

The wand that destroyed the world

By James Webster Year 7

It all started when our overrated adventurer, David, woke up in a magical cornfield. It was the sixth time it had happened. Duly overwhelmed about the looming crisis, he realized that his beloved wand was missing! Immediately he called his 'friend', Brian. David had known Brian for (plus or minus) 1.2 billion years, the majority of which were the dark ages. Brian was unique. He was charismatic though sometimes a little... dim-witted. David called him anyway, for the situation was urgent.

Brian picked up to a very sad David. Brian calmly assured him that most Minotaur grimace before mating, yet long-haired centaurs usually grimace "after" mating. He had no idea what that meant; he was only concerned with distracting David. Why was Brian trying to distract David? Because he had snuck out from David's with the wand only six days before. It powerful wand... how could he resist?

It didn't take long before David got back to the subject at hand: his wand. Brian cringed. Reluctantly, Brian invited him over; assuring him they'd find the wand. David grabbed his centaur and set off immediately. After hanging up the phone, Brian realized that he was in trouble. He had to find a place to hide the wand and he had to do it carefully. He figured that if David took the best-in-its-so-called-'class' chimera, he had take at least two minutes before David would get there. But if he took the centaur? Then Brian would be in big trouble.

Before he could come up with any reasonable ideas, Brian was interrupted by eight stupid cyclopes that were lured by the wand. 'Not again', he thought. Feeling anxious, he reached for his knife and recklessly stabbed every last one of them. Apparently this was an adequate deterrent--the discouraged monsters began to scurry back toward the disease-infested swamp, squealing with discontent. He exhaled with relief. That's when he heard the centaur trotting up. It was David.

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As he pulled up, he felt a sense of urgency. He had had to make an unscheduled stop at the armoury to pick up a machete, so he knew he was running late. With a leap, David was off the centaur and went trotting toward Brian's front door. Meanwhile inside, Brian was panicking. Not thinking, he tossed the wand into a box of dull pencils and then slid the box behind his desk. At least the wand was concealed. The doorbell rang.

'Come in,' Brian shouted reluctantly. With a push, David opened the heavy door. 'Sorry for being late, but I was being chased by some clueless ogre and was put off course.' he lied. 'Its fine,' Brian assured him. David took a seat perilously close to where Brian had hidden the wand. Brian panicked trying to hide his nervousness. 'Uhh, can I get you anything?' he blurted. But David was

distracted. Brian noticed an angry look on David's face. David slowly opened his mouth to speak.

'...What's that smell? It smells like the inside of the box that the wand comes in!'

Brian felt a stabbing pain in his heart when David asked this. In a moment of disbelief, he realized that he had hidden the wand right by his oscillating fan. 'Wh-what? I don't smell anything..!' A lie. A pestering look started to form on David's face. He turned to notice a box that seemed clearly out of place. 'Th-those are just my grandma's apricots from when she used to have pet long-haired sea monkeys. She, uh...dropped 'em by here earlier'. David nodded with fake acknowledgement...then, before Brian could react, David aimlessly lunged toward the box and opened it. The wand was plainly in view.

David stared at Brian for what must've been nine minutes. After a few more minutes, Brian stared in David's direction, clearly desperate. David grabbed the wand and bolted for the door. It was locked. Brian let out an evil little chuckle. 'If only you hadn't been so protective of that thing, none of this would have happened, David,' he cackled. Brian always had been a little insensitive, so David knew that reconciliation was not an option; he needed to escape before Brian did something crazy, like... start chucking knives at him or something. He gripped his wand tightly and made a dash toward the window, diving headlong through the glass panels.

Brian looked on, blankly. 'What the... That seemed excessive. The other door was open, you know.' Silence from David. 'And to think, I varnished that window frame nine days ago...it never ends!' Suddenly he felt a tinge of concern for David. 'Oh. Are you...okay?' Still silence. Brian walked over to the window and looked down. David was gone.

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Just yonder, David was struggling to make his way through the pumpkin patch behind Brian's place. David had severely hurt his neck during the window incident, and was starting to lose strength. Another pack of cyclopes suddenly appeared through the mist, having caught wind of the wound. One by one they latched on to David. Already weakened from his injury, David yielded to the onslaught and collapsed. The last thing he saw before losing consciousness was a buzzing horde of cyclopes running off with his wand.

About two hours later, David awoke, his neck throbbing. It was dark and David did not know where he was. Deep in the inhospitable magical cornfield, David was lost. He remembered that his wand was taken by the cyclopes. But at that point, he was just thankful for his life. That's when, to his horror, an oversized cyclops emerged from the swamp. It was the alpha cyclops. David opened his mouth to scream but was cut short when the cyclops sunk its teeth into David's neck. With a faint groan, the life escaped from David's lungs.

Less than nine miles away, Brian was entombed by grief over the loss of the wand. 'MY WAND!!' he cried, as he reached for a sharp rock. With a brave thrust, he buried it deeply into his own neck. As the room began to fade to black, he thought about David... wishing he had found the courage to tell him that he was sorry. But he would die alone that day. All that remained was the wand that had turned them against each other, ultimately causing their demise. And as the dew on the grass began to reflect the dawn's reddish glare all that could be heard was the chilling cry of distant cyclopes, desecrating all things sacred to mankind, and unleashing an evil that would reign for centuries to come...