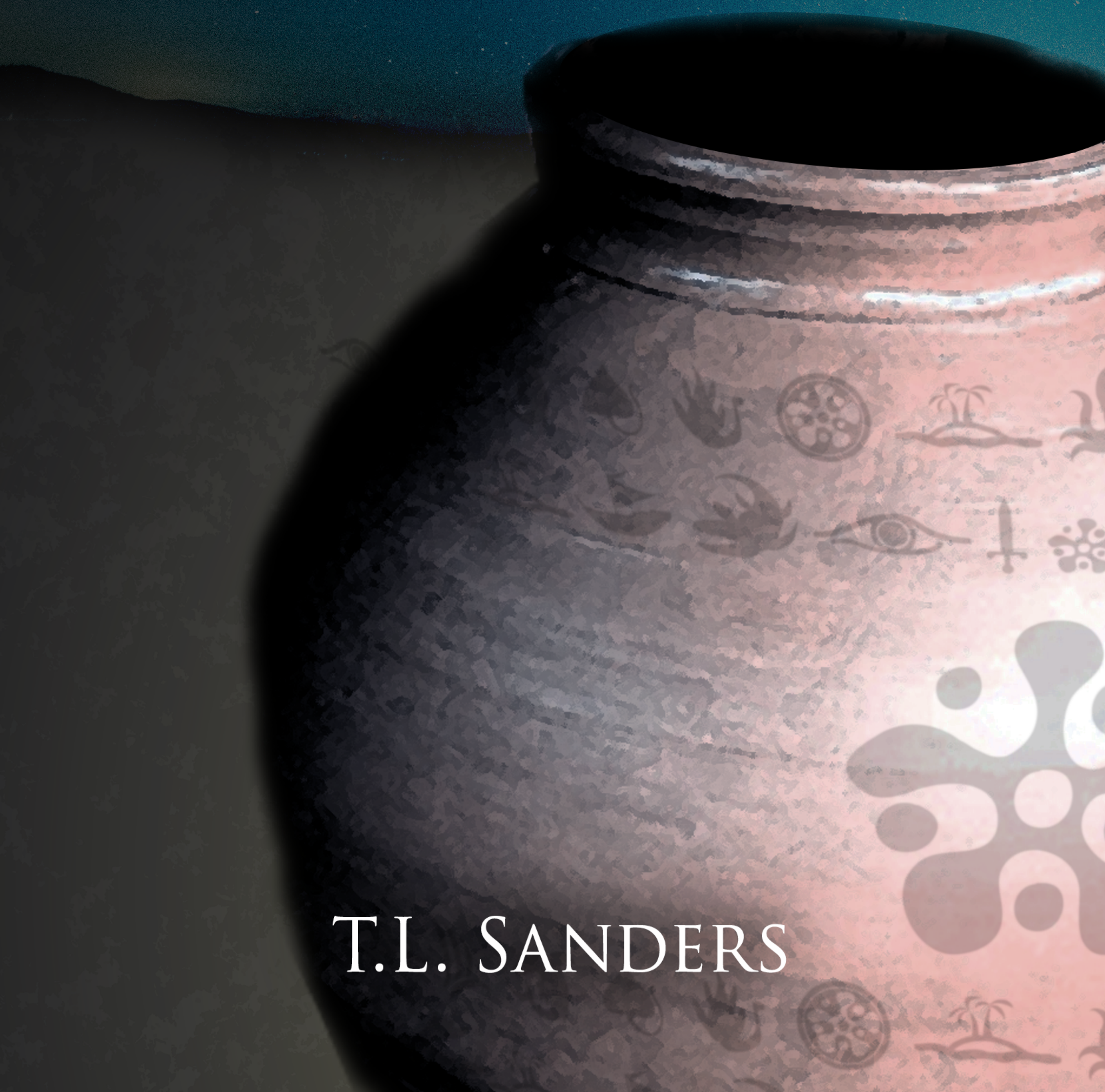


WORLD OF PRYMZIA

THE POTTER'S APPRENTICE

T.L. SANDERS



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Publication No. 1

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World of Prymzia Publication
No. 1

Cover design by David A. Sanders
Illustration by T.L. Sanders



Five for Pottus



Just past noon, on a day when school was not in session, Ember and her friends gathered at their usual spot. The sky sparkled as sunlight touched the veil. The wildflower fields, not too far from their homes, were bordered on one side by tall palm trees, on the other side, a stream trickled.

The group of five teenagers circled around a tossing pot. The Pottus game had been around for decades. It was said that a master-teacher had commissioned a Prymzian potter to create the pot with specific specs. His idea was for young Prymzians to exercise the gift in them. When the time came to select which young people to train, their skills would be emerging, and this would help the master-teachers select with ease.

Though it had been decades since the time of the master-teachers, there were still a few who remained, but since that time only the *old* stories of master-teachers were told among the people.

“Your turn,” Ember called to Callah.

Concentration furrowed Callah’s brows as she focused on her hand. “Ember! Will you please stop Jumping? I’m trying to create my disc.”

Ember stopped. She stood as still as the others as they watched.

Sizzle and Pop



Whirling sparkles of colors whipped around her hand until a pink disc formed in it. She carefully chucked it at the round, shallow pot in the middle of the group. Sizzles and pop, the disc dissipated as it missed the pot's opening, hitting its side. "Poop!" Callah crossed her arms and plopped on the ground.

"Watch this future master-teacher in action," Corbin said in his usual brash manner. With a fast surge of focus and energy, he formed his blazing red disc tossed it, and into the pot...wait, it bounced off the edges and disintegrated.

Everyone chuckled as he grabbed a fist full of his hair in a huff.

Lyric kneeled on one knee, with her palm up she whirled a little tornado of sparks and glimmers in her hand. An iridescent purple disc appeared. She smirked at her brother, Logan, who had been teasing her. "Here it goes in the hole," she proclaimed as she tossed the disc.

"Yay!" Ember jumped up and down as the disc slid into the pot. "Good play."

Lyric grinned. "Finally, one of mine went in."

"It's my turn," Ember announced. She cupped her hands together and focused. Whips of glittery light flowed between her fingers. Her smile slid to the right. She opened her hands revealing a sapphire blue disc.

Swing and Release



Ember took a step back and then took a quick leap forward as she swung her arm, releasing the disc. With no interference—what so ever—it landed in the pot. “That’s three for me!” She waved her hands in victory.

“Not so quick...Ash,” Logan mocked.

“It’s Ember! Don’t call me that.” She huffed.

“Ash, Ember, same thing.” Logan grinned. “I have two sinks and one turn left to pitch.”

Ember stepped away and watched as Logan made a fist. He opened it and then covered it with his other hand. As he lifted one hand above the other, the light rolled between his hands as colors sparked and popped. Suddenly a greenish disc formed. He quickly tossed it. With a clang, it landed in the pot.

The others gasped.

“It made a noise...like a solid object landing on the bottom of the pot,” Corbin said and back away.

“Are you...Evero Regalo?” Ember carefully asked.

Logan shoved his hands in his pockets and shrugged his shoulders.

Callah covered her mouth and stepped next to Corbin.

“He’s not!” Lyric cried as she ran and stood in front of her brother.

Evero Regalo



With her eyes on Logan, Ember strolled over to the pot. She felt her heart race as she squatted next to it. She had never seen Evero Regalo, the illegal gift, before. To be able to create the illusion into a solid object was exciting and not seen for decades. The last one with Evero Regalo was banished from Prymzia for his evil deeds. Her excitement met with fear as she reached into the pot. She wrapped her fingers around the hard, cold disc and pulled it out. She opened her hand in front of everyone.

A rock, a dirty old rock. Her hand dropped the disappointment as everyone rolled in laughter at Logan's joke.

Ember jumped up and announced, "I won."

"You have to admit...that was funny," Logan said to her.

She smiled and then repeated, "I won."

The group of five walked home passing the farming land and then returning to town.

"You're lucky," Lyric said to Corban.

"Apprenticing with the fishers is better than being coop up with the cloth-makers. You will be outside."

"What about you, Ember?" Callah rushed to her side.

Trade-Maker



Ember had been quiet on the way home as she listened about the trade-makers her friends would have.

“I’m going with the Potters,” she mumbled, pushing a strand of hair behind her ear.

“Which one?” Corban asked.

She didn’t want to say. Ember lowered her head and softly cleared her throat.

“He’s asking who your trade-maker is,” Logan said, walking backward directly in front of her.

“Seona. Seona is going to be my trade-maker.” She held her breath.

Callah smiled. “That is wonderful. I hear that Seona is good at her trade.”

Ember thought for a moment. “Yes, she is. I’ll learn a lot from her.” Being Seona’s apprentice is not a bad thing after all.

“It’s good that she is because her gift didn’t amount to much,” Lyric said.

“I heard that even her Uncle—the one that’s an elder—I heard that he is embarrassed by her,” Corban said.

“I don’t believe that,” Callah said. “She visits him often.”

Ember sighed, not feeling very positive about her trade-maker.

It's not about the gift.



Ember flung herself into the kitchen chair. “Why do I have to train under her?”

“Ember,” Mom said, “sit properly in the chair.” Mom scooped Ember’s long dark hair up and tied it into a ponytail.

Ember scooted her bottom back and sat straight. “How about Court or Lauren? I would learn much more from them.”

Mom pursed her lips and shook her head. “Seona is the only one that has an open placement right now.”

“But,” Ember said as she flopped onto the floor at her mother’s feet, “she can’t even create a flower in the palm of her hand properly. The most simple task.”

“Ember Kay!” Mom planted her hands on her hips. “It’s not about the Gift. It’s about learning a trade—the pottery trade.”

Ember huffed.

“You should be glad that you get to train under Seona. Her Uncle Dorian is an elder—very important to Prymzia. You’ll be able to meet him, and maybe, Seona will give you a recommendation. You might get invited to do your craft in the elders’ tower.”

Ember rolled her eyes. “So... Who cares about those old people? Now, if there were members of the Royal Family still around, then that would be different.” She thought of how romantic the story of Carthia was. Her family would picnic under the trees near her home and Father would tell ancient tales.

Trade learner or blooming gift?



That evening, as the sun started to sink behind the mountain, the glittering colors of the overhead veil twinkled.

Ember strolled to the cluster of homes in the Potter's courtyard. I hope one of the other Potter's have an opening before I have to move in.

Ember envied her older sister and brother. Eilee learned under the Dyers. They create many beautiful colors of dye for clothing, and the artisans often used it for their art. Brady became skilled at iron casting, often being called to Rada Tor, the tower of the elders and the chief, to do work. What she envied most of all was how the Gift blossomed in each one. It was due to the incredibly talented trade-makers they worked under. They didn't just teach them a trade. They helped them to develop the Prymzian Gift in them. Ember knew that wasn't going to happen for her if Seona became her trade-maker.

The light from the stars twinkled through the veil, illuminating the cobblestone courtyards with subtle colors.

As Ember approached the potters' homes, she thought, If I mosey by a few of the potter's homes, maybe I would accidentally overhear a conversation that...may just give me what I need to change my mother's plans for me. It's a long shot, but I'll try anything.

Secret Keeper



She softly stepped her way between the first two homes. Suddenly, something in the sky caught her attention. Starlight shined on a beautiful white bird as it glided toward the ground a few yards behind the potters' homes.

Just before it hit the ground, Ember gasped. Sparks of colored lights whirled around the bird, and then it disappeared. A young-looking, dark-haired woman left the trail of sparks.

Seona! Mesmerized by what she had just witnessed, Ember froze in her steps and waited until Seona disappeared into her home. "Fantastic!" she squealed. No one would ever believe what I saw.

Ember instantly ran home. She barreled through the kitchen door.

Mom tossed her dishtowel down. "What's wrong?"

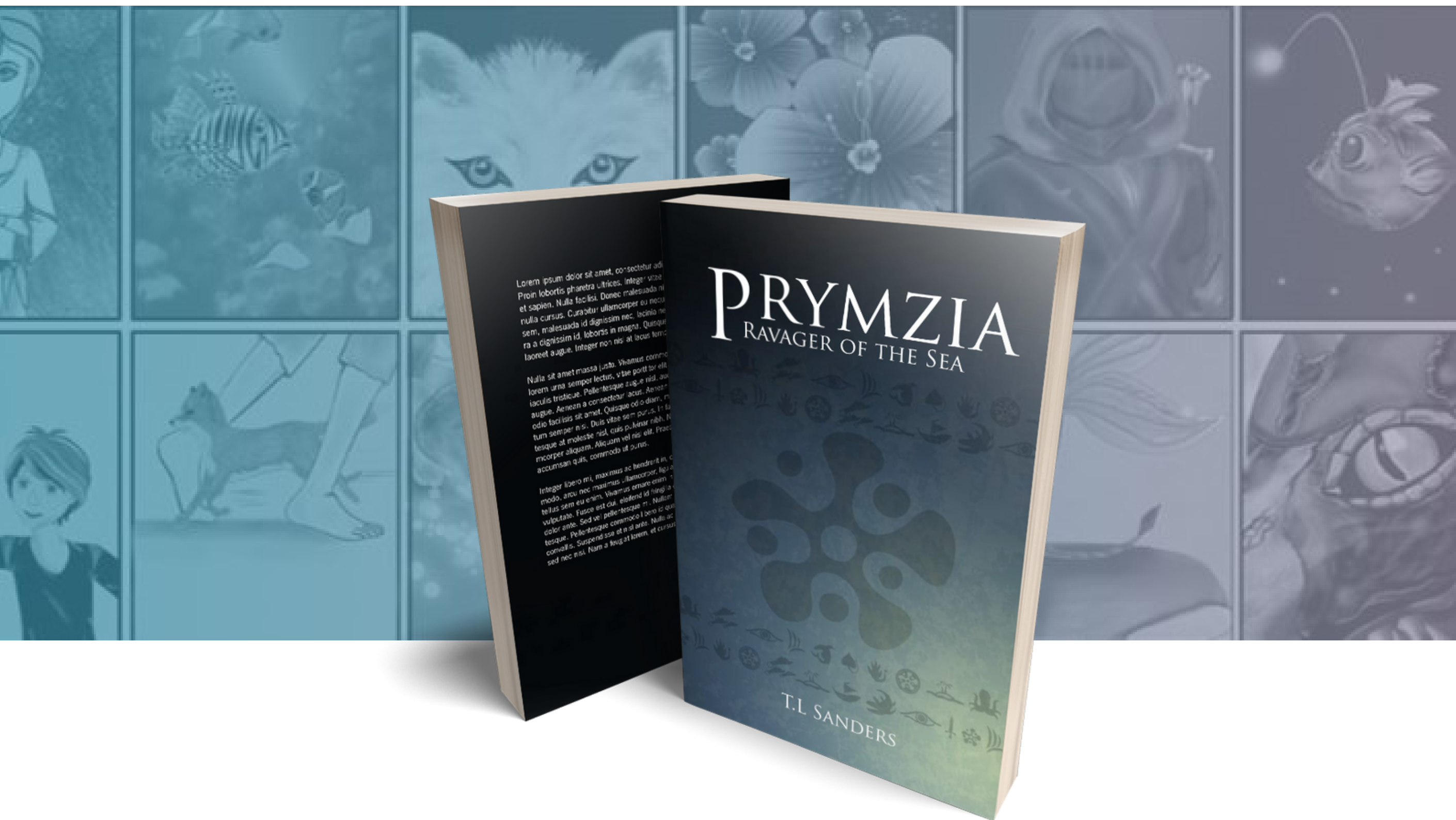
"When do I start training under Seona?" She grinned, tucking Seona's ability away. A secret worth keeping.



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About the Author



T.L. SANDERS

TL Sanders is a graduate of Kaskaskia College. She also graduated from the Institute of Children's Literature, after completing the 'Writing for Children and Teens' course, and the 'Writing for Teens' advanced course.

She enjoyed studying the art of writing for children and teens and pursued several avenues to hone her skills, both as a writer and illustrator. In the process, she sold short stories to Essential Skills, illustrations to a toy company for heirloom puzzles, and more. She continues to write her Prymzia series and several picture books.

TL Sanders resides with her husband in Centralia, IL. Her writing inspiration came mostly from her sons as they grew up.

**Learn more about T.L. Sanders
at <https://tlsanders.com>**