

# Trillman's Tales

(Preview)

Jennifer Priester

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By Jennifer Priester

**[www.jenniferpriester.com](http://www.jenniferpriester.com)**

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# *Introduction*

Welcome to the Mortal Realm Witch Series.

This is *Trillman's Tales* (Preview). *Trillman's Tales* is an eBook exclusive, in which Trillman tells two stories. These stories are: how he became DWW's familiar, and where he was between his disappearance in Book One, *Mortal Realm Witch: Learning About Magic*, and his return in Book Two, *Mortal Realm Witch: The Magic Continues*. This preview contains a sample of the first story titled: How I, Trillman, Became DWW's Familiar. If you like this sample be sure to check out the full eBook coming soon.

And if you haven't yet, you can read Trillman's adventures in both books one and two of the series which are both available now.

# *How I, Trillman, Became DWW's Familiar*

You might know me as DWW's familiar and you might not. It doesn't matter either way because I am about to share with you the story of how I became a familiar.

It all started back when I was a young warlock living on campus and going to a college in the Mortal Realm. I was at college learning how to be a teacher, or trying to anyway. My grades appeared to be saying otherwise. See, I might have been at college because I wanted to be a teacher, but I was failing the coursework.

I don't know why I was failing. I never missed a class, always showed up on time, paid attention, took notes, and did my homework. I even got good grades on my homework; it was only the tests that I ever failed. I never seemed to be able to remember the information.

Anyway, in my class there was a girl, Iris. I know what you are thinking, and no, Iris had nothing to do with my failing the class. I was failing long before I ever knew who she was or that she was even in my class.

One day my professor asked to see me after class. Iris was there when he informed me just how badly I was doing in his class. Iris heard the whole thing and as I began leaving the classroom she said, "Trillman, wait a moment!"

I wondered why, but I did as she requested and waited. At this time I didn't even know her name so it seemed odd that she wanted me to wait for her. If you are wondering how it is possible for me to pay attention in class but not know who is in it or what their names are, I'll tell you. The reason is that, although I hear people's names, it takes a long time before I actually remember them.

When Iris was standing next to me she asked, "Do you want to pass the class?"

"Would I still be in it if I didn't?" I asked somewhat sarcastically.

"Probably not," Iris said, "but you seem too smart to be failing it."

"Well, obviously I'm not or I would be passing," I said. I was beginning to feel like this conversation was going nowhere.

Iris laughed and said, "I just meant I could probably help you."

"You could?" I asked, "how do you figure?"

"It's like I said," Iris told me, "you seem to be smart. I think all you need is a little tutoring."

"And you want to tutor me?" I asked suspiciously.

"If you want me to," she said.

"But why?" I asked.

She didn't answer me. Instead she asked, "Do you want me to or not?"

"Uh...yeah...sure...let's try it." It would have been nice if she had cut me off somewhere. After each word I paused thinking she was going to respond. Each time she didn't I thought I didn't answer right. As it would turn out she had just wanted to see how long I was going to continue that really awkward sentence.

I realized this when she laughed, "All you had to say was yes."

"So, what now?" I asked. "I mean were you planning on starting tonight?"

"If you want to," Iris replied, "but we don't have to if you would rather start tomorrow or something. Although judging by your grades we probably should start as soon as possible."

"You're right about that," I said.

"Okay, so where would you like to do this?" Iris asked.

"Anywhere is fine," I replied without putting any thought into my answer.

“So, do you want to meet at my place?” she asked.

“Uh...your place?” I asked nervously. Maybe I shouldn’t have said *anywhere* was fine.

“Sure, I have an apartment not far from here. It will be quiet there so we should be able to get a lot done,” Iris explained. “Unless you are afraid to be alone with me,” she challenged.

“Why would I be afraid?” I asked hoping she didn’t hear the nervousness in my voice. “You are only tutoring me aren’t you?”

“Of course,” she said.

“Well, then I guess it would be okay,” I replied. “By the way what am I supposed to call you?”

“Iris,” she replied. “And am I supposed to call you Trillman?”

“Yes?” I replied questioningly. I was wondering why she had asked me that when she already knew my name.

“Are you sure about that?” Iris asked.

“Yes, I’m sure.” I said confidently this time.

With that we then headed to Iris’s apartment. For the next few weeks this became a regular thing. After class I would go with Iris to her apartment. I learned a lot about her during this time and we became friends.

At this point I knew much more about Iris than she did about me. I knew she was waiting for me to tell her. She still wanted to know where I was from and a few other things that I couldn’t answer without revealing what I was and the Other Realm to her. Whenever she asked I would find a way to change the subject until one day...

The more time I spent around Iris the more I began to like her. I began wondering if there might be a future for us together as more than friends. I began realizing that this would only be possible if I stopped hiding

information from her. Besides, telling mortals our secret isn't exactly against the rules. It is just warned against, and I wouldn't be the first or the last to do this.

One day before she began tutoring me I said, "Iris?"

"What?" she asked curiously.

"I think it's time for you to know who I am."

Will Trillman really tell Iris his secret? And what will happen when she finds out? To discover what happens next be sure to check out Trillman's Tales coming soon!