

Gamelon Tales, Book One Series One, Finding the One

DESCRIPTIONS NARRATIVE - CHARACTERS

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Doli the Avatar Magus

Doli's voice is soft and strong with the clarity of knowledge. It is impossible to guess, when first speaking with him, that he is an immortal who has become mortally ill. The dwindling of his life forces is caused by the great schism and polarizing of the teraform world. Without intervention of light forces, he can possibly expect no more than another year of life.

One might never know of his long years of wisdom; because there were not nearly enough etched in a face, focused with with contemplation and compassion, and covered with long, white hair which pulled away from his face and swept behind him to serenely rest on his front breast plate. Soon this elegant life might be coming to a close. He only speaks of it with those his visions reveal as chosen to receive his help with their paths of destiny.

Maeyilry and her twin brother Meurtily, too young at only nine years, for so large a burden as he was contemplating, were in the next village, Turrah. He knew these souls had a great had a great life path and purpose, and if these were the "ONE" they were someone he would have to tell soon. There was not very much time to teach them his magical skills before he risked passing to the eternal light flame, and he did wasn't sure if he would return to this place again in another form, once he transitioned. They would need these many skills soon because of the severity of the dark times that had been upon the land of Murta hundreds of years now. Things were coming to a crisis, he knew, from the voice that talked to him from inside his inner being. He had seen visions of chaos, war, and despair in his vivid waking dreams. There was much inner turmoil for Maeyilry and "Meurt" he could hear when he passed over them inside his mind, so he knew they needed his help

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immediately.

Doli gathered his long, gray, silk robes with slender and elegant but muscular hands, that did not show signs that he had now lived to the great age of over several thousands of years. Much about Doli is not typical in comparison with most other magicians.

He looks different because he is strong, muscular and average in size, and walks lyrically with the grace of a dancer, sometimes drifting slightly above the ground when concentrating deeply. Most others are extreme in their height, thinness, weight or stance because they practice reaching up to the heavens, touching the earth, absorbing the earth's goodness or remaining aloof and abstaining from eating and drinking. The reason he is different is perhaps because he is a king and has walked through the affairs of men with a deep understanding of their hearts and the hidden magic within their souls for three centuries.

Doli eyes are blue with sadness, his angular nose and well defined bone structure was softened by the really intense kindness and compassion in his heart which made his face appear radiant and even smooth at times.

As he sits, erect and posed with his arms outstretched to focus his mind's eye, pondering how he could approach the twins and reveal himself and their full destiny;- he abruptly changes internally and whirls with the delight of the moment of contact with the force within his inner self but understands the magnitude of his task and focuses to come to his decision.

He must not daunt poor Maeyilry and "Meurt" who were simple

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children, already replete with atrocious and close experiences of the spreading evils of teraform and the formerly human life forms declining into the morass of transition, making them SPLE and AMORPHITELS. Doli will requisition them to trust him like a father but revere him for the awesome powers he transmutes, like the force of the sea and wind. This is a must so they learn to covet and use master skills. It has been so long since his last neophyte.