Peter and the Nine Realms

by

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CHAPTER 1

King!!! The school bell blasted. It was afternoon in Azerath Academy, a school in the Mid-Realm.

“Finally,” Peter murmured to himself. “I can’t wait to get home.”

“Hey Peter!”, Ezra, his best friend, yelled from across the bustling classroom. “Wanna go to archery practice with me?”

“No, not now, Ez,” Peter replied. “My folks want me to scrub the floors again.”

You see Peter was an orphan, and the only reason he had a home at all was that his aunt and uncle needed someone to do their chores.

“But Peter, today is your birthday,” Ezra reminded him.

“I know, maybe we can do something later,” Peter replied.

Little did he know that later that day, his life would be changed forever.
CHAPTER 2

“Aunt Hera, I’m home,” Peter shouted throughout the house. As he set his backpack down, he noticed something unusual: his aunt didn’t reply.

At a normal household, this would not have been odd. But at the Skyder’s, Peter’s aunt usually answered with a snotty response. Therefore, this was unusual.

“Aunt Hera?” Peter exclaimed a second time, this time slightly louder. Again, there was no response. Only when he called out a third time was there an answer.

“Peter, come up here,” his aunt said in a steely tone. The voice came from the library, which was odd, because Peter was usually the only one to go in there.

“Yes, Aunt Hera,” Peter responded as he worked his way up the long, mahogany staircase. He then noticed something else odd: his uncle was nowhere in sight. Usually, he was cooking dinner by now, but it was now obvious to Peter that this was no normal day.

Once he got to the library, he noticed that his aunt and uncle were sitting
around the hearth, surrounded by tall bookcases. “Peter”, his uncle said, “we have always told you that you were left on our doorstep alone, but that is not true. You were actually left with something else: a note and... a wizard’s staff.”

Peter felt like a horse had slammed into him. He had to grip the staircase for support, so surprised was he. “Wh-where is it?” he managed. His aunt pulled a long, slender piece of wood from one of the library’s alcoves.

“Here,” she whispered. “Take it.”

As Peter held it, he could feel the magic coursing through his veins. He felt energized, but also at peace – as if he was meditating after having a giant cup of coffee. Also, he felt powerful, like he could change the world with a snap of his fingers.

Then, suddenly, there was a huge crash in the front hall. When Peter rushed to check out what happened, he realized that something – or someone – had blasted the door frame off its hinges. That person was standing in the hallway, scanning for the house residents. He was a tall armored man with a sinister mask. He held some kind of weapon, but Peter could not see what it was.

Once he spotted Peter, he ran across the room, moving impossibly fast. Peter started running too, although he didn’t know why. He sprinted out the back door, with the masked man hot on his heels. He was heading for his best friend Ezra’s archer class, hoping his friend’s skill with arrows would help him combat this man.
“Ezra, come on,” he called out. His best friend turned around, confused. But once he saw Peter and his pursuer, he instantly understood.

“Coming, Peter,” he replied while joining the chase.

CHAPTER 3

“I think we lost him,” Peter said as they ducked into an alleyway.

“Why were we even running from him??” Ezra panted, out of breath.

“Well, first of all, he destroyed my house,” Peter replied. “And then he came after me like I was a fugitive or something.”

“Second of all,” Ezra said, “what is that thing you’re holding?”

In the chase, Peter had almost forgotten about the staff.

“Oh this?” Peter responded. “It’s just a family heirloom.”

“Really? Because it looks just like a wizard’s staff.”

“That’s exactly what it is, Ez.”

“Cool. I have a friend who collects stuff like that. She has a huge collection, and she might be able to help you use it.”

“She?”
“Yeah, her name is Piper and she loves anything that’s even remotely magical.”

“But, before we go see your friend, you’re going to need a better weapon. Training arrows will not injure somebody, and I have a feeling we are going to need to fight that masked dude that was chasing us.”

“I’m sure you can muster a simple spell...”

“Fine Ez, but don’t break my concentration.”

The next thing Peter know, his friend had a quiver full of real arrows, and they were on their way to Piper’s house. And what a house it was, for Ezra’s friend lived in a large, oddly-proportioned mansion.

CHAPTER 4

It seemed that the only thing holding it up were a few support columns, and even those looked like they would collapse at any second.

Once they got up to the front door, Peter asked Ezra, “So, how are we going to...” Peter was cut short when Ezra made a horrible impression of a birdcall.

Ezra smiled mischievously as a rope ladder fell out of one of the top windows.
As they climbed the ladder, Peter wondered about Piper. But all his questions were answered when he climbed into the window. Piper was sitting on her bed, seemingly waiting for them. She was surrounded by hundreds of alcoves, each boasting its own magical object. Peter saw crystal balls, goblets, marble busts of famous wizards, and so much more.
“Hello,” she said closing a book that she was reading, “didn’t see ya there.”

“But, didn’t you throw down the rope ladder?” Peter asked, confused.
“Of course not,” Piper replied, pointing to a strange contraption in the corner. “That did.”
“Piper, this is Peter, my best friend,” Ezra said. “Hi,” Peter said to Piper.
“Hello,” she responded. She was a tan, blonde haired, freckled girl, and did not seem as high-class as her large mansion signified. She seemed more like the kind of girl you would find playing catch on the streets, not living in an enormous townhouse.
“Piper,” Ezra stammered nervously, “sorry for, just barging in, but we’re kinda... sorta... being chased by a bounty hunter!”
“What?” said Piper, suddenly paling. “I’ll pack by bags.” As she ran frantically around the room, she muttered things to herself “spell book... collapsible tent... first aid kit...” while throwing things into her bag.
“But that’s not the reason we came here,” Ezra said, interrupting her rang. “Peter, show her what you have.” Peter raised the staff, and she stopped suddenly, skidding to a halt.
“I... is that a wizard’s staff?” she asked, flabbergasted.
“Yeah,” Peter responded. “We were hoping you could help me learn to use it.”
“Of course,” Piper replied. “I’m packing a few spell books anyway.” And with that, they left the house.