

THE MAGICIANS WRATH

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The magician fought the dragon confidently on the stage, till he was grabbed in one huge scaly claw. The dragon brought him up to his humongous maw and was about to eat him when the stage curtains fell on top of them. Dragon and magician disappeared beneath folds of red velvet. The audience started booing him.

Flora watched the magician standing nervously and felt a wash of guilt . She had only wanted to watch the magic show, but her parents wouldn't let her. She had snuck backstage and found a great place to watch the magic show... until she tripped over that stupid sandbag and watched the curtains fall.

The magician's body was tense. He frowned deeply. Someone had ruined his show and he would find them and destroy them. He spun around and looked angrily around. He saw a little girl backstage, frozen with a look of shocked guilt on her face.

Flora took off like a scared bird. She looked over her shoulder and saw the magician close behind, his cloak billowing like a lion's mane. She saw a door up ahead, turned the handle and pushed. It didn't move! She tried pulling it and it opened into a long corridor lined with posters. She fled toward the next door. It seemed to take forever. It opened into a hot and dark cloakroom. She moved through the fancy coats until she touched the cold metal of the handle and flung herself through the third door.

She fell into a room full of people. A few of them stared at her in shock. She put one of the fancy coats on and squeezed into the crowd, standing near a group of chatting women. Then she waited.

