

# The Sorcerer

A story by *BecomingBabyAgain*

The grey stone exterior of Sir Marmaduke's mansion shone in the warm glow of the morning sun. crowds of villagers thronged towards the large house in their masses through the trimmed grass and elegantly laid out flower gardens. Dressed in their finest Sunday outfits, they had come to celebrate a marriage. The church bells rang out with deep clarion sounds their full cycle of notes. Young Alexis Marmaduke was to marry Aline, the youngest daughter of Lady Sangazure. In the middle of the crowd, a short stumpy figure stood with tears in her eyes.

"Constance, my daughter? Pray, what is the matter?"

"Oh mother, the entire village is teeming with seasonable joy for the wedding and yet my heart alone bleeds. Pay no attention to me!"

"My dear child, tell me."

"It is the village priest. My heart belongs to him and yet he seems to take no notice of me. Whenever he is near, I seem to bubble over with enthusiasm and when he departs, I break into an uncontrollable depression. Pity me, dear mother."

"Oh, my child!" her mother held her gently to her breast as the priest himself emerged from the crowds. His mind was wandering just as much as hers, yet he barely even knew of her existence.

"I am to marry today, this young and beautiful couple. So happy as they depart on the rest of their lives together in unalloyed bliss. Why is it that my heart can't seem to settle itself into a love so secure?". He wandered through the mass of villagers until he idly bumped into that girl, cradled in her mother's arms.

"Ah, Mrs. Partridge, such a happy day!"

"Indeed Revered."

"But something seems to have upset your daughter some what?". She looked up from her mothers embrace with tears in her eyes, took one look at her dear love and ran off, overcome with emotion.

"Don't worry Revered, I fear that she is overcome by the wealth of emotions today!"

"Quite understandable!"

The lordly Sir Marmaduke appeared on the balcony of his great stately home, looking down on the crowd of people below. "Good morning, may I join you in congratulating the young couple who are to be wedded today" he announced. Inside the house, Alexis and Aline stood hand in hand facing each other.

“Aline, I am so deeply in love with you. My whole life seems to be wound up and irrelevant compared to our love for each other, but I am so torn!”

“Torn?” she asked, slightly unnerved.

“Oh, my darling. Love is such a complicating thing. It comes in so many different forms, weaving in and out of each other’s lives. I yearn for a simple love, a life free from the shivers of adult life. Away from the niggling doubts and worries that would interrupt the blissful happiness that could be our life together”. It wasn’t quite the words that a soon-to-be bride would want to hear on the morning of her wedding.

“I see...” was all she could muster. Her eyes still unable to look away from his.

“I’ve an idea. I know a sorcerer, tucked away here in the village. A man who could break us from the bonds of our unhappy adult lives.”

“You’re not suggesting that we...”

“We could steal ourselves before the ceremony and see if the man has anything to offer us. We may be able to magic ourselves into blissful happiness and then marry to solidify our unbridled childish love for each other!”

“Dearest” she said, not entirely sure she knew what words were about to come out of her mouth. “I trust you wholeheartedly. Let’s sneak away quickly!”

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The sorcerer was a seemingly ordinary man. He held a room in the local tavern stocked high with different coloured glass bottles and books with seemingly foreign texts. He lay on his bed seemingly uninterested with the events of the day, there was a knock at the door.

“Come in?”

“Hello Sir”, Young Alexis peered his head round the door with Aline stood meekly behind him. “I’m looking for someone who can help us?”

“Ah ha!” he leaped to his feet. “Could I be the man to help you? It depends what kind of help you wanted!” answering his own question.

“We are looking for rather specific help”

“Well, I have an assortment of magic and cures here! Conjuring effects of the comic or tragic, and all for what I would describe as an appropriate level of payment. I can change histories and mold your future, distorting memories and delve into the astrological word to pull out your deepest fantasies from within you!”

“That does sound like the kind of thing you were looking for” prompted Aline.

“We are lovers, bound to be married this morning.” Said Alexis proudly

“Then, congratulations”

“But I am obsessed with the fascination of childish freedom. The love of all adults is clouded with the perceptions of problems, the reality of responsibilities and the total delight of endless disappointment. I am resolved to make sure that our love is never ending by freeing ourselves from these frivolous things and take our minds back to the wondrous carefree childhood states.”

The sorcerer pondered. “It is an interesting concept to be sure!”

“But can you help us!”

“Why certainly, I have in mind a potion.”

“A potion?”

“A single sip, a taste of its flavors dancing on your tongue will bring around the affects you have in mind. But be warned, its effects are not to be toyed with. Take this warning and seek your fantasies wisely.”

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The grounds of Sir Marmaduke’s country estate had been laid out with tables, tablecloths and a breakfast feast lay across it. Silver platefuls of food attended to with the servants of the household. There was a seat for every invited guest of the village. The reverend sat to the right of Sir Marmaduke who placed himself at the head of the table. Alexis and Aline who had sneaked their way back into the pre-wedding party were sat facing each other across the table.

“This is our chance” he said to her in whispered tones, “should I do it?”

“Listen to what your heart is saying”. Sir Marmaduke interrupted their private conversation with his booming voice that cut through the conversations of everyone at the table.

“My dear boy. In front of our esteemed guests here and in the company of this village which I hold so dear, may I congratulate you on your forthcoming wedding. And without any further ado, I give you the honor of pouring out the wine!”

With a slip of his wrist, he took the small vial of coloured potion which the sorcerer had provided him with, uncorked the bottle and slipped the whole liquid into the punchbowl of wine. Taking great pleasure in serving it round the guests. Once everyone’s glass was filled, he sat down once again waiting for his father to give a toast.

“The lovers, Aline and Alexis” he announced raising his glass.

“Aline and Alexis!” they all cheered throwing back their glasses and downing the drink inside. The effects took place almost instantaneously. As the crowds felt the unusual fruits flavor falling down their throats, their minds drained with them. People sat there seemingly unaffected with no sign of any response on their face.

A few people fell from their chairs, others turned and laughed giggling away like small children. Other villagers, finding the table of food boring, rose and began to play around in the gardens with the other guests. Running around like children without any seeming care.

Alexis, who had rather hypocritically withheld from drinking, waiting to see the effect on everyone else first was amazed. These people were adults, and yet here they were behaving as small children, and how happy they were!

The unhappier effects became obvious just as quickly as a foul smell permeated the air. He turned to see the Reverend who had a dribble of drool falling down his chin, wriggling in his seat. The smell was definitely coming from him, and Alexis worked out exactly what was happening when a dark wet patch began appearing on his trousers, and yet, there was still a stupid smile growing across his face. Granted, Alexis could tell that the man clearly had the mental capacity of a baby, but did he care? Was he worried? Totally the opposite, he was clearly loving it!

Without any hesitation, Alexis raised his own glass to his lips. Thinking only about spending his childish life with his love Aline. His dearest Aline who was sat opposite him with her thumb in her mouth. Rapture!