



The Magic Bridge

It was going to be a journey filled with toiling and sorrows. It had all started when the Scanlan brothers had been privy to a life beyond what they knew. They had grown up where it was legal to fight to the death. It was not the life they had wanted to live, but choices were not given to people who were considered enslaved.



When the Mountaineers had first visited the Scanlan villages, they had come with such exciting news of teaching the people to live beyond their borders. They had told them life was much more than farming or tending to animals. The Mountaineers had offered the villagers gold, and their greedy arms accepted it. That was when disaster struck.

The Mountaineers were wolves in sheep clothing, and they took everything from the villagers causing them to be scattered abroad and beyond. Families were torn, and siblings never knew where they came from. Three generations had passed, and the people had given up hope of getting home; All except two brothers, Raul and Rafael, who were holding on to the promise that a miracle would come their way.

A swirling rumour about a particular bridge that could lead one to their greatest desires became a point of obsession for the young men. Like most Scanlan tweens, they were ripped from their parents as soon as they were born, and the bridge, although nothing but a bedtime story, was all they had to hold on to.

When a group of young men had said they had found a map that would lead them to the destiny changing bridge, the brothers had followed blindly. It had eventually led them to a dead-end, but the brothers did not lose hope. Their second trial at finding the bridge involved them making spells that countered themselves, causing both boys broken femurs. This was going to be their opportunity to find out where the bridge was, and they were sure the third time was sure to be the charm.

