

# Talibah, the Egyptian

## Chapter 3

### *The Great Crossover*

“The Eldritch call their Realm the Realm of Light. Or at least that is as close to human speech and meaning that I can come. This Realm, the Realm that you, and more simply humans, think of as the real or physical world is often referred to as the Realm of the Wheel.

“Now it isn’t that there isn’t birth and death in the Realm of Light, but in the Realm of the Wheel one gets caught up in a cycle of forgetfulness; lives are short and lessons difficult to learn, difficult to maintain. In the Eldritch lives are as long as we dictate and end only because we crave a new beginning, a new perspective and we have access to what we wish to remember and how we wish to remember it.

“However, one from the Realm of Light who truly crosses over physically to the Realm of the Wheel can be caught by the Wheel and remain there until they progress as any human does through lives upon lives to finally obtain release. So, some ‘humans’ are really human bodies with Elven souls, destined to continue here in the Wheel.

“There was a time long ago – so far back in memory that few Eldritch choose to remember it – when many of the Elven folk deliberately crossed from the Realm of Light to the Realm of the Wheel. The Elven call this the Great Crossover when many of the Eldritch crossed into the Realm of the Wheel never to return. At that time many of the Realms’ Gates were naturally more open and the energies were not fixed. The Earth was in a great state of flux and through the Eldritch She had first become conscious for we are Her first children; and then it began to flow into the Wheel where that consciousness began to appear in the first humans. It caused a fascination in the Eldritch and they began to watch these humans of the Wheel in curiosity.

“Understand that the Realm of Light is within the living aspects of the Earth; the energies, the trees, the lakes, the mountains. It ebbs and flows quickly yet it always remains; it transmutes in a graceful dance that never severs its ties and always remembers from whence it came. In some way the Elves are always near to the Wheel, close by, nearly touching. Very much part of the fabric of the Earth. And in some ways cousins to the humans who had begun to emerge, whose spirits had just begun to perceive their own being. There was an attraction, a curiosity, an expectation as the humans began their first steps into true self awareness.

“There was a little bit of crossover at that time that wasn’t ‘catching’. I mean, quick appearances back and forth, flirtations really. The veils were fairly thin, the Eldritch curious and as long as it was brief, nothing happened; and no-one even realized that anything could. Few humans at that time had any propensity to cross. I don’t even know of many tales to that end except encouraged by the fascination of the Elves themselves.

“Elves... what an interesting word... a human word, really, though I’ve grown used to it. We don’t really have a word, you know. We’re just ‘us’, though there are

many who are aware and use the word 'Elf' and such. Some may choose to use the word, some are repulsed by it, some simply don't care. Jared, I'd say, falls into the 'don't care' category. And there is much variety in the Eldritch, you probably noticed that. That comes from 'where-ever' in the Earth's energy those beings, souls, spirits reside. I think humans would actually refer to Cordelia, me, Jared as 'High Elves'. High Elves... I guess because we tend to look like humans for the most part. Are more like humans... Closer 'cousins' as it were. Energy is more similar, more conducive. It was mostly 'High Elves' that would cross to the Realm of the Wheel.

"I have to admit, some Elven folk do have almost no interest in humans...they love the Earth, serve Her and that is enough. Perhaps they're better so. Perhaps all the Eldritch would be better so.

"There came a time in this early stage of awareness and consciousness, of flux, when the Earth Herself was 'noticed'. The turbulence, the energy dancing, sometimes almost chaotic – but brimming with life and potential. Multilayered, too – easier access to the various Realms. One could almost say the control was a bit lax, though I'm not exactly certain just 'who' you'd say that to.

"In time outside forces beyond the Earth, beyond the stars, they say, became aware of this new Entity. Earth had a Soul now and that brightness declared Her being to the Universe. And the Universe noticed. But not all in the Universe are benign. There are darker energies, more selfish energies – and there was desire to grasp this new source of power and bend it to another's will. Or to others. It's hard to say. So, a new source of energy began to drift to the Earth from outside and that energy's intentions were not all for the best. This alarmed the Earth as She truly was aware and perceived this threat to Her being as real and imminent.

"So She began to sing. A song that rang throughout the Universe in power and grace. A beautiful song, but full of Her urgency and fear as well. The Eldritch resonated with this powerful song and they, too, began to sing. And, I suspect, others in the Realms of the Earth sang as well. A myriad of voices filling the stars, calling, calling for help, calling for assistance against those who would take advantage of Her.

"Battle lines were laid, battle lines that in many ways persist to this day. The Soul of the Earth is rich and fertile. Though there are others such as She, She is still a jewel amidst so many unawakened spirits; a center of light, She really is. And She is worth fighting for – for Her freedom, really. To cast Her own destiny no matter where it might lead.

"Many came to Her call. Other beings, some older, some younger, willing to help and often willing to become fused into Her Soul. To become a part of Her. I am not as sure about some of those stories as I am about the Eldritch and some of the other Realms associated with the Earth Herself. But, I do wonder of them and find out what I can when I can.

"Some, I'm told, came especially when they heard the Elves sing. The Elves and the trees. These beings called themselves Deva. I remember them vaguely when they first came, like the glinting of the stars with bright hair and eyes, or so they seemed. They're hard to spot, their spirits seem akin to both the Elven and human, yet have a subtlety that neither bear. Oh well, it's the Eldritch I'm explaining here, though, isn't it?

"At some point many Elves decided they would cross into the Wheel, at least for a time, to cross and help the humans stabilize because it was the Realm of the Wheel that

these energies seeking control had set themselves upon. So the Eldritch opened the Gates wide into the Wheel that many could pass through with ease for it seemed it was thought that the Wheel was Her weakest link as well, the easiest to gain access from outside to and to seek control.

“Being an Elf, I do remember something of that time. I know I chose not to cross, though I admit there was a temptation, many of us felt that. Many of us, though, felt we could be more supportive remaining in the Eldritch and it is good that we made that decision. However, the many that did cross did help the humans a great deal. The Elves brought with them their song, their joy, their spontaneous creativity and helped to open those doors in the humans so that the Earth Herself might expand and become more firm in that dimension. We, the Elves, often like to think that that is why the Earth was not overwhelmed and though She continues to battle to this day, She has a true fighting chance. At least we do like to believe it so.

“In order to stay in the Realm of the Wheel, the Elves here found that they had to have something in order to remain for any length of time else their bodies were automatically drawn back into the Eldritch after a while. Somehow, they found an herb that stabilized their bodies and allowed them to stay indefinitely. It is interesting, it’s an herb highly poisonous to humans, but for such as myself, it grounds me into this Realm. Curious that. Anyway, they made the discovery and were right pleased with it, staying for years and years, befriending, teaching, building. Some of the Elves even had children in the Wheel and though those children seemed to have some natural stability for a time; they, too, found they would have to take herbs at some point, some sooner some later in their adulthood. However, though we do die, we ‘decide’ in the Eldritch, we were mistaken in the Realm of the Wheel. It was found that we could be killed, we could even get sick at times and some even found that their bodies began to slowly age. Yet, it wasn’t worried about overmuch until the first true shock came; the discovery that the Elves who died in the Wheel did not return to the Eldritch, to the Light; that they returned to the Wheel in a human body.

“I remember something of the initial panic, the terror of some, the sorrow and anguish. The Eldritch are not made for those emotions, it is hard for us to come to terms with it as it really had not been a true part of our experience – until then. Many of those in the Wheel immediately quit the herbs and found their way back to the Eldritch as quickly as possible. Unfortunately for some, however, though they quit the herbs they found to their horror, they could not return, that they effectively no longer needed the herbs and were tied to the Wheel whether they would or no. For these, the Eldritch mourned the most for they knew their fate and yet nothing could be done. And though one might suppose that the Elven children would have more difficulty returning, that was not so, they did have a choice to stay or go. It was at the point when they ‘needed’ the herbs that that choice became critical as it did for any other Elf.

“And yet there were others. Others who decided that even though they did know what their fate would be, they would stay in the Realm of the Wheel, anyway. That it was too important, their work was not finished and the humans needed them.

““It is hard to tell you how terribly we mourned. It was as if our skies had darkened and our hearts had grown dim. Some grew foolishly angry with the humans and became dark themselves because of it. Some were even taken in by the very forces we were trying to fight and therefore we did as we could to expel them even though they

were our own. Unfortunately they remain as tied to the Earth as ever because they ‘are’ the Earth as we are and though we continue to fight them we do so with great pain hoping in our hearts we may someday reclaim them back to the Light. Sometimes it has happened, though admittedly rare, but it feeds our hope so we continue to pursue it. But I am loathe to say much more of that right now and would rather I only speak of it more when I must.

“The others, the others who decided to deliberately stay in the Realm of the Wheel continued with the herbs and their involvement with humanity. We would speak in the between, the same place you say you ‘spirit walk’, where you’ve seen Jared and Cordelia. It’s not actually the Realm of Light Itself, though it’s often referred to that way by humans. Sometimes one can virtually see ‘into’ the Eldritch, but I only know of one ‘human’ in recent memory who actually spent time in that Realm. The ‘between’ is a safe zone, you see, where those who had no desire to cross could still speak with and counsel their brethren, especially as the Gates to truly cross into the Wheel were being closed. We had decided it to be the best for all, so we effectively closed our Realm off as far as true physical Cross Over. We had lost enough of our people and we could bear no more. The few, who could yet return, were allowed to if they would; but at the time no one was allowed to pass over to the Wheel anymore. We even did our best to close all the Gates and though we met with greater and lesser success, it is certainly far more difficult than it once was.

“Those left of our kin on the side of the Wheel decided that they ought do something more stable, more lasting to not only help the humans, but help themselves as time went on; when they finally all had died and would only come back in human form. They began to format our ‘ways’ into some sort of semblance of a community, something they would be drawn to again and again so that they would continue to help the Earth and continue to grow themselves. And, of course, advice was given from the Realm of Light; especially in maintaining contact and the methods for doing so. And though throughout the world much has been lost over the years, here in Cymru, it is still strong, though most do not know of its beginning. It is what you are learning, what I teach. It is the Bardic Way and Tradition itself. Created by the Elves for the Elves and their preservation on this Side. Of course, now it has humans with human souls as well, and other spirits; spirits willing and attuned to this sort of discipline. It is with some sadness to note that few Bards really know anything of it, but for the Elven it was something often difficult to discuss, to admit to, especially as time went on. Elves have difficulty with that sort of memory; I have difficulty with it; but sometimes it is wise to remember – wise to relate it, to explain it. For whatever reason, I felt it was best for you to really have some true idea.”

Taliesin sat back upon the floor of the cave as he finished his tale. He had been walking to and fro as he had spoken, often gesturing as the fire that warmed the room cast wild curious shadows about the walls. Talibah had sat, watching and listening quietly, a bit huddled in her clothes and a big blanket made of fur from what looked to be woven rabbit hides – soft and warm in a swirl of animal colors from black to reddish brown. She frowned a lot at what he said, not always sure if she was following everything, trying to make mental notes of what she ought to ask. She was still trying to get over a certain sense of strangeness from having been to the village the day before. Knowing she was dealing with something she had never been taught about before. Gnostica had been so straightforward, even with meditations and the spirit walks. Guides had come as human

people or animals, but often times what she met were beautiful white birds she understood to be messengers of Sophia. Angels were alluded to, though she had never seen one. At least she had assumed the other people in her 'walks' were human – now she was not so sure. Most meditations centered on dismissing the illusion of the physical – an illusion she now questioned as well – it was surprising to think that meditation could lead to something else, as Taliesin was now teaching her, to see other worlds, to work with a being from another reality. It confused her, but she knew she wished to pursue it, Sophia would not have led her here if she were not.

Snow was gently falling outside and as Taliesin had sat with the end of his talking, Talibah got up after a moment and went to the entrance of the cave to gaze outside. The sun was nearly set as a shimmer of color fell across the snow through the barren trees. For a long while she watched, still as the air, listening to the gentle fall of snow upon the ground. She wrapped the blankets tightly about herself and closed her eyes trying to clear her mind. She felt Taliesin's hand upon her shoulder, but did not stir from her spot.

"I'll make some tea..." he said quietly, "I know you must have questions, but I won't rush you..." then he brightened, "I have something for you, too."

"Something?" She asked vaguely curious, though she really wasn't certain she wanted to be moved from her own revelry. Then she breathed deeply and sighed, "Yes... questions... Perhaps for quite some time."

"I would expect nothing less." Talibah could feel Taliesin's smile when he spoke; gentle, relaxed and very patient. She wondered if he was always so. "It is a large subject and you have a keen mind... I am pleased you are my student."

She turned and looked at him, noticing for once that he was fairly tall for a male as she herself was fairly tall for a woman. And yet, though she thought she ought feel a bit vulnerable around him, she felt strong, almost his equal despite him being her teacher. A slight smile tugged at her mouth as she spoke, "Your hair... it was quite dark once, wasn't it? Like your lashes and some of your eyebrows... Is the white of your hair natural, though... or for some reason something that you wish me to see?"

The humor in his voice and in his eyes told her that at least she had not said anything offending, "It's 'my' hair... I promise... my face, my eyes... the whole package... I promise... It honestly would take far too much energy to maintain such a consistent semblance... I guess I 'might' consider doing 'something' about my hair, perhaps even reverse it," he shrugged "but it is almost like a reminder to me... of past events... It turned fairly quickly; almost overnight, actually... And I just don't wish me to forget why, even for a little while..." His eyes softened as his thoughts stepped back a moment again, then he drew in a long breath to return, "Anyway... let's go... It'll be truly cold out there in a moment or so... Eating is not a bad idea, either... there's a bit of stew left..."

He turned and left; so quiet, he walked so quietly as she watched. Had she not noticed that before? And now she realized a slight familiar scent, the same sent she associated with Jared. It was wildflowers, but not nearly so pronounced, just enough to notice as if it were somehow deliberate. She was certain she had not smelt it before, but then again, she wasn't really known for her sense of smell. "Maybe that's what all the Eldritch smell of. Earth and wildflowers." She mumbled as she finally went inside to the

area where they would sit at beside the fire in the evening. It would warm them well, well enough that by the time she sought her bed, that area would be warm enough, too.

When she got back to the fire, Taliesin had laid something in the place where she usually sat. She looked down and stared at it as he rumbled about to put tea and stew at the fire. "Clothes?" she said startled, "Clothes? From where?"

"I hadn't wished to bring them out before... as I knew they'd illicit questions... questions I'm afraid I was not truly ready for until there was no avoiding them yesterday... the clothes should fit, you know... I'm not bad at judging those things. Though, of course, some things are not really 'fitted' as it were... and I can get my tunic back..." he grinned lightly, "Oh, yes, from where..." she raised her brows as he continued, "The Council Seat, Wynseren, not terribly long ago..."

Talibah thought about pressing further but then decided not to. She simply shook her head 'yes' and fingered the cloth of greens and white embroidered with yellow spirals. "What lovely cloth; wool, isn't it? Very soft, very strong." She looked back up at him, "Thank-you. Thank-you a lot."

"Go put a set on and come back. Everything should be hot enough by then."

She gathered up the pieces and went back to her area. There were two sets of matching clothes and as Taliesin promised, everything fit as if they had been made specifically for her. "Bard colors." She whispered to herself, "Elven colors. Yellow, white and green. Forest colors, colors of the Earth... It makes me feel one with the Earth... Sophia... You wish me to be one with the Earth?... Seems so odd... but, I have to believe that You brought me here... for I feel right, I feel safe... and that is the only way I know how to answer you." She smiled slightly to herself contentedly as she went back to the fire.

When she came back, Taliesin got up briefly to admire her, "Yes, you look like a Bard, now. It looks good."

"Do Bards always wear trousers and tunics?"

"Court Bards sometimes wear robes. It depends... I didn't think you'd prefer robes here. Am I mistaken?"

"No... no... of course not... Anyway, I want to get back to questions." Talibah bent down to get a bowl for stew letting her hair fall forward. At the same time some of her new tunic fell enough away from her back to reveal a pattern near her neck.

"What's this?" remarked Taliesin, "You have a tattoo on your back."

"Oh, yes... Goodness, I forget about it most of the time."

"I'm surprised I've not noticed it before... I guess things have not been the right cut or your hair has always been in the way... May I see it?" She nodded and he gently pulled enough material away to look. "It's beautiful! The back of the base of your neck along your left shoulder blade. A dragon, I suspect. Looks almost Pictish, though I know that can't be."

"Frankish... Mother's family. The women on my mother's side are tattooed when we're seven years. The tattoo sort of 'grows' as we get older. I've never seen it on myself. We're not meant to see our own."

"How wonderful. Matrilineal... hidden power... Wonderful symbology..." He nodded with great respect as he sat back down and rubbed his chin reflectively. "Must be an old family... Perhaps that may have been part of the reason Sophia chose you..."

“Old family... So I’ve always been told... but I’m sorry... I don’t really know much else about that. Wish I did... but so much was put into my preparation for my journey... to represent and search for Sophia... I just...” Talibah drew away to sit with her stew, wanting to move away from the speculation Taliesin had brought up, “Did the Elves have children with humans? Half Elves. That sort of thing.”

Having been in some thought over the tattoo, Taliesin nearly startled. “Oh... sorry... Children? Half Elves?... Well, initially, no. Elves had Elven children. To bring in more Elven folk more easily as it was found there was less trouble with stability... However, later... When the problems arose and no more ‘new’ Eldritch souls would be coming through they found that they could no longer have full-blooded Elven children... So Elves did begin to pair with humans as the Elven numbers began to dwindle and the Elven souls caught in the Wheel were seeking rebirth. Half Elves need no herbs for stability, either... so it was eventually thought of as the best thing to do for those Elven souls seeking return. To at least have ‘some’ Eldritch blood... Normally, Elves have very few children, anyway. But having children with humans... for whatever reason, the odds go up a good bit... good mixture, I guess... And some of the humans had Elven souls themselves by then... So they were able to bring back as many of their own within their own ranks, as it were. To help them remember who they were.”

“Sooo... there’s actually Eldritch blood out there? Physical Eldritch blood?”

“Highly diluted... but, yes, a little.”

“Which brings me to a big question.” Talibah looked at Taliesin pointedly and with great curiosity. “If I’m understanding this right, you are full blooded Elf, yes?” Taliesin nodded with a soft smile, “And you are ‘here – now’, in the Realm of the Wheel... Well... you’re not ‘that’ old, are you?... ‘This body’, I mean...”

Sitting a moment Taliesin reminisced, seeing faces and places from years gone by, “No, hardly so old... that’s many, many generations ago... I’m old enough, I guess; but not ‘so’ old.... I had said I had not crossed, it just didn’t feel right to me then. I helped where I could in other ways. I met with many in the ‘between’ before and after the Portals closed... I spent much time there, actually... I did have quite a bit of curiosity to me, after all... The Great Dreaming of Her, of the Earth... it may be confusing at first, but it is also a very comforting place, so rich and vibrant even if everything shifts as it does... as I’m sure you’re beginning to realize.” He, too, took some stew, but he wasn’t certain he was that hungry. It smelled good and the warmth felt good in his hands. “I spend a good deal of time there now as well... However, back to your question... my current parents... They come from a family of magick. I had incarnated into that family myself more than once. A family who did most of the closings of the Portals when it came time... Who had done some of the widening of them as well... Who knows to this day how to close them and consequently, how to open them. Their memories are longer and stronger about those things. Many Elves have chosen to forget, you see. Usually only the Lord or Lady of an area remembers much if anything about it; most are content to know that they can not cross... But, my family... I think they just felt someone needed to remember; I mean, who knows? Doors once sealed just may ‘need’ to be unsealed someday... And there are occasionally other Elves who have crossed after the closing. Those, like my parents, know or know someone who does know how to make a small opening. And they are always very strong and strong-willed souls. Like me, I suppose. I apparently felt I needed to cross this life and I incarnated to the family I knew that could

do that for me... It's not like they opened it very wide. Just enough for the two of them so that I could be born here, so I would have more stability until I got older and they would then influence some way or someone to get me the herbs I would need... I am told they found a village couple where the woman could nurse me with her own child. I think my mother feigned illness, then both disappeared after a few days once they felt I was settled in so that they might return once more to the Eldritch. A farmer couple, I gather; near a village but not right with the other people. I only really recall bits and pieces, you know... A little round stone house of two rooms and a loft, I believe... with a thatched roof... A fire in the center with a little hole in the roof to let the smoke out... a rather Pictish design, actually, thinking about it now... But, it seemed pleasant enough. I know I was loved; though I actually suspect they may well have known just what I was... When I was about seven years a Member of the Bardic Council came through the village to meet with the Wise Women there who pointed me out to him. He did some tests, I remember. Listened to my voice, watched my carriage, asked curious questions just to see what sort of answer I might come up with. He told the couple that were taking care of me that I was to go with him, that I had Bardic Gift and should start instruction immediately. They were sad about it, yet I believe there was some relief, too. Not everyone in the village was much at ease about me. Glints of the 'New Religion', the Roman version of Christianity as you call it, was filtering in here and there by that time, so some folks, quite frankly, didn't care for me at all. 'Changeling', they called me, and 'devil's brood'. I didn't much understand, but I knew it wasn't a compliment... Anyway, after I left with the Council Member and went with him to the Council Seat, which at that time was called Waljanargel, I spent a great part of my early years training there. Now, there, I was truly happy." His thoughts made him smile wistfully, the stew forgotten. "A lot of work, mind you, a lot of discipline... a lot of helping in the fields and watching the sheep or cattle that the Seat kept as much as the regular Bardic training." He laughed a little, "But, no-one questioned who or what I was, and that was a great relief to a young mind. Elves don't 'slow' in the aging process, per se, until we're adults... yet, I'm really not too certain anyone was paying much attention, anyway. Bards are 'different enough'. I 'did' know what I was, though... I knew it rather instinctively when I was small... and later I began to remember... And the Council Member realized it, though I've never been quite sure 'how' he came by that realization... It is as like as not that my parents found a way to tell him... Dreams... some such."

Talibah peered at him, adjusting her clothes a bit, having finished eating and sipping at tea. The night was settling in and though they could not see the outside from where they sat, she could feel the night, almost sensing the appearance of the stars. "So, then, Maerdynn... For all of that... 'Why' did you decide to cross... why 'now'?"

Removing himself from thought he looked at her closely and sighed, "You're going to have to excuse me that one... I both know and don't know the answer to that. Being 'born' in this Realm made some things hazier than usual – though I may have wished it that way as well, I'm not sure... but... I'm not sure I'm very comfortable yet sharing that sort of information with you... I'm sorry. Perhaps in time..." he shrugged, "At this point I'll answer anything I can... Just understand that if I don't, I have my reasons for doing so... You'll just have to trust me on that."

“I trust you... I think I always have since you saved me from that storm... You’ve been more than kind and patient... and have never tried to take advantage of me... I am somewhat surprised, but very pleased.”

“Advantage?” He queried, then realized what she meant, “Oh... no...” he shook his head, “You’re my student and I sense that that would not even be proper to you... Your trust is actually the most important thing if I am to teach you properly. I hope you shall be able to look to me for many years to come... I might say I was far too old... but, I’d be literally far too old for just about anyone around me if I thought that.” He shrugged again and smiled as his eyes told her his thoughts were going back within again.

“You know, I’ve not seen you taking any herbs, though... I mean... like the ones you have mentioned...?”

“I don’t take them anymore.” He said too quickly, then realized it, “Sorry... I just don’t need them, anymore... that’s the way of it, you know... sooner or later.”

“Oh,” Talibah frowned, wondering a bit why he had seemed to react a bit harshly about it, then decided to diverge, “Well then... Might I be an Elf, then?... Elven soul, I mean?” She quipped with curiosity and some real hope.

He studied her a moment frowning, considering, then shook his head, “No... no, I’m sorry, you’re not... Human, though?... Hummm... not sure, actually... I ‘know’ Elven souls, I can easily tell their essence when I have a mind to... And sometimes I can tell actual human easily enough – but, as I said, there ‘are’ others... Then, I get more confused... I’m afraid, Talibah, that that is territory where you’d actually have to tell ‘me’ what you are. I’m simply not sure...”

“But how would ‘I’ ever know that?”

“Well... Ummm... Meditation is a possible venue... Open yourself to the idea. Eventually it will come... I ‘do’ wish I could be more help on that, but...”

“Well, the bargain I made, then... with the Elves... When I got the crystal the first time I met Jared... What about that?”

“Ohhh... that...” He said with an amused twinkle in his eye, “I’m going to let you discover that one for yourself as well... It’s best so... However, let me assure you that it isn’t anything bad... Not at all... I would not have allowed for that if it were not something that benefited all involved... I just feel it is something best understood in time... And, that time is not now.”

“More meditation... I understand...” She rolled her eyes and smiled, then looked at his bowl, “Well, are you going to eat?... I’m finished and thought to go on to bed... You’ve not touched a thing.”

He chuckled, “I guess I talked too much... Doesn’t matter. You go on. There’s not much here and I’ll put it away...” She got up, stretched and yawned before moving away. “You look good in Bardic gear... Rather natural, I think.”

“Thanks... they feel good, too... goodnight.”

“Goodnight... Come Spring we will go to the Council Seat... You’ll need interaction with others... You’re ready enough.”

“Good... I’m glad... shall I get to work the fields as well?”

“Oh, I’m sure there’ll be some of that as well, yes...”

She smiled as she left the area, “It will be good to be with others... with others that I can feel free and at ease with... I look very forward to it.”

When she had left Taliesin sat as the fire began to die back into embers. For a long while he sat, thinking and remembering, finally sipping at some of the tea. It was still a good month away, but he was becoming more anxious to go to the Council Seat of Wynseren, to do the things he needed and to allow for Talibah's training to progress.