

The Academy of Magic Book 1

The Academy of Magic Book 1

Rebellion

By Phillipa Colman

Prologue

The land of magic was a peaceful place. The six magic elements lived in harmony with each other until one day war broke out. No one is sure why this war happened but it was said to have to do with the unbalance of power in the land. Three of the elements banded together to fight the other three. Fire, Air and Death against Water, Earth and life. It was a long bloody war and both sides had a lot of dead. It was resolved by six people who set up the Parliament of Magic which was the only connection the magic nations had to each other after they were separated to lessen the chance of war. Only the members of the parliament could make laws for all the nations or more than one. The Member of Parliament in the elemental nation was like the leader and there were lower parliaments in each nation. This was a good system and got rid of war but the land soon fell into

another kind of chaos, the world was slowly going bad. It was only known to the creators of the land that, only together could the six elements balance each other and therefore if separated the world would start to turn on itself and eventually get destroyed. It would come down to disasters that could only be fixed by the opposite element, water would overflow the fire land, and the air land would have earthquakes and things like that. Only by once again combining the six elements could the world be saved. It's up to one kid from each element to save the world by banding together, going against parliament and save the world from the dangers that may destroy the land if it is not stopped.

Chapter 1 (Nico)

I woke up and stretched. It was my last day at the Death Academy and I was so happy. Though my little sister was happy that she was starting. She would change her mind soon enough. It was early but I got up anyway. I didn't feel like sleeping anymore. I went downstairs to get some breakfast and my sister was sitting at the table.

"Good morning Nico," she said cheerfully.

"Morning Anne," I replied getting some bread out for a sandwich, "you're up early."

"I couldn't sleep anymore," she replied watching me. She had her own sandwich, "I'm so excited.

"Oh, good for you, so am I," I reply.

"It sounds like fun though,"

"If you call sitting and learning how to do things that they want you to and not what you want to fun then yeah," I replied.

“Just because you didn’t like it and always made trouble.”

“They annoyed me.”

“Why?”

“I think they’re wrong.”

“Why?”

“Is that all you can say?”

“No,” she replied crossing her arms.

“You know what I think?” I asked finishing my sandwich.

“What?”

“I think Parliament is corrupted.”

“What?” she didn’t say it so loud that she would wake our parents but I could see the stunned look on her face.

“Yeah,” I said.

“You didn’t say that in school did you?”

“No, I just said that I didn’t believe the things they taught us,” I said sitting down with my sandwich.

“You know daddy’s in parliament,” she said.

“Yeah, he’s in the Parliament of Death one of the lower parliaments but still our land is being ruled by six people and we never get to interact except for though parliament,” I said, “You’ll learn all of this at school and I really don’t want to talk about it.”

We sat in silence for a while as we both ate our sandwiches. It was a peaceful morning, “I think we should start to get ready,” I say breaking the silence.

“OK,” she replied and put her plate away. She would put on her preschool robe until she finally went into real school were they would give her a new robe. A school robe like the one I would wear, I would change it for a nice adult robe, a robe that said that I was a real wizard. It was a very long and boring process and I didn’t like it much. We both went up to our rooms to get on our clothes. I went into the bathroom after getting my robe and looked at myself. Like most death mage’s I had black hair and black eyes, the robe I had was black but it had the insignia of our school

on it. When I got my adult robe it would be pure black with nothing on it.

"How do I look?" my sister asked me coming to the bathroom door.

"Like a little kid getting ready for preschool," I replied looking at the bright pink preschool girls robe, boys had brown ones.

"But, do I look pretty?" she asked.

"You look normal," I replied, "really you're going to school not a party."

"It's my first day, I want to make a good impression," she replied.

"It's not worth the trouble," I commented, I hadn't made much of a fuss about it.

"That's why you don't have any friends," she said.

"No, I don't have any friends because I don't want any, because their all stuck up, snobs who are all like "oh, yeah my mom or dad is in parliament let's look down on any other person who isn't like that", " I said.

"You don't think that of me," she said looking sad.

“No, because first, you’re my sister and second, dad doesn’t want us to act like that,” I replied looking back at myself.

“That’s not the point,” she said starting to walk to her bedroom again.

“It’s never the point,” I replied following her, “the point is that I have no idea if you look good or not because I have never taken an interest in that kind of thing and I don’t think I ever will.”

“It’s because you’re a boy,” she said.

“Did you know that every nation has the same colours for preschool robes?” I asked ignoring her last comment, “and that the school and adult robes are exactly the same just a different colour.”

“Preschool is because they can’t think of any prettier colours,” she replied.

“No it’s not,” I said.

“Whatever,” she said, “the others have to do with the nation’s element.”

“Yeah,” I replied, she thought too much about fashion in my opinion.

“Why are you so annoying?” she asked me.

“Because I don’t understand what’s so interesting about fashion,” I replied.

“Everything,” she replied, “honestly Nico you don’t know what you are missing.”

“And I’m not sticking around to find out,” I replied going into my room and closing the door.

Chapter 2 (Kyla)

Why did he have to be so annoying?

What didn't he understand? I wondered while my little kid brother ran around my room with his school robe on. He had gotten it a year ago and was probably celebrating his first year, or just trying to annoy me, or both.

"Cut that out," I said finally.

"Why?" he said stopping for a while, "I'm having fun."

"And I have a headache so be quiet," I replied throwing my pillow at him. The only problem with him was, he just through it right back.

"Pillow fight," he said loudly but now I had the only pillow so he ran back to his room to get his.

"Little brother causing more problems?" asked another boy.

"Yeah, when did you get back?" I asked.

"Last night," My older brother replied.

“Here I come Kyla,” my kid brother called almost running into our older brother.

“Now, come down Steven,” My older brother said.

“Ryan,” Steven said his eyes getting wide.

“So you remember me kid,” he replied with a laugh. They had gotten into a little disagreement before Ryan had left and Ryan had won of course. “Put your pillow back, if mom sees you doing that she’ll have a fit.”

“Oh, OK,” Steven replied.

“You have the magic touch with him,” I said with a laugh.

“It’s called positive sibling pressure,” he replied coming into my room.

“Oh, really,” I said teasingly, “and it must be a boy thing because I don’t have it.”

“Yup, definitely a boy thing,” he replied with a smile, “so you’re now a graduate of the Academy of Life.”

“Finally,”

“What are you going to do then?” he asked.

“What do you mean?”

“What are you going to do with your life?”

“I’m not sure,”

“You could try and get into Parliament, like me.”

“I’m not being mean to you but I don’t like Parliament,”

“Why?”

“I think it’s full of people who don’t represent the nation,” I said looking away.

“I actually have to agree with you,” he said which made me look at him, “but there’s nothing we can do about it really.”

“I’m not so sure,”

“What do you mean?” he asked. He had been the best in school, confusing him was hard to do.

“Rebellion,” I replied in a word.

“And you will achieve that how?”

“I’m not sure yet,” I replied. I was surprised he hadn’t done something bad because I had just mentioned something that

was so bad it was like starting a war, "but I'll think of something."

"You'd better make it good because you know what would happen if you were found out or if it didn't work," he replied.

"Yeah," I said thinking about it, "if only there was a way to unite the six elements."

"That would be hard,"

"Don't remind me," I said thoughtfully.

"What are you two talking about?" Steven asked. Trust him to always get in the way, I thought.

"That's none of your business," Ryan said looking at him.

"Its older kid stuff," I put in "nothing a little first year like you would understand."

"Oh, yeah," he said looking defiant.

"Yeah," Ryan and I said together.

"You two are so annoying," he replied turning around to go back to his room.

"And that's coming from the number one, most annoying and troublemaking kid in the first grade.

"I'm in the second grade," by the way," he said as if that made all the difference.

"Not yet, you haven't graduated yet," I replied.

"Neither have you," he said.

"No, but I have a choice so be quiet."

"What choice?" he asked.

"You'll have it when you're about to graduate school, now think about graduating the first grade," Ryan said fixing his white robe.

"Fine," Steven said as he went back to his room.

"Well that was interesting," I said getting up to look at myself in the mirror. I had long light blond hair, which was so light it was almost white. I also had bright blue eyes which were the same shade. It was no surprise though; those hair and eye colours had to do with the life magic, "Why do the people of each element look like they do? I mean like we have hair and eyes that are

almost white and most of the life mages have the same?"

"No one really knows the answer to that question," Ryan said, "We think it might have to do with the magic in our bodies."

"Do you think the world is being destroyed?" I asked turning around.

"Why are you asking so many questions?" he asked and then said, "Yes."

"I'm curious," I replied to his question.

"What, to find out the best way to beat Parliament?" he asked. I knew he was teasing me.

"Something like that," I replied.

Chapter 3 (Gareth)

Papers, more papers, what is it with teachers and papers? The only thing paper is good for is burning. I was sitting at my desk with a bunch of papers in front of me. They were my application to become a true Wizard.

"You're not done yet?" My teacher's voice came into the room from outside.

"Almost, ma'am," I replied, "I have a question.

"Yes," she said.

"Why are everyone called mages and then there are boy wizards and girl witches?" I asked turning around.

"It's just the way it is," she answered, "they have one for both genders and then one for each."

"Alright," I said turning back to my papers. I didn't like the answer but I'd learned better than to question it.

"Some one's here to see you," she said. I had thought she was going back to the office.

"Who?" I asked.

"Your brother," she said letting him in.

"Alex," I said.

"Gareth," he answered, "are you still here?"

"Obviously,"

"Why are you always the last one?"

"I like to read the conditions," I replied thinking of the time I hadn't read the directions right on something and it had exploded.

"You're so boring," he replied sitting down.

"You're impulsive, I'm careful," I replied turning back to my papers.

"Why does it matter anyway?"

"They're trying to cheat us," I replied.

"What?"

"There's a lot of things that you wouldn't know about the conditions if you don't read

it," I replied, "It's probably designed so that most people wouldn't read it."

"Unless their like you," he replied.

"Unless their like me, yeah," I answered.

"You're still signing it though," he noticed.

"Yeah, I want to be a wizard."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I'm signing the papers, getting to be a wizard then..." I started.

"Are you crazy?" he asked guessing what I was going to say.

"Probably," I replied.

"You're an idiot," he said.

"You can stop insulting me now," I said.

"What are you thinking?" he asked.

"A lot of things," I replied writing something on the paper, "now if you don't mind I have an application to put in."

"I do mind," he replied.

"To bad," I answered him.

"Will you two keep it down in there," my teacher called from the other room.

"Sorry," we both said together.

“Look, there’s nothing you can say to change my mind,” I told Alex.

“Fine, but I want nothing to do with it,” he replied.

“Fine by me,” I replied finishing the last bit of writing, “are you coming or staying?”

“I’ll be there in a little bit,” he replied.

“If you want nothing to do with this then you keep your mouth shut,” I warned him.

“I know, I know,” he replied.

“Good, see you outside,” I said leaving the room.

“See you,” he replied. Then he walked to the office, “ma’am Gareth’s application is on the desk.”

“Thank you Alex,” she replied.

“You’re welcome,” he said as he left the room and when to the front door of the schoolhouse. “You know you’re supposed to tell the teacher you’ve finished before you leave,” he told me as he came outside.

“I know,” I told him, “look it’s my life.”

“Yeah, I know but it just seems like a waste,” he replied. I could see sadness in the grey-black eyes that reminded me so much of coal and smoke. My eyes were the same and we both had fire-red hair, we were twins though every fire mage had the same hair and eye colour.

“What do you mean a waste?” I asked as we started walking home.

“It’s like destroying your life,” he replied falling into step with me.

“I don’t know, I mean the contract terms are really limiting our lives,”

“You think you can change that?”

“I can always try.”

“And if you fail?”

“Failure is not an option,” I replied

“And they call me the impulsive one,” he commented.

“I am your twin,” I replied with a small smile.

“If failure is not an option than you have to try hard.”

"I will."

"I believe you."

"Good."

"I just think you're an idiot."

"I probably am," I said with a bigger smile.

"Yeah, only an idiot would admit that," he said with a smile almost as big as mine.

"Hey, I was the one to come up with a way to blow up soap," I said.

"It was an accident," he replied.

"I don't know how you would read the directions so wrong that you blow it up though," I said thoughtfully.

"It was cool though," he said. I could tell he was glad to change the subject and I was glad too.

"Maybe you'll come up with something fun to blow up," I said with a small laugh.

"It's always possible," he said laughing too.

“A lot of things are possible if you just find the right way to do them,” I replied looking at him.

“I can take a hint,” he warned me.

“Oh, I’d never noticed,” I replied teasingly and started running down the block.

“I’ll get you for that one,” he called after me.

“You’ll have to catch me first,” I called over my shoulder. I could tell that he was running after me. This was what made me love my twin, we teased each other, ran home and then came to an agreement which never lasted more than a day.

Chapter 4 (Naomi)

Graduation day was such a big thing that there were a lot of parties the night before. I didn't much like the parties but I probably would be made to go.

"Hey, look its Naomi," I heard a voice say.

"What do you want?" another asked me. I felt like punching them but it wasn't worth it.

"Maybe she thinks she's too above us to answer," the first commented which was followed by laughter.

"Why do they have to be so annoying?" my best friend asked me.

"They think their better than everyone else," I replied.

"Their not," she replied.

"I know they're not, Shawna," I answered her.

"Want to go to one of the dances tonight?" she asked me as we went to our dorm room.

"Not really," I answered.

“Me neither,” that comment had surprised me. Although she was an outcast like me she liked dances.

“Why not?” I asked.

“They’re annoying,” she replied flopping down on her bed, “What do you plan on doing after you graduate?”

“I haven’t decided yet,” I answered, “have you?”

“No, not really,” she answered.

“Why do you think graduation dances are so annoying?” I asked sitting on my bed, “Have you even been to any?”

“I went with one of my older sisters once,” she replied, “there annoying because the girls are all yelling about how cool it will be to graduate and the boys are all showing off.”

“How many sisters do you have again?” I knew the answer to the question but sometimes it was hard to believe the answer.

“Five older and one younger,” she replied with a smile. Most people would think she was

joking but I'd met them all. She got out her drawing pad and started drawing.

"What are you drawing?" I asked.

"Not sure yet," she replied as I stood up. I always practiced my martial arts and sometimes my magic although I really wasn't supposed to do it in the dorm room.

"Make it pretty," I told her though I knew she would.

"Of course," she replied then seeing me training she said, "try this."

"Thanks," I said as the water came at me. It was not really a solid target but if I had to fight a water mage it would work.

"You're really good at that," she commented.

"Years of training with boys," I replied thinking back to when I had to train with my cousins because my parents were away, "I really could kick all those stupid girls butts."

"Why don't you?"

"It's not worth it."

"And you'd get in trouble."

“Trouble’s nothing their just not worth my while,” I replied sitting down on her bed, “I should use my talents on people who really deserve my attention.”

“I agree,” she said.

“Good,” I said, “how long until one of these parties start?”

“An hour at most,” she answered.

“What are you going to do?”

“Draw,” she replied with a smile. Out of the whole dorm of girls she was the only one, except for me, who would even lift up a drawing pencil, “You should practice.”

“Yeah, that’s something I’m not good at,” I replied.

“And something I am,” she replied, “though it’s not worth much.”

“It’s worth a lot to me.”

“You’re a true friend.

“I try.”

“Thanks.”

“No problem,” I replied as some of the girls were about to open the door. I could

already hear what they said before the door opened and I quickly jumped to my bed and Shawna put her drawing pad away.

“Oh, I didn’t know we would have to deal with these while we were getting ready,” one of the girls from before said.

“If you want us to leave then just ask,” I retorted.

“Oh, it can speak,” another said laughing with her friends.

“I can do more than that if you don’t be quiet,” I replied. Some of them fell silent. Some of them had heard about my training with my cousins, “Come on Shawna let’s get out of here it starting to stink.”

“OK,” she replied following me out.

“I feel like training,” I told her, “I can teach you a new move I came up with.”

“Sure, but you know I’m not good at martial arts,” she replied kind of sad.

“Don’t worry; you’ll get better with practice,” I said comfortingly, “like me with drawing.”

"OK," she said with a smile. It was not very hard to cheer her up. Her blue-green eyes sparkled now as we walked into the training area. I ran to the end my brown hair flying behind me

"Now, I want to see if you've been practicing so come at me with all you've got," I called.

"Right," she replied getting herself ready. She ran at me and I could already tell she'd been training hard.

"Almost," I said as her fist just missed my face, "You're getting much better."

"Are you just saying that to make me feel better?"

"No," I replied "you're really getting better. I'd never make it look like anyone almost hit me in battle."

"Alright I believe you," she said. She was a little out of breathe though.

"Good, I like when you believe me," I replied handing her my water bottle, "It makes life much easier."

“So what’s this special move of yours?” she asked taking sips of water, “Does anyone else know it?”

“No, I made it up myself and haven’t actually tried it yet,” I replied as she gave me back the bottle, “It combines magic and martial arts.”

“Cool.”

“I hope so.”

“That doesn’t sound to promising.”

“Even the best person messes up sometimes,” I replied getting into a fighting stance, “now, watch.”

“That’s cool,” she commented as I made a sort of clone of myself with water.

“This helps you protect yourself, fight and distract at the same time,” I reply with a smile.

“How does it do that?” she asked.

“Being made out of water that I control I can make it stop any weapon or person coming my way, it can also work to attack the person while I hang back and control it

meaning that I don't take as much or no damage, also I could draw my opponent's attention to the water and attack while he is distracted," I reply moving the water clone around the training area.

"How long did it take you to come up with that?" she asked.

"A week or so," I reply with a smile. I was always looking for new ways to make my fighting easier for me, "Now you try."

"Alright," she replied and tried to make a water clone but it broke when she tried to form it.

"Be more gentile," I advised, "It's like your drawings you can't just push so hard and move the pencil too fast, it might break and it would ruin the picture."

"It's not as easy as it looks," she commented, "If you put it that way then we'll see how well I do."

"It never is as easy as it looks," I replied sitting down on the seats which were placed

around the training area, "I had the same problem with drawing."

"You've had a lot of practice with this."

"Yeah, boys can get a little more willing to beat you up than girls," I said with a smile and a laugh.

"Then maybe I should ask a boy to help me train."

"What I'm not good enough for you anymore?" I asked but we both knew I was just joking.

"You're fine but what about tomorrow?"

"We'll both graduate."

"How will you teach me?"

"You'll have to practice on your own."

"I don't want to."

"How are you going to change that?"

"Can't I stay with you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I'm not staying here."

"What?" she was doing fine but after that last comment the clone shattered, "Darn."

"Why do you think I hate the girls so much?" I asked.

"They're stuck up," she replied coming to sit next to me.

"Yeah, well whose fault is that?"

"Well, the people who take care of them."

"And that would be?"

"They're parents."

"And most of their parents or one of them at least, is in parliament."

"So."

"So, parliament is not right," I replied, "have you ever heard of parliament rule?"

"No," she replied, "What's that?"

"It's were the Member of Parliament can make his son or daughter graduate," I replied, "Even if they were the worst in the class."

"That's stupid," she replied.

"Don't you think I know that?" I replied.

"Then let me come with you."

"It's not fair on you."

“I don’t care,” she replied a little louder than she’d expected, “I’m no one here anyway.”

“Fine if you must,” I replied getting up, “the girls will probably be out of the room now, want to go back?”

“Alright,” she answered, “but just let me try and get it one more time.”

“Fine,” I said and then, “Hey want to have a practice fight.”

“Yeah,” she said, “but don’t go easy on me.”

“I won’t,” I replied, “I’m too annoyed to go easy.”

“Good,” she answered as we both took our fighting stances, “now you’ll wish you’d never taught me you’re new trick.”

“That sounds promising.”

Chapter 5 (Keith)

Starting tomorrow I was going to be a full air wizard though it didn't feel like it. I really just wanted to get it over with. It was too much work for a simple graduation. There all these ceremonies and rituals just for the word that you are a mage.

"There's not much to do now," a boy said near him.

"I'm glad," a girl answered.

"Maybe you two would like to do more?" I asked.

"No," they said.

"Then don't say that too loud."

"Sorry, Keith," they replied. It was a little boring watching these two kids but I had to do it. It was a graduation requirement that we train two younger kids. They had been told to clean some things and it had not been a happy evening for them.

“It’s OK,” I replied, “I just think that the teachers would give you more work if they heard you say that.”

“Oh,” they said.

“I’d rather not be here longer either, so please don’t say things like that,” I said kindly. The teachers were very annoying that way, they didn’t like when people complained so if they found someone complaining they would give them more work to do.

“Done,” the boy said.

“I’ll have to check it, Taylor,” I said going over to him.

“I’m done too,” the girl commented.

“I’ll see you after, Rachel,” I answered her as I inspected Taylor’s work.

“Alright, you’re both done,” I told them after I’d seen their work.

“Let’s go tell the teachers and then go home,” Rachel said happily.

“Yes,” Taylor answered already half way down the hall. We knocked on the teachers’ office door.

“Come in,” the teacher called. We went into the room.

“Were done,” I said looking at the two kids beside me.

“Alright,” she replied getting up, “I’ll check your work and then you can go home.”

“Here,” I said showing her the spot where we’d had to clean.

“Nice job,” she said, “you can go home now.”

“Thank you,” the three of us said at the same time. We left the school house and Rachel and Taylor jumped up and down in joy.

“Why did we have to do that anyway?” Rachel asked.

“It’s just something they make everyone do,” I replied thinking of the time I had to do it.

“That’s annoying,” Taylor said.

“I know that,” I replied.