

Cane pulled up to the gate of the Savants guild. A guard checked his papers before letting him pass. He parked the carriage and took out what few things were his. He opened the door and made his way inside. Inside there was a woman at a front desk writing on some papers and three people were conversing at a table on the other side of the room. Cane walked up to the lady at the front desk.

“Excuse me, I'm Elias Bet. Greeves sent me.” Cane said. The woman looked up. *A brown eye...they really don't discriminate here do they.*

She moved over to a stack of papers and made her way through them.

“Alright here you are oh-”

“What.”

“You may have to wait a while, the queen had to step out to take care of some business.”

“The queen!?” Cane was surprised.

“Yes the queen, she had some personal business to take care of, and all of the other savants are busy right now. I have a waiting room you can wait if that works for you.”

The queen! Of course that's going to be the person to test me. Cane thought in a panic.

“Yes, a waiting room would be nice.”

The woman stood up and led Cane down one of the hallways, and into the waiting room.

“I'll come get you when she gets back, though it will probably be a few hours.”

A few hours!

“She **is** the queen. I'll wait patiently for her arrival.” The lady smiled and closed the door leaving Cane alone in the room. Cane looked around. It was a plain room where two couches sat at an angle to each other with a table in the center that had some flowers on it. A couple of paintings lined the walls. He set his things down on one of the couches and moved over to give the paintings a look. Most of them were simple landscape paintings. Who painted these they're terrible. Beneath each

of the paintings was a small plaque with the artist's name. Cane continued and had a double take looking at the next painting. He had to stop and look at it for a while to understand what it was supposed to be. He looked down at the plaque. 'Soft Breeze'. He looked back up at the painting and chuckled to himself. Instead of a soft breeze it looks more like a tornado. The trees looked like they were about to be uprooted. He looked back down at the plaque. 'By, Godfry' *Godfry?*