

## Becoming a sorcerer...

"And then he was gone. Blood splattered and painted the walls, without Vilman, who was now dead, the group was nothing. Nothing at all," Martha read out one of her own written stories to her little Brother-Joseph. Her parents chuckled and her mum said, "You're going to scare Joseph to death, never mind Joseph, he's enjoying it for pity's sake but me and your dad are horrified by your stories, why does everyone have to die in your story, I don't want my kid becoming morbid!"

"I beg your pardon, I am not morbid at all, I mean someone has to die in the story, without a dead person it is NOT a story."

"See Shawn, this is the type of kid we raised, a morbid child," Martha's mum sighed sarcastically.

The sanctuary was crowded with scared people, "Calm down, calm down people, we will get the girl as she is our only hope and chance, we have finally tracked her down," an old, Einstein-like man brightened.

Everyone cheered like they had all just won a lottery worth one billion pounds.

"Would you like to volunteer to bring the girl here?" the old man asked.

"M-me?" a strong man said.

"Of course you, your one of our strongest sanctuary people!"

"I am not sure, I mean she is stronger than me-" he stuttered.

"I changed my mind."

The man sighed in relief.

The old man shouted, "It's an order not a request!"

"Martha, me and your mum are going out to visit your sick auntie Jesme, make sure Joseph stays sleeping, and as for you, you need to make sure you go to bed at ten-thirty, which is in about an hour, AND PLEASE, PLEASE KEEP THE TV VOLUME DOWN, YOU WOKE JOSEPH UP LAST TIME, YOU NINCOMPOOP!"

Shawn (Martha's Dad) raised his voice.

"Shush, Shawn, you're gonna wake Joseph, we better be going if we want to visit Jesme."

"There's your mistake Mandy, I don't want to see Jesme, she's your sister after all not mine, I just wanna sit back and watch football," Shawn pointed out.

Her mum gave an 'I AM GOING TO KILL YOU' look. "Ugh, just go mum and dad, I'll be fine, and no, I won't make a party with my friends."

"Look at my child growing up, so mature, WHILE I HAVE TO LOOK AFTER MY BLOODY HUSBAND!"

"I am not a child," Shawn corrected her.

"I wish you weren't."

The couple went out, whilst giving each other rude looks.

*Finally they're actually gone*, she thought until her dad popped in because he forgot his car keys, "Silly me, forgot my car keys, now remember what I said-" He got interrupted. "Yes, yes tv bla bla, Don't wake Joseph bla bla, OK I got it now, bye bye, now shoo, off you go, you need to go to aunt Jesme." He frowned. "I don't want to go to Aunt Jesme's, she is so, so, so BOOOORING."

"Stop acting like a child, no wonder why mum needs to shout at you every day!" He was quite offended but couldn't think of a verbal comeback so he just slammed the door behind her as his so-called physical comeback. Martha watched her favourite tv programme: The Haunted Warehouse.

Unfortunately she was a little late and missed a bit of the show as she had to face the music of mum and dad's lecture of being home alone but she managed to watch most of it, after it was finished she began to continue her horror story, whilst she was in the twenty-fifth chapter, on the fourteenth sentence a knock on the door was heard. It was an aggressive knock. It got louder and louder on each knock. The telephone rang, she was hoping it was mum and dad so she can tell them, but it was an unknown number, she answered the call and said, "H-hello, who are you, can I help you?"

"WHAT'S YOUR NAME?" a man shouted from the telephone.

"My name is, my name, wait why should I tell you, who are you?"

"Who I am is not appropriate now and it certainly does not concern you, what's your name?"

She started to mock his voice in a deep tone, "My name is not appropriate now and it certainly does not concern you!"

The man just growled and then he hung up. She heard kicking on the door, "Open the bloomin' door, you possessed child!!" the same man from the telephone shouted.

"Oh my god," Martha muttered.

The door broke and she saw the man who spoke to her with the telephone, he was wearing a suit with two pockets, one pocket had a gun in there and the other had a sword, he pushed her and shouted, "WHERE'S MARTHA ANDERSON?"

"I am Martha Anderson sir, is there a problem?" she mumbled.

"You're not Martha, you're a joke, now tell me where is the real Martha."

"Sir, I told you I am MARTHA, I AM MARTHA ANDERSON FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE."

The man grabbed her and threw her on the floor, she was bleeding. "Now child, don't play jokes with me, I have no time, for the last time where is bloomin' Martha if you don't tell me where she is, you will be dead for sure."

**"I AM TELLING YOU, I AM MARTHA ANDERSON, I PROMISE."**

He banged her head on the wall, she cried out, he got his gun out and shot her on the face, she was still breathing surprisingly, after all the torture the man did, blood soaked her shirt. "I can prove you, I am Martha Anderson," she cried, finding it hard to speak.

**"Go on, how?"**

**"Is my passport enough?"**

He thought for a moment, "Fair enough, show me your passport then, if I see a different name, I swear-."

Before he even could threaten her, she shoved her passport on his face. He saw the name written Martha Anderson with the exact same face .

He was embarrassed and ashamed. "Happy now?" she said, still crying because of the pain all around her.

"Yes, uh- I am so, so sorry, it's just you look a bit young for fighting mighty villains, I was expecting you to be middle-aged or something," he said, nervously.

"What on earth do you mean 'mighty villains', those things don't exist," she laughed, whilst in pain.

"You'll find out everything when you're in the sanctuary, now I am sorry to say that I will have to kidnap you," he sighed.

"Um, no offence but your kidnaping skills are awful, you don't say to a child 'I am so sorry to say that I will have to kidnap you', just grab them!"

**"Do you want to be grabbed?"**

**"No but-"**

**"End of, we'll do it my way."**

**"Come on stand up to teleport!"** the man groaned.

**"TELEPORT, what nonsense and even if you were going to teleport me, I CAN'T, LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME, I AM HALF KILLED BECAUSE OF YOU, I CAN NOT STAND UP WITH BROKEN BONES, CAN I?"**

**"Just tryyyyyyyyy!"** he moaned.

She couldn't get up, no matter how hard she tried, "It's hopeless, I can never stand at all because of you, anyways why do we need to stand for your so-called fake teleportation?"

"Fine suit yourself, if you're going to be this rude then ok, just to let you know it's going to be a tough and hard ride for you alone, because you won't just get your lazy legs up."

Before Martha could explain and lecture him that it was not her fault, it was simply his own fault, he clicked his fingers and they were in a plain white place, Martha was still moving forward so as the man, she was trembling all over the

place whilst she saw the man teleport peacefully, standing up. "Is-is, ugh, ouchhh,oww, is this our destination?" Martha finally managed to say.

"No this is the main part of teleportation; it takes 2 minutes to get to our actual destination."

Martha was unimpressed, she thought when the man meant teleporting, she thought it'll be quick as a flash. They were finally there. "Welcome to the sanctuary," the man smiled

Woahhhh!" Martha squealed. The sanctuary was filled with people making new medicines, inventing weapons and more. As soon as everyone caught their eye on Martha, they gasped, then cheered." Um, why are they all looking at me," she said worried.

"You are exactly what they need," the man who had teleported and nearly killed her smiled.

"Creepy!"

"I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON YOU DES, why's the girl hurt, is non magical life really that bad?" the old man said, who was the CEO of the sanctuary.

"It's a long story, anyways--"

"WELL LET'S MAKE IT SHORT, he nearly blooming killed me!!!!" Martha shouted.

"Wait a minute," the old man said, walking closer to Martha, Des, oh no, please," the man said, like if he was getting a heart attack.

"Ok, ok I am sorry that I beaten her, I didn't know--"

"It's not that, I think you've brought the wrong person, WE ASKED FOR MARTHA ANDERSON, NOT HERRR!" he growled.

"She is--"

"Get out of the sanctuary now, you're fired, I am sure we can handle it without you, now pack your stuff and go."

"You don't understand, she is Mar--"

"Not another word, or the sanctuary army will kill you, do you know how much damage you've done, I don't think you do, because you brought the wrong person, this girl will tell her parents, and her parents will tell the cops and magic will be destroyed for good, we can't keep her here, you know the rules, and because of you, magics going to end forever!"

"Sir, weren't you looking for Martha Anderson?" Martha asked.

"Yes but it doesn't matter to you and it's none of your business," the old man gritted his teeth.

"It is!"

"Tell me how?"

"I am Martha Anderson!"

"No you are not, Martha is about 20 to 30 years old, not 5!"

"Who told you Martha would come out to be 20 to 30 years old, huh?"

"Well, uh, it was a bit of guess."

**"EXACTLY, you don't know for sure, do you, you have no proof," Martha proved.**

**"And do you have proof you're really Martha, no, I didn't think so?"**

**"Actually I do, Des is my proof, I showed him my passport."**

**"Desmond Oliver Jones?"**

The old man used full names if he was really serious. **"Yes Mr. Hendrix?"**

**"Is what this young lady is saying true?"**

**"Indeed Mr. Hendrix, she speaks the truth."**

**"See I told you, now what do you want from me!"**

**"We need you to help defeat the flesh-eater!"**

Martha was terrified. **"No one can defeat this monster, except you, you have the power, you may not know it, but it's true, you once believed in magic when you were little, but then your parents and older people ruined it, and tells you it isn't real, but children like you have been a fool, magic is real."**

**"I can see that, I can't wait to tell my parents!"**

**"Did you hear the lecture I clearly said to Des?"**

**"Couldn't be bothered to listen."**

**"Children these days, ok, I'll make it short, if magic is revealed to the non-magical people, us magic people all dead!"**

**"Oh, thank goodness, I am not magic, just in case someone told a non magical person."**

**"You are magic!" Desmond and Mr.Hindrex said.**

Martha was silent.

**"Anyways, we need to go, Martha, we have a very important mission." Desmond said.**

**"Why do I have to come?"**

**"BECAUSE YOU DO, NOW SHUT UP AND WALKKK!!**

**"I can't stand up because of youuuuuuuu!"**

**"You're cured," a lady with a white doctor's jacket said.**

**"How, no one even tried to cure me, I can't stand!"**

**"Try and stand you idiot," Des said, getting annoyed.**

Martha stood, **"but-but how?"**

**"JUST WALKKKKKKK!"**

**"Keep your hair on!"**

**"I AM WHAT-"**

**"Did you not hear, you're going to defeat a flesh-eater!" Des shouted .**

**"NEVER, NO, YOU CAN'T MAKE ME, I DON'T CARE IF YOU KILL ME, FROM THE SOUNDS OF THIS FLESH-EATER, I AM GOING TO DIE DEALING WITH HIM!!"**

**"IT, not him, why would you think of it as a man anyways?"**

**"Male are usually the villains, for example you."**

**"Sexism"**

**"Sarcasm," Martha replied.**

**"Hmph, I don't care if you don't want to fight the flesh-eater, I care that you defeat him!"**

**"And if I don't?"**

**"I would probably kill you, but you'd be dead by the flesh-eater."**

**"That makes me even more scared."**

**"Don't be scared, it's just a giant monster, who eats flesh, not surprising, the name gives it away, and has claws like a dagger that can cut right deep into anyone," Des said softly.**

**"I give up, I don't want to be in this magical group!"**

**"PLeaSSSSee!"**

**"Now you're begging, how do you expect me to kill this monster."**

**Des smiled. "This is how"**

**He gave her a dagger. An extraordinary one.**

**"Please, let me go, I don't want to die," cried Martha as she was getting dragged by Desmond to his Mercedes-Benz- c-class.**

**"I didn't ask you to come here did I?"**

**"So can I go," she said, wiping her tears.**

**"No because I forced you to come here, didn't I?"**

**"WHY DO YOU HATE ME SO MUCH, HUH?"**

**He didn't reply.**

**Martha sobbed and repeated, "Why?"**

**"Listen child, I don't hate you, I just, I don't know how to explain, leave it yeah?"**

**"No, tell me why!"**

**"You will never shut up unless I tell you why, am I right?"**

**"Precisely."**

**Desmond hesitated, but eventually told her why, "I don't hate you, your not-you're not a paltenfahah."**

**"A wha wha?"**

**"Paltenfahah, the sanctuary is filled with paltenfahah's only including me, you are a masoontep, an we paltenfahah are against masoontep deeply, we would try and kill them if we ever saw them, though it'd be a big fight, and a huge risk of life. No one in the sanctuary knows you're a masoontep, only I do, I knew you were, from the beginning where I met you, you wanna know why, I have tried to kill you so many times?"**

**"YES!"**

**"You are the leader of the masoontep, the one where everyone has been waiting for, the masoontep leader was thought to be a stunning, intelligent, powerful female leader, that was going to rule the masoontep group and kill all of the paltenfahah's, I studied you, you are the leader, and you are to bring the**

world down."

"No--"

"Yes, everyone will have to worship you, even your family, or they'd be slaughtered."

"No, no it can't be your lying!"

"You said I was lying, when I told you magic was real, you also said I was lying when I told you I could teleport, but guess what, look at you now, training to be a sorcerer, being teleported by teleporters like me, am I really going to lie to you about this?"

"I suppose not, I mean, at least I can control who I want to kill, I am not that dumb enough to kill my family."

"Oh you will be, you won't see them as your family anymore, you just see them as slaves like everyone else!"

"Can you do anything to stop me from doing this, please."

"That's exactly why I want you to kill the flesh-eater he has a special gem in his heart, that can prevent you becoming this evil character yet you are crying and moaning that you will not try to defeat the flesh-eater."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"It doesn't matter, what matters is you get that gem!"

Martha stayed silent for the whole journey. She was frightened, she had no experience in fighting, they were there, in a dark, pitch-black palace. "Here take this, it will help you, trust me," Des lended her a potion to drink, it was bitter but she still had it.

"THE FLESH-EATER IS GLORIOUS," Des shouted, to open the gate.

"Is that the password," Martha giggled.

"Unfortunately yes."

They entered the palace and heard a deep loud voice, "I smell flesh, flesh, yummy flesh, where are you?"

"He always says that, he's like the bloomin' giant in jack and the beanstalk," whispered desmond.

Martha chuckled but inside she was so, so afraid.

"Come out, wherever you are."

Martha stepped out, "Here I am!"

"You will be a perfect lunch," he sneered.

"But first let's play a little game of tag, YOU CAN'T CATCH ME!"

Desmond smacked his head, he thought, *she has to be the dumbest person i've ever met.*

"The last person who messed with me was sliced into pieces for lunch."

"Isn't that what you do anyways?" she corrected, whilst panting because she was running lightning speed.

"Your right, and that's what I'm going to do with you."

He got closer and closer, and that's when Martha admitted it was time to fight. She turned back and kicked the flesh-eater, she realised she kicked him so hard he fell, it was the potion. He got back up, "You know, you kind of bring me a person in my head, a person that will destroy the world, a beautiful, smart female just like you, you have different type of flesh, the flesh of the person who was going to destroy the world, and I now know what you want from me, you want my gem, don't you, you're afraid of what will happen, am I right?"

She didn't answer, she didn't want to admit she was scared of what she was going to do, it'd make her look like a fool, Des threw a sword to her. "WHO WAS THAT, you have a sidekick to help you, where is the person!"

Martha picked up the sword and stabbed the flesh eater in the hard, she could feel the gem in there, he was still half alive so she beat him up until he was dead alas. Desmond got out and celebrated, he smiled at Martha. Martha never saw him smile until now. She held the gem high and her job was done. "WHO'S NEXT, I WONDER, THE BLOOD-THIRSTY ALIEN OR A SLIMY GREEN GOBLIN THAT WANTS TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD!" Martha laughed.

"Haven't got any messages of danger yet," Desmond cheered.

Martha frowned, "Why do you look so happy, I am enjoying defeating all of these monsters!"

"The last person who enjoyed risking their life, was killed painfully."

"Oh cheer up grumpy man, why are you always just...GRUMPY?"

"I was saying the truth, his name was Kardon, he was like you, an ordinary school child training to become a sorcerer, he was two years older than you but was mentally pretty young, after he'd defeated Saluna-madanm, a horrible, gigantic sea hag, he became addicted to killing monsters until one day he met an ugly, creature called Mabel, she looked horrible, the most horrible face you've seen, Kardon killed her, but little did he know he just killed a paltenfaha which is forbidden in our code book, and this creature was judged by her looks, her father who got killed by the moontep people years ago was our leader, his daughter, Mabel, grew up to be a very elegant, smart, responsible and kind thing, she was never to become a leader, but everyone thought, including me, she'd make a great leader for the Paltenfaha's, he was searched and killed for his bad deed."

"Well, whoever was his partner was probably stupid and definitely not a good one!" Martha said.

Desmond looked down, and put his hand in his pockets, he cleared his throat and said firmly, "I was his partner, I was Kardans partner."

Martha could hear the tears of guilt and regret in his voice. "I am so, so sorry, I didn't mean-"

"You're right, I am not a good partner, not to Kardon, not to you, not to anyone, after his death, I was filled with grief, I knew how much being a sorcerer meant

to him, he just wanted to be an actual sorcerer, I wanted him to fulfill his dream, I know he didn't mean any harm, he was a good lad, he just wasn't using his magic right, I know you hate me but-

"I don't hate you, well at first I have to admit, ok a little bit, but now I see you differently, you might be a grumpy man, but I love working with you, it's been a pleasure being your detective partner."

"You could say that."

"NO, I mean it, I really do."

"Ugh, now I have to admit, I surprisingly enjoy working with you, if your family knew what you were doing they'd be so proud of you, trust me."

"FAMILY!"

"What?"

"I've been gone for four days, they are probably reporting me MISSING!"

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh, we got that sorted."

"What do you ever mean?"

"You have a reflection that pretends to be you, like replacing you."

"WHAAAAAAT, I DON'T WANT TO BE WITH YOU EVERY SECOND, I ALSO WANT TO BE WITH MY FAMILY!"

"It's not permanent, its just when your gone to the magical world, she'll be like a supply."

"Thank god for that, can I- can I go home?"

"Of course, you've done enough work," Desmond chuckled.

"But, does that mean me being a sorcerer is over?"

"Do you want it to be over?"

"Yes before, now, knowing you, I don't want to give up being a sorcerer," she smiled.

"You shall still continue training to be a sorcerer, goodbye, see you soon!"

"Bye!"

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