



# Silverfall

Stories of the Seven Sisters

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## *Prologue*

Rise, and be not afraid.

I have no need to be feared. I am more of a goddess than that.

Look upon me, and know Magic.

I am Mystra.

Priests may prattle of this god or that, but over what mortals of Toril call “magic”—because they understand it not—there is no other.

I am the Weaver, the Road Ascending, the One True Way.

Terrible I must be, all too often, and the mortals whom I so love—for I was one of you, not so long ago—often cry out at me, or entreat me to work magic for them, or unfold all its mysteries to them at once, like a child who desires all that is good to eat to appear upon his platter in an instant.

And if I gave the mysteries that are mine to nurture and keep, unfolded and bright in all their myriad glory, who among mortals could behold them and remain sane?

Aye, think on that, and for the love I bear you and all your kind, leave off cowering. I smite or give aid as I see needful, not in whatever wise trembling supplicants—or those who threaten—desire to move me.

When you feel lonely, or lost, and think dark magics raised against you, remember this moment. Feel the weight of my power, as it flows—not turned against you, but so vast that it could sweep you away, cries unheard, in an effortless instant. My power, bent upon you as I regard you now . . . and touched and awed by it, you yet live. I am always here, all about you. You are never truly alone. I flow wherever life flows, wherever winds blow and water runs and the sun and moon chase each other, for there is magic in all things.

This vast, ever-changing, living Weave is a tapestry of power beyond the minds of mortals, though with each passing year my work gives me back bright payment, and those who work magic can do a little more, and see a little more.

Yet those who can see and work with much more than most are rarely sane. The power burns them, twists them, and makes all that is flawed and mean greater. Wherefore we have cruel tyrants, liches walking beyond death who desire to destroy or use all that lives, and wild-eyed dreamers who think that to reshape all Toril to their own visions is to master it. We have lands of mages who destroy or ruin more than they ever raise up; we have doom and devastation, and lives wasted or shattered. Mortals know the pain of such darkness, but I share it. I have the work of banishing the gloom and seeking to temper the blades that are mortal souls so that each time they can take a little more, do a little more, see a little more.

In this work, my hands are manyfold, thanks to the few mortals who can see and work with more Art, and remain sane—or, as some of them have put it, “sane enough.”

I deem these rare few, if they will serve me, my Chosen. And they *are* rare. Mortals are so easily bent to willfulness by power, so easily broken into tools I can no longer use, for I work with love, and must be served willingly, by those who love me. I shall not compel service, ever. I will not become what my predecessor did, in the despair of

## MYSTRA

her long waiting. I shall give, with love, and never cease in my giving.

The power I oversee, because of its might, is a danger to mortals, to gods, and to Toril. All three may be blighted or ruined if the Weave is torn or misused enough. I stand against that. I am the Guardian of the Weave, and its lover. Those who serve me must be the very best of mortals, so that they blunder little, and love the Weave as much as I do, coming to understand it as best they can—and far better than others.

Chosen do my work best when they feel my hand but lightly; when they feel free to move and act as mortals do, finding their own vision of the Weave, and serving me in their own ways.

Chosen are not easy to find. Chosen are so special that I have managed to keep no more than a bare two handfuls of those my predecessor raised to their station. The greatest work of my predecessor—the Mystra who was not once a mortal who took the name “Midnight”—was the birthing of Chosen she could not find, and so had to make.

I speak of the Seven Sisters, born under Mystra’s hand, to be the sort of mortals she needed, and that I need even more these days. Mortals are wondrous, complex things; my own power is not yet risen enough that I dare attempt to make or bear Chosen as she did . . . wherefore I look endlessly about Toril, seeking fitting mortals who have arisen on their own.

I watch over all who work with the Weave, or meddle in its workings. I watch most those who fascinate me with their daring, their accomplishments, their characters . . . or their love. I watch these Seven often, almost as much as the old rogue who kept my predecessor’s power in the time of her passing, and gave it so willingly to me. She lives on in him, and in me.

She lives on more splendidly still in those who could be termed her daughters: the seven mortal women who share a sex, silver hair, beauty, and wits. They have outlived most mortals, and still enter each day with gusto,

a constant delight to me. My only disappointment is that they do not work together more often.

Yet once in a passing while—in particular, when I nudge them ever so gently from behind all the curtains of concealment I can spin—they do . . . and I love to watch them at work.

Watch them with me now.

Aye, my eyes shine. When I was a mortal, I wish I'd lived as these magnificent ladies of mine do.

I am Mystra, and to you all I give this gift . . . the Seven Shining of my Chosen. Aye, I weep; whatever you may think, mortal, it is a gift given with Love.