

Bronze Year in the Magisterium

This is based off of the Magisterium series is a Fanfiction.

Call's birthday had just happened a week ago. He was now fourteen. Call had sprawled himself across one of the couches in his dormitory. While he tuned out Tamara lecturing him on how he has to grow up. "Just because Jasper insults you it doesn't mean you have to go ahead and smash lichen in his face," Tamara spoke. Call slowly sat up.

"Tamara, I have let it slide more than usual it was just simple payback. Honestly, I won't do it again." He threw on the most innocent look he could. He just wanted out of the twenty minute long lecture. Aaron had given up after ten minutes, on trying to silence the everlasting speech on manners. He had gone to the Gallery with Havoc.

Tamara gave Call a pointed look. "Call you are the most irritating person I have ever met," frustration in her voice clearly detectable. She stomped away, her dark braids swinging, right when Call was opening his mouth to say something. He sighed and started walking to the door. Saying sarcastically under his breath "Yeah, I'm irritating."

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As Call entered the gallery he heard Celia yelling his name. Call turned and there she was with a scared and nervous look. She breathed hard as she said one last time "Call," and then her eyes rounded with worry, "It's Aaron."

He peered behind her, for she was blocking the entrance. He had no clue what he would find but he was sure it wasn't going to be anything good. Behind her he saw Jasper with a bloody nose on the ground. Looming above him was Aaron, his blonde hair ruffled. Call wiggled around Celia nearly falling. "Aaron," he called. No response. Aaron was staring at Jasper with pure disgust, and hatred. Call going as fast as he could with his leg, was stumbling through a crowd that had gathered around them, all their eyes coated with fear and curiosity. Once Call broke through to Aaron he put his hand on his shoulder guiding him away from Jasper. Jasper took the chance and crawled away from Aaron.

"Let's go," Aaron spoke barely audible.

"Yeah," Call started. "Not that I don't like you beating Jasper up but you have a lot of explaining to do." Call saw the corner of Aaron's lip curl up slightly.

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Walking down the cool tunnels of the Magisterium; Aaron was silent. Call didn't pry. He hated it when people did it to him. So with nothing better to do he stared at his wristband, representing he is a bronze year, with the dark stone of a Makar. He thought of Constantine Madden how he *became* evil and the look in Aaron's eyes. *What could Jasper have said or done to make Aaron look like that?*

Back in there room Tamara was studying on the couch, her nose in a book. She looked up and glared at Call. "You didn't tell me you were going to the Gallery."
"You didn't ask."

"Do I have to?" Her voice had risen.

"No, but you were also in your room," he had risen his voice to match hers.

"Are you serious? I was in my room because I was sick of you!"

"Then why—," Call started.

"I beat up Jasper!" Aaron blurted.

"What!" Tamara looked worried.

Call had a double take. Not because of the information but because Tamara didn't look mad or upset like he would have thought. *Did she look sympathetic?* Her eyes drifted away from Aaron and to Call. She looked really nervous. Aaron sighed, his eyes down. Tamara's eyes were darting between the both of them. "Call, you need to know something." Aaron whispered.

Call knew he didn't want to hear this. At least not until he learned about what happened with Jasper. Although he was curious about what was happening with Aaron and Tamara. *Was he just oblivious? Was he missing something?* He pushed the thoughts out of his mind. "First, what happened with Jasper?" Call asked.

"No, Call this comes first." Aaron said it with finality.

"Fine," Call huffed.

Call sat down. Aaron and Tamara sat across from him.

"Tamara?" he questioned implying for her to explain.

"Well, I might as well just come out with it," *Did she seem scared?* Then really quickly and quietly she spoke, "Aaron and I are dating!" she sucked in air and held her breath. *Did he hear her right?*

"What!" Call cried. "Since when and why didn't you tell me?"

Aaron answered, "At the beginning of summer because we were always talking and having fun since you know I stay at her house. And we didn't tell you because there wasn't a right time, especially with you guys clashing heads all the time." He gestured to them both with his head and eyes. "We didn't want you to be angry."

Too late for being angry, Call thought. They didn't tell him! He wouldn't have been upset if they had told him sooner! Call got up and started walking toward the door. Tamara ran and grabbed his arm. He shook it off as though her touch stung. He didn't know where he was going but he had to get away.

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Just walking made Call feel better. He just wondered if his friends trusted him. Call sighed. As he turned around a corner saw Jasper. Jasper was smirking just barely noticeable but when he saw Call it grew. His eyes looked devious and dark. Call got worried he knew Jasper did something, something that involved him.

Call hurried back to the dormitory stumbling with his damaged leg. He burst through the door. Tamara and Aaron met his gaze as he stared at them. Once Call found the words he said, "Jasper is or has done something. Aaron what happened with Jasper today.

"Well...uh, what happened was..." Aaron stumbled on the words. Probably from surprise and how fast everything was going. "I was in the Gallery with Havoc and Jasper came up to me and was saying how Havoc was a threat to everyone, how he shouldn't be here and started insulting Havoc and I. Jasper was exceeding the level of jerk by a lot and all I could think to do that would teach him a lesson was to...uh...hurt him."

Tamara's two dark braids bounced as she stood. "What could Jasper really do?" She said. "He literally has nothing on us; Master Rufus said we could keep Havoc."

Call had a sudden realization. He felt like he would throw up. Like all of his bones had just shattered as glass does when you hit it hard enough. "Where's Havoc." Call could barely talk. Everyone stared at him as though he just told them to all jump off a cliff. They shook their heads. In unison they stuttered out, "I don't know."

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