



The Staff

by Tyson, eighth grade writer

(inspired by Bruce Colville's Jeremy Thatcher, Dragon Hatcher)

One day I was jogging around a bend that led to my house because I have been trying to get in shape for the basketball tryouts. About twenty feet from my house, deep mists suddenly made it impossible to see anything. I started to freak, and I felt claustrophobia closing in. My lungs started to close up, and then I was in a strange shop. An old man at a counter said, "Now, you have several things that you came for, but pick the right one."

I thought it weird at the time, but I thought nothing more of it. I started to look around and saw that the shop held a lot of stuff that people might like if it was fake. The skulls really did look real; plus, there were heads that blinked and moved. Then it occurred to me: this stuff was real. I was amazed. Never in my life had I thought that magical stuff could be real. I started to walk around with more respect. There were eyeballs, magic books, rings that had a lot of rubies, and there were even dragon eggs!

I started to look around for something for me when I encountered the staff. It was a staff that stood about five feet tall, and it had a dragon claw that had four talons. The claw held a crystal that was about six inches in diameter. The ball was clear inside and there was green mist that just hung there, suspended.

I was fascinated. When I grabbed it, there was a bright flash, and I was back at home. Well, I thought it was home. Then a bright light flashed and I was sent back to the shop. "How much is this staff?" I asked.

The old man smiled and turned around. "Well, normally it is about a quarter and a half, but I will make it only a penny in your case." When I started to walk to the counter to give him my penny, there was a commotion at the front door.

Someone was trying to force his way into the store, but there was a mage standing there, throwing magic spells at the poor soul who wanted into the magical shop. I, knowing better that to meddle, turned and gave the penny to the old man, who was cleaning another magical object.

The old man gave me an old book that felt really hot and cold at the same time. "Now, the instructions to start and use the magic are right here. Remember to try to memorize the spells. Some of them will be long and difficult, but some will be short. The main instructions are in the front page. Have fun with the staff!"

Then I was transported to my house, and I did not feel the same way when I was traveling back. There was also no mist. When I walked into my house, my mother asked me what I was doing with a staff. I simply said that it was a long story and planned to give her explanation later.

At my room, I kicked the door open. The room was spotless, I am a neat freak, but it was clean. Then I tossed my backpack onto my bed.

I sat down on the bed and prepared to read the front page. When I opened the book, there was

another flash. When I let the staff go, it stood there. *Great*, I thought, *now I had to explain a standing staff*. When I looked at the directions to activate the magic, I snorted:

Tyson,

You need to realize that this artifact is to be used for good, not evil. Do not kill with this staff without a very good reason. You might find that the staff will go back to the store. When there, you will never get the staff back.

How to activate the magic is simple. You must have done it in the store, but what you need to do is think of your home when you touch the thing. After that, you will be given a picture of the house you were thinking of. If it does not, you have failed and the staff will remain as it is...

Thank you,

Elives

If you are worried about the staff standing up, the first spell is to control that.

I decided to open the book and begin my studies of magic...and I arrived at another time, another world. I heard a dragon say, "Now I will have to eat you, you know. I just can't let anyone know that I let you go."

To be continued...