

THE MAGICIAN'S SON

THE STORY OF THROCKTON

BY
HAL AMES

CHAPTER 1

The magician and his wife were so excited that they were finally going to have a baby. They had been waiting many years for this day.

No one knew for sure if the baby was going to be a boy or a girl. They did not want to know until the child was born. For them it was far more exciting.

They chose two names. Abilossa, if it was a girl, and Throckton, if it was a boy.

When the baby was born, to the surprise of everyone, including the doctors, they had twins, one boy, and one girl!

(Magicians are born, they live, and then they die. They have special skills in making spells and magic, but otherwise they are the same as you and I.)

Abilossa was born first. She was round and chubby with brown hair. Throckton was born second. He was thin and long and had no hair at all. They did not look anything like a brother and sister. They could not have been any more different.

None of this mattered to their parents, they were perfect the way they were. The family was very close and the children cared for each other very much. They knew that they could always count on the other when things got difficult. There was a lot of love in the family.

As is the dream of all parents, the magician wanted his children to follow in his footsteps. It had been his father's dream and now it was his.

As the children grew up, they were nothing alike. Abilossa was responsible and always did her best in her studies and in her work. She was able to make spells and do the magic her father taught her.

She was pretty with dark brown hair that reached to her shoulders. She had many friends and enjoyed spending time with them listening to music and walking in the park.

She learned to play the piano, violin, and guitar and was the lead singer in her choir at school.

On the other hand, Throckton was a very lazy boy. He would rather play than study. He loved to walk in the woods with his friends than do any work.

He was excellent in mathematics. He was able to solve complex problems faster than any other student in his class. His teachers asked him to join the math competition, but he refused. It was too boring for him. In fact, school as a whole was boring for him.

He was tall and thin. He had light brown hair, which hung down over his eyes most of the time. He liked to wear loose fitting jeans with black high-top sneakers. He usually wore a red or green shirt, which he left unbuttoned over a t-shirt. He liked to wear a red neckerchief around his neck. Under it, there was a big chain and on it was a star. The way he walked said he did not care about anything, which is exactly how he felt. He thought he was pretty cool. Most of the time he had his hands in his pockets.

He liked to listen to music and had his earphones in his ears all the time. This made it difficult for people to talk to him.

His father tried everything to get Throckton to be more responsible, but he always failed. Throckton had a mind of his own. He was very independent and did not want anyone to tell him what to do or how to do it.

Eventually, his father became so frustrated with him; he decided to send him to a private school for magicians high in the mountains. His father felt that he needed the discipline and training that this famous school could offer.

“Throckton, we don’t know what to do with you. You’re not doing any of the things you need to be doing to be successful in your life. We’ve decided to send you to

the Magician's Academy in Choston Villa. You'll stay there until you are ready to be a good magician," his father informed him.

"The Magician's Academy? I've never heard of that place," Throckton responded. "What makes you think I want to go to an Academy?"

"We don't know what else to do. You have failed everywhere else we have sent you. This is your last chance," his father gave him the bad news.

Throckton started to leave, but his father threw a spell that kept him from leaving.

"That's not fair!" Throckton screamed.

"Sometimes fair is not the best thing," his father retorted. "There are some papers you have to sign in order to attend the school," his father told him.

Before he could enter the school, Throckton was required to sign a contract that stated he must complete all of his classes and maintain a good reputation before he could leave. If he disobeyed the rules, there were serious consequences. Included in the contract, he must also discover the reason why his parents sent him to the school.

At first, he refused to sign the contract, but to make his father happy; he finally signed it, not caring what it said. He never read it.

"I don't want to go to another school. I like things just the way they are now," Throckton said, as he signed the papers.

Throckton was almost fifteen years old when his parents decided to send him to the school, but even at that young age, he was determined to make life miserable for his teachers. If his parents were going to send him to a boarding school, he would make sure they regretted it.

His father told him he would be there for the next four years. He could only come home after that. He would spend the next four years studying to be a magician.

"Four years?! That is a long time to be away from home. I don't think I can last that long," Throckton complained.

"It will go faster than you think," his father told him.

His parents drove him to Choston Villa, a small village in the mountains above the

city. It was early winter and the snow was already deep. Winter had already begun and it was unusually cold and snowy.

A sign by the side of the road had an arrow pointing to the right, and above it were the words, 'The Magician's Academy'.

The road twisted and turned as they climbed the mountain to the school. Throckton looked out the window of the car and realized that the school was a long way from everything. It was going to be lonely there.

"Do I really have to go to this place?" Throckton questioned his father.

"Yes, we've already paid the tuition. You'll stay here until you graduate," his father told him. "I hope they can make you a better person. They have an excellent reputation for that."

His father drove him to the gate outside of the school and told him to get out of the car.

"This is your new school. You'll wait here until someone comes to get you," his father told him.

At first Throckton refused to get out of the car. He did not want to go to this school.

Abilossa yelled, "Mom, Dad, why are you making him do this?"

"We'll talk about it on the way home," her dad replied, trying to stay calm.

"I don't think it's fair. He hasn't done anything that bad to deserve to go to this school," Abilossa continued to defend her brother. "Why are you doing this to him?"

"I told you. We'll talk about it on the way home," her dad said in a very strong voice.

Before he got out of the car, Throckton took off his necklace.

"You keep this until I get home, OK?" Throckton said as he gave it to Abilossa.

She leaned over to give her brother a hug, and as she did, she handed him a small piece of tear-stained paper.

"Read it after we're gone, alright?" she whispered in his ear with tears streaming

down her cheeks.

His father yelled at him, “Throckton you must get out of the car now. You have to go. We’ll be in touch.”

His mother looked at him with tears in her eyes, but she did not say a word.

Throckton got out of the car and as he started to walk up the narrow path toward the school, he looked back at the car. He saw his sister looking back at him. Her eyes were red.

He was very angry as he watched his parents drive away, but he was determined not to cry.

He looked at the school building. There was nothing special about it. The exterior was wooden with colorful yellow and green paint around the windows. There was deep snow on the roof and large icicles were hanging from the edges almost to the ground

While he was looking up at the school, a very small man met him. He was so small that Throckton almost did not see him at all.

In a small squeaky voice, the small man asked, “Are you Throckton?”

Looking down to see who was talking to him, Throckton answered, “Yes, I’m Throckton. Who wants to know?”

“I’m Gossling. I’m to take you to the school. Follow me,” Gossling said as he turned to walk toward the building.

Gossling was not only short, but he was also a little fat. He walked like a duck. His hair was blue and stood straight up from the top of his head. He looked like he had a blue flame on his head. His cheeks were red and his ears were bigger than normal. He had a nice smile. (Throckton found out that could change quickly when he became angry.) On his waist, he had a big belt with many keys hanging from it.

Throckton did not want to go to the school so he just stood there and watched as Gossling walked away.

Throckton began to laugh.

“What a stupid little man!” Throckton said aloud.

Just then, he found himself in a large empty room. Standing in front of him, in the middle of the room, was Gossling.

Surprised at where he was, he looked around the room. The room had many small lights at the top, but it was still a bit dark in the room. The walls were made of beautiful carved wood and were very dark. The floor was made of stone and felt cold.

“Stupid little man?” Gossling repeated what Throckton had said.

Throckton looked back at Gossling.

“No, I didn’t say that. What I said was, ‘What a cupid little man’. You don’t have very good ears, do you?” Throckton said disrespectfully.

“Whatever kid, it doesn’t matter to me. You’ll learn that your attitude won’t get you very far here. We’ve dealt with young magicians much more insolent than you!” Gossling informed Throckton.

“I’m not a magician. My father is a magician. It’s just his dream for me,” Throckton tried to inform him.

Then Gossling disappeared.

Throckton stood in the middle of the empty room for quite a while wondering what was going to happen next.

The large door at the far side of the room opened and in walked a tall woman in a long white dress. She seemed to be floating across the floor as if she were on ice. She had dark black hair that hung to her waist. Her face was as white as her dress. She had a blue sash around her waist. Her lips were red and her eyelashes were long and beautiful. She had a sweet smile as she approached Throckton.

“Are you Throckton?” the lady asked.

Throckton responded in a sarcastic voice, “Yeah, that’s me. Why do you want to know who I am?”

“We want to make sure we have the right child,” she replied.

“I’m not a child!” Throckton shot back. “I’m old enough to take care of myself.”

“Uh ha, we’ll see about that,” the lady in the white dress answered. “My name is

Malinda. I'm the headmaster at this school."

"Nice to meet you, I guess," Throckton responded with little respect.

"You'll learn our rules and you'll obey them. If you don't obey, you'll be punished," she explained to him.

"Yeah, I've heard that before. Bring it on lady; give it your best shot!" Throckton responded.

Suddenly Throckton was in a very small room. He could not stand up and he could not turn around. It was completely dark inside the room. All he could hear was his own breathing and his heart beating.

"Let me out of here! I'm not kidding. I'll hurt someone if you don't let me out!" Throckton threatened.

Nothing happened. He was still in the small room. He struggled for a while then he realized he was stuck.

He relaxed trying to get as comfortable as he could under the circumstances.

"OK, I can handle this. I'm not afraid of you. This is nothing. I've been in worse places than this before!" Throckton yelled out again.

He began to feel warm. Then he felt hot. Then he felt *really* hot.

"OK! OK! Let me out of here before I get cooked," he shouted again.

Nothing happened.

He was getting hotter and hotter and he could not move.

"Alright! I give up. I'm sorry. Please let me out of here," Throckton spoke loudly.

He heard a voice ask, "Are you really sorry? Are you sorry for calling Gossling stupid?"

"Yes, I'm sorry for saying that," Throckton was now wet with his own sweat.

"Are you sorry for threatening me?" Malinda asked.

"Yes, I'm sorry for threatening you. Will you please let me out?" Throckton answered.

He was beginning to panic.

Suddenly he was out of the box, on the floor in the big room, on his knees, in front of the lady in the white dress again. His clothes were wet and sweat was falling from his forehead. His legs hurt from being cramped in the box.

Throckton looked up at the lady in the white dress.

“Man, you really mean business, don’t you?” Throckton said while rubbing his legs.

“You don’t play around. You’re really serious about all of this.” Throckton commented. “I’ve never been treated like that before. Are you sure this is legal? I think I will complain to the police about child abuse.”

Malinda just stared at Throckton not saying a word.

Throckton looked around the room.

“Where am I?” he asked.

“You are in the Magician’s Academy,” she answered his question. “Your parents have left you here under our care. They have given us the authority to do whatever we feel is necessary to help you find out who you really are.”

Looking at Throckton and seeing the look of defiance that remained on his face, she continued to talk to him.

“I have many spells I can put on you. If you want to return to the small room, just let me know. I’ll be happy to send you there again,” Malinda informed him.

“NO! I don’t want to go back in there. It’s not funny,” he replied very quickly.

“I’m done with you for now. You can go with Gossling and he’ll take you to your room, and then you can take a shower. Dinner is in thirty minutes, so you need to hurry. You must not be late for dinner,” Malinda warned Throckton and told him what he needed to do.

Gossling appeared at the door and opened it for Throckton to follow him.

Throckton decided that this was not the best time to argue so he followed Gossling.

On their way to his room, they were quiet, until Gossling asked him a question.

“So, what do you think of our little school now?” Gossling asked Throckton.

“Not bad..... for a prison,” Throckton responded.

Gossling just laughed.

They left the big room and ended up in a hallway. It was a short distance until they arrived at a door.

“This is your room. I’ll open the door for you,” Gossling informed him.

Gossling opened the door with a key he had on his belt. There were many keys on his belt.

Noticing the keys, Throckton asked, “What are all of those keys for?”

“I can open any door and I can also lock any door in the school,” he replied.

Throckton looked at the number on the outside of the door. It was thirteen.

He went into the room. It was not very big. There was a bed, a desk, a dresser for his clothes and a large window with a steel cage over it. On the far side of the room was a door that led to the bath. It reminded him of a hotel room he had stayed in when he went on a trip with his parents, only it was smaller.

He looked out of the window and saw that he was on the top of the mountain. The wall outside dropped down farther than he could see.

“I guess they really don’t want me to escape,” he said to himself.

The paint on the walls was blue, and there was a single light hanging from the middle of the ceiling. In a bookshelf, there were a few books. He went over and looked at them. The titles were:

Magic Spells Level 1

History of Magic

The Culture of Magic

He put his things into the drawers, placed his music player on the table next to the bed, and then he went to use the shower.

After he cleaned up, he put on dry clean clothes and then left the room.

Once he was in the hallway, Throckton realized he had not asked Gossling how to get to the dining hall. As he looked up and down the hall, he decided to go to the right.

The hallway turned to the left in a circle. Before he knew it, he was in front of his door again, number thirteen.

When he went back the other way, soon he was back in front of his room again.

Now he was completely confused.

“This place is really stupid,” he thought to himself.

Not knowing what to do, he went back into his room.

He stood in the room wondering what to do next.

How was he going to get to dinner? Malinda had warned him not be late.

When he opened his door again, he was surprised. In front of him was a large room with several tables full of students eating their dinner. It looked like the cafeteria from his last school.

There were round tables with chairs around them. The walls were white and black. Along the right side of the room was a long counter with many different kinds of food. Behind the counter were helpers to serve the food. At the beginning of the counter was a stack of trays and next to them, glasses.

The room was noisy because the children inside were talking and laughing. There were maybe fifty children there.

He looked back at the door and all he saw was a wall.

He thought, “How did I get here? Where did my room go?”

When he looked back to the room, in front of him was a long table and there he saw Malinda. She did not look happy to see him.

Then the room went silent.