

# *THE MAGICIAN'S SON*

## *THE STORY OF THROCKTON*

### *CHAPTER 5*

"I *am* a third year, look it up," Throckton demanded.

"Now you're really trying to fool me. Throckton, please don't bother me anymore. I'm tired of all of your questions. Can't you just be like the other kids?" she asked.

"Look it up. I'm a third year now. If you don't believe me, look it up on your computer," Throckton ordered her, while he continued to stand at the desk. He would not take no for an answer.

Realizing that Throckton was not going to go away, she responded to him, "OK, if it will make you happy I'll look it up. Will you go away if I look it up for you?"

She was frustrated at Throckton's insistence that she do what he asked.

When she looked up his records, she found that he was in fact a third year student.

There was a pause as she looked at her computer, and then a look of surprise came over her face.

"How did you do that? Did you use magic to change my computer?" she said in a shocked tone.

"You know the computers are locked from magic. If a first year student could modify them, everyone would be changing their scores.

"I took the exams for the first and second year classes and I passed them. Why do you think I've been in here every day?" he posed the question to her.

She answered, "No one told me that you had passed the tests. Just a minute, I'll update your profile."

There was a pause and then she said apologetically, “You should have access to the books you need.”

Throckton went to his favorite seat and logged into the computer, and on the screen, he saw the titles to the books he needed.

The books he found were:

*Modern Magic*

*Advanced Theory of Magic*

*Upper Intermediate Magic Spells*

When he clicked on them, they floated down to the table in front of him.

Throckton stayed as late as he could in the library every day. He studied the textbooks and other related books. He watched the videos of the lectures from the archives.

He was excited. The new spells he was learning had great potential for him to complete his plan. His memory was full of facts and information. When he was in his room, he practiced his skills, and at night, he dreamed about the spells and of how he could use them.

The next day Throckton went to his first class with the third year students. The class was called ‘Modern Magic’.

He laughed when he met his teacher. Her name was Ms. Waterspell. She was anything but modern. She had long brown hair that looked like it needed to be brushed a long time ago. Her green pants were tight at the top and had big bells at the bottom. She wore a red flower in her hair. Her blouse was yellow and had short sleeves.

Throckton almost laughed aloud because he thought she looked so funny. She reminded him of pictures he saw of people during the time of the hippies.

When he looked around the room it was more like the classrooms he was used to from his other schools, only there were pictures of famous magicians on the walls. As he looked at them, he was surprised to see a picture of his father.

His father had attended the Magician’s Academy, but he had never told Throckton.

“I’m going to have to ask my dad why he was here the next time I see him,” Throckton thought.

He did not say anything to the other students. He did not want them to know his dad had been there before him.

The desks were older than in the other rooms. They were made of wood and had a writing surface attached to the seat.

He enjoyed reading the names carved into the wood by students from a long time ago. If Throckton had had a knife, he would have carved his name into the wood as well.

The students in this class were worse than those in the first year grade had been. They totally ignored him. They did not want him in their class and they made it very clear to him he was not welcome. It did not bother him much. He knew he was not going to be there much longer.

Throckton did not listen in class very much. He knew that if he read the textbooks, listened to the lectures, and practice the spells, he could pass the exams and then move on to the fourth year classes. It was only a matter of time before his plan would work.

During the lessons, he usually sat back in his chair and fell asleep. Ms. Waterspell was not that boring; it was just that Throckton was not getting much sleep.

The second period was called ‘Advanced Theory of Magic’. The teacher in this class was funny. The lesson was interesting and Throckton got very interested in what the teacher was saying.

His name was Mr. Yoslynn. This teacher was the most normal of the teachers in the school. He was in his mid-thirties and had short light brown hair. He wore a button down shirt that was not tucked into his stylish blue jeans. He had a day’s growth of beard, and he had a nice smile. The entire class enjoyed his style of teaching. He was friendly and asked many questions, most of which Throckton could not answer.

The desks were arranged in a circle with the teacher’s desk part of the circle. During the class, either the teacher sat on his desk, or he walked around the classroom interacting with the kids. Throckton found the class to be the best he had ever attended.

He amazed himself by staying awake for most of it.

Third period came and things went back to being boring. Mrs. Abramdon, the teacher, was an older woman whom Throckton thought should have given up teaching years before. She looked like she could be his grandmother.

Mrs. Abramdon was a short fat lady. She wore gray stretch pants that showed every bump. She had a black sweatshirt with the name of her college on the front, which she constantly pulled down over the top of her pants. She had a nice smile. Her hair was down to her shoulders, and she was always pushing her hair out of her face. So, she was either pulling down her sweatshirt or pushing her hair out of her face.

Other than that, she was rather plain in her appearance.

This classroom was set up in a very traditional manner. The desks were in neat rows and the teacher had assigned seats. After sitting in a seat at the back of the room, Throckton had to move to another seat after he was told by the teacher where to sit. He did not like sitting in the front row. He preferred the back where he could sleep.

The name of the class was ‘Upper Intermediate Magic Spells’. The title sounded interesting, but the teacher’s voice was so soft it kept putting him to sleep. When he dozed off, Mrs. Abramdon would hit him in the back of his head with an eraser. It was really annoying for him.

After lunch, it was back to the gymnasium.

Throckton decided it was better to join the class rather than hang on the wall. He did not try very hard, which made the other students angry with him.

He thought to himself, “It doesn’t matter. I’m not going to be in this school much longer.”

Three weeks after taking the first and second year exams, he asked Malinda if he could take the third year test.

“Are you sure?” she replied. “You have only been studying three weeks. What makes you think you are ready for the third year exams?” Malinda questioned him.

“If I don’t pass the third year test, I won’t ask again. I’ll stay in the third year

classes and take the exams at the end of the year. OK?” Throckton made a deal with Malinda.

After speaking to his teachers, Malinda arranged for Throckton to take the tests two days later.

Throckton did not like that he had to wait, but he agreed.

He studied hard for the test every night in the library, just like before.

Once again, Gossling was there to give him the test and to watch him do his spells.

Throckton was in the library taking his exams all day. The other students walked past the door to listen, but when the teachers saw them in the hallway, they told them to get to their classes.

The tests included a long essay, answering multiple-choice questions, performing spells, answering oral questions, and recognizing spells that Gossling did for him.

When Throckton was finished, he was exhausted but smiling.

“I think I did well on the test, what do you think, Gossling?” he asked him.

“From what I can tell, I think you passed everything. We’ll let you know at dinner tonight,” Gossling said in amazement at what Throckton had just done.

Throckton asked if he could go to his room so he could rest until dinner.

Gossling sent him to his room.

Throckton lay on his bed with his hands behind his head. He looked up at the ceiling and took a deep breath.

He said in a soft voice to himself, “I’m almost there! As soon as I pass the fourth year tests, I’ll have all the spells I need to get out of here.”

He dozed off and slept until it was time for dinner.

When he walked into the dining room, everyone stood up and clapped for him again. Malinda had already announced that he had passed his third year tests in only three weeks of studying.

“Throckton, come here please,” Malinda asked him.

He walked to the front of the room.

“Throckton is now a fourth year. If he passes his tests at the end of the year, he will have completed all four years in less than one. We are very proud of you Throckton!” Malinda complimented him.

She gave him his certificate so he could study the books for the fourth year classes. She had one more announcement to make.

“Today is a special day. Today Throckton has a birthday. His is fifteen years old. Shall we all wish him a happy birthday?”

Malinda began to sing and the room filled with the sound of singing. It was not very good, but it was for Throckton.

Throckton turned a little red from embarrassment. He had never felt that before.

When they finished singing, he asked Malinda, “May I go to my room now?”

In a second, he was in his room.

He lay on his bed with tears in his eyes. He had never been away from home on his birthday before. None of his family was there to wish him a happy birthday. This made him very upset, but he realized it was just another reason to leave.

He went through all he had learned in his head, “Maybe it will work now. Maybe I won’t have to wait until I finish the fourth year. This may be the best time to get out of this prison and go home.”

He was planning his next step. He did not want to stay in the prison another day longer than he had to. If he could get out now, why not try. He wondered if he had enough spells to do his plan.

A little while later, after he washed his face and calmed down, he went back to the dining room to eat.

He went through the line and took the food he wanted. Then he sat down by himself.

When he looked over at Gore, he saw him, and then Throckton nodded his head at him. That was the signal.

Gore nodded back at him and then he left his table.

After dinner, Throckton returned to the library, not to study, but to meet with Gore, Germania, and two other students, Filmore and Tomlin. They met in a small room on the side of the library.

Throckton walked in and sat down. He began to speak. The others were listening carefully in anticipation of the plan Throckton had made.

“I think I’ve got the perfect spells to get out of here. If the four of you will help me, we should get out of here in no time. So here is my idea...” Throckton told the group about what he was planning and what each member of the group would need to do.

They decided to wait until the weekend when things were the quietest before they began to execute the plan. Throckton let them know he believed that he had learned enough spells to succeed.

The others became excited. If they could get out of the school, they would also go home and see their families.

Now, that he was a fourth year student, the spells he was learning were much stronger. Even though he had not finished any of the books yet, he felt very confident that the spells he did know would be good enough to be able to finish what they had started.

During the week before putting the plan into action, Throckton attended the fourth year classes, but he did not pay much attention. He had other more important things on his mind to think about.

The classes were very different from the lessons he had learned before. The fourth year students pretty much ignored Throckton, mostly because he was always a problem in the classroom.

These classes were called:

*Advanced Magic Spells*

*Magic and How It Will Shape the Future*

*Fun with Magic*

Of the three, ‘Advanced Magic Spells’ sounded the most interesting.

Ms. Forestday, the teacher, was a young woman who had a lot of energy. She was

not very tall, but she had a big voice. She had short curly blonde hair she brushed back from her face. Her skin was dark and her eyes were brown. She wore a blue hoodie with the name of the school on the front. She liked to wear blue jeans and sneakers. She was almost like one of the kids. She knew her spells very well and she was good teacher.

Her classroom was very relaxed. The desks were scattered around the room in groups of three or four. The students practiced their lessons in these small groups. There was a lot of laughter in the room, especially when someone made a small mistake.

Once, when Throckton tried to do a spell, he made a mistake and caused a fire that almost burned the classroom. This did not make his teacher very happy with him, but he thought it was funny.

Mr. Livinster taught the second class of the day. The class was called ‘Magic and How It Will Shape the Future’.

Mr. Livinster was an older man. He was bent over at the waist so he had to look over the top of his glasses to see anyone. His hair was brown, but it appeared to have been dyed, and he had a full long beard that was white. He wore a gray button-down sweater and black slacks. He had several pens and pencils in a pocket protector in the pocket of his yellow shirt. His shoes were running shoes with a bright blue logo on the side.

His eyebrows were white and very long, which made it look like he had wings on his eyes. He was nice and his class was interesting, but Throckton did not pay much attention.

‘Fun With Magic’ was not as fun as the name said it was going to be. The idea of the class was to try to modify spells and make them do something different.

Mrs. Gronsby was okay. She had a big smile and enjoyed her students very much. She was not as old as some of the teachers in the school were.

She was married and had four children. She always told her classes that her children would attend the Magician’s Academy when they were old enough.

She liked to wear a nice blouse, slacks, and a blazer. She usually had a stylish scarf

around her neck. Her hair was always pulled back in a ponytail. She had pearl earrings in her ears. She was a very sophisticated lady.

In her class, the students were encouraged to create their own spells. Every day, one of the children would go to the front of the classroom and demonstrate a spell they had created.

One of the spells that that impressed Throckton was when a boy turned himself invisible. Throckton asked the boy after the class if he would teach it to him, but the boy said no and walked away. Throckton thought it would be the perfect spell to help him get out of the school. He was disappointed.

In Physical Education, Throckton continued to do as little as possible. He got through the week and was ready for the escape.

It was now Friday night and the plan was going to go into action. Since none of the students knew how to get out of their rooms at night, Throckton and the others decided to meet in the student study center after dinner. They watched a movie together and acted as if they were having a little party.

Gossling walked up and asked, "So Throckton, it looks like you have finally made some friends. I'm glad to see that. What are your plans?"

"We're just going to hang out and have some food. Nothing special," Throckton answered. "I haven't done anything for my birthday yet."

"As you know, normally a fourth year student is not allowed to spend time with first year students, but since you were their classmate before, I'll let you have your little party. But this will have to be the last time, OK?" Gossling said in a nice way. "I'll come back in a little while and send you to your rooms. Have fun!"

Gossling walked away. He headed down the hallway toward the dining hall. It was late enough that most of the other students had already gone to bed.

Throckton followed Gossling and as soon as the corridor was dark enough, he threw a spell at Gossling. "Flo, da, ga, bendali!"

Gossling was not expecting it, so when the spell hit him he fell to the ground

unable to move.

The spell had worked!

Throckton ran up to Gossling and took his belt of keys from his waist.

“Sorry about that Gossling. It’s nothing personal. I just need to get out of here, and these keys will be my ticket. The spell won’t last too long, so I hope you sleep well,” Throckton said to Gossling who was staring up at him in a threatening way, yet he was unable to speak or move.

The others got very excited.

Following Throckton, they went to the first door they came to on the far side of the room. None of them knew where it went.

Throckton took one of the keys from the belt and tried it in the door. It worked.

Behind the door was a long dark passage they had never seen before.

“Gordi, san, tee, bah,” Throckton created a spell to light up the room.

Gore and the others were impressed by his skills.

They went slowly and quietly until they came to another door. It was locked, once again the first key they used opened it as well.

“Wow, we’re really lucky. We haven’t had to search for a key yet,” Gore commented.

“Shh,” Throckton responded.

The third door was much bigger than the first. The first key they chose opened the door again.

As the door opened, they could smell the night air come rushing in. Excitedly they opened the door and looked out across the mountains. The problem was the door opened to a steep valley and there was no way to get to the other side.

“There must be a drawbridge or something to get across. Do you have any ideas?” Gore asked Throckton as he searched for a way to get across the valley.

“Let me try a spell. I think I can make a bridge for us to cross,” Throckton was confident.

“Agar, doni, swasa, gondordi,” Throckton said.

Nothing happened.