

# THE LOST WIZARD



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# THE LOST WIZARD-LUCAS PEREIRA AND RAEGAN SMITH

THE LOST WIZARD

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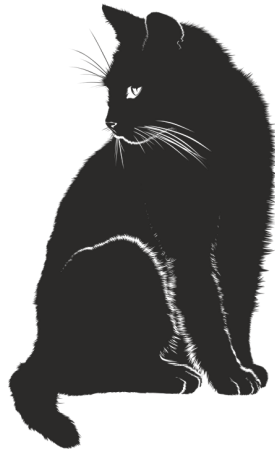
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## CHAPTER 1- THE CAT



Angus Fletcher was an ordinary teenager. He had black hair and a tremendous amount of freckles. He was 16 years old. Angus had the darkest green eyes, darker than an ivy plant. He went to school, an ordinary school, Herman P. Shelby High School. He lived in Edinburg, Alabama.

Angus was walking to school one day, when he noticed a black cat with green eyes, just like him, how weird. He doesn't usually like cats but he was extremely tempted to pet it. So he did. He cautiously walked to school, as he knew the cat was at his feet. When he walked inside, he stepped on the cat by accident. He felt a sudden pain in his chest. Angus fell to the ground in pain.

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The door opened. “Well? Mr. Fletcher,” Mrs. McKally, the nurse said.

“Hi, Mrs. McKally,” Angus replied back, “Nice weather we’re having today,”

“Yes,” Mrs. McKally answered, “You seem to be rather *down* today,”

“Well, yes” Angus said, “I *am* on the floor, in pain,”

“Would you like to come inside to my office?” Mrs. McKally questioned.

“Yes, if there are chest relievers in there,” Angus said. Mrs. McKally led Angus to her office. It was a rather small one.

“Well, it looks like you had a minor heart attack,” Said Mrs. McKally, looking at her computer, “You are lucky that you are conscious.”

As Angus was getting treated, the cat was patiently waiting beside the door, he too had a throbbing pain in his chest.

Angus glanced at the clock, as he swallowed sour tasting medicine. His eyes widened. Homeroom started in a few minutes.

“Mrs. McKally?” Angus questioned.

“Yes?” Mrs. McKally answered, as she gently stuck a thermometer in Angus’ mouth.

“Wren wril dis be dom?” Angus asked.

“I beg your pardon?” Mrs. McKally answered. She had taken the thermometer out of his mouth.

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“When will this be done? I have homeroom soon,” Angus corrected.

“Oh, any second now.” Mrs. McKally said.

A few minutes later, Mrs. McKally dismissed Angus to homeroom. Angus was walking to the bathroom, without noticing the cat was following. As Angus entered the stall, he turned and locked the stall door. Just as he was about to do his business, there he was the cat, sitting right on top of the toilet seat.

“AHHHHHHHHHHH!” Angus yelled violently, “What the heck is going on here?!”

“Angus?” his best friend, Thomas, walked in, “What happened?” Thomas asked in concern.

“Well, I was just getting ready to, you know, do my business, when there was this cat-” Angus stopped and looked back inside the stall, the cat was not there, “On the toilet seat, but now, he’s not there,” Angus said, still out of breath.

“Mr. Alfridge wants to know where you are, because you never came in this morning, what happened, Angus?” Thomas questioned, concerned.

“Angus? Thomas? What are you two boys doing in here?” The principal, Ms. Ramos asked. Ms. Ramos was not very strict, especially with Angus because he was gifted in almost every subject.

“Aren’t you boys supposed to be in Homeroom?” Ms. Ramos questioned.

“It was me,” A mysterious woman said. She was pale, had a black cloak, and had a mysterious look on her face. “It was I who made them scream,” the pale woman stated.

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Ms. Ramos looked at her with a stink eye. “What are you doing in the boy’s bathroom?”

“I was looking for Angus... to tell him that he is in grave danger,” The woman said. She froze, looking at Angus, who was about to begin talking, but Ms. Ramos interrupted.

“What is your name?” Ms. Ramos asked.

“I am The Caillech,” The woman said, “You may know me as The Guard of The Veil between the Living World and the Dead World,”

“Are you a student in my school?” Ms. Ramos questioned, now jumping to conclusions, “Miss, Caillech,”

“No, I am not from your world,” The Caillech replied, “Are you coming, Angus Fletcher, or not?”

## CHAPTER 2- THE CAILLECH



The Caillech and Angus walked out of the school, across the street, and into the woods. It was dark, due to the large canopy of branches above them.

“Are you a normal child, as far as you know?” The Caillech asked.

“As far as I know, yes,” Angus replied, very sure, but a bit queasy.

“Well, have you ever traveled through a portal before?” The Caillech asked, with one eyebrow raised.

“Not that I know of, why?” Angus questioned.



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“No reason,” The Caillech said, with a grin on her face.

They continued walking through the woods, then, they came to a halt. Ahead of them, was a blueish, purpleish, circle. It was swirling violently fast. It was the most beautiful thing Angus has ever seen.

“Don’t touch,” The Caillech instructed.

“What is it,” Angus asked, “It’s so pretty,”

“That, Angus,” The Caillech continued, “Is a portal to Taexerhia,”

“What the *heck* is Taexerhia?” Angus questioned. His eyes were opened so much, that he thought that they might just fall out!

“Taexerhia is a land of magic,” The Caillech explained, “It homes all of the magical creatures that you would never think exist,”

“Yup, right,” Angus said in a sarcastic way, “Why am I here?”

“I cannot tell you that right now, later though,” The Caillech said, making no facial expression.

Finally, they walked through the portal.

It zoomed, and swirled, and clicked. It went so fast, there was no time for Angus to think. Then, it all ended, The Caillech was standing, but, Angus was on the ground, frozen.

“Is it over?” Angus asked, frightened.

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“Yes child,” The Caillech replied, as calm as can be. Angus noticed that The Caillech now had wrinkles and looked older, but he was smart enough not to question it. They walked through the woods, for hours, it seemed. But then, nightfall arose upon The Caillech and Angus.

“Should we make a camp,” Angus suggested, hopefully.

“No,” The Caillech replied, in a cold voice.

She then stuck her hand inside her cloak and pulled out a stick,

“What is that?” Angus questioned.

“It is the Visage of Death,” The Caillech said, “It was a gift from Azazel, the Angel of Death,”

“What is a Visage of Death?” Angus asked.

“The Visage of Death means the facial expression of death,” The Caillech said with a sigh, “You’re so stupid,” she mumbled.

She tapped the stick on the ground and a light appeared.

Suddenly, they approached a small hut.

## CHAPTER 3- THE HUT



Angus hesitantly followed the Caillech to the small hut in the middle of nowhere.

“Come,” The Caillech instructed.

They walked past a broken canoe and a random bathtub. The Caillech opened the creaky door.

When they walked in, it was like a mansion. A huge, fancy mansion, but very different from most mansions. Angus glanced inside then back out, amazed.

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“Um, madam Caillech? May I ask you a question?” Angus questioned, politely.

“I’d like it if you would call me *The* Caillech.” She said, “But, what is your question?”

“Now, can you tell me why I am here? And do you know where my cat is, I wanted to ask my mom to adopt him.” Angus asked.

“The answer still hasn’t changed, later, but for now, I can tell you what happened to that cat.” The Caillech explained, mysteriously.

“And?” Angus urged.

“Well, you might be amazed, but just keep in mind that you will be amazed a lot today.” The Caillech said with an even bigger smirk.

“What?!” Angus urged, with more aggression. The Caillech could tell he was about to snap with impatiantness.

“Well child, *I* am the cat.” The Caillech said. As the Caillech expected Angus was amazed. “So unless you would like to adopt an old lady, I suggest that would not be a good idea.”

“Come with me,” The Caillech instructed, ignoring the fact that Angus’ jaw was on the ground.

Angus moaned and followed as told. They went passed what seemed to be thousands of rooms, until they turned a corner and was standing in front of a door unlike all the others. The first thing they saw when they walked in, was a big, comfortable purple chair. The chair turned, and they both saw a middle-aged man with a short beard.

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“Angus! My, oh, my, you’ve grown so much!” The man exclaimed. He got up from his chair and hugged Angus. Angus pushed him away.

“I’m sorry, but I’ve been taught not to hug strangers.” Angus stated.

“You’ve been taught not to hug your Uncle Pelton?” He asked.

“What-” Angus stammered, “Mom said she, nor my dad had any brothers.” Uncle Pelton gave him a raised an eyebrow with a grin.

“Anyway, do you want to know why you’re here?” The Caillech asked.

“Duh!” Angus exclaimed.

“Okay, Angus Fletcher...” Angus’ Uncle Pelton started, “You are... a wizard,”

“What the *what?*” Angus stammered. He was so confused.

“Is this true Caillech?” Angus looked around, “Caillech?”

“The Caillech will be back when you are ready,” Uncle Pelton stated.

Angus looked around the room more, feeling nauseous.

“Ready for what?!” Angus questioned. He felt that his whole life was flashing before his eyes. He fell to the floor from dizziness.

“Am I dead?” Angus said. He just managed to get something out of his mouth.

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“Of course your not, silly.” Uncle Pelton responded. Angus finally realized what the Caillech meant by saying ‘Keep in mind that you will be amazed a lot today.’ Then, everything went blurry. All Angus could see was dark

### CHAPTER 4- SPELLS



Angus woke up on the floor of the room with the purple chair. He yawned and sat up. He looked around the room because he had nothing better to do. He noticed the black cat.

“Hello, Caillech,” Angus greeted. The cat transformed into the elderly woman. Angus was not yet used to that.

“Good morning, Child.” The Caillech replied, “ How did you sleep?”

“Good, I guess. Why did you leave, yesterday?” Angus asked. “And why didn’t tell me I’m a-a,”

“Wizard?” The Caillech corrected.

“Yeah,” Angus responded, turning away.

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Angus then got dressed and went to get breakfast. He seemed to be moody today, he *was* sleeping on the floor.

“Did you wash your face?” Uncle Pelton questioned.

“You’re acting like my mom.” Angus said harshly.

“I may not be your mom, but I am your current guardian. So, did you wash your face?” Uncle Pelton repeated.

“Yes!” Angus claimed, “I’m taking a nap.” Angus started to walk away.

“No you’re not,” Uncle Pelton said, “Your staying right here, It’s only 9:30 and you need to learn magic.”

Angus rolled his eyes and continued to walk to the room he slept in. Uncle Pelton followed quietly. Angus locked door, but luckily Uncle Pelton brought his wand. He pointed his wand to the door and used a spell to unlock it. He entered and stared at Angus who was snoring on the floor. Suddenly Uncle Pelton started talking, “Máthete Lígo,” and exited the room and locked the door again.

2 hours later, Angus woke up thirsty. He walked to the kitchen and drank a cup of water that was mysteriously on the counter. Since he just woke up and was still tired, he didn’t think about how stupid drinking that water was. Angus suddenly felt awake and eager to learn. He went to the library where he knew his uncle would be.

“Uncle Pelton? Can you teach me magic? I think I’m ready.” Angus asked. Uncle Pelton smiled as he knew his spell had worked.

“Later, but for now, go to the in-home movie theater.” Uncle Pelton instructed, “Oh, and one more thing before you go, take this, whenever you need me, just take this out, you’ll know what to do when the time comes,”

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Uncle Pelton handed Angus a mirror, it had the richest of diamonds.

“You have an in-home theatre?!” Angus asked in surprise, ignoring the fact that the mirror was in his hand.

“Yes, now go, The Caillech will be waiting for you,” Uncle Pelton replied, “Walk down the hall, turn left and it will be the first door to your right.”

Angus had a hard time remembering where to go, but eventually he figured it out. He was gifted after all.

The Caillech was waiting on one of the many recliners with a book in her hand. Angus found it strange that she was in a in-home theater, but she was reading a book.

“Excuse me? Caillech, sorry to interrupt your reading, but Uncle Pelton told me to come here.” Angus politely said.

“Yes,” The Caillech said, as she got up from her recliner, with the book in her hand. Angus observed her book. It was a book with a fairy and a moon. The title was “Magic.”

“What book is that? I’ve never seen it before and I’ve read all the books in my local library.” Angus questioned, it obvious that he was staring at the Caillech’s book.

“Oh, I know Angus,” The Caillech said with a grin.

“Stalker,” Angus mumbled, turning away so he knew The Caillech wouldn’t notice, though she already did.

“Just call me your second Santa,” The Caillech replied, “You will have to go back to Edinburgh, at least for a little while.”

“Why?” Angus questioned.

“You’ll see,” The Caillech said mysteriously.



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Then, The Caillech did something really weird, waved her hands at Angus, then he fell into a deep, deep sleep.

### CHAPTER 5- THE VEIL



Angus woke up in the boy's bathroom stall, sitting on the toilet, and there was the cat, looking right at him.

"Ok, enough, Caillech," Angus said.

"Meow," the cat said.

"Seriously, Caillech," Angus stated, "It's not funny anymore,"

But, yet, the cat kept meowing, and stayed in the form of the cat. Angus decided to ignore it. Angus walked out of the stall and into the main bathroom area. But, when he looked into a mirror, there was something peculiar about him. He had a set of horns growing right above his ears.

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Angus took out the mirror given to him by his Uncle Pelton. He looked in his mind for a way to contact him. Suddenly, he began to talk, “*Me Férite Sto Theío Mou!*” He yelled. Suddenly, the mirror swirled, and Uncle Pelton arrived, in a holographic form.

“*Me Káleses Gia Ména?*” Uncle Pelton said, in Ancient Greek, “I mean, you called for me?”

“Yes, look at me,” Angus said, “Look at these... horns,”

“Those are common, but still a danger since you are in the mortal world,” Uncle Pelton stated, not scared, “But if you would like to remove them, then come with me,”

“But won’t I miss school?” Angus questioned.

“No,” Uncle Pelton said, “A day in Taxerhia is 6 hours on earth,”

“Ok, how do I get there?” Angus questioned.

“Listen carefully,” Uncle Pelton started, “Go into the handicap stall, and flush the toilet 4 times in a row, then say, ‘*Me Odigísei Sti Takerchia*,’”

“Ok,” Angus said, “See you soon,”

Angus walked to the handicap stall and went to the toilet. He flushed 4 times then said the spell recited by his uncle. Suddenly, he felt as if his whole body had been smushed together. But then, he opened back up, this time in his uncle’s walkway.

He walked up to the door with the chair and knocked, suddenly, the door opened, and Uncle Pelton was there, smiling at him. Behind him, was a cat.

The cat morphed into the The Caillech before his eyes.

“Welcome, Angus,” The Caillech and Uncle Pelton said together.

“Hello,” Angus said, happily.

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“If you are still interested, we are ready to tell you your quest,” Uncle Pelton said.

“YES YES YES!!” Angus yelled.

“Ok, there is a veil between the spirit world and the mortal world. It has been ripped. You must make a sacrifice to heal the veil. A very dangerous sacrifice,” Uncle Pelton said.

“What kind of sacrifice?” Angus questioned.

“You will know at the time,” The Caillech chimed in.

“But, first,” Uncle Pelton started, “A test to figure out if you are worthy or not,”

“Yes, I will do it, I don’t care what it is,” Angus said.

“Well in that case,” Uncle Pelton started, “You must find my daughter, Greyson, and my wife, Layla,”

“You’re married?” Angus questioned.

“Yes, kind of,” Uncle Pelton said with a tear in his eye, “You’d better get started,”

“Now?,” Angus questioned,

“Yes, now. Right through that door.” Uncle Pelton instructed.

“Right. Bye!” Angus said, as he walked toward the door.

As Angus walked out the door, he realized he had no supplies to survive the night, nevermind the journey ahead of him. Just as this thought finished, he rose up into the air. A horse appeared under him, with a wagon behind him. In the wagon was food, a bed, and a door that said ‘do not enter unless emergency.’ The horse began to move, then Angus’ head was loaded with tons of information on how to ride a horse. He rode and rode, until

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he came to a bridge. He crossed the bridge, and on the other side, were a woman and her daughter.

“Hello,” Angus said.

“Angus, my nephew,” the woman said.

“Are you Aunt Layla and Greyson?” Angus questioned.

“Yes,” Aunt Layla replied.

## CHAPTER 6- LAYLA AND GREYSON



“Are you really my aunt?” Angus questioned, then he looked at Greyson. “And my cousin.” Greyson smiled.

“Indeed we are” Aunt Layla said, bowing sarcastically. “We are at your service.”

Greyson laughed but no sound came out. She whipped out a paper and a pen from her sweatshirt pocket.

“I am mute, sorry if that bothers you” She wrote, and smiled sadly.

“Aw, it’s okay. I don’t mind,” Angus said, as he crouched until he reached Greyson’s height, which was only a few centimeters smaller.

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“Do you want to help me make a fire?” Angus asked, still crouched at Greysons height. Greyson nodded happily.

One hour passed, as the reunited family was catching up, near the fire.

“Wait, you ran away, when a fire started in the home you shared with Uncle Pelton?” Angus summarized.

“Yup,” Aunt Layla confirmed, while rubbing Greysons head.

“Woah,” Angus murmured. Greyson yawned.

“Time for bed, Missy.” Aunt Layla said. Greyson shook her head. Greyson yawned again.

“Fine... Goodnight mommy!” Greyson wrote on her piece of paper, “Again, where is the bed???”

“Good question, Angus, where is the bed?” Aunt Layla asked.

“Oh it’s over there.” Angus pointed to the wagon. It was late and Angus was consistently yawning, along with his aunt and his young cousin sleeping on her lap.

30 minutes later the family was fast asleep, sitting near the crackling fire. Aunt Layla woke, and carried her daughter and nephew to the wagon. Night rose, as the family happily slept under the night sky.

## CHAPTER 7- THE CASTLE GARDEN



The Rooster crowed and Angus, Aunt Layla, and Greyson woke up in Angus' wagon.

"What is behind that door?" Aunt Layla asked.

"I don't know, but I am very curious," Angus said.

"Would you like to try to go in?" Aunt Layla questioned.

"Sure, even though it says otherwise on the door," Angus replied, slightly sarcastic.

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They stood from the floor where they were sleeping and they freshened up. Then, they approached the door.

“Ready?” Angus questioned.

“Yup,” Aunt Layla replied back.

They opened the door cautiously. Inside, was a road. They stepped onto the road, from the wagon. It was an old road lined with cobblestone. Ahead of the road, was a castle. A nice big, castle. They walked up the road until they approached the castle. The whole walk was silent to the amounts of astonishment each of them was experiencing right now.

“Hey,” Angus began, “Do you and Greyson want to assist me on by quest that I am embarking upon?”

“What kind of quest is this?” Aunt Layla questioned.

“Eh,” Angus stammered, “I need to repair the veil between the spirit world and the mortal world,”

“What!?” Aunt Layla screeched, “That is so dangerous! Who assigned you this ridiculous quest?”

“Uncle Pelton,” Angus said, quietly.

“I should of killed that man when I had the chance to,” Aunt Layla said under her breath, so that her daughter could not hear her violent language.

“So do you?” Angus questioned.

“Well, I guess you would be rotten meat if I did not,” Aunt Layla said, “So we will, right Greyson?”

Greyson took out her piece of paper and wrote, “Sure cousin!! I love quests!”



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“Well, before we continue, let’s see what is inside this castle, right?” Angus said, ready for anything to hit him in the face.

As they walked up to the castle, they began to realize that there was a beautiful garden packed with the most beautiful flowers. They walked up to the garden and smelled the flowers.

“What are you children doing here?” a maid walked out and said.

“Would you like a tour of the castle? If not, you are trespassing and you will go to the dungeon, ” The maid stated.

“No, we are not trying to trespass. We would like a tour,” Angus said.

## CHAPTER 8- INSIDE THE CASTLE



“Right over here,” The maid instructed, “To the right, come on now. Hurry up!”

The maid walked quickly through the castle hallways, with billions of pictures. Angus, Aunt Layla, and Greyson were struggling to catch up. At some point Greyson was so exhausted that she had to stop and catch her breath. Of course her mom wasn't going to leave her there, so she stopped, aswell. Angus continued to walk.

“Isn't this so exhausting?” Angus asked, out of breath. No answer. Angus turned to find his aunt and cousin not there.

“Aunt Layla? Greyson?” Angus called. Suddenly, the maid appeared.

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“What are you doing all the way back here?” The maid questioned.

“I can’t find my aunt and my cousin.” Angus answered in concern.

“Aunt Layla? Greyson? Can you hear me?” Angus repeated, louder. Suddenly, Angus heard a faint voice, the voice of his aunt.

“Aunt Layla? Is that you?” Angus shouted. The voice repeated, so Angus followed.

The voice got louder, but Angus noticed the voice was deeper than Aunt Layla’s. But, still, Angus followed. Angus could just make out the words. He knew he was close.

“You can’t make me!” The girl shouted.

“I am your mother! I can do whatever I want!” The older woman shouted back.

The girl grunted and headed for the door. Angus panicked, but quickly hid behind the door. The girl was in a huge white wedding dress. Angus quickly realized that it was Princess Emily, he had seen her on the news.

“Princess Emily?” Angus questioned, unsure if that was her. Princess Emily turned in fright.

“Hi! You must be touring the castle.” Princess Emily said, “I’m sorry you had to hear that. What are you doing in these parts, we usually don’t get visitors.”

“My uncle sent me on a mission.” Angus stated.

“What kind of mission?” Princess Emily questioned.

“Emily, who are you talking to?” A familiar voice asked. Angus soon realized it was the queen.

“I’m just talking to Delilah,” Princess Emily lied. The princess lightly pushed Angus behind the door.

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“Is that so?” Queen Gurtrude asked, “ Because Delilah is right here.”

The queen walked through the door with the maid right next to her. The princess and queen started to bicker.

“You don’t deserve to get married to such a handsome and loyal man!” Queen Gurtrude screamed.

“I don’t want to get married!” Princess Emily shouted back.

“Stop! Please just stop.” Angus yelled.

“A visitor?” Queen Gutrude asked.

“Hi!” Angus greeted nervously.

“What is your name-?” The queen asked.

“Mother, stop talking! He is on a mission.” Princess Emily shouted.

“Angus?” Aunt Layla asked. Greyson ran and hugged Angus and pulled on his arm.

“We are supposed to be traveling to the veil, remember?” Aunt Layla asked.

“Right, bye your majestys!” Angus said as he headed for the exit, Greyson still pulling on his arm.

## CHAPTER 9- THE GENTURA WOOD



The castle was beautiful, but the Gentura wood was even more beautiful. It was full of traveling centaurs and nature dryads. Above, you could hear the gods having a conversation. Poseidon was in a big argument with Zeus. Apollo was fighting with Ares, the god of war. Thunder was striking everywhere they went. The streams were pure and crystal clear.

Night was approaching upon them, when Angus began to talk, “Should we stop and make camp?”

“No,” Aunt Layla said, “If you do that, we will never reach the Isle of the Dead,”

“What is the Isle of the Dead?” Angus questioned.

“That is where the veil is located, at all times,”

“Oh, well that helps, since we know the location,” Angus said.

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They continued walking through the hooting of owls and roaring of dragons flying above. Suddenly, a rustle in the brush made them jump.

“Shh,” said Aunt Layla.

Suddenly, a centaur jumped out of a bush. He aimed his arrow at Aunt Layla’s heart. He looked around. A mist grew thick around them, which made it hard for them to see.

Angus heard a ‘eee’ and a ‘umff’, and then the mist arose. As the mist began to move upwards, Angus noticed a body on the ground, breathless. As he got closer, he began to see the face of his aunt.

“No!” Angus screeched out, “She can’t be gone, she was my only hope!”

Greyson got out of the little hole in the ground she was hiding in.

“Mo-mo-mommy,” Greyson stuttered slowly and quietly.

“Greyson, you talked!,” Angus exclaimed.

“Y-yes,” Greyson said, “I-I t-tried,”

“Well that’s good, but if you don’t want to talk, you can keep writing things down,” Angus said kindly.

Greyson nodded. Suddenly, they heard a noise coming from his aunt.

“G-G-Greyson, I- I love y-you s-so much,” Aunt Layla said softly. A tear rolled down Greyson’s cheek.

“I-I love you too, m-mommy,” Greyson said as she bent down and kissed her mom on the forehead, she felt Aunt Layla’s pulse.

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“S-she’s gone,” Greyson said in sadness. Angus and Greyson both started balling.

They started walking through the woods, with no Aunt Layla. They walked for hours, it seemed, when they approached a dock. There was a boat docked, and in the boat was a person.

“You there,” The person in the boat said, “You want a ride?”

“Um,” Angus said, “Where will you take us?”

“To the Isle of the Dead, of course,” the man in the boat said.

“Okay, how much?” Angus questioned taking out his wallet.

“Free,” the man said.

Angus and Greyson stepped inside the boat cautiously.

## CHAPTER 10- THE ISLE OF THE DEAD



As they entered, they noticed a change in smell.

“Yuck!” Greyson murmured so the man wouldn’t hear. The boat smelled like dead fish and smoke.

“Isle of the Dead. What a wondrous place, why are you heading there?” The man questioned.

“Um, you may not believe this but, I am on a mission to heal the veil.” Angus informed.

“Ahh, your that kid that the Caillech brought. Is it, Agnus?” The man asked.

“Close, but no, my name is Angus. Angus Fletcher.” Angus stated proudly. Greyson wrote on a piece of paper, ‘Excuse me kind sir, what is your name?’

“My name?” The boatman asked, “My name is, Cendric Crocker.”

The boat started to move slowly. ‘How long will this take?’ Greyson wrote.



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“I don’t know,” Angus said, “Let’s ask Cendric.”

“It will take about 5 minutes.” Cendric said steering the wheel.

“Really? At this speed I don’t think we’re going anywhere.” Angus said. The boat started to speed up more and more, “Okay, I see what you mean know.”

“Angus, I’m scared” Greyson wrote.

“It’s okay we are almost there.” Angus gasped as the boat sped up even more.

“AHH!” The cousins screamed, holding each other.

“Alright, we have arrived,” Cendric said calmly. The children opened their eyes cautiously, to see a rip in the world and a pedestal in front.

“I wonder what kind of mission I have to do,” Angus thought. Greyson and Angus cautiously walked out of the boat, thanking Cendric, Angus yet to find out about his sacrifice.

## CHAPTER 11- THE SACRIFICE



Angus walked into a room with Greyson. In front of them, was a pedestal. Behind that pedestal was a rip in the world. In front of the rip, was The Caillech.

“Well child, are you ready to die?” The Caillech asked, happier than she should be.

“I didn’t know that there was dying involved in this,” Angus said.

“Well there is,” The Caillech said, “Lay your body down on the pedestal.”

Angus did not do as he was told.

*“Topothesíste aftó to agóri sto váthro brostá tou!”* The Caillech casted.

Suddenly, Angus arose from the ground. He floated to the pedestal. Angus got laid on the pedestal. He tried to move, but he was frozen. Above him, The Caillech had a knife, ready to go diving down into his heart.

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“Fine, do what you have to do, for the fate of our worlds,” Angus said, with his eyes shut closed tightly.

She stepped over Angus, ready for death. Suddenly, the knife came down. It struck Angus right in the center of his heart. He felt a shot of pain, but he soon felt nothing. Angus was dead. He was gone. Forever.

## CHAPTER 12- BEHIND THE VEIL



Angus woke gasping for air.

“Where am I?” Angus thought, as he got up from the ground.

Angus observed his surroundings, which looked dry and cracked.

“Welcome,” A mysterious figure said. Angus turned to find the devil right in front of him.

“Uh, hi?” Angus greeted nervously, “Am I dead?”

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“Of course you are!” The devil exclaimed, “Why else would you be here.”

“You’re right. Since I’m going to be here awhile, would you care to give me a tour?” Angus questioned.

“Yes,” The devil said as he motioned for Angus to go with him.

“This is the Town of Fire.” The devil stated. It pointed to a large town with fire surrounding. The devil continued to walk.

“This is the Landing Pad, as we like to call it,” The devil pointed to a large red patch on the dry ground, “That’s where you were 10 minutes ago.”

The devil showed Angus around a bit more, until they got to a room that the devil called the control room.

“Woah,” Angus murmured in shock.

“This is where we supervise all of the demons, so that the don’t do anything against the rules. They will get punished if they don’t obey me,” The devil said with a smirk.

Angus, of course, was completely ignoring him, as he was observing all the buttons. He came across one button that caught his attention. It had angel wings and a halo on it, but it was blocked by a glass case. Angus looked around for a way to break the glass, as he knew the devil wasn’t paying attention to him. He found a sharp rock and quietly picked it up.

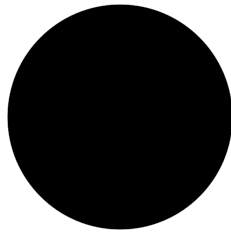
“And those are all of the rules,” the devil said, suddenly turned toward Angus. Angus quickly hid the rock behind his back.

The devil turned and started talking about how the other demons never obeyed him. Angus crept towards the button. He glanced at the button and then back at the devil, waiting for the right time to strike.

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5 minutes later, the devil was so deep in conversation that he didn't notice anything, so Angus thought it was the perfect time. Crash! Angus broke the glass and headed to push the button, when the devil quickly realized what was going on and stabbed Angus' finger with a piece of broken glass. Angus continued to hit the button, ignoring the pain. Angus smashed his fist against the button, unsure of what it does. Angus suddenly felt a tingle through his spine and he closed his eyes. He had the same feeling he felt when he died before. Perhaps he was dying again? Or coming back to life? Before he knew it, he found himself right in front of Greyson and The Caillech, their jaws dropped to the floor.

## CHAPTER 13- OVER



“Wh-what hap-hapened?” Greyson stuttered, “I thought you had died,”

“No!” The Caillech screeched, “The boy is alive, but the veil is healed!? That breaks the Law of Merlin!”

“Well,” Angus began, “You are the one that really needs to die,”

“Well, I am already dead,” The Caillech said, “And it's your turn to die,”

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“Well, I *am* a wizard in training, so that means I was trained and taught on how to re-kill dead people, by cutting off their heads, so that's what we're gonna do to you, does that about sum it up for you?,”

“Yeah right,” The Caillech said, “You were trained by this dufus brain, so I'm sure that you can do nothing more but a knockout spell,”

“*Kópste To Kefáli Tis!*” Angus casted. Suddenly a red ring appeared around The Caillech's neck. Blood began to drip. The ring grew deeper, until she was gasping for air. Suddenly, her eyes closed, her chest stopped beating, and she fell to the ground.

Her head was attached to her body by a strand. Angus walked over, and ripped the strand. He picked up the bloody head and placed it on the pedestal. He began to talk.

“Take this head as a sign of sacrifice, to close the veil forever,” Angus said.

Suddenly, the head turned into dust, and drifted up.

“Thank You for your donation... the veil is closed forever,” Said several voices at once.

Angus looked at the headless body lying there, on the floor.

“What should we do with this,” Angus asked the voices.

“It will be our dinner,” the voice said, “Leave it, and go, now, while you still can,”

Angus and Greyson left the castle with one destination. To reach Uncle Pelton's hut. They walked, and walked, and walked. They never stopped to make camp or anything. They were walking for three days until they arrived at the opening of the Gentura Wood, where Aunt Layla was killed.

They walked through the woods. They stopped and looked down. They were standing right above Aunt Layla's body. Angus picked up the body, asking Greyson to help. Blood poured down their hands. Aunt Layla's body was as still as a brick on a windy



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day. She was as fragile as a newborn baby. Dried and crisp like a Sunday morning. She was wrinkled and rotted. Her eyes were out of place. One in one direction, and one in the other. Her lips, dried and crusty, in desperate need of lip balm. They walked, trying to ignore the weight on their hands.

They were silent the whole walk. Tears poured onto the dry face of Aunt Layla. Angus looked at Greyson. Tears poured down her face. They approached Uncle Pelton's hut on the fourth day of traveling. They knocked at the door.

"Who is it," Uncle Pelton's voice rang from inside the house.

Angus and Greyson kept quiet, too tired to move their mouths.

The door opened.

Uncle Pelton gasped, then burst into tears, "What happened,"

Angus and Greyson kept quiet.

"Guys, what happened?" Uncle Pelton repeated, no longer crying.

"The centaurs killed her," Angus said, rapidly, eager to finish.

"Why are you so quiet?" Uncle Pelton asked, "Tell me all about it,"

"Well, The Caillech was expecting me to perform the sacrifice. I did. But I came back to life. Then we finished the Caillech off, by using a spell to cut off her head, which went rather successfully," Angus said, with his spirits rising.

"Well it's good that you are alive. Go get some rest you two," Uncle Pelton said, pointing to the bedrooms. They did as told and fell into a deep sleep.

## CHAPTER 14- BACK AGAIN



Greyson woke from her slumber early in the morning, she thought she felt something touching her.

“Dad?” Greyson called into the room. No response.

“Greyson,” A voice whispered in her ear, “Do you want to see your mom?”

“Of course, but I’m not dying” Greyson stated.

“Greyson, my dear,” The voice of Aunt Layla said, “You want to be with me, right?”

“Yes,” Greyson responded.

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“Kill her!” The Caillech whisper-shouted.

“No!” Greyson screamed.

“Greyson? Greyson?” Aunt Layla asked.

“Greyson! Greyson, wake up!” Angus shouted, as he pushed her to wake up.

“What?” Greyson asked, confused.

“I think you were having a bad dream” Angus responded, “You were shaking and making sounds.”

“Oh, I’m sorry for waking you,” Greyson apologized.

“What all the racket?!” Uncle Pelton asked in a white robe, purple under his eyes, and coffee in his hand.

“Greyson had a bad dream,” Angus explained.

“Oh. Anyway, we have a lot to do today.” Uncle Pelton informed, “So, get yourselves fixed up!”

Angus and Greyson got dressed, brushed their teeth, and washed their face, ready for breakfast.

“What are we doing today?” Angus asked while eating his cereal.

“We are talking you home,” Uncle Pelton responded.

“Awwww,” Greyson whined. The family finished their food and got ready to go back.

“I don’t want you to go,” Greyson whined before walking out the door.

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“We will get to pick him up after school,” Uncle Pelton said.

“I have school!? After all this I still have school? I was killed!” Angus said sarcastically. The family laughed as they began walking back through the woods.

## CHAPTER 15- DREAM?



“Bye, Uncle Pelton!” Angus yelled from the path leading to his uncle’s hut. As Angus was walking down the path, he began to feel good about himself... as if he had just saved the world. Night fell, and Angus lied down on the ground.

Minutes later, he was in a deep sleep.

He awoke in the boy’s bathroom stall. But there was no cat looking up at him. He left the stall. In the main bathroom area, was Thomas, Ms. Ramos, and a ghostly looking Angus. Angus stepped into his ghostly looking skin, and felt a tingle.

Ms. Ramos began to speak, “Where did she go?”

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“Who?” Angus questioned.

“The Caillech girl,” Ms. Ramos said.

“Who?” Angus said, now hiding a smirk.

“Umff,” Ms. Ramos sighed, “You boys go off to class,”

She left the bathroom.

“What happened, man?” Thomas questioned.

“I told you,” Angus began seriously, “I don’t know.”

Angus left the bathroom walking off to class. He knew what had just happened, but he didn’t know how.

The school day ended after hours of boring learning. As he fled the school, a small girl was waiting for him on the curb. Accompanied by the girl, a man. It was Uncle Pelton and Greyson, waiting to walk him home.

They arrived at Angus’ house.

“Goodbye young wizard,” Uncle Pelton said.

Angus walked in his house. He was normal for now, or so he thought.

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