

The Magisterium Meeting

By: Alina K. Banas

Wow, I can't believe how it all happened, just thinking about it is ludicrous.

This is how it all went down...

My parents told me that I was going to an audition for a singing scholarship to any school of my choice. I never could have thought of the things that this so called "audition" would drag me into.

This "audition" actually wasn't an audition, it was tryouts to see if you were capable of going to this weird magic school sort of thing.

I met another youngling in the identical situation as I am in. His name? Alastair Hunt. Isn't it lovely? I was actually really joyous to make his acquaintance, it was my chance to actually have someone to talk to.

There was also another being named Sarah, and I could automatically sense the not sparks, not flames, not even big colorful fireworks, it was dead on bust-your-eardrums-for-eternity-firecrackers.

Then, all the kids that got into the Magisterium school thing, got onto a vomitous smelling school bus, You would have thought that for a 5 hour road trip with 30 kids they would have gotten a little more classy with the transportation.

I sat next to Alastair. I didn't bring up anything Sarah related, because I wanted to wait until later to talk about any relationships with him, after all that was a best friend thing I was getting my hopes up too, there probably wouldn't be a later anyway. after all I am "Alina Banas, the socially awkward geek, that can't keep a friend". I didn't bring that topic up as well. If I did, right then, and there, he would have gotten up (yes, while the bus was moving) and walked 10 seats up to go sit with Sarah. Also, Alastair was one of the "well liked" children. If I had told him my lame backstory my chances with him as a friend would have just disappeared. It always happens, once they know they're friends with the socially awkward geek, they leave me. Immediately.

Once we arrived at our destination, Sarah, Alastair, and I, all thumped onto these HUGE cushioned beds, ate a STUPENDOUS supper, then fell into the deepest slumber you can imagine,

Of course I woke up at midmorning! So did Sarah, and Alastair. We didn't get to actually lay our noggins on feathery pillows until 1:30 in the morning! The threesome of us slipped on some comfy clothes to match our severe grogginess.

For the afternoon we toured the caves and caverns that almost seemed they were holding super personal secrets and you could almost hear a faint murmur of "I have a secret," then you would ask yourself if you were going out of this world insane and think "Yes? What is it?" then the eery murmur began again in one ear and out the other....

The same day we received our Iron Year wristbands and uniforms. Oh, the uniforms! They were so luxurious, holding the lime green blazer was like holding a fragile newborn kitten in your palms. You could pet it for an eternity if you wanted.

The next day was our first lesson with our teacher Master Rufus. I can't even explain the pain went through.....FOR 2 MONTHS! Yes, you read that right 2 months! We sorted SAND grain by grain into a darks pile and a lights pile.

I almost wanted to blurt out "C'mon Rufus we've been sorting sand for the last two months, while hiding in caves. we can do something better with our lives!" But I kept that inside to keep my goody goody reputation.

We fast forward 6 months and Sarah's birthday was a couple weeks ago, and on her b-day Alastair had asked her out. To my surprize NOT she had agreed to be his girlfriend, Sarah was also the last to turn thirteen. I was first and I need to exclaim that because I really need all the self-confidence I can get. Being the oldest sure doesn't sound like much but after a while it sort of boosts your confidence level. Anyway, I had become the third wheel, I didn't mine however because they still made

sure to include me as much as they could and I enjoyed watching them be the most joyous I had ever seen.

There is one time that was impossible to forget, it was a major third wheel moment but I never noticed at the occasion. We were practicing levitation and of course Sarah and Alastair got to about one foot balancing on nothing but air and magic. I swear, those two kids could catch a flaming curve ball with the Red Sox while not looking at all. I, of course, barely got three inches above a flat surface. However, that's not my point. While I was attempting (and failing) my levitation skills, I noticed something, a glimmer. A glimmer in Alastair's eye. Sure, the amazing kid always had a glimmer, but this one was different. It was a glimmer of sheer elation, contentment, and care. I was positive that the glimmer in his eye would never fade away from my eternal memories, nor did it...

Yesterday I saw it again, the glimmer in Alastair's eye. While Sarah floated across the flower petal coated isle, and whisper "I do" while choking back tears of joy.

It repeated again yesterday while they eloquently spoke about a new addition, a baby. Baby Callum Hunt.

Today I am an adult Alina, I own my own house only a few blocks away from the Hunt's living quarters. Just an hour ago I was asked a question. Would you like to know what that question was? It was babbled out of both mouths at the same time. The (adorable) Hunt's asked "Alina, would you be the godmother?"

After the couple left, the reminder of the public school bell rang in my head, it sounded as if the moonlight were to be mixed with the gentle chirp of a chickadee. Yet so random, I wondered what it had meant.