secretly with the shaman these green-skinned doodles so that they brought him to me, so ninety-five gold and no copper less.

There is Gliston, here he probably did a creature and a ceremony that after an oath as the ram itself would come to these servant demon to sacrifice. And as soon as it did not turn out, so quietly and sent with Swift-footed. With these thoughts I was brought back into my camera, the Block allowed to drink what – that musty water with words – On, the Worm, satisfy thirst finally, ha-ha-ha. After roughly kicked while his workmate did not see. Once again burst out laughing disgustingly and having locked a door with the workmate from the outer side, sat down to play in what – that a game on copper coins. It was heard their exclamations and punches which they distributed each other in a rush of passion or rage from loss.

– Vladimir is time – the ghost’s voice in my head was distributed – look before yourself attentively.

I lay and vainly tried to see attentively something, but nothing was impossible.

– Siuris is impossible to me. – Mentally I said.

– It is impossible to you because you from the world practically without magic also do not trust subconsciously in it. Remember in the childhood you for certain wanted to be the magician that at your desire there were any miracles and even represented them as if in reality. And then you just lost the belief in miracles when matured. Reject physical laws of your world in the head, magic laws prevail here. **YOU IN the WORLD of MAGIC!!!**

– And here I remembered as in the childhood really dreamed to become the magician as represented that at me here – the fiery sphere concentrated from energy between hands here will take off and understood, how exactly it is necessary to work.

– I see a pattern – for joy I cried, having forgotten about care.

Outside orks that – that was suspected and decided to check the captive, suddenly dies.

– Vladimir saturate a pattern with the mana rather.

I presented how energy from my hands (glory to light gods that they were connected before themselves) follows and fills a pattern. Passed seconds five after a pattern gradually getting brightness as if you tighten up brightness on the screen of the TV, it was filled with necessary amount of magic for creation

of a spell.

And here at the same time there were two things: the spell worked and from an astral pocket to me directly in hands the ring with diamond fell and the door was opened by jailers and were stupefied with what was seen.

– Put on a ring quicker – Siuris hurried me

– Grab him, he is a magician, – Glyba's partner said.



During the last instant I managed to put on a ring and time as if slowed down – I saw how to me two orks – one of them with the brought cudgel rush. The ring was already on a finger, I felt the intoxicating power concluded in this artifact and having seen the pattern shown from a ring as if the hologram from a searchlight intuitively sent this power to this pattern. Instantly filled pattern and flash of the portal absorbed me. The world turned over again, and I lost consciousness again.

Chapter 3. Citadel of the Guild of the Magicians of the Rainbow

– Get up the sleepyhead, I see that you already recovered – Siuris in my head told.

I opened eyes, and saw nothing except the magician's ghost in outer darkness. Having hardly passed into a sitting position, I felt a dead dead air.

– Where we Sirius? What should I do? And why I see you? I again in an astral?

– We are with you in a secret citadel of Guild, and you see me in reality because my ring on your finger, could also guess. Here it is unclear only why the citadel does not meet us.

– Meets?

– Yes, the citadel had to activate magic lighting and other functions when the magician from the guild appeared in it, because the portal missed us. Somehow, it does not happen.

Here saturate this pattern with a mana; you will create magic light.

I, having saturated with the manna an unpretentious pattern, felt dizziness. Then magic light over my head lit surrounding space. Having almost fainted, I suddenly felt heat wave, which ran on a body. Having felt at the same time that my bruises and grazes disappear, and the health returned to normal.

– This spell of Healing? But how? Cannot you conjure in an illusive appearance? – in perplexity I took an interest at the ghost.

– It is one of the properties put in a ring – automatic healing of the carrier of an artifact – Siuris explained – so, and now it is a high time to look round and understand why nobody meets us. Here in a wall the hollow pocket has to be near a crystal of management of a citadel.

Light moved next to me, following my thought orders. However, without being surprised to anything, I decided to look round. The room appeared meter four in height, a cylindrical form in the diameter of meters of fifteen, judging approximately. From the room conducted five closed identical doors located around and very impressive by sight.

– More carefully, do not touch doors, on them there have to be security spells if they did not lose the energy yet though there passed so many years. But we will check it later, now it is necessary to find a crystal of management. Well light here, indeed, you see this symbol on a wall in the form of the Iridescent Sphere with a sword inside, the looking edge up. It is a symbol of our award.

– Vladimir, touch with a ring this symbol. – The ghost indicated the center of a symbol.

When a square piece of wall at chest level drove deep and sideways, it appeared to hang in the air, a slow rotating, dull glowing crystal in projection as a rhomb, only with many faces that reflected the light from the light very beautifully.

– Siuris, what should I do further? – For some reason I became scared to touch this crystal.

– In principle the crystal cannot recognize you and then protection will work. – Thoughtfully the magician said.

But we all the same have no choice, not to die to you here without water and food.

– Well, prospect – I thought, weighing everything pros and cons.

– And can eat other way? – With hope I took an interest at the ghost.

– Is, for example, members of an award can teleport here and will save you from starvation, but judging by the dust lying around on a floor, to hope for it at least silly.



Having sat, having reflected on the past life, I understood that I am very hungry and actually I have no choice. Decided not to postpone more and, having risen from a cold stone floor, accurately brought a ring to a crystal.

Occurred at the beginning of nothing. But later seconds I felt five how – as if me X-ray pass. The crystal started blinking in different flowers as if the computer processing data then lit up dim equal yellow light. Around as if visible magic lighting appeared from nowhere. Two of five doors were illuminated by green light.

– Here you see, the citadel accepted you at least as the guest of honor, it means now you have an access to guest rooms and as I guess to the room of negotiations. Here the others are not available to you yet. – explained me the ghost.

Having opened the first door, I found behind it not remarkable berths / beds with bedside tables calculated on four persons. In the bedroom there were two doors conducting in a toilet and the swimming bath. Having returned back to the hall of a teleport Vladimir surveyed the second room which appeared quite big hall of negotiations with a round table in the middle of the room and chairs oak by sight with high carved backs. Except an entrance door to the hall of negotiations green two more doors shone, having opened first of which, Vova, having caught pleasant aroma of fried meat nearly choked with saliva and

having let out joyful cry began to observe as the food is magically cooked.

– Do not stand the idol, go mine hands and sit down be supported – Siuris murmured.

I long did not force itself to ask and already through two-three of minutes sat at a table in the hall of negotiations, observing as by air food in plates moved directly to a table where I sat.

Having sated I understood that I terribly want to sleep and without remembering, how exactly limped to guest rooms, fell heavily on a bed.

It was the strange dream, it was very real. I ran somewhere in the woods in the dark, and after me on the heels of a gloomy laugh didn't even run, and as if I was floating through the air some monster in the form of a big eye with a thousand eyes on creepy processes. Here having turned back, I stumbled and head over heels departed down. Having painfully hit a forehead against some snag, I regained consciousness on a bed in a citadel and with surprise groped at myself on a forehead a fresh cone. Having told Siuris about the dream and the real cone received in it, Volodya understood that the spiteful demon Lyutoglaz tried to kill him through a dream and that it is even worse to take control of his soul.

– Vladimir if you undergo dedication in novices of guild, then the demon will not be able so just to get you through dreams. And I suspect that it spent a lot of dark energy for this failed attempt and will be able to repeat it not soon. You should learn to put

protection on the mind. Plus the citadel will actively protect you after dedication.

– Siuris, by the way you can call me Vova or Volodya, tell me to what idea serves your Guild of the Magicians of the Rainbow? What gods patronize it? Tell about this world, I almost do not know anything. I cannot blindly make the decision.

– Centroniya is the Central World! It is some kind of intersection of the worlds to which in immemorial times came to this day there live people, orks, goblins, pangolins of snakes, dark and light elves, gnomes, centaurs, trolls, fairies, dragons and also kinds of magic experiments of mad magicians of ancient times. Three continents wash oceans, which are inhabited by mermaids and different types monsters who eating magic energy grew to the huge sizes. The benefit these monsters mutating due to the magic energy absorbed by them without measure cannot give posterity, however, as well as the experiments of mad magicians created for war.

According to an ancient legend the continent initially was one. At that time all people lived in peace. But after the volcanic eruption which entailed global cataclysms millions years ago the earth broke up in the center of the continent into three parts. And in the center there was a big island with a big extinct volcano inhabited by dangerous magic beings. The mountain itself is surrounded by a ring of small islands dissected with water from the North and South. Since the split and began irreconcilable enmity. Even the Gods, who failed to prevent this scourge, began

to blame each other for this and eventually split into two camps.

Kingdoms of people, light elves, centaurs, fairies and gnomes are on the western continent washed by three oceans. On east continent dark elves, trolls, goblins, a pangolin of snakes, orks, necromancers and cultist (servants of demons) live. In the north there are dragon islands, which are from far away the habitation of dragons. And the Southern Mainland, divided by a chain of mountains into two parts, is inhabited in the northern part by skeletons, dead, foxes and other uncontrolled births of death. In the southern part of the Southern Mainland there are so-called damned lands inhabited by the fruits of experiments of crazy magicians, storing artifacts and knowledge for which ordinary mortals are ready to pay mountains of gold. Many adventurers are missing in damned lands, so dangerous. Only the most powerful magicians, not blinded by the thirst for knowledge and riches, returned with tiny of knowledge and artifacts extracted from these lands.

– Siuris, tell me more about human kingdoms and from where you are?

– My ancestral Stongblaind Castle is in the Grand Principality, located in the southeastern part of the western mainland. The Grand Prince rules there, transferring his power by inheritance. At the head of the feudal state is the grand prince himself. It is directly subject to the graphs that own their own feuds, which are inherited. Then there are the nobles, usually having no more than one village in possession. The main force of the principality is

represented by its own team and magicians trained in the Guild of Rainbow Magicians.

The southwest friendly neighbor of the principality the Sultanate inhabited by tribes of steppe soldiers, which is famous for the military traditions and a strong steppe cavalry. Also presents sultanate force to guild of magicians of Transformation. Their werewolves are very fast and strong in infighting. In their state the polygamy is authorized. The sultan, as a rule, has a big harem of very beautiful girls.

To the west of the Sultanate in the Radiant kingdom there lives the mixed population headed by the priests worshipping the light god Luchezar giving to the followers strength for fight against the evil. The radiant kingdom is strong the priests and paladins.

To the north of the grand duchy the rich Trade kingdom which does not have own regular army was located. Instead of own army they have on service mercenaries from different other kingdoms. Governs council of merchants led by the chairman of trade guild elected for short term in five years there. They live craft and trade with other kingdoms. Support this force Guild of Spontaneous magicians. The population consists generally of people, gnomes and elves half-blooded. Have the strongest merchant marine fleet.

In the North of the Western continent there is a northern kingdom inhabited by barbaric tribes of the people-worshipping god of Svetozar's light – to Luchezar's brother. Priests and Svetozar's paladins astride the tamed griffins are the terrible

force with which even the dragons who are occasionally making raids on the cattle and living creatures of a northeast part of the Northern kingdom reckon.

In a mountain isthmus, stretched from northern tribes to the Sultanate in the south there live gnomes. These the hardworking race was famous for the armored infantry in fight. They traded with all races on the Western continent though they disliked elves, fairly including them too arrogant.

To the west of a mountain isthmus of gnomes the woods of light elves, surprising on the beauty, stretch. They live in a neighborhood with fairies and Ent's. As a rule, they do not let people to the territory.

On East continent in its southern part there is a kingdom of necromancers, headed by the king necromancer Grobindus the second living thanks to the force not the first hundred years. Force of the kingdom is represented by guild of necromancers, and their ordinary soldiers are the raised skeletons, the called spirits and not the privates operated by necromancers skeletons dragons, received from remains of dragons at all. Their altars darkened from blood of the sacrificed light beings in glory of god of darkness or Gloom, so it was called too by some tribes.

To the west of necromancers, their allies cultist led by the called demons from the other world freely settled down. The mixed population consists generally of people, pangolins of snakes, succubus's and the lowest demons. Exactly there is Lyutoglaz, one of the highest demons called by these, the dark

fanatics who sold soul.

Apart from human races there are far north dragon islands, a chain of mountains towering over water. Dragons nest in mountains on these islands. Very terrible force, but in itself they are neutral in relation to other races, to tell more precisely they do not recognize any authorities and worship nobody.

In the mountains of the southern mainland lives a race of cannibals – wrinkles. It is the only race of half-intelligent beings who on Centroniya in its majority worship the goddess of death Morana.

Our award of iridescent magicians was based more than one thousand years ago by the arch magus Gronos Wise. He was born in princely family of the Grand Duchy the younger son, with unique abilities to all types of magic. For couple of hundreds of years of training and wanderings on the world he grew up in the magician out of categories (arch magus) and was so mighty that many magicians and masters of kingdoms began to envy his force and power. Probably he created this confidential citadel in which we are now. About five hundred years ago Gronos Wise rose at the head of the union of light forces in defense of all population of the Western continent against attack of infinite army of necromancers, cultist, orks, trolls, a snake of pangolins and dark elves.



This fight happened on the southern continent, at that time the disputed territory between alliance light and powers of darkness. The army of the integrated light forces of people, elves and gnomes suffered a defeat, the number of forces of a dark side which are saved up centuries was so big. At the moment of triumph of a dark side Gronos in despair appealed to the goddess of death Moran, asking help to save let not their lives, and at least their souls from enemy magicians who after the victory over the enemy were going to enslave souls of the killed light soldiers.

Also death essence in the battlefield was so big that the goddess of death of Moran responded to his call, having installed

in Gronos's body, bearing death and rest to all soldiers without analysis, having covered as if with a cover – death fog all battlefield from the coast to the coast and to border of mountains. And at the place where she appeared, there was a deep dead lake filled with the essence of death. Echoes of this great wolf touched the southern part of the mainland and went mad the wild magicians and their creatures who lived there. And it became the southern part on that side of the mountains to be named since the Cursed Lands.

– And what became with Gronos?

– It is said that since then he has served Morana, thus paying her huge debt to her, helping to do her work, escorting souls into the afterworld. After all, if you don't do it, not stubborn souls can deliver many problems alive.

– Siuris, so you died, you likely have to know precisely, so?

– Yes, I died, but my soul is tied to my ring on your finger, so I didn't go the last way. For my soul to leave, the ring must be destroyed, perhaps I will ever ask you to do so, but not yet ready. I want to revive the guild. This requires magicians who have taken the oath of the Order, ready to defend the citadel and the interests of the Order. But for starters it takes at least one magician, otherwise the order sooner or later will go. After all, there is always a chance that this is unclear as a preserved citadel will be found by the enemy and erased from the face of Centroniya together with all the invaluable knowledge stored in it. So now all hope is for you.

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