

## Patrons of Relzaria

Adam scoured through the countless parchments on the Archivist's desk. There was far less printed cartography of Relzaria than there should be, and even less dating back before the Lost Age. But Adam knew the map had to be here. If anyone had it, it would be the Archivist, as he found it important to keep such things.

It wasn't like Adam to pilfer where he wasn't permitted, but he considered this particular case an outlier. In fact, the Archivist himself preached the pursuit of knowledge and true history above all. He would surely understand.

Adam moved a rather heavy book and a few scrolls to finally reveal what he sought: the very first map of Relzaria. He examined it with pride, feeling the thick, coarse parchment between his fingertips. Upon touch, Adam immediately identified magical energy emanating from the map. He assumed the paper must have come from an *Alsa* tree, but then he inspected the edge of the map. Within the margins were written many names, creating a unique border. The energy was coming from the names, not from the ink they were rendered, but the *names* themselves; the very people the names identified.

This was somewhat psychedelic for Adam, as he had never encountered such magic. He traced the names with his fingers and with each name he crossed, visions of that individual's life flashed before Adam as if time was still. Adam felt understanding and compassion for each person as if he had known them his entire life.

Adam was intoxicated with intrigue, he felt it necessary to unveil the importance of all these patrons. He was halfway through the margin north of the Academy when he was startled by a voice from behind him.

"I see someone is doing some extracurricular studying." Adam turned around to see the ominous figure of the Archivist. He quickly placed the map on the table and grinned nervously.

"I knocked, but..." Adam trailed off, unsure if his excuse was sufficient.

“No worries my dear boy, to chastise your curiosity would be a display of immense hypocrisy.” the Archivist grinned in return. “Now, what were we so enamored with?”

The Archivist reached around Adam and grabbed the map. “My, my. I haven’t seen this in ages,” he said with glossy eyes.

Adam squinted in disbelief, “It was only on the tabl-”, Adam cut himself off, remembering the Archivist’s unfortunate tendency to lose things in plain sight. “Master, who are those people? Were they the original colonists? I was able to view their lives in a manner I am unable to explain, it was as if I was living alongside them.” Adam’s voice wavered somewhat as he began to lose himself in the external memories of others.

The Archivist reached out and touched Adam on the shoulder. “When I drew this map, oh so long ago, I wrote these names in the margins to commemorate the great wizards who originally helped shape Relzaria. In their names, as I wrote, I magically embedded my memory of them, so I, nor anyone who held this map, would ever forget them and what they have done for us.”

Adam’s face glowed with amazement. “That is remarkable, Master. Someday I hope to replicate such an impressive spell.”

The Archivist nodded and gave a tussle to Adam’s shoulder, “I am sure you will, my boy.” He handed the map back to the young wizard and Adam picked up where he left off in the margin north of the Academy.

The Archivist’s mind drifted off to a time that was much closer to the beginning. He smiled and whispered, “Thank you, Patrons of Relzaria.”