

Chapter 7

I deleted the author's notes on this because I AM NOT giving up on this story. So, ignore the comments about deleting it :)

I scurried up the stairs, making it up to the fifth floor. The one no one has heard about with the one class Talia and I don't share. This floor was obviously much older than the other parts of the school, with high windows and spiderwebs and a few gargoyles. The classes were all the way down the hall to the right of the main staircase, and the many doors I passed did not seem very welcoming. They even had knockers on them and name plates covered in so much dust you couldn't read what they said. Halfway down the hallway there were drapes. I hadn't come upon any classroom yet so I pushed them inside and stepped into a new world.

The walls were lined with flickering torches, making me feel safe and at home. There were four doors, two on each side of the the hall. Each of them had a clear word written on a name plate. The first to my left was air, and the one to my right said earth. The next two, on my left said water and on my right said fire. My room is the fire room. At the very end of the hallway was one last set of tall double doors, the words "Headmaster" engraved in its own large name plate. Madame Laurence's office and room. Jackpot. If I ever need research or more serious suspicions, I go there.

I walked boldly into the classroom and was in heaven. I stared in shock at the lounge chairs that surrounded a big table and another lounge chair behind it. A man sat in that chair, playing with fire on his fingertips. He was middle-aged, not as old as most of the teachers here, but not extremely young either. Maybe around 35 years old. There was a torch by every seat, but there were only 15 seats, each with a name on the back. The tiles on the floor were a golden yellow, and there is a sun roof above the whole room. It showed a gorgeous sunset. I found my seat in the very center and sat down, enjoying the heat and homey feel of this room.

Two more people walked in, Bridget and Ryan. They found their seats and sat down on either side of me, also relaxing into the chairs. They each gave me a small smile which I returned, and then the man cleared his throat.

"No one has told you about these classes for a reason. They are secret. We are in the old and historic part of the mansion. You are not to tell anyone about this floor or these classes. Us teachers have made a cover story for each of you in case someone gets suspicious. Clear?"

We all nodded our heads. He broke out into a wide smile.

"Well! Now that everything is cleared up, on with the show. I am Sir Flagstaff, your fire element teacher. In my class you will learn to summon, control, and use your own unique form of fire. You will also learn about the history of this school and soon, your future."

He looked at each of us, stopping longer to stare at me. Then continued to pace the classroom.

"In this class we only have three of you. Bridget, Ryan, and Ashton Beckingham. You each have a future, but Ashton, you have a very special future. You and Natalia must save the world. If you do not, you will become a spirit in this school as so many others did."

He stared at me and I was swallowed into his burning green eyes, once again falling and making some very important realizations.

My life has changed....

I really enjoyed writing this chapter!!

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