

## The Cursed Trial of Bones

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It was a cold, rainy day. Today was the day I had to attempt to pass the Iron Trial to get into the Magisterium. The Magisterium is a place where magic students go to get their training, so they can learn how to control their magic. My mom used to tell me wonderful stories about the Magisterium and the fun she had with her new friends. She met my father in the Magisterium. My father died when I was a baby, but she never told me how. She doesn't talk about it much because it just upsets her. She wants me to go to the Magisterium because she thinks it'll be good for me to meet new people, maybe find my someone, and just be happy. I really hope today goes well.

The mages come out and all the kids trying to pass the Iron Trial sit on the bleachers with their parents. I sit with my mom on the way bottom. We are being told the guidelines and rules about the test and about the Magisterium school. No one has questions, so we move on to the test. We all walk to a small building on the other side of the bleachers. Our parents go the other way, and then we are on our own. I do not know anybody, so I'm all alone, trying to keep up with the rest of the students without being shoved to the side by anybody.

We are brought into the building through big double doors, about the size of the the building itself. The building looks bigger on the inside than it is on the outside. The double doors, from the inside, are painted red, with gold door handles the size of my face. I look around as everyone else did. It was huge. The ceilings are as tall as four of me stacked on top of each other and I'm 5'11". The mages showed us to a room where the first test would be held. It was a written test such as one that we would take in academic school. I thought, "I didn't study for this! How am I supposed to not fail a test I never studied for?!" Almost if one of the mages read my mind, they said, "I know none of you have studied for a test, but don't worry. It's not the type of test in academic school, it is a written test on how well you know how to control your magic." I think everyone was thinking what I was thinking because everyone looked relieved after they said that.

We were introduced to the teacher, Professor Clare. He was nice, very old, and soft spoken. I didn't hear a lot of what he had to say, but he seemed to know how to make us more comfortable with the test. He said we have two hours to do the test. He handed it out, and left us to do the rest. The first question was, "How well do you think you can control your magic, on a scale of zero to 10?" I had no idea how well I would do because I didn't even know if I had magic abilities to begin with. I'm not sure if I should lie to seem more able to control my magic better than the other students, or just put zero hoping it's the "right" answer. I decided to put zero, no matter how much I wanted to get into this school. I didn't want to lie and have my experience here be a huge lie.

The next questions were all the same, "Have you ever used magic outside your home? Have you ever done anything destructive without using your hands, whether you were mad or sad?," etc. I answered honestly, not truly knowing what my answers meant and I really wanted to know right away. Everyone had finished the test before we had to take the next one. So, he gave us another small test that didn't count. He gave us a paper. We wrote down things that aggravate us. He collected the papers and found one thing that sparked his interest. He chose one of mine and I knew it, because he looked me right in the eye when he started to rant about it. One thing that really aggravates me is when people don't put things in order, or are unorganized. So he said, "You know what I love? I love it when things are out of order, such as, if we were to make a picture of traffic lights and put them in the wrong order of red, green, yellow." He pulled up pictures of everything unorganized and out of order, things misplaced or messy. I got so aggravated that I tried looking away but he yelled at me and yelled what the pictures were.

All of a sudden, I smelled smoke and everyone in the room went silent. I looked up and there was a fire. Not a major fire but not just a simple flame. There was this little ball of fire hanging in the air in front of my face. I could not believe it. Did I do it? Was I the one to manage to make a ball of fire levitate? I wasn't spoken to about it, and I wasn't asked about it. I just went through the rest of the day like nothing happened. And I was kind of glad.

The next test is a physical test. We are supposed to climb a rope, then swing until we get to a big wall next to it, almost the size of the ceiling. The mages called our names in alphabetical order. First they called Clary Fray. She made it perfectly, the next one to be called was me, Callum Hunt. I got up a hair slower, but I swung to the wall just fine. Then it was Cassel Sharpe's turn. He was just as good as Clary. There are a lot of students that went after us, but I only remember Clary and Cassel's names. So far, besides the fireball, I think things are going well.

The following test is a personality test. The teacher for this class is Professor Black. Just a way to see how well we work with other students. We take a short series of questions to see how well we would get along with two other students. We are arranged in groups of three. I am with Clary and Cassel. A couple of my old friends from school, Aaron Stewart and Tamara Rajavi, are here paired up with Jace Herondale. They don't see me, so I don't wave. Professor Black tells us, "Get with your groups. Then, read the paper that I will be handing out to you. The title of the paper is your first task to do if you make it in the Magisterium."

Our paper's title is called, "Sand Storm." The directions say "Sort the sand into piles of two. Light sand, and dark sand. Work together to combine your magic skills to see who is good with which element." I try to offer to get the small box of sand, but Cassel gets up and grabs it. He looks like he doesn't want to be here, but I don't know why. I say, "So who wants to start with what?"

Clary says, "You and I can start with the light pile and Cassel can try dark. Like his soul." I chuckled and he gave me a rude look.

"All right, let's get to it." I say.

Sorting the sand is harder than it looks and it takes a lot of concentration. If you get distracted, the sand will fall right out of the air. We have to sort it out grain of sand by grain. Cassel is wearing gloves, so I don't know how his magic is working. His pile is a little smaller than our pile, but he's catching up to us. I look around the room and some kids are playing with water, some with fire, and some even with air. I try as fast as I can to sort the two piles. Cassel really doesn't mind that I'm helping him because I don't think he wants to himself.

Professor Black tells us that time is up. She wants to look around the room to see what progress we made. All the groups seem really good and ahead in magic, but I think that's just me. Professor Black comes to our table and she is so interested in our task. She says, "Out of all my years teaching here I have never seen anyone pull this off, in this small amount of time." Clary looks very excited and I thank her. Cassel gets separately congratulated because Professor Black saw him sorting the dark sand by himself.

After that test, all the tests had been completed. The mages come out in a big assembly room where we are told to be seated. I am with Clary and Cassel but we don't talk. Professor Howell comes to talk to us about our abilities. There is about six mages, and each mage is lined up to tell each group if they will be going to the Magisterium. Clary, Cassel, and I are called up by Professor Clare.

I was so nervous, but I didn't want to seem it. I walk up to the mage, along with my group. He takes us one at a time. He calls Cassel first. I don't hear what he says, and I can't tell if it's good or bad because Cassel's face expression never changed. Next, they called Clary. As she goes up to the mage, I whisper "Good luck." I don't really care that she doesn't answer me, because I know how nervous she must be. After they give her her information, I can't tell if she got good news or bad news because she looks like she has mixed feelings. She looks excited, but she also looks upset at what she got. I don't bother her right now.

The mage calls me up next. I can hardly breathe, but I manage. Professor Clare says, "You have outstanding potential in the magic field, but the magisterium is not for you. You are too powerful. I would not recommend you come visit your friends in the magisterium. It's just not safe for you, or the other students. Do you know what you are, Callum Hunt?"

"No." I reply.

"Let's leave it that way. I also advise you not to ask your parent, or guardian," he says as he dismisses me off.

I have mixed feelings, too, when I return. I don't want anyone to know I just received news that will change my life, and not in a good way. Clary asks me what he told me, I just tell her, "Unfortunately, I didn't get into the magisterium."

She nods and says, "Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. I got in, but I'm not too happy about it. You're probably wondering why. It's because I was told bad things about this place. They have us train for wars, and after one year we have to fight against "The

Enemy." She was starting to look worried and scared. I felt bad because I wish they could have a choice.

All I manage to say is, "I am sorry. Maybe it's not as bad as you think."

~~~~~ Two year time skip~~~~~

I don't know where I am. Breathing heavily in the dark, and cold. What am I wearing? What am I doing here? I don't know. I don't want to know. I hear voices, just blurred voices. "Is he prepared for battle?"

"Who?" I wonder.

I hear someone walk in. They tell me to get up and go with them. We go into a lit room, and it's warm. I see a mirror. I don't look like myself. What did I miss? What happened to me? The man who called me in the room is Joseph. Isn't that The Enemy? Why is talking to me? He says, "How do you feel, Master?"

"M-master?' What are you talking about?"

"Don't you know?"

"Would I ask if I knew?"

He looked aggravated, "No, but what do you remember?"

"Nothing." As I say that, everything goes black. The last thing I remember is Joseph saying, "You are the Enemy of Death. Now you will greet death," and Joseph coming at me with a knife.