

A Wizard Upon a Magical Place

By Zoe Peters, grade 4

“Listen carefully! Wave your wand to the side, cross, then release!” Uncle David shouted, his voice echoing against the stone walls of the hideout.

I groaned, lowering my wand slightly. “Why do I have to practice every single day?”

Uncle David’s expression turned serious. “Daniella, you’re not just any wizard. You’re powerful, more powerful than you understand. One day, you could end the world if you don’t learn to control your magic.”

His words sent a chill down my spine.

I was thirteen years old, and apparently, I was dangerous. After finishing my practice, I stepped out of the hidden training room, climbing the narrow staircase that led up into our living room. Ever since my parents disappeared when I was three, it had just been me and Uncle David. He trained me, protected me... and constantly reminded me about the prophecy.

A powerful wizard who could destroy everything. Me. I stared at my hands, wondering if there was a way to stop it from ever coming true. Maybe... I could change my destiny.

Taking a deep breath, I raised my wand. “Change my power, hear what I say—create a map to guide my way!” A flash of light burst in front of me. When it faded, a rusty brown map floated in the air.

“It worked!” I whispered, grabbing it.

An X pulsed faintly on the page deep underground in a place labeled Wiz Catraz, the wizard world.

Without thinking twice, I snatched my backpack, stuffed the map inside, grabbed my wand, and rushed out the front door.

The moment my foot hit the stone-tiled sidewalk, a swirling portal exploded into existence right in front of me.

“What the?!” Before I could react, it sucked me in. When I landed, I stumbled onto rough ground.

Wiz Catraz.

Dragons soared through the smoky sky above me, their wings cutting through thick clouds. Strange glowing plants lined the ground, and the air buzzed with magic. It was beautiful... and terrifying.

“But... who sent me here?” I muttered.

No answer.

Clutching the map, I followed its glowing path until suddenly—

“AHH!”

The ground vanished beneath me, and I plunged into darkness. I landed hard on rocky ground, coughing as thick fog curled around my feet. Ahead of me were five floating stones leading toward a dark cave.

“This has to be it,” I said nervously.

I stepped onto the first rock.

WHOOSH!

Flames burst out of the ground. I ducked just in time, my heart racing. Fire shot up again then stopped.

“Okay... there’s a pattern.” I watched carefully.

Then I moved.

“Duck... jump... jump... duck... duck—”

I leaped across the stones, narrowly avoiding each burst of fire.

“I did it!” I shouted, breathless but proud.

Inside the cave, bats screeched as they swarmed overhead. The air grew colder, and I could barely see.

Ahead was a broken bridge... and beneath it, dark, rushing water.

“You’ve got to be kidding me.”

I took a deep breath. “Okay... okay. I can do this.”

SPLASH!

The water was freezing. I swam as fast as I could, my limbs growing heavier with every second. My lungs burned, and panic crept in but I didn’t stop. Finally, I pulled myself onto the other side, gasping for air.

“I made it...”

Then I saw it.

A glowing, blood-red ruby amulet sat on a stone pedestal, shining in the darkness like it was calling to me. I stepped closer, mesmerized.

“This must be it.”

I reached out and grabbed it—

ZAP!

A sharp shock shot through my body, forcing me to drop it.

“Ow! What was that?!”

I examined it more carefully.

“A hex...” I whispered. “Of course.”

I raised my wand. “Wanted hands, remove hexed cam!”

Nothing.

I tried again. Still nothing.

“Ugh! Why isn’t this working?!”

Then I paused.

Everyone always said I was powerful. Maybe... I didn’t need a spell.

Slowly, I reached out with both hands, focusing every ounce of energy inside me. The air around me began to swirl, wind lifting my hair as power surged through my body.

“Come on...” I whispered.

The amulet trembled. Then suddenly -

POP!

It flew into my hands. “I got it!” I gasped.

The cave began to shake violently.

Cracks spread across the ground. Rocks fell from above.

“What now?!”

A portal appeared in front of me—the same one from before.

“Yes!”

It pulled me in again, faster this time. But as I spun through the swirling darkness, a deep, scratchy voice echoed around me.

“Your destiny... is to fulfill the prophecy.”

My heart pounded. “Why me?! Who are you?!”

Silence.

Then—

I was back home.

I stood in the living room, breathing heavily. The amulet glowed softly in my hands. Slowly, I placed it around my neck.

A strange calm filled me. My magic... felt steadier.

Controlled.

“Daniella! Where were you?!” Uncle David shouted, rushing in.

“I—I was just... studying,” I said quickly.

He narrowed his eyes. “You’re grounded. Go to your room.”

“...Okay.”

As I walked away, I touched the amulet.

Maybe the prophecy wasn’t about destruction.

Maybe... It was about control.

And maybe, just maybe—

I could change my destiny after all

THE END