

# *THE MAGICIAN'S SON*

## *THE STORY OF THROCKTON*

### *CHAPTER 10*

In the morning, when everyone went to the table, it was just like at dinnertime. The conversation at the table was the same. No one was talking. It was very uncomfortable during the meal.

Throckton and Varanda hardly looked at each other.

After breakfast, Throckton asked Varanda if he could talk to her.

They went out of the house for a walk.

“Varanda, I’m sorry for not listening to you. I just got frustrated because those boys were teasing us. I didn’t like it. Those guys are always giving me a hard time,” Throckton shared with her.

“I was afraid you would cause problems for your family. If I were to use magic in my town, our family would have to move. Your sister told me about how things are here. I have to apologize as well,” Varanda said to him as she took his hand and smiled at him.

Varanda asked, “What do you want to do today?”

“I don’t know. I usually just go out for a walk and then to town, but I don’t think you want to go back there,” Throckton answered.

“Why do you say that?” she asked another question.

“After what happened yesterday, I think you’ll be too embarrassed,” Throckton explained.

“Your sister told me everything. It will be fine,” Varanda said, as she headed out the door to the forest with Throckton close behind.

They walked for a long time talking about what Throckton might do for the next

year.

“Do you know what you’re going to do next school year?” Varanda asked.

“I’m thinking of going back to school with Abilossa. I think I need a regular education. When I’m finished with high school, I can decide what I want to do with my life. Right now I’m confused,” Throckton responded.

“I think that’s a good idea. I’m gonna miss you at school though,” Varanda said to him, as she leaned against him.

Throckton liked being with Varanda. She was easy to talk to.

“Hey. Let’s go to town!” Varanda suggested, as she began to run toward the town.

Throckton chased after her. By the time they arrived they were both out of breath.

“Whew, I... should have... used magic,, to get here. That... was a long run,” Throckton said breathing hard.

Varanda walked into the café and sat down. At first Throckton did not notice since he was bent over taking long breaths. When he looked up, she was gone. He looked around and then saw her sitting at one of the tables. He went in to join her.

A few minutes later, the four boys who Throckton had sent home walked in.

“Oh boy, here we go again,” Throckton said softly to Varanda.

The boys glanced over at the two sitting alone in the corner and then sat at a table near the window. Nothing was said; just a few looks back and forth.

While Throckton and Varanda were in a conversation, one of the boys walked up to the table and sat down.

Surprised, Throckton looked over at him and asked, “What’s up Franklin?”

“I wanted to apologize for teasing you yesterday. We got a little carried away. You know sending me home like that was pretty cool. I got into some trouble with my mom, but it was worth it. What other kind of magic can you do?” he asked.

“Simple stuff. Mostly I can move things from place to place, create light, stuff like that,” Throckton answered.

“Can you give me a wish?” Franklin asked.

“No, I can’t do that and I can’t make you rich either,” Throckton said with a laugh.

“So who’s the girl?” Franklin asked.

“Varanda, she was a classmate of mine last year,” Throckton answered.

“By the way, where were you last year? I heard something about you going to the Magician’s Academy over in Choston Villa. Is that true?” Franklin inquired.

“Yes, that’s where I was.” Throckton responded.

The other boys joined them. They had a lot of fun talking with them. Varanda felt special. The boys liked talking with her, and she liked them and all of the attention she was getting.

“I’m glad you aren’t mad at Throckton. I was really angry with him for sending you home. I thought he was being childish,” Varanda shared.

“No, it’s cool. We went too far,” Kenton said. “We deserved it.”

Later in the afternoon Throckton and Varanda walked home. She would be leaving right after dinner.

“Throckton, I have really enjoyed being here with you. When can we do this again?” Varanda asked.

“Tell you what. I’ll visit you at the Magician’s Academy during my fall break. What do you think about that?” he asked her.

“Are you sure they will let you visit?” she responded

“I’m a graduate. They will let me visit any time I want,” Throckton said proudly.

They arrived home and Varanda went to Abilossa’s room to pack her things.

Abilossa was in the room when Varanda walked in.

“Hi Varanda. How did the day go?” Abilossa asked Varanda.

Varanda sat down on the bed and then lay back on her pillow.

“We had a great day. I met his friends at the café and we talked for a long time,” Varanda spoke more to the ceiling than to Abilossa. “I’m gonna miss this place.”

“When do you leave?” Abilossa asked.

“Right after dinner. We have to go to the train station,” Varanda answered.

“How long will it take you to get home?” Abilossa inquired.

“I’ll get home around eight o’clock in the morning. I’ll sleep on the train,” Varanda responded.

Varanda got up and put her clothes into her luggage, carried it down the stairs and set it by the front door.

Throckton was sitting on the sofa in the living room playing a video game.

Varanda sat beside him and watched the game.

“Do you play this a lot?” Varanda asked.

“No, not really. I just play when I’m a little bored. It helps to pass the time,” Throckton answered.

“I hate video games. When I play them, I waste too much time. I would rather read a book,” Varanda responded.

“I guess that is just something else that is different about us,” Throckton joked.

Varanda hit him in the arm and then left to see if dinner was ready yet.

Throckton rubbed his arm and then chased after Varanda.

“Slow down you two. You’re going to break something,” his mother yelled, as she brought food from the kitchen to the dining table.

Dinner was more fun than the night before. There was laughter and talking for a long time.

Throckton’s mother had made a chocolate cake for desert. It was Throckton’s favorite.

After dinner, the family got into the car to go to the train station.

Just before they left, Throckton suggested, “I could just use magic and send you home, you know.”

“I like the train. It’s an adventure. I’d rather just go home the normal way, if you don’t mind,” Varanda answered smiling at Throckton for thinking about her.

It did not take long to get to the train station. While they waited for the train, Throckton gave Varanda a big hug, and then to the surprise of everyone, he kissed her.

Varanda was surprised as well, but afterward she had a huge smile on her face.

She ran to the train, got to her seat, and then waved at the family as the train started to leave.

Throckton had a tear in his eye as she slowly moved out of sight.

As they walked to the car, Abilossa took Throckton's arm and held him close. She knew Throckton was going to miss Varanda.

Two days later, school started. Throckton and Abilossa walked to school together. When they walked in the door, everyone was surprised to see Throckton.

"Hey Throckton, where have you been? In prison?" one of the students yelled out.

Everyon laughed.

"Kinda like that," Throckton yelled back.

Throckton turned to his sister, and said with a chuckle, "How did he know?"

The first day of school was ordinary. The teachers introduced their classes and handed out the textbooks.

Something that was new this year was that the students had the option of getting a textbook or downloading the information on to their computers. Throckton thought that this was great. No more backpack filled with books. All he had to do was bring his notebook to school. He and Abilossa downloaded the textbooks onto their computers.

The next day classes really began.

As usual, his math class was easy. In fact, he did so well, his teacher had him take a test to see what he knew. After he took the test, his teacher gave him an "A" and promoted him to the next class. After a week in that class, he was promoted again to the fourth year class. He passed Geometry and Advanced Algebra in just three weeks. Now he was in Trigonometry and it was easy for him. Creating spells and math had a lot in common. Memorizing formulas was easy for him.

His other classes were fine. Throckton read the textbooks from front to back. He was used to studying hard from the academy. The other students could not believe how much he had changed. He even participated in Physical Education.

During his classes, sometimes Throckton would get a little bored. It was then that he would usually get into some trouble.

One day, his English teacher asked him a question about the text they were reading. Instead of standing and answering the question, Throckton made a piece of chalk write the answer on the blackboard.

The class laughed, but the teacher did not think it was too funny. She sent him to the office to speak with the principal.

Another time, when he was bored, he kept moving the books on the Science teacher's desk when she was not able to see. The students would laugh and she did not know why. By the end of the class, she realized what Throckton was doing and she sent him to the office.

Every time Throckton was sent to the office, he had to do a job after school. Then his father would have to pick him up from school.

His father and the principal became good friends.

The principal always complemented Throckton on the work he did. Once he had to mop the lunchroom. The principal commented to his father that he wanted to hire Throckton because he did a much better job at his work than the employees of the school.

Throckton was getting the reputation of being the class clown. The students were always asking him to do magic in the classroom. They encouraged him to keep doing silly things to the teachers.

Soon the teachers had had enough. They had a meeting to discuss what to do with Throckton. He was a good student and everyone liked him, it was just that he was so disruptive in the school all the time.

The principal scheduled a meeting with Throckton's parents and the teachers for a Monday night. Throckton was surprised at all of this.

The night came for the meeting. Throckton's parents were not happy that they had to go to the school to meet with the teachers.

"Throckton, why can't you behave in school? Why are you making us go to your

school and talk to all of those people? We'll talk more about this when we get home," his dad said to him as they walked out the door.

When they arrived at the school, the room was crowded. Every one of his teachers was there as well as several of the parents of the students in his classes. They all looked very serious.

There were three seats at the front of the room reserved for Throckton and his parents. As soon as they walked into the room, they sat down. The principal was standing in the front of the audience. She did not look very happy.

"We are here to discuss what we are going to do with Throckton. Every day I get a report from one of you teachers that he has done something to disturb your class. We need to find a solution to this problem, and I'm open to any suggestions," she stated to the crowd.

Throckton had thoughts of the trial he had had back at the Academy.

"At least I won't be sent back to the mines," he thought.

Just then, another person came into the room. It was Malinda!

"What is *she* doing here?" Throckton thought to himself. "Oh oh, maybe I might be going back to the mines after all!"

Throckton slumped down in his chair. This was getting serious.

The principal introduced Malinda to the teachers and parents, "This is Malinda. She's the headmaster of the Magician's Academy where Throckton attended school last year. I've invited her to help us to figure out what to do with Throckton. She has great insight on Throckton's character and perhaps she has some ideas on how we can help him become a better student. I would like each of the teachers to tell us about Throckton and his behavior in the classroom."

Throckton's English teacher stood up.

"Well, Throckton loves to do things to make the students laugh. He moves things around in the class. He is very good at doing things when I'm not looking. I can't say for sure exactly what he does, but I know it is he who is causing the problems," Mr. Haring

shared with the group.

He then sat down.

Ms. Golter stood up and began to tell about Throckton's behavior in her class.

"It's about the same in my class. Sometimes things start to boil, or something flies across the room. Once the windows opened by themselves and because of the wind, several leaves blew into the room. I had to make Throckton stay after school and clean the floor. I never know what he is going to do," she told about Throckton and of what he was doing in her room.

Mr. Rislinger, Throckton's Social Studies teacher stood up to speak.

"One day, during a lecture, it started to rain outside of our windows. The rain hit the glass so hard and made so much noise, I was unable to continue speaking. After class, I was surprised to learn that the day had been sunny all day long. The only place where there had been rain was outside of my room. He has done other things as well to disrupt what I am trying to do," he finished and then sat down.

One by one, the teachers shared with the group what Throckton had been doing. At times, there was soft laughter, but for the most part, the room was pretty silent.

After all of the teachers had shared what he had done, the principal invited Throckton to give an explanation of why he would do the things he was doing.

Throckton declined to speak. He just shook his head.

He was feeling very uncomfortable, especially since Malinda was there.

"Malinda, would you please come and talk to the teachers," the principal offered her the opportunity to speak.

Malinda glided to the front of the room. She looked over at Throckton who would not look at her.

She then began to speak.

"Throckton came to us last year as a result of his bad attitude and misbehavior. While he did well in his studies, he was a problem in the school.

"We let him do what he wanted until he had broken almost every rule in the



school. We sent him to punishment and when he returned, we thought he had changed, but listening to you talk about him, it appears that he has not changed at all. He is still the same boy who came to us over a year ago.

“My recommendation to you is to dismiss him from your school. Let him find his way on his own. I can no longer punish him since he is not in the care of my school. If he were in my school, and he was acting like this, I would certainly return him to the punishment we gave him before. He has not learned the lessons we thought he had learned,” Malinda finished and then she glided back to her seat.

“Throckton, do you have anything to say for yourself?” the principal asked.

Throckton sat with his head down, not looking at anyone. He thought for a moment and then he stood up.

“I’m sorry for the way I’ve acted. Since I returned from the Magician’s Academy, I’ve made many new friends. I’m not used to that. I found that by using my magic in class the other kids liked me. They thought I was funny.

“Now I see that I was not very respectful of my teachers, and for that I’m sorry.

“I just wish the classes weren’t so boring all the time. The teachers repeat things over and over. I get it. I just want to move on to the next thing. I want to learn, it’s just the classes are so slow,” Throckton explained.

Malinda stood up.

“While Throckton was at the Magician’s Academy, he passed all four years of his exams in one year. He learns very quickly and he remembers what he learns,” she paused.

She continued, “Perhaps part of his problem is us. We don’t understand how he learns. Maybe we should explore another way for Throckton to study. Maybe sitting in the classroom all day is not how we can best help him.

“I suggest that we discuss this further. Before you make a decision on what to do with him, maybe another meeting is needed to find the best way to give Throckton the education he needs,” she finished and sat down.

There was a lot of talking in the room. Then Mr. Golter stood up.

“I agree. We need to do what is best for Throckton. I’m willing to work with him and let him do self-study. If that will give him the best chance to be successful, I’m all for it,” he gave his idea to the group.

Several of other of the teachers agreed. They decided to let Throckton study at his own pace. He could study at home and turn in his work when he completed it.

Throckton was shocked. He did not expect what happened. He was sure that he was going to return to the mines.

For the remainder of the year, Throckton stayed at home and studied. Once a week he went to the school, where he took the tests, and quizzes the teachers had for him. He passed all of his subjects with top grades.

He chatted with Varanda almost every day.

During his fall break, he returned to the Magician’s Academy to visit her. When he entered the school, he was welcomed in a way he had never guessed.

In Ms. Waterspell’s room was a picture of Throckton. He was on the Magician’s Wall of Fame. He was really surprised. They had put his picture next to his father’s.

Throckton finished his high school early. He helped his sister Abilossa with her studies, but she did not learn as fast as her brother.

After he graduated from high school, he went on to study at the Magician’s University and then he went to graduate school and received his Master’s in Child psychology.

After Varanda graduated from the Magician’s Academy, Throckton married her, and they had two children. Throckton knew he had to be a good father like his father had been.

Upon his graduation from graduate school, he returned to the Magician’s Academy as an instructor in the magic department. More importantly, he became a counselor for kids who were having problems in school.

The ‘Throckton Scholarship’ helped many kids attend the school and they became magicians as well as excellent citizens.