

# *THE MAGICIAN'S SON*

## *THE STORY OF THROCKTON*

### *CHAPTER 2*

Malinda stood up, and said, "You're late Throckton. You'll not eat dinner tonight. I warned you not to be late." Malinda said in a stern voice to him.

"I couldn't find my way. I got lost," Throckton defended himself.

"Come here. I have something for you to do," Malinda ordered.

Throckton was afraid now. He did not know how to respond.

"I said NOW young man. Come here," Malinda's face was not sweet anymore. She looked very serious.

Throckton went up to where she was sitting. On both sides of her, sitting at the same table, were several adults he assumed were the teachers at the school.

The room was silent. No one moved or said a word.

When Throckton got to the front of the room, Malinda told him to turn around and face the other students.

"This is Throckton. He thinks this school is a joke. He thinks he can do whatever he pleases. As all of you have learned, this is not the case. He will learn his lessons soon enough.

"For now, I don't want any of you to talk to him. I'll let you know when he is ready. Do you all understand me?" Malinda said to the room full of students.

All of the students said, "Yes ma'am, we understand you!"

Before Throckton could say anything, he suddenly found himself in his room again.

“I hate this. Are they going to do this to me all the time?” Throckton yelled at the door. “I feel like I’m in jail for sure!”

When he tried to open the door, it was locked. He was hungry, but he was so angry he did not care.

He went to get his music player, but it was gone. He looked and looked for it, but he could not find it.

“That stinks! They can just come into my room and take anything they want. I hate this place already!” Throckton said aloud.

He changed into his pajamas and when he did, he found the paper from Abilossa in his pocket. He read it.

*Throckton,*

*I’m going to miss you very much. Please take care of yourself. Come home as soon as you can!*

*Love Abilossa’*

Throckton began to cry. He hated to cry, it made him feel weak. He lay on his bed staring at the ceiling.

“I’m going to get out of this place one way or another. I hate it here!” Throckton screamed at the ceiling. Soon he fell asleep.

In the morning, Throckton woke up late because he did not know how to set the alarm clock.

What woke him up was the sound of loud noises coming from the other side of his door. When he opened the door, he saw the dining room again.

The room was noisy because some of the students were rushing to their seats, while others were already at their tables eating and talking.

Even though Throckton was still in his pajamas, and without shoes, he ran out of his door into the cafeteria so he would not miss breakfast.

Everyone who saw him laughed, but he was too hungry to care.

He got into line to get his food. He picked up a tray and looked at the food he

could choose from. Most of it he had never seen before. He took a piece of dark bread with butter, some juice, and fried eggs. The servers smiled and were very helpful. They were young so Throckton guessed that they were students earning extra money while in the academy.

He thought, “Maybe I’ll do this someday. I can always use a little extra money now and then.”

After going through the line, he found a table in the corner and sat by himself.

Not long afterward, two students came to join him. They looked over their shoulders to see if Malinda was watching.

“Hey Throckton. Your first day here has been a little bit difficult, hasn’t it,” one of the students said laughing.

“You could say that,” Throckton responded not looking up.

He had a thought, so he asked, “So tell me. How does one get out of this place?”

“We don’t know,” the second student answered. “No one has left this place for as long as we have been here.”

“Is this a prison?” Throckton asked.

The two students looked at each other and then one of them answered, “Kind of like that.”

Then they ran away laughing, and then they were suddenly gone.

Throckton sat at the table wondering how he had gotten himself into this mess.

As he sat thinking, he concluded that what the students had said to him was really only meant to scare him. All of the things that were happening to him were designed to make him believe he was going to be a prisoner, not a student.

His logic told him they were only trying to frighten him. There was no way his father would send him to a prison. He concluded that this was just a school with very strict rules. However, he was having trouble convincing himself of it because of how he had been treated, but it was the most logical thing he could think of.

Now that he had figured out what was going on, he knew he could think of many

ways how to fool the staff and get what he wanted. He had always been able to do it before, so why not now.

Part of his plan was to do as much research as he could about the school and the teachers. He wanted to know all he could about where he was and how he might get out.

After breakfast he asked one of the teachers in the dining room how he could find his way back to his room.

“I’ll send you there, but remember, you’ll need to be in your first class at nine o’clock. Don’t be late. Your teacher, Ms. Ronsordi, doesn’t tolerate students who are late,” the teacher informed him.

When he blinked, he found himself in his room again.

“I’ve got to find out how they do that!” Throckton said to himself. “When I learn how to do that, I’ll be able to escape. I’m sure of it.”

He changed into his school clothes and looked at the clock on his wall. It was time for his first class.

He walked out of his bedroom and instead of being in the dining hall, he found himself in a classroom. There were about twelve other students sitting on different colored sofas arranged in a circle. They were talking softly to each other and showing each other different spells.

There were half boys and half girls in the class.

When he entered the room, the other students looked up at him, but none of them said a word.

“Ah, Throckton, it is so nice to see you. Welcome to our class,” the teacher said.

She pointed to an empty seat on one of the sofas, so Throckton sat down.

As Throckton looked around the room he noticed that it was not very big. There was a colorful carpet on the floor, and around the walls were several bookcases full of very old books. In the front of the room was a desk for the teacher. There were several books stacked on the desk making it difficult for the teacher to see the students when she sat in her chair.

Behind the desk was a large blue and white drape that hung from the ceiling to the floor. He recognized it as the national flag from his country.

The window on the side of the room let in enough sunlight so there was no need for extra light, but because of the drapes on the windows, it was dark enough to have a mystical feel to the room.

The teacher was an older woman. She was wearing a long black skirt with light blue dots on it and a white turtleneck blouse with a multi-colored scarf around her neck. Her gray hair was in a bun on top of her head. She had long dangling earrings made of gold as well as several round bracelets on each arm. Her makeup was too thick and her cheeks were rosy red. She had a nice smile and seemed to be very friendly.

“I want to welcome Throckton to our class today. I want you to make him feel welcome,” the teacher said with a big smile on her face, which Throckton thought looked plastic.

One of the students spoke up, “Ms. Ronsordi, Malinda has told us we are not to speak to him.”

“Oh yes, I remember. OK, this is our new student. His name is Throckton. He will be joining us for the remainder of the term,” she said to his classmates.

Turning to Throckton, she told him, “Our class is called ‘Magic Spells Level 1’.

We’ll be learning simple spells and practicing them in the class, so pay attention because I may ask you to do one of the spells.”

Turning to one of the students in the class, she asked, “Jellor, do you remember the new spell we learned last week?”

“Of course,” Jellor reponded.

“Will you demonstrate it for the class?” Ms. Ronsordi asked her.

“Dondo, corpi, asti, nanda,” Jellor spoke the spell and then, in her hand, she held a small mouse.

“Very Good Jellor! Well done,” the teacher praised her student.

Turning to Throckton she asked, “Do you think you could do that spell?”

“Me?” Throckton said very surprised. “I guess so.”

He began very slowly repeating what Jellor had said, trying to remember the words.

“Dondo, corpi, asti, nando,” he repeated.

The class began to scream. The children jumped over the couch onto the other side. In the middle of the room was a lion!

The teacher had to say a quick spell and then the lion disappeared.

Throckton smiled as the class went crazy.

After the class settled down, the teacher spoke to Throckton, “You have to be very careful with your spells young man. You said nando instead of nanda. Simple mistakes like that can cause very big problems for you, and for us.”

Throckton thought it was great. He had scared all of the kids in the class. He made sure he remembered that spell. He knew it could come in handy later on.

During the class, the other students were practicing their newly learned spells, but Throckton was bored. None of the spells were very interesting. He just sat on the sofa and fell asleep. He was dreaming of bigger spells.

After the class was over, the students moved to another room.

After he woke up, Throckton found him in the room alone. He left the classroom and followed them to the next lesson.

This room was different. It was a bright room with many windows. Long desks on risers looked down on the teacher’s desk and behind it was a large blackboard. It was a lecture hall.

Above the board was a big sign. It said, ‘Mr. Klumpf’s class. The History of Magic’.

After the students sat down, from a side door, a funny looking man walked in. His head was bald except for a small amount of hair in the very middle of his head, which was neatly combed over to the left. His face was round, he had small ears, and his nose was round. He had a small patch of white hair under his lower lip. His clothes were far

too tight. His jacket was a faded red. His shirt was white and he had a small black bowtie. His pants were black and a little too short. He was wearing army boots, which made a loud noise when he walked. All-in-all, he looked very odd.

Throckton remembered a clown in a circus his parents had taken him to when he was younger who looked just like him.

Not only did he look odd, but he also sounded odd.

In a scratchy voice, and in an accent Throckton had never heard before, he said, “Hello my children. Today we’ll talk about the history of Magic. Does anyone have a question about the homework last night?”

No one spoke up.

“OK. Turn in your textbooks to page twenty-eight. We’ll read from the top of the page to the end of page thirty-one. When you’re done we’ll discuss the text,” Mr. Klumpf explained to the class.

The children opened their books and began to read.

Throckton had not brought his books to class.

Mr. Klumpf noticed that Throckton was looking around the classroom.

“Young man, where is your textbook? You’re to bring it to every class,” Mr. Klumpf yelled from his desk to Throckton.

“I’m sorry sir, I’m new here. I didn’t know what I was to bring to class,” Throckton replied.

“Who are you and what are you doing in my class?” Mr. Klumpf asked.

“I’m Throckton. I just started at this school,” Throckton replied.

“Throckton? Now that is an unusual name,” Mr. Klumpg paused for a moment.

“Well, Throckton, go to your room, get your book, and bring it back with you,” Mr. Klumpf said, and then he went back to reading his book.

Throckton got up and left the class. He did not know how to get back to his room so he just wandered around the halls waiting for the class to end.

While he was admiring some pictures on the hallway walls of past presidents of the

Magician's Academy, he heard Gossling's voice behind him.

"What are you doing in the halls? Aren't you supposed to be in class right now?" Gossling asked.

Throckton turned around and saw Gossling standing behind him. He did not look very happy.

"I was trying to find my room. Mr. Klumpf said I need my textbook for his class. I didn't have it with me because I left it in my room," Throckton answered.

"I'll send you to your room," Gossling said.

Suddenly, Throckton found himself in his room.

"I really want to know how to do that," Throckton said to himself.

He went to his bookshelf to take the three textbooks, he guessed that his next class was probably going to be the 'The Culture of Magic', so he took that book first.

When he opened his door to leave, he found himself outside of Mr. Klumpf's classroom. The period was over and the students were heading to the next lesson.

He followed his classmates to the next classroom. On the wall, outside of the door was a sign.

Just as he thought, the name of the next class was 'The Culture of Magic'. The teachers' name was Mr. Stonegarden.

This classroom was more like the classrooms he had attended in his last school. There were several desks in neat rows of three.

Throckton sat in the first seat he came to. Just as he put his books down, a big boy stood in front of him and told him to get out of his seat.

"That's my desk. Get out of my seat before I get angry at you," the big kid said threatening him. "You don't want me to get angry."

Throckton did not move or even speak.

"I told you, get out of my seat or I'll have to hurt you," the big kid said.

Throckton just ignored him.

Right in front of Throckton's eyes, the big kid turned into a green monster. He

reached forward, grabbed Throckton by the neck, lifted him out of the chair, and then threw him across the room sending him onto the floor against the wall.

The big kid turned back to normal and sat down.

Throckton jumped up.

“You think you can push me around like that? Try *this* on for size!” Throckton yelled as he said, “Dondo, corpi, asti, nando!”

A mouse appeared on the desk in front of the big kid.

Everyone in the room laughed. He had gotten the spell wrong again.

Just then, the teacher walked in. All of the students went silent.

Throckton went over to the big kid’s desk, picked up his bag of books, found an empty desk, and then sat down.

He looked over at the big kid and tried to act tough. The big kid just laughed at him.

Mr. Stonegarden was a nice man, but very soft-spoken. The students in his class did not listen very well. He spent most of his time bent over his projector writing information he expected the students to copy into their notebooks.

He was thin, had a bald spot on the back of his head and a thick mustache. It was so thick the children wondered how he ate or drank without getting food all over it.

His glasses were black and the lenses were very thick. He wore a tan cardigan sweater over a dark blue golf shirt. His jeans were baggy and had paint all over them. His shoes were running shoes and they had paint on them as well. Throckton guessed that Mr. Stonegarden had a second job as a house painter.

(Throckton found out later that he taught an art class in the school.)

As the class began, Mr. Stonegarden handed out the test papers the class had taken the week before. Most of the students looked like they were not very happy with their scores.

Throckton was happy he did not have a paper.

When the teacher got to him, he stopped and looked at him closely.

“I don’t believe I’ve seen you in this class before. Who are you?” Mr. Stonegarden asked, looking closely at Throckton through his thick glasses.

This made Throckton a little uncomfortable.

“I’m new. My name is Throckton,” he answered.

“It is nice to have you in our class Throckton. Get out your pencil and paper, I have a lot to show you today,” the teacher explained.

Then he walked away toward his projector.

With his head down over the writing surface, he began to explain his theory.

“We are going to look at the relationship between mass and energy to explain how spells work. If you take the inertia of the energy you expel when speaking your spell and then multiply it times the force of the mass you are trying to move. This will give a number which represents the likelihood that the spell will be successful....” Mr. Stonegarden began to explain.

Throckton just sat back in his chair.

Like all of the other classes, Throckton was bored.