

THE MAGICIAN'S SON

THE STORY OF THROCKTON

CHAPTER 3

After class was over, the big kid, who had thrown Throckton across the room, came up to him, and asked him, “What did you do to get put into this school?”

“I don’t really know. My parents told me I was coming here and I had no choice,” Throckton answered.

“I don’t believe you. Everyone here has a story. You need to find out why you’re here. They won’t let you out until you do,” the big kid stated.

“I don’t understand what you’re talking about. I have to find out why I was sent here? What does that mean?” Throckton asked.

“You have to figure that out for yourself,” the big kid stated.

He turned to leave to go to lunch when Throckton spoke up.

“What’s your name?” Throckton asked.

He turned back to Throckton and answered, “My name is Glondar, but most people call me Gore.”

Looking at Throckton from head to foot he continued, “You’re a pretty tough kid, most of time when I throw a kid across the room they cry. You’re all right,”

“I’m used to it,” was all Throckton could think to say.

They walked down the hallway toward the dining hall for lunch.

Throckton’s curiosity was growing, so he asked, “Can you tell me how you changed into that green monster that threw me across the floor? That was pretty cool.”

“That always happens when I get mad. I was told it’s a spell my parents put on me

because when I was younger I was always picked on by the older kids. After I started to turn green, they were all afraid of me. By the way, I warned you not to make me mad,” Gore explained.

“Remind me of that next time. I’ll try to avoid being thrown across the room again,” Throckton laughed.

Most of the other kids were already sitting at the tables eating when they got to the cafeteria. Throckton went through the line and got his food. He took an egg sandwich, some chips, and a glass of grape juice.

When he sat down, the children who were sitting at the table got up and moved.

Throckton sat alone and ate his meal.

When he was almost finished with his meal, Ms. Ronsordi came over and sat next to him.

“So, how’s your first day of school?” she asked.

In a very direct manner, he replied, “I hate it.”

“You’ll get used to it soon enough. It just takes a little time. A first year student always has to make an adjustment. It’s even more difficult when one arrives in the middle of the term. These kids have been together since the beginning of the year. It’ll take time for you to fit in. Don’t worry, you’ll be fine,” she finished.

“Thanks.....I guess,” said Throckton, never looking up at her.

After lunch, all of the students went to the locker room to get dressed for the Physical Education class.

Throckton did not like the clothes in his locker. He looked at the shirt. It was just too plain so he tore the sleeves off. He inspected the shorts. They were too tight so he ripped the sides of his shorts. He had on his black high top sneakers instead of the gym shoes that were in his locker.

He was the last one to go into the gymnasium, and when he did, he strutted in with an attitude. He felt as if he was really cool, and he acted the part.

When the other kids saw him, they laughed, but Throckton did not care. He liked

being different.

The teacher looked over at Throckton.

“What have you done to your uniform?!” she asked.

“I made some improvements. Do you like it?” Throckton answered, showing off the uniform he had modified.

The students laughed at him.

“No, I don’t,” the teacher said.

Ms. Dooligan was a big strong woman who probably lifted weights. She wore a tight white t-shirt and bright shiny red shorts. On her shirt she had the picture of a magician’s hat and above it the words, ‘Magician’s Academy’ and below it ‘Rabbits’; the mascot for the school. Her white socks came up to her knees. Her shoes matched the color of her shorts.

She wore a big black whistle around her neck and when she blew it, the whistle was so loud; the members of the class had to cover their ears.

Yelling at Throckton in a military voice, she ordered him, “Get in line and follow the instructor. We are doing stretches before we start to play games.”

Throckton responded, “I hate playing games. Can I just sit on the bench over there and watch?”

Throckton asked, as he walked away from the class toward the benches.

“Get in line young man or you will find yourself someplace you don’t want to be,” the teacher yelled at him.

“Whatever,” Throckton said as he continued to go to the seats along the wall to sit down.

Throckton did not listen to Ms. Dooligan. He decided he was not going to participate in the class. He was just going to sit and watch.

As he walked toward the seats along the wall, Ms. Dooligan raised her hand, and when she did, Throckton flew backward until he hit the wall. He was about halfway up the wall and he could not move. He was stuck as if he was on flypaper. He struggled to

get loose, but he stayed right where he landed. The more he struggled the worse it got.

“Let me down!” Throckton yelled flapping his arms and legs.

The other students laughed at him.

“Let me down or I’ll hurt someone!” Throckton threatened.

Everyone just laughed at him louder.

“All right, I warned you!” Throckton screamed. “Dondo, corpi, asti, nanda!”

Nothing happened.

He yelled it again, “Dondo, corpi, asti, nanda!”

Still nothing happened.

His classmates just laughed and laughed.

Throckton was sure he had gotten the spell right this time.

Ms. Dooligan walked over to Throckton, looked up at him on the wall, and said, “I have to inform you that your spells won’t work in this room. You can say whatever you want, but nothing will work.”

She continued to explain to him, “When you are ready to come down and join the class, let me know. Otherwise you can stay up there all day for all I care.”

Throckton replied, “You think you’re so tough. When the headmaster finds out what you’ve done to me, she’ll have your job.”

“That’s interesting. Maybe I’ll tell her myself. That will save you the trouble of making a fool of yourself *again*,” Ms. Dooligan informed him.

The class laughed.

“I’m serious. Let me down or someone is going to get hurt!” Throckton yelled as loud as he could.

“Whatever,” the teacher said, and then she turned and walked away.

Throckton continued to yell and scream at the teacher, but she just ignored him.

He watched the students play their games, and they all looked silly to him. He never liked sports anyway.

His yelling and screaming made his classmates upset with him. They told him to

shut up.

After a while, Gore walked up.

“Throckton, if you don’t stop I’m going to get really angry with you. You know what will happen if I get angry? I don’t think you really want to know,” Gore threatened him to stop.

Not wanting Gore to get angry, Throckton stopped.

When the class was over, the children left the gymnasium and Throckton was still on the wall.

“Help, I need a little help here. Where’s everyone going? I’m getting hungry!” Throckton yelled to an empty room.

Throckton remained hanging on the wall.

After what seemed like forever, Throckton said, “OK, I give up. I’m sorry. Will you let me down so I can eat my dinner?”

Throckton fell to the floor.

“Ouch, that hurt,” he said, as he stood up and stretched his arms and legs.

He went to the locker room and changed into his regular clothes. When he hung his P.E, clothes in his locker, they went back to normal. The sleeves returned and the rips on the shorts were gone.

“That’s kinda cool,” Throckton said to himself.

By the time he got to the dining room, dinner was almost over. He wondered if Malinda was going to send him to his room without eating again.

Fortunately, Malinda let him eat.

There was not much food left. He put a few things on his tray and then sat down alone at the table in the corner to eat.

Malinda stared at him most of the time with an unfriendly face. She was obviously angry with him. He did not mind. He was getting used to it.

After he finished eating, he walked around the school. At the end of the hall that led from the dining hall, he found a large sitting area. Several of the students were sitting

at tables studying. Some were watching a movie, while others were on their computers. He did not stay long. The kids in the room did not even notice he was there, or they were just ignoring him.

As he walked out of the room and down the hallway, he looked for his room. No matter how hard he searched, he could not find the way to his room.

While Throckton was searching, he ran into Gossling.

“Can you show me how to find my room? I can never find my way around this place. It’s so confusing,” Throckton asked.

As soon as he finished speaking, he was in his room again.

“I wish they would just let me find my own way around here,” Throckton grumbled. “It’s so inconvenient to always have to find a teacher just to get to my bedroom.”

He put his books on his bed and got ready to go to sleep.

When he came out of the bathroom, his textbooks were opened to the pages he was to do for his homework.

Throckton decided he needed to read the books from the beginning in order to catch up with the class. He felt that if he read the books, he would be able to do more spells. Once he learned the spells, he could use them to escape from his prison.

This was his motivation. He had a purpose in his mind and he was not going to fail.

He spent all night reading. He did not really enjoy the books, but he knew he would be closer to his goal if he understood what the books were about.

In the morning, when he looked up, he saw the sunrise. It was beautiful.

Even though Throckton was tired, he got up to prepare for breakfast.

When he walked out of his room, he once again found himself in the dining hall. He was one of the first to arrive. He went through the line and picked out an egg and a biscuit along with a glass of orange juice.

Still no one talked to him. It did not bother him. He was thinking about the lessons in the books he had read the night before. He had brought one of his books with him and

he read the next chapter while he ate.

He thought to himself, “If these spells are just the beginning level, what are the advanced spells going to be like? I might actually be able to escape from this place, if I could learn more of them.”

His classes on the second day were again very boring for him. He slept most of the time because he was so tired from being up all night. His teachers tried to keep him awake, but he would just fall asleep again.

He went to his P.E. class and mostly sat on the floor doing nothing.

After his lessons, with the help of Gossling, he returned to his room. He began to study the books he started the night before. He practiced the spells in his room to make sure he got them right.

When dinnertime came, he left to eat. He took a plate of food and sat at the table in the corner again. He had one of his books with him and he read during his meal.

After he ate, he returned to his room to study.

It was pretty late when he finished the second book so he did not get much sleep that night either.

In his dreams, he practiced the spells in the books. He was confident that he had learned them well enough to use them when he needed them. None of them were very hard, but they were not what he was looking for. He knew he needed to have stronger spells if he was going to escape.

His teachers told him he needed to understand the basic spells before he could learn the more advanced ones. That made sense to him.

After going to his classes the next day he felt like he was making progress on learning the lessons, even though he was not doing much in the classroom. As he watched what went on during the class time, he began to understand what the kids were doing.

It was Friday night, so there were no classes the next day. Saturdays were a day of activities for the kids. They had games, singing, art classes, and pottery lessons. There

were many different things to do, but Throckton chose to stay in his room and read.

Throckton skipped breakfast and continued to read the third book. Although the writing was boring, he knew he needed to learn all that he could. It was his only way of escape.

When it was lunchtime, Throckton was feeling very hungry so he walked out of his room and once again ended up in the dining hall.

Just as he was about to get into line to pick up his food, he heard a voice behind him. It was Malinda.

“Throckton, will you come here, please?” she requested.

Throckton turned and walked over to the table where she was sitting.

“It’s nice to see you. What have you been doing? You didn’t come to breakfast this morning. Are you feeling all right?” she asked.

“Yes ma’am, I’m fine. I was just doing some reading. I need to catch up with the rest of the class,” Throckton answered.

“Really? I’m impressed. What have you learned so far?” she asked.

“Well, I can make that glass of yours turn into a bottle,” he answered.

“I’d like to see that. Please do it now,” Malinda acted surprised.

“Klond, soli, farma, addidi,” Throckton spoke the spell.

The glass turned into a beautiful blue bottle.

“That’s very impressive young man,” Malinda said smiling. “You’ve come a long way in a very short time.”

Malinda stood up and addressed the students in the dining hall, “Throckton has shown that he is willing to learn. I remove the order not to talk to him. You may speak to him whenever you want!”

Throckton smiled a small grin just to show respect, and then went to get his food.

This time, when he sat at a table, the children did not leave.

“So Throckton, how did you learn that spell?” one of the female first year students named Varanda asked.

“I read it in one of the textbooks,” he answered.

“We haven’t learned that one yet. Is it in our book?” she asked him.

“Who are you?” Throckton asked the pretty girl with the brown hair and brown eyes.

“My name is Varanda. I’m a first year student just like you,” she answered.

Throckton had not noticed her before.

She was one of the prettiest girls Throckton had ever met. She dressed very stylishly. Her hair was straight and long. She wore a ribbon in her hair to keep it pulled back. She had on a dark blue sweater and blue stretch pants. Her high top sneakers were pink which matched the color of the ribbon in her hair. She had a sweet smile and when she talked, she leaned her chin on the palm of her hand.

He thought for a moment, and then answered, “Yeah, it was in the fourth chapter, I think.”

“Fourth chapter? We’re only on the third. Why are you reading ahead?” Varanda queried.

“I finished that book last night,” Throckton shocked his classmates at the table.

“You read the entire book last night?” she continued to question him.

“Yeah, and I’m almost finished with the third one,” Throckton responded. “I plan to finish all of them by the end of the weekend.”

“You must really like to read,” commented one of the other students.

“No, not really. I just don’t like being behind,” Throckton stated confidently.

He did not want to tell them the real reason why he was studying so hard.

For the rest of the day, Throckton spent studying the textbooks. He practiced several of the spells to make sure they worked.

After he finished reading the last of the three textbooks, he wanted to learn more.

The next day was Sunday.

Even though Throckton was tired, he needed to find more information and learn more spells.

While he was exploring the school after breakfast, he saw Mr. Klumpf in the hallway.

He ran up to him and asked, “Mr. Klumpf, could you tell me where the library is? I want to do some research for your class.”

Mr. Klumpf responded in his scratchy voice, “Really? You want to do extra work? I would never have guessed that you would want to do that. I’m impressed.”

He raised his hand and then Throckton found himself at the front desk of the library.

“Sometimes being moved from place to place in this school is kind of cool,” he said to himself. “I just wish I could do it myself.”