

A Magical Life
By
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Today started like any other day. I was lying down on a blanket in park underneath the bright, blue sky in Nashville, Tennessee. I just finished school, so I ran to the park and was relaxing under my favorite tree. There was a nice breeze here in the park, and the sun wasn't burning down on my skin like I was a turkey on Thanksgiving in the oven. The sun felt warm, as if it was trying to give me a hug. With the cool breeze and the warm sun, I was starting to nod off until I heard something familiar to me, but probably not to other people.

I heard little whispers in the wind, like people trying to talk, but the wind was carrying the voices away. I knew right away that I had to get up and leave, but I was so comfy. That's when the voice started to get louder and closer. I could hear something or someone laughing too. Now I knew I had to get up, but I told myself, "In a few seconds." That's when the breeze started to get really cold. It doesn't get that cold here in Tennessee in the fall. That's when I finally got up and looked behind me, and I saw one of the worst sights a 16 year old could see besides high school.

It was a group of... witches!!! I started running away from the witches and hoping to gain some distance from them before they hopped on their brooms. I heard their weird laugh getting closer to me, and then, BAM!!! The ground beneath my feet exploded and sent me flying into a tree. Darn witches. Their favorite thing to do is cast wild spells that get their victims hurt. Sometimes-real bad. I should know from experience. The last time I faced witches, I had a black eye and two big bruises on my arms. Once I regained my balance, I decided to give them a taste of their own medicine. I said a few words in Greek and,

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BOOM!! The witches went flying away and probably crashed somewhere far away from here.

By now, you're probably wondering who I am and what kind of teenage girl goes around, fighting witches by saying a few words in a different language. My name is Anastasia Scotia Jackson and I am 16 years old. I'm a sorcerer that can do magic and talk to dead people. The reason I have those special abilities (powers) is because I inherited those powers from my parents.

My dad is a descendant of the Greek God Hades, Lord of the Underworld, and my mom is a descendant of the Greek Goddess/Titaness, Hecate, who is in charge of magic, witchcraft, sorcery, crossroads, trivial knowledge, and necromancy. So, that makes my life very hard, because nobody can see the mythical creatures I fight. Only my parents and I do. We're very special. Yay.

With a smile on my face, I walked away from the scene, hoping nobody saw what I just did, even though I know that they didn't see teenagers on flying brooms and the ground being blown up. They probably saw three girls riding in cars, egging people on the street.

I walked all the way to my house; taking in the beautiful scenery, imaging what my life would be like if I didn't have these strange powers. I would probably be hanging out at the mall with a bunch of friends, having fun, but that's not going to happen. Finally, I approached my light blue house that I share with my mom and dad.

"Hello Scotia! How was your day?" my mom asked me.

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“Good. School was terrible as usual, but the rest of the day was good. I ran into some witches but I took care of them.” I told my mom.

My mom is always asking me about my day, what I learned at school, and what weird creature I encountered.

“Dad’s still at work?” I asked my mom.

“Yup, he should be here-”

My mom didn’t get to finish what she said because my dad walked into the room right that minute and her a big hug.

“Hello Anastasia, how was your day?” my dad asked.

“Good. Ran into some witches, but I made sure they didn’t cause any trouble,” I told my dad.

“Good girl. Showing those witches whose boss,” my dad said while he ruffled my hair.

My mom calls me by my middle name and my dad calls me by my first name. The reason is because both of my names are associated with a certain power that I have. Anastasia means ‘resurrection’, which deals with my power of talking to the dead, and Scotia means ‘dark one’, which goes with my magic/witchcraft/ sorcery/ gift.

Let’s just say my magic isn’t always rainbows and sunshine. Most of the time is dark and very dangerous, but it is also helpful. When I talk to ghosts, they usually want revenge or they want to talk to the people they left, so I give them a potion or I cast a spell that fits their need. I don’t use this power often, but it comes in handy.

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“Scotia, how about we work on those powers of yours after dinner?” Mom asked me.

“Sure Mom. I could always work on my magic,” I told Mom.

After a dinner of pepperoni pizza (which is my favorite), Mom and I go to the basement to practice my magic. Mom says if I don’t practice my magic, I might get out of control and destroy the city. Or the state if I really lose control and if I continue to not practice on my control, I could destroy the country. That’s how dangerous I am. Sometimes I’m scared to even practice with Mom because I don’t want to hurt her, but I don’t want to destroy anything so I suck it up and get it over with.

The first time Mom told me about how dangerous I am, I was five years old.

I told her, “Maybe I’ll get lucky and regain control.”

Her smile faded when I finished my sentence and she told me, “Luck doesn’t exist. Success comes with sacrifice. That’s a saying that has been passed down from our ancestors and we must listen to the saying. It has helped us a lot and you must listen to it.”

Let me tell you, that saying is correct. It’s helped me through so much and I’m really glad I listened to Mom.

“Okay sweetie, you ready to practice?” Mom asked me, breaking my thoughts.

“As ready as I’ll ever be,” I told her.

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I focused on my magic until I heard a familiar hum that sounded like a hummingbird. Then, the magic spread through my body and it went straight for my fingertips as I breathed in and out to get ready for the show. I pictured myself in a room with trees and singing birds, with my mom right next to me. When I opened my eyes, Mom and I transported to the room I pictured in my head.

“Well done Scotia. Now, see if you can add some animals.” Mom told me.

I pictured bunnies and deer roaming around us, and when I opened my eyes, they appeared.

“Good job. Now I want you to change something in this area without closing your eyes by casting a spell.” Mom instructed.

I said a few words in Greek and it was now nighttime and there were owls and werewolves. I was so proud of myself until I noticed that the werewolves were approaching us. Darn werewolves. When werewolves see something with meat and flesh, they go and attack it because they think they found food. Werewolves aren't very smart, but they sure know how to eat, and their next meal was going to be Mom and me!

“Don't panic,” I told myself.

When I don't concentrate, bad things happen. For example, when I was taking a test in English, I was so stressed out that a unicorn popped out of a portal I created and started ramming into desks. The unicorn even ate the teacher's toupee! I got in real big trouble after that. I got suspended for three days because I somehow brought a rhino to school and told it to destroy school property and eat the teacher's toupee. The unicorn even returned the toupee, but

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I don't think it should be used again. Really, how can I sneak a rhino into the school and somehow ask destroy desks and eat fake hair? I wonder how people see those kinds of things. When I got home, mother made me return the unicorn to its home (even though I begged Mom to keep it) and practice even harder on my magic control.

After the unicorn incident, I didn't want to cause anything weird so I thought of the safest place for Mom and I to go, which was our house. First I had to cause a distraction so I snapped my fingers to make a distraction for the werewolves, and it worked! I made an earthquake that cause the ground to break apart around the werewolves, and the werewolves went underneath the ground. I snapped my fingers again, which made the ground join together like a jigsaw puzzle, and when everything looked like nothing happened, Mom and I left.

"Well done Scotia. You're getting so much better with controlling your gift. You kept your cool while dealing with the werewolves and solved the problem. I'm impressed." Mom said with a big grin on her face.

My dad came down to the basement to check up on Mom and I.

"How did you do Anastasia?" Dad asked me, while looking at my arms to see if I had any cuts or bruises.

"I did just fine Dad. I didn't panic when werewolves almost had Mom and I for dinner." I said as casually, as if we almost didn't die.

"Good job handling those werewolves and keeping you and your mother safe." Dad said while we hugged each other.

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At this moment, I felt normal. As if my family wasn't monster hunters who have strange powers and are related to Greek gods. That moment was so perfect; I even added it to my perfect family moments list, but that's when things turned for the worse.

A portal opened up in our basement that had vampires and witches coming out with this strange person wearing a cloak. The family moment was over and I felt so mad that I made it rain inside our basement. Then lightning started to strike the vampires and witches, but they must have had some kind of protection with them because they didn't stop coming forward for my family and I.

My parents looked scared, but they didn't freeze in fear like I did when I saw my first vampire. My dad was raising dead soldiers to help fight the vampires and my mom was using her magic to stop the witches, but my parents were having trouble keeping up with the monsters.

To help out, I close my eyes and thought of two giant hands being raised above my head. When I opened my eyes, two big, black hands that were made out of a black fog were above my head and they were doing the same motions MY hands were, so I manipulated my hands forward and grabbed the monsters with my giant fists. Then, I thought of the a wall blocking the portal and... POOF! A brick wall was blocking the monsters from coming into the basement and I felt so proud of myself, but first, I had to dispose the monsters in my hand. I opened a new portal for the monsters, so I tossed the vampires and witches into the portal like I was taking out the trash.

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Now, time to get rid of the person in the cloak. I went to grab the cloak guy with my hands, but that guy was fast. I knew what cloak guy was going to do, but that person was too fast and it felt as if everything was in slow motion at that moment. That guy ran towards my parents and made a portal underneath their feet. I tried to save my parents, but it was too late. They went straight down into the portal and cloak guy jumped into the portal with them before it closed.

I stood there, frozen in shock. Tears started falling down my cheeks in a light stream on my face, and then the tears started falling faster, as if someone was pouring water on me. I ran to the place where my parents last stood and cried my heart out. Finally, I stopped crying and thought, "This is all my fault. I could have saved them and I didn't." I wiped my fresh tears off my face, while started to think of a plan to save my parents. I knew this wasn't a dream because I was exhausted from using my powers, and I pinched myself many times, which caused pain, so I wasn't dreaming. I had to find where cloak guy took my parents, so I traced where the portal when by using my magic, but I couldn't because I was very tired.

I marched up to my room to get some sleep so tomorrow I could go rescue my parents. I got ready for bed thinking, about what happened on the last twenty-four hours. Wow, what a life I got, fighting mythical creatures and now I have to go save my parents. Finally, I plopped down into my bed and passed out, thinking about my parents, and about tomorrow.

In my dream, my parents stood in front of me, locked in a cage. When my parents looked at me, they looked tired; their clothes were torn and shredded.

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The worse part of this dream was that Mom was trying to tell me something, but I couldn't understand what she was saying. Dad was talking as well, but I couldn't understand anything. It was very stressful, but I finally figured out what they were saying. Help us. At that moment, two people in cloaks took my parents away, and I just looked at the empty cage when everything went black.

I woke up with a start, looking around my bedroom until I saw that everything was the way I left it last night. I remember my dream very clearly and I knew it was a distress call. Mom can send a message into your head by using magic, and when you go to sleep, you see that message as your dream. It's like an email to your head.

Anyway, I got dressed in my black shirt with olive green cargo pants and my favorite leather jacket. When I looked in the mirror, I saw a teenage girl with brown shoulder length hair and electric blue eyes staring at me. I don't see a sorcerer trying to save her parents or a girl who fights mythical monsters in the mirror.

When I finished inspecting myself, I went down to the basement to see if I can trace where the magic went. Once I get down to the basement, I go to the spot where my parents were taken. I close my eyes and put my hand on the spot my parents were standing on. When my fingertips touched the spot, I went flying back into the wall because the magic was so powerful. Darn, how am I supposed to find my parents now? "Think Anastasia, think," I told myself. What if I grab a fish bowl and put it on top of the spot. I can use the bowl as a crystal ball to see where my parents are.

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I went to my room to get the fish bowl (a.k.a. the crystal ball) to see if my plan will work. I spot my fish bowl on top of my drawer, but there was a problem. My fish was in there. Don't be fooled, but my fish isn't an ordinary goldfish or beta fish. My fish isn't really a fish. It's really a tiny mermaid named Melody that swims in a fish bowl. Yes, I probably know what you're thinking. Why would I own a tiny mermaid and have it swimming in a fish bowl? Well, if you haven't noticed my life isn't ordinary so don't judge me, ok? Anyway, I fill up the bathroom tub and put Melody in there. She swam with joy and I smiled to see her so happy. I put my hand in the tub so the Melody could shake it, but instead, she bit my pinkie with her razor sharp teeth. Oh yeah, I forgot to mention my mermaid doesn't look like the ones from the *Little Mermaid*. She has blue skin, a green tail, and razor sharp teeth.

"Geez, what's your problem? Trying to save my parents here," I told Melody the Mermaid.

I leave the bathroom and got the bowl from my room. Now empty, I go to the basement and put the bowl on the spot. I put my hands on the bowl and I am suddenly transported to another room. I can feel my parents' presence in the area, but I don't know where they are. I walk out the building to see where I am and big crowds of people are walking all over the place. I start thinking that I'm in LA or in New York. I start walking with the crowds and I hear a lot of noise on these busy streets. I hear cars honking their horns and a lot of people talking on their phones, with their friends, or to themselves. Weirdoes. When I look up in the

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sky, see the Empire State Building, and I know where I am. I'm in New York and I've always wanted to go to New York.

When I open my eyes, I look around the room and notice I'm in my basement. I sigh, knowing that I was in New York just for a little bit, but at least I know where my parents are. I go up to my room and grab all my magic stuff. I grab my wand (which I use only for emergencies) and my messenger bag with all my potions. My bag also has my spell book which helps me conduct spells, make potions, where to find ingredients for my potions, and a great recipe for pizza.

Once I grabbed all my magic items, I go to my parents' room and I see what I'm looking for right away. I pick up my dad's ruby ring that helps him control the dead and my mom's black obsidian bracelet that helps her with magic. I don't have a magic item like my parents, but that doesn't matter to me. Magical items give you more control on your powers, but I haven't found the right magical item for me.

After my little scavenger hunt, I go down to the basement and conduct a spell that will transport me to New York. I get my wand out of my bag and wave it around the spot where my parents got kidnapped. After a few seconds of waving the wand, I close my eyes and jump on the spot. When I open my eyes, I see people everywhere and yellow taxis all over the place. I'm in New York and this time for real!

I start walking around New York till I notice that my mom's necklace was glowing. I realized that my dad's ring was glowing as well and when I started walking forward, my parents jewelry started glowing brighter. I kept walking

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straight, watching the ring and bracelet glow brighter. Finally, the jewelry glowed really bright that I knew in my gut that I had reached my destination. When I looked up, I saw the great Empire State Building and thought, “What a great view to look at while you’re captured.”

I walked into the building and noticed that there were no people anywhere in the building, which was very strange. “Hello?” I called out. Suddenly, a black cloud came out of nowhere and out stepped one person I hated at the moment. *Cloak guy.*

“Welcome Anastasia Scotia Jackson to our little get together,” Cloak guy said in a creepy voice. “I bet you’re wondering why I took your parents?” Cloak guy said.

“Yes, I am wondering why you took by parents, by right now I have one important question for you.” I said in a confident voice.

“Ask away Anastasia, it must be about your parents, isn’t it?” Cloak guy assumed.

“No, I was wondering if we could turn on the heater ‘cause it’s freezing in here.” I said. Hey, don’t judge me about asking where my parents were, I was really cold and I needed to focus on my magic.

“Um, ok.” Cloak guy said as he went to go turn on the heater. “Any more questions?”

Yeah, who are you and where are you hiding my parents? Also, thanks for turning on the heater.” I said in a firm voice.

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“You’ll never find your parents and you’re welcome for the heater. And to answer you’re other question...” Cloak guy didn’t finish his sentence because he took off his hoodie and revealed himself. I was shocked because he was really a she! She was a girl who looked like my mom. She had brown hair and blue eyes, just like Mom and me.

“Who are you?” I asked because right now, I was really confused.

“I’m your mom’s sister, Drew, and I hate your mother. Do you want to know why?” Drew asked me in a harsh tone.

“Sure, I love history lessons,” I said with a little sarcasm.

“I hate her because she left me to go with the good guys. She left me with all the demons and vampires and werewolves. We’re witches and we’re born to be bad. We’re not supposed to switch sides, but no. She had to go and meet your father and be part of the good guys. Well, I’m going to show her she made the worst mistake of her life.” She finished explaining her story just as the ground started to shake.

I started thinking of what should I do until I saw the ring glow. I closed my eyes and thought of being invisible. When I opened my eyes, I was invisible, so I started following the ring.

“Where did Anastasia go?” Drew asked someone. Apparently, a vampire was with Drew and she made the ground stop shaking so she could look for me.

I had to go up the elevator, but Drew would know where I went, so I had to take the stairs. I don’t know how many flights of stairs I had to climb before the ring told me to stop but man was I tired. I was huffing and puffing once I got to

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my destination. I walked into a hall and was alarmed with how many doors I saw in that one hallway, but the ring guided me to the correct door, which was black. When I opened the door, I saw my parents in shredded clothes and they were tied to chairs. They looked exactly like how I saw them in my dream except they weren't in a cage. I quickly made myself appear and ran to my parents. I hugged them and I felt like I could never let them go until I heard slow clapping in the background.

“Well, you found your parents. To bad they have to go back to being evil.” Drew said.

“ I will never join you Drew, no matter what kind of torture you put me thru. I will never betray the good people.” Mom said with confidence.

“Yet it was so easy to betray your family, your friends, your old ways of life! Do you even know how I felt when you left me? I was so sad, but look at me now. I'm a successful villain.” Drew said. “To bad one of my victims is going to be my sister.”

Drew brought out her magic wand and pointed it at my mother. The wand started to glow black, but my instincts took over. I pulled out my wand and a blast of blue light hit Drew.

“Hey brat, don't hit your auntie, it's disrespectful.” Drew said in a fake sweet voice.

“When someone harms my family, I have to protect them no matter what, AUNTIE Drew.” I told her with so much confidence that I think I scared her.

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I put my hand out in front of me and a blast of light came out of my hand. It blinded Drew for a few seconds, so I made a portal. It took a lot of work to make that portal, but I had to make sure Drew could never return to harm my family. The portal started blowing things inside of it, and Drew was slowly going into a portal.

“I will get my revenge Anastasia, I will get my revenge.” Drew said before she got sucked into the portal. I was so happy until a hand came out and grabbed my mom’s ankle and pulled her into the portal. Suddenly, another hand came and grabbed my dad as well. I tried to grab my parents, but I was too slow. The portal closed and all I saw was a wall where my parents once stood. I saw my parents being sucked into the portal and I have no idea where they went.

I walked out of the room, thinking about what happened in the last 30 minutes. Once I got out of the building, I knew what I had to do. I am going to look for my parents day and night, until I find my parents. On the street, I found a stick that looked familiar. When I approached the stick, I realized that it was Drew’s magic wand. I picked up the wand and held it in my fist.

“Hey Drew, wherever you are, I’m not afraid of you. I will find you and get my parents back. I will get revenge as well. Bring it on Drew. Bring it on.”