Shards of Magic

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It is 17th century Europe, and two powerful alchemists are at war. It isn't good verses evil. Each alchemist has their own agenda. The only thing they have in common was the want of the bottle. Co-existence is simply out of question.

One night, one of the alchemists crafts a bottle under the moonlight coming in from the open window. A moment later, it lights up with an intense dark blue light. A nearby figure sees the light as well. He creeps towards the lone house from which the light came from.

A terrible fight ensues. Punches are thrown, tables upended, chairs lifted and thrown. One of the alchemists screams in anger. He reaches into his pocket and takes out a beaker with metal seal. He hurls the dark liquid at the other alchemist, fully aware of what would follow if it met its mark. The alchemist would be seperated into pieces, and these pieces would spread all over the world

Crash. Then there is silence. The two alchemists are frozen with shock as they watch the dark blue bottle on the wall behind the first alchemist shatter. A direct hit from the metal end of the beaker. The dark liquid immediately changes in the oxygen rich environment, leaving a harmless gray liquid on the floor. Meanwhile, the dark blue bottle, a fairly small bottle, breaks into five pieces. These five pieces swirl in the air, and disappear.

It is the 21st century. A boy stoops down on a beach in Japan, near the village of Selt. He picks up a dark blue piece of sea glass. It is as dark as an approaching storm, and it seems as if the insides are swirling like one as well. He's fascinated, and feels that there is a power contained within it, but one he does not yet understand. The sea glass grows warm in his hand,

and he drops it, cutting himself along the way. It seems as if the sea glass is showing how untamed it is, that the waves cannot smoothen it. He grimaces, but picks up the glass again with his arm sleeve.

The piece of glass rests on the windowsill that night. There is a full moon outside, and the light is pulled through the window and into the glass. It glows a brilliant bright, and then fades as clouds obscure the moon. The rest of the night is cloudy, but it was enough to fuel the glass's power.

Soon after the first piece absorbs moonlight, four other pieces in their respective watery resting places stir. They rise from the watery depths, each glowing a dark blue. They rise out of the water, and in a burst of light, disappear.

In the morning, five pieces of glass rest on the windowsill of the boy's bedroom. They are no longer five pieces though. It is a bottle, dark blue with swirling clouds inside. The boy is astonished.

The next night, the bottle draws the moon towards it. The bottle is the embodiment of the waves and water. Usually, the moon controls the rise and ebb of the tide. But now, the tide is stronger than the moon. The moon is slowly drawn into the bottle.

"A curse! There is a curse! The moon has disappeared!" village people screamed with fear. The boy studied the bottle closely, hardly daring to believe his eyes. The moon had indeed disappeared. It was sealed into the bottle. And if that wasn't enough, the letters S, E, L, T were written on the bottle. In order, too. Was this fate?

The boy smashed the bottle against a hard rock outside. He hit it with a hammer. He borrowed a hunting gun from his neighbor and shot at it. It was no use. The bottle seemed indestructible.

One night, the boy threw the bottle at the sky in fury. As if hitting a wall, the bottle suddenly shattered into a million sparkling little pieces. The moon hung right where the bottle had broken, like a stain on a wall. The swirling clouds were gone. From each shard, the wisps of cloud rose. A figure rose up, and looked at the boy. The figure nodded in thank you, then dove into the sea.

The shards of glass lay on the sand. They are just ordinary pieces of glass now. And yet still, they keep shining. Not all that glitters is gold. Not all that is magic looks like so. Some is rough, dark blue seaglass…