

Missing In Venice

6-8

To say it was all my fault would be a lie. It was my father's fault as much as mine. He still blames me for it, though. He says that I shouldn't have run away in the first place. But really, what choice did I have? He wanted to send me away to boarding school. Boarding school! He wanted to send me away to some snobby little goody-two shoes wizard boarding school! It isn't enough that my father is king of the wizard world and just about the worst father you can imagine?

Don't get me wrong. Being a wizard can be great. Like when that kid in third grade kept picking on me. He never talked to me again. Or anyone else for that matter. But it can also be tough. Especially when your dad has the highest expectations of you that you could never live up to. That's why I decided to run away.

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Getting out of the castle wasn't the hard part. My room is on the first floor, so I just climbed out the window. The hard part was sneaking past the guards. Even though they aren't very smart, they are big, and tricky to get around. After I got past them, I began at a sprint. Leaping over fences and racing through yards.

In the distance, I heard a siren blare from the direction of the castle. I knew that the guards would catch me if I did not find somewhere to hide, and quick! I searched around frantically for something to duck behind, but there was nothing. A sense of panic engulfed me.

I was in the port of Venice. The closest ship to me was a giant cruise ship. I couldn't read the sign that announced where it was headed, but I didn't care. I just needed a place to hide until the guards passed by.

I began running towards the ship, and jumped through the entrance just as the guards became visible in the distance.

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The dogs were going crazy. Straining hard at their leashes. Their yelps were all directed toward a cruise ship at the left side of the port.

But that was impossible. That ship was just about to leave for Egypt! She can't go to Egypt! Africa is a dangerous place for wizards. None have ever returned from there alive.

Just when I was beginning to convince myself that it was all just a big misunderstanding, I saw it. A blonde ponytail sweeping past one of the passengers on board. I immediately informed the rest of the guards and we began clanking and banging down the hill towards the boat.

I was at the head of the group, and was therefore the first to notice it slowly pulling away from the dock. I was getting closer now, but I still wasn't sure if I'd make it. At the edge of the dock, I jumped. My hand just caught the edge of the boat and I pulled myself up.

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I saw it all. The guards, the boat, and finally the sign, which read clear as day; EGYPT. I needed to get off, but I didn't know how. I couldn't swim back. The jump would be more than five times the height of anything I have ever jumped off. And besides, the guards would all be waiting at the dock for me.

All of a sudden I felt a sharp prick on my left shin. My wand! Of course! I didn't usually think to use my wand because my dad never let me use it outside of lessons. But heck! I've already violated just about every rule he has! Why not this one?

The largest thing I have ever actually moved without the help of my teacher was a chair, so you can imagine that moving an entire cruise ship would be quite the feat. I first emptied my mind as much as I could. I took a deep breath and... And... There was a huge commotion as the ship slowly turned, and with immense force, plowed through the water towards the nearest canal.

Something was weird, though. I didn't actually feel like I was in control of the ship. Then I saw it. A figure dressed all in black standing on the edge of the canal waving his hands in the air for dramatic effect. Making sure that everyone around him knew that he was all powerful. That's right. It was my father.

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The girl was nowhere to be found. The big commotion wasn't helping either. Come to think of it, why was there so much commotion anyway? I didn't think that anyone saw me when I jumped to the side of the ship. And besides, their attention wasn't directed towards me. It was directed at the strange man on shore. Wait a second! That man looks exactly like master! It is master! With the long silk cloaks and elegant black hair. There is no mistaking it! But what was he doing? And why did the ship seem to be sailing right toward him? By trying to save his daughter, he was also pulling us closer to our own demise! Couldn't he see that the ship would never fit through that tiny canal?

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Even with her mighty engines in reverse, the ship was pulled further and further into the canal. Buildings were crashing down all over the place. An elderly couple had just begun crossing the bridge directly

in front of us. I had to do something! I quickly raised my wand. I began trying to clear my mind, though it was very difficult considering the circumstances.

Miraculously, the ship began slowing down, but would I be able to stop it before it hit the bridge? Time would only tell.

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Everything in the room was black. The desk, the curtains, even the walls were black. I had only been in my father's office twice before. Once when I had been accepted to wizard school, and again when I had been kicked out of it. Neither time went very well. Here I am again, though, and this visit isn't going well either.

"Why would you run away like that?! Do you know how many lives you put in danger with your stupid tomfoolery?!" He was practically spitting in my face, yet for some reason I didn't care. I knew it wasn't all my fault, and he knew too. He was just too afraid to admit it.

"But do you know how many lives I saved by stopping your stupidity?" I replied smoothly. A look of shock erupted on my father's face. "So now this is my fault?!" He screamed as he slammed his fist angrily against the table.

"Yeah, pretty much" I replied as calmly as possible. He slowly reached out a shaky hand. This time, she had gone too far.

He was just about to grab for my wand when the door burst open. A man in a baby blue suit elegantly strode into the room. "Your taxi is here to take you to boarding school, madam" he said with a tip of his hat.

I was off in a flash. I slid through his legs and out the door, raced right past the guards, and hopped over the fence. As I ran towards the port, I thought I heard the familiar sound of a siren blaring in the distance.