

## ...Made Them Equal

“Fireballs are mana-hungry,” the wizard told me. In the recent past he had drastically cut back his hair and beard. Still painfully young, though. “Mana-hungry, unbalanced, *sloppy* -- of course only a master wizard could cast one!

“But *this*” -- he indicated six lines of smooth, glowing blue symbols -- “this is *elegant*. It does everything a fireball can, at a fraction of the mana. Anyone with a scrap of Power can cast it, too.”

“The Guild will want to sit on this,” I felt obliged to point out.

He laughed. “Good thing I didn’t ask permission before I published the spell, then.”

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