

## Akins Story Starters

### Day 1:

The house was on fire and the goldfish was no help whatsoever. Charles shrugged and put Filbert back in his bowl. "I thought you were supposed to be a magic goldfish!"

"Well, I certainly am a TALKING goldfish, and a fairly intelligent one as well, but I never said I was magic." With that, Filbert dashed behind the fake castle in his bowl. A single bubble of protest popped up from him to the surface.

"Charles! Get the firehose!" Gramma yelled from somewhere downstairs. "Your granddad caught the roof on fire again!" She blasted a tirade of insults at his grandfather so wicked that Charles blushed and giggled to himself in embarrassment.

It was the same every Friday. Grandpa got paid and bought some sort of meat at the market. He insisted he was the best barbequer in the whole county. He usually set himself or something else on fire. It didn't help that he was mostly senile and his fire magic was as flaky as his mind was. If only Charles' magic would kick in soon. Then he wouldn't be stuck using a mundane firehose on the roof. He could stop the fire himself.

Sirens flashed outside the door.

"Oh no!" Charles exclaimed. Someone had called the police. Practicing magic without a license was forbidden in Caldwell county and Grandpa's license was taken away when he began to lose his marbles.

"Gramma!" Charles bellowed. "The cops are here again! You gotta do something about Grandpa!"

Charles ran outside to find the cops trying to cuff his belligerent Grandpa while he protested incoherently. One of the cops danced around trying to put out the fire that was burning his backside. Charles quickly grabbed his hose and doused the fire on the roof, the barbeque, and the cop for good measure.

Despite the fact that he had rescued everyone, no one was pleased.

"Hello Charles. I gotta take him in this time. This is the third time this month the neighbors have called. Have your Gramma come in and pay the fine and we'll let him go." He leaned in low and whispered in Charles' ear. "If you would hurry up and get your own license, you could take care of things."

Charles grunted. If only it were that easy. Ever since his dad had inadvertently cursed him the day he vanished, his magic was jammed. He could feel it but he could never grab hold of it. Until the doctor figured out which curse his dad had set off, Charles was stuck. A magicless red headed stepchild in a magical meritocracy.

He stormed up the stairs, ignoring his Gramma's literal cursing. He threw himself on his bed. Filbert popped his head above the water.

"How did it go?" He asked snarkily.

"When are you going to help me get my magic back?" Charles snapped at the goldfish.

“I told you I am not a magical goldfish, I’m a talk---” Filbert ducked as a book was tossed at him.

Charles pouted. His magic was gone and his dad was gone and now even his Grandpa was gone and the goldfish was no use whatsoever.