

Marty swayed as he got to his feet. He felt completely exhausted and held his arms out to steady himself. After a few uneasy moments he felt his balance return and was able to turn his attention to the dark woods around him. Minutes before he had been in his apartment on the BSU campus and now he was here, wherever here may be.

He climbed the grassy hill and once at the top saw that there was a road there. It was only a two lane road but it wasn't long before two large 18 wheeler's had come speeding past. He watched the second one go by and when its headlights illuminated a sign down the road Marty suddenly knew exactly where he was. He was standing in the Gifford Pinchot National Forest.

Emotions welled up inside of him as he turned in a slow circle, pulling details of the

area from his memory. A few miles up the road was a trail that led to the top of a secluded, wooded hill. From the top of that hill the Jane Cathedral was visible. Marty knew this place. He knew it well.

After taking a moment to collect himself he pushed the memories out of his mind. He had more pressing matters to concern himself with. In particular, the fact that men had used magic spells to attempt to kill him and he had in turn used one to teleport himself away from them. Marty did his best to accept these things as fact. Even though he was standing roughly 150 miles east of the BSU campus where he had been just five minutes earlier he still struggled to believe the supernatural means he had used to get here.

A cold rain had started to fall and Marty's thoughts turned to how to get back home. The spell that he had concentrated on, the one that

had brought him out here, came to mind. He felt slightly deranged for even considering it, but knew that it had worked, that the scrolls were real. He had seen those men use spells with his own eyes, felt himself use one. So he decided to use it again.

Marty closed his eyes and concentrated on the word. Phainomai. He summoned up the image of the two symbols. He focused his thoughts and this time it happened quickly. He opened his eyes to find that he was, in fact, no longer standing on the side of the road. He was back at the bottom of the grassy hill, standing in the same exact spot he had been the first time he had used the spell.

He took a few steps and then decided to try again, figuring that maybe he just needed to concentrate on his destination. He summoned up the BSU campus in his mind and then closed

his eyes, concentrated on the word and symbols, and felt himself teleport once more. Marty opened his eyes and found himself a few paces from where he had just been standing, still at the base of the grassy hill.

Something about casting the spell seemed to weaken him and Marty sat down in the cold, wet grass to regain his strength. Now that his life wasn't in immediate danger he found details from other scrolls returning to his memory. The first was one of his favorites, one he used many times in his web comic. After a moment of hesitation Marty held his hand up, the palm facing away from him. He focused his thoughts on the two symbols from the scroll. Once he had them locked into his mind he quietly spoke.

“Thermos.”

A stream of fire erupted from his palm and shot up into the night sky, illuminating the dark

woods around him. He shook his head, trying to clear it of the symbols, and finally the fire ceased. Marty slowly held his hand up in front of his face. It was completely unscathed and showed no signs of being burnt.

“Okay,” he said breathlessly.

Another spell came to mind and this time Marty stood up. He again held his hand up, palm facing away, and called the symbols into his mind. This one he had only used a few times in the comic and it took him a while before he felt he was remembering the symbols just right. Once he was confident he was recalling them perfectly he spoke.

“Hule.”

A small block of wood appeared in the air in front of him. He stared at it, completely dumbfounded over its sudden existence. Marty tilted his head and was startled as the wood

tilted on the exact same angle. He slowly tilted his head the other way and was equal parts amazed and terrified to find that the block mimicked him. As he studied it he realized that it appeared to be the same type of wood that the coffee table in his family's home had been made of.

As soon as he thought of that coffee table the block of wood began to vibrate. Marty stepped back fearfully as he watched it. It started to grow and shift, and within moments had taken on the warped appearance of a coffee table. It was bent, ugly, unfinished, and most unnervingly, still floating in the air in front of him, but there was no doubt that this was at least an attempted recreation of the coffee table from his family's home.

Marty cleared the thought of the table from his mind and immediately the table in front of

him disappeared, shifting back into the simple block of wood. He thought next of a sword and watched as the wood morphed into a bent, weak looking wooden sword. The tip had an unnatural, metallic looking quality to it that disturbed him. He pushed the spell symbols from his mind and the wood ceased to exist just as suddenly as it had appeared a minute earlier.

There was one more spell immediately in his mind but Marty hesitated to use it. The weighty truth of what was happening had crushed down upon him and he felt himself close to crumbling beneath it. He was in the middle of the woods, 150 miles from campus, trying out magic spells. The last twenty four hours of his life played out in his memory like some sort of a bad joke, like a comedic worst case scenario. Keiko showed up, then a maniac and his thugs tried to kill him, then he used magic to teleport himself to a

forest. Once he put it all together like that the thought of using one more spell didn't seem like a big deal.

Marty recalled these symbols easily. He had used this spell in a comic just the week before. He raised his hand and then spoke the word.

“Phonon.”

He stood, waiting for something to happen. After several silent moments he carefully looked at his hand, wondering why nothing had sprung forth. He pointed it again and spoke, louder this time.

“Phonon.”

Marty's voice boomed, magnified to a deafening intensity. He fell to his knees and cupped his ears.

“Ahhh,” he cried.

His cry echoed through the forest, sounding like the yell of a heavy metal front man

screaming out from the stage, a wall of speakers behind him. Marty quickly dismissed the symbols for this spell from his mind. His ears were ringing and he rubbed them, afraid to speak any more for fear that the spell was still active. After a moment he uttered a small sound and was relieved to find it spoken at a natural volume.

He was weaker now than he had been earlier and he felt that if he just lay in the grass and closed his eyes he could sleep for a week. But with the rain falling and the night growing colder that seemed like a plan well suited for getting hypothermia. Briefly the thought of using his fire spell to start a fire to warm himself entered his mind but Marty dismissed it quickly. Instead he climbed the grassy hill and started walking east alongside the road, back towards BSU.

His mind was troubled as he trudged along. He thought about the scrolls and the things they had just allowed him to do. Marty wondered if maybe he was unconscious and this was just a dream. Or if perhaps the spells were just in his mind and weren't really happening. Of course, that would mean that he had gone crazy at some point in the last few hours.



Created and Written by A.C. Hall

EPISODE TWO

ξεριζωμένος

(UPROOTED)

“Hey kid, we’re here.”

The husky, smoke battered voice pulled Marty from his fitful nap. He opened his eyes and saw that they were on the BSU campus. The sun was just now rising above the administration building. Marty looked over at Selma, the trucker who had seen him walking alongside the road last night and insisted that he let her give him a ride. As anxious as he was about the situation he knew he was never going to make it on his own and had reluctantly accepted.

“Thank you Selma,” Marty said as he opened the truck door.

“Stay safe kid!”

He hopped down to the ground and stepped away from the truck. He stretched, feeling achy and cramped after the events of the previous night. Marty was still exhausted too, having

only slept for twenty minutes or so in the truck. He knew he needed to go talk to the administration about his apartment but wanted to go survey the damage first.

Marty expected to find a massive amount of destruction but was surprised to see that only his unit had been affected by the blast from Sloan's spell. It seemed impossible to him, the level of energy that had been generated in the explosion was beyond anything Marty had ever dreamed could exist, and yet the rest of the apartments were completely untouched. His own unit was almost totally disintegrated, with only small traces of outside walls left standing.

Realizing that there was zero chance of recovering anything of value he made his way back across campus to the administration building. After standing in line for fifteen minutes it was finally his turn and he stepped up

to the desk. A middle aged woman with a perm and enough makeup for three people sat in front of him. Her elbows were on the desk and she was resting her head in her hands. Marty started to speak but then paused, thinking for a moment that she may be asleep. Finally she spoke.

“Help you?”

She hadn’t moved at all when she said it.

“My apartment exploded last night.”

She still didn’t budge.

“Name?”

“Marty Schultz.”

“Student ID?”

Marty pulled it from his wallet and held it out. She didn’t move so he instead placed it on the desk in front of her. After a long moment she reached down and picked it up. She studied it for some time before sighing heavily.

“Well, this is awkward,” she said.

“What is, ma’am?” Marty asked.

The woman ignored him. She turned in her chair and addressed someone else in the office.

“Maureen, do you have that notice of death form I sent through this morning?”

A woman who appeared to be at least 93 years old slowly looked over from another desk. She slowly got to her feet and then began to slowly shuffle towards them. Marty watched as she slowly navigated her way around a filing cabinet and then slowly turned before slowly resuming her slow approach. Finally she arrived.

“Maureen, this here is the boy who died in that gas line explosion on campus last night,” the first woman said.

Maureen slowly looked over at Marty. She slowly shook her head.

“My condolences,” Maureen said slowly.

“But I’m not dead, I’m right here.”

Maureen stood for a moment and then sighed.

“I’ll start the paperwork,” she said.

The ancient woman began the long trek back to her desk and Marty returned his attention to the other woman. She again looked to be asleep and it wasn’t until Marty cleared his throat that she looked up at him.

“There are some forms we’ll need you to fill out,” she said.

He waited while she fished around in her desk. She pulled out several sheets of paper and placed them in front of him. Loss of possessions forms, insurance claims, application for housing reassignment. It took him twenty minutes to fill them all out. He handed them back to the woman and then watched as she took them over to Maureen’s desk. The two had

what appeared to be a very slow conversation and after ten more minutes the woman returned and handed Marty an envelope.

“There’s a five hundred dollar gift certificate to the campus bookstore so you can replace your textbooks and supplies as well as a three hundred dollar prepaid credit card so you can go and get new clothes.”

Marty took the envelope and stood, waiting for her to tell him the location of his new apartment. After a moment she realized that he was still standing there.

“Help you?” she asked.

“Um, where am I supposed to live now?”

She sighed heavily before answering.

“Your housing application has been filed. We’re having issues getting students placed presently, so you’ll likely have a two to seven month wait time before hearing from us. Do

you have any friends you can stay with in the meantime?”

It was Marty's turn to sigh.

“Sort of,” he said, thinking of Ken.

He turned to walk away but the woman called out to him.

“Oh and Marty, don't be surprised if all of your professors think you're dead. It's going to take a while to get the attendance slips updated. Just tell them that you're alive and present and have them write that in the margin when taking attendance.”

Marty opened his mouth to voice his opinion on the ridiculousness of the whole situation but thought better of it. Instead he just turned and walked away. He thought about going to the bookstore but decided against it. The campus bookstore was perpetually busy, packed with so many students that it was nearly impossible to

get down the aisles and look for what you needed. Instead, Marty headed towards a nearby department store just off campus.

Three hours later Marty stood with a large duffel bag in his hand that now held his only possessions; some clothes, a few toiletries and a new notebook. He was in front of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity house. How Ken, a non-student or alumni of BSU, managed to maintain his residence in its most popular frat house was a mystery to Marty. But on several occasions Ken had invited Marty over to his room there, telling stories of how it was one of the largest in the frat.

Marty had intentionally avoided the fraternity lifestyle at college and wasn't sure what to expect as he stepped through the front door. Despite what he had thought he may or may not see, running straight into Keiko was

never even a consideration. But there she was, sitting in a large chair near the entryway, reading a book. The first floor was large and open and a group of several guys were huddled around a big screen television playing a football video game.

She hadn't noticed him yet and Marty took a step back, wondering if he could leave without being spotted. She looked up just as he started to turn around.

“Marty?”

He stopped, feeling stupid for getting caught. He slowly turned back towards her and offered an awkward wave. His eyes rested on her for a long moment, taking her in. He had missed seeing her, and both deeply hated and deeply loved getting to see her again.

“What are you doing here?” Keiko asked quietly.

She was looking down now, telling him that she was upset.

“There was a problem with my apartment. I came to see if I could stay with your brother for a little while.”

“Oh,” she said without looking up.

He watched her closely, unsure what he should do or say next. Part of him wanted to run upstairs, to be away from her immediately. Knowing she was around was hard; standing in front of her was soul crushing. Her jaw clenched and unclenched and he shifted his weight from foot to foot. Finally she looked up at him. It was clear she was trying to fight back tears.

“So this is where you’ve been?” she asked.

Marty nodded.

“Your parents think you took a job in Canada,” she said.

“I know. I told them that.”

She scoffed and looked back down, seeming more angry than hurt this time.

“At least you cared enough to tell them something.”

He tried to find words, any words at all, that might help her understand the situation. She gave him an angry look, waiting for a response. She seemed to sense that one wasn't coming and shook her head.

“I wasn't even worth a phone call? An email?” she asked. “I wasn't even worth at least lying to?”

Keiko's hard fought battle against the tears was lost as one escaped from her right eye. Marty watched it as it streaked down her smooth cheek and then dripped off onto her blue long sleeve shirt.

“Babe! Where you at?” a voice boomed out.

Marty turned to see a massive human being walking towards them. He had been one of the people in the living room playing video games. Marty pegged him at six feet, six inches and at least two hundred and thirty pounds. He had short blonde hair, a ridiculous blonde mustache, and generally looked as if he could crush Marty using just one hand.

Keiko quickly wiped her eyes and then stood up. Marty watched in horror as the man grabbed her and kissed her. He had never seen Keiko kiss another person. They had been together since first meeting in middle school. While he had always realized that after he left Florida she would eventually move on to someone else he had never entertained the terrible thought that he would be forced to witness it.

After a kiss that went on for far too long to be considered decent, at least in Marty's opinion, Keiko stepped away and motioned towards him.

"Brian, this is an old friend of mine from Winter Haven," she said.

"Hey there champ, give me a pound," Brian said, holding out his fist.

Marty stared at the outstretched fist, completely dumbfounded. After a moment he weakly banged his knuckles against Brian's.

"You transfer up from Florida State too?" Brian asked.

Marty just shook his head.

"Yeah, coach down there told me I was second string material so I said bunk to that, you know? I had an offer here to be the starting quarterback so Kelly and I transferred and now I'm ready for some BSU football!"

The guys gathered around the television all let out a howl and Marty learned that apparently BSU football ruled.

“Wait, who’s Kelly?” Marty asked.

Keiko’s cheeks flashed red. Brian put his massive arm around her and pulled her close.

“It was just hard for me to pronounce her other name, you know. Plus, she likes being Kelly a lot more, don’t ya babe?”

She let out a small laugh, thankful that Brian couldn’t see the horrified look on her face.

“Listen, the guys wanted to cruise over to Mitchell’s place before we hit practice. I told them that you and me had lunch plans but you know, I am the quarterback and I should probably go with them.”

Keiko shot Marty an embarrassed, angry look. He felt wrong for being there, like he was seeing something he was never supposed to

have seen. He took a step back, unsure of what to do.

“Okay,” Keiko answered.

“You’re the best babe,” Brian said, squeezing her before returning to the other room.

Marty and Keiko stood there for a long moment, each feeling awkward and embarrassed. Finally he broke the silence.

“So, you transferred because of that?”

He immediately regretted saying it. Despite his intentions it had come out sounding mean. Keiko shot him a withering glare and then reached down and picked up her book. She stormed past him, knocking into his shoulder as she went by.

“Keiko, I...”

She was out the door before he could finish. He had no clue what he was going to say,

anyways. He watched as she walked out into what had become a rainy afternoon. Once she disappeared from view he turned back around and spotted a staircase nearby. He walked up it and then down the second floor hallway, looking for the door with Ken's name on it. His was the last room on the left. It said "Kenshin" on the door and had a picture of a samurai. Marty knocked and the door swung open. It was dark inside. He stuck his head in and spoke.

"Ken? You here?"

He heard movement inside the room and stepped in. The room was a little larger than most dorm rooms but nowhere near the spacious master suite that Ken had proclaimed it to be. He could see that Ken was still in bed but had turned over.

"Marty?"

“Yeah, sorry to wake you up.”

“That’s okay. What time is it?”

“After lunch time.”

Ken groaned.

“It’s early,” he complained.

Marty closed the door behind him. Ken got out of bed and then stretched, letting out a long yawn as he did so.

“What’s going on Marty?”

“There was a problem at my apartment.”

“What sort of a problem?” Ken asked.

Not wanting to give any details Marty decided to keep it simple.

“It exploded.”

Ken nodded.

“Oh, awesome.”

After stretching again Ken flipped on the lights. It was then that he saw the duffel bag in Marty’s hand.

“Wait, were you wanting to stay with me?” he asked, a smile beginning to pull at the corners of his mouth.

“Well, yeah, as long as that’s okay. It’d just be for a little while.”

Ken’s smile was huge now.

“This is going to be so epic,” he announced. “What should we do first?”

There was a second bed in the room and Marty walked over to it and sat down. He placed his duffel bag in the floor.

“Actually, I haven’t slept much the past day and a half,” Marty said.

“Killer. I’d love a little more sleep myself,” Ken said, flicking the lights back off.

Marty laid down in the bed as Ken leapt back into his own.

“I really appreciate this Ken,” Marty said.

“No problem man, this is going to be awesome.”

Despite being so exhausted Marty found that he couldn't immediately fall asleep. He thought about Keiko. He was fine with her moving on, he was glad she had done so, but he just couldn't believe the guy she had ended up with. The more he thought about it the more it bothered him.

“Keiko was here,” Marty said.

After a moment Ken responded.

“Yeah, she's been around a lot.”

“With Brian the quarterback?” Marty asked.

Ken scoffed.

“Did you meet that guy? He called me champ. I hate when people call me champ.”

“I know, me too. It's stupid,” Marty responded.

“It really is,” Ken agreed.

After another stretch of silence Marty spoke again.

“Have you and Keiko worked anything out between you two?”

“No,” Ken answered. “What about you and her?”

“No.”

They both fell silent. His mind was still racing but the exhaustion finally overwhelmed him and Marty fell into a much needed sleep.

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A constant thumping noise pulled Marty from his deep slumber. He blinked several times, an odd feeling falling over him as he woke up in the unfamiliar room. He sat up and saw that Ken was gone. From the sounds of it

there was apparently a party going on downstairs in the frat.

Marty got out of bed and got some of his new clothes out of his duffel bag. Once he was dressed he opened the door and stepped out into the hallway. The music was much louder out here and Marty realized just how much he was going to hate living in a frat house.

As he started walking down the stairs he looked over the rail and saw someone standing alone in the corner of the room. Marty paused as he watched them. They were dressed in all black and had shoulder length black hair. The man raised a red cup to his lips and then pulled it back, a disgusted look on his face. He then glanced around nervously. There was no one else in the area, most people were either in the main room or outside. Once he seemed sure that no one was watching the man raised his

right hand and pointed it towards the cup. A small stream of ice shot from his hand and hit the cup.

Marty's eyes went wide. The fact that this person was casting a spell sent his heart racing in his chest. He had been struggling with the idea of the spells and on some level had started to believe that they had never actually happened. But this was confirmation. Here was someone who knew something about it and might help him instead of try to kill him.

Marty rushed down the stairs. Even over the loud music the man heard him coming and straightened up and gave him a nervous glance. Marty tried to act calm as he approached.

“Hi, I'm Marty.”

The man looked away, attempting to appear detached.

“Blake,” he said.

Marty took a deep breath, trying to figure out the right way to bring up the subject.

“I teleported,” Marty blurted out.

After taking a drink of his now ice cold beer Blake looked at him.

“Listen man, I don’t know what you’re on but just get out of my face, okay?”

Marty felt foolish but couldn’t stop now. This was the one person who may be able to help him.

“You just cast a spell,” Marty said.

Blake turned fully towards him now with a threatening look on his face.

“What the hell are you talking about?”

“Just now, you just now did it. You pointed your hand at the cup and ice shot out.”

“No I didn’t, you’re crazy.”

“Yes you did, and I’m not crazy. Magic’s real, I know it because someone used it to try to

kill me last night and I used it to escape from them.”

Blake was looking very uncomfortable now.

“I’m not trying to get you into any trouble, I’m not going to tell anyone anything about you,” Marty continued. “I just need a little help making sense of all of this.”

After draining the rest of his beer Blake took a step away.

“I’m not a charity worker.”

He started to walk off. Marty called out after him.

“One night I’m normal and the next I’m casting four different spells and you can’t even give me a minute of your time?”

Blake stopped suddenly. He turned around, a strange look on his face.

“You mean three spells. Not four,” Blake said.

Marty shook his head.

“No, it was four.”

Now seemingly interested, Blake walked back over.

“You’re sure?” Blake asked.

“Teleportation, fire, a... block of wood thing that changed shapes, and voice amplification,” Marty answered.

Blake thought for a moment before responding.

“You cast all of these last night for the first time?”

“I didn’t even know this stuff existed before then!”

The two stood in silence. A few students who were enjoying the party went running past. Blake appeared to be in deep thought.

“Is there any way you can help me with all of this?” Marty asked.

It took some time but finally Blake answered.

“There’s this guy, a business man, he helps people master their spells. He took me in when I first learned mine, helped me understand how to get the most out of it. He might be able to help you.”

Marty smiled, feeling relieved.

“That would be incredible. When can I meet him?”

Blake crumbled up his cup and threw it onto the floor.

“Let’s go over there now. I’ve got something I need to take to him anyways,” Blake said, remembering the jewels in his pocket.

Without waiting for an answer Blake began walking towards the front door. Marty followed behind him, excited over the idea of meeting

someone who could help him cope with these new and strange powers. It was lightly misting as they stepped outside. Marty saw Ken wobbling along on his bike in the distance. Ken noticed him and started the labored task of riding over without crashing.

“Hey, where you headed?” Ken asked once he had caught up to them.

“Piss off,” Blake responded.

Ken shot him a dirty look and then turned towards Marty.

“Who is this guy?”

Blake hadn't paused at all and Marty glanced at him nervously, not wanting to lose sight of him.

“Believe it or not he's helping me out with something. I'll be back in a little while.”

“Oh, well maybe I could tag along,” Ken said.

Blake heard his comment and turned around.

“You’re not invited.”

Even though it made him feel badly to do so, Marty stepped away from Ken.

“Sorry man, I don’t know what his problem is,” Marty said.

He waved goodbye to Ken and then jogged to catch up with Blake.

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At first Marty had thought they were going into a place called the Double S but Blake had walked past it to the next building. They walked up some stairs until they stood before a heavy metal door. Blake knocked on it then turned to Marty.

“Let me do the talking,” Blake instructed.

A moment later the heavy door swung open. An imposing man stood there. He gave Blake a dirty look and when he saw Marty standing there he shook his head.

“Come on, he’s with me,” Blake protested.

The man crossed his arms and again shook his head. Blake turned around.

“Just stay out here while I go make the introduction. I’ll be back out to grab you in a second.”

Marty nodded. Blake went inside and found that the large area looked much like it did every night. He saw Rain Man sitting nearby, in his usual spell casting trance. Blake walked over to him and shoved him hard, causing the rain to stop falling outside momentarily. Rain Man opened his eyes and glared at Blake.

“One of these days,” Rain Man threatened.

Blake flipped him off and then continued deeper into the room. He could see that Sloan was in the office area. Tasha was leaning over him, pointing to some papers on the desk. The man in the wheelchair was parked directly beside the desk. Blake had never heard the man's name but knew that Sloan always kept him near.

Once he was standing before the massive desk Blake cleared his throat.

“Your delivery is late,” Sloan said without looking up.

Blake pulled the bag of jewels out of his pocket and set them on the desk.

“I wasn't about to leave them with your receptionist last night. You really should set up a more secure way for us to drop stuff like this off.”

Sloan looked up now, fixing Blake with an intense stare. He reached across the desk and picked up the bag. He dumped the contents out in front of him and examined them. After sifting through them he gestured for Tasha to gather them up. Blake stood, waiting for something to be said, but Sloan had returned his attention to the document. After a few moments Blake cleared his throat again.

“Is there something else that you want?” Sloan asked, obviously annoyed.

“Yeah, I want a little responsibility around here. I’m sick of being a petty thief, I’ve got so much more to offer.”

Sloan laughed.

“Maybe if you brought me more than the bare minimum every time I’d think about it. I advance people who bring me more than what I ask for.”

That was the comment Blake had been waiting for. He stepped closer to the desk and placed his hands on it.

“What if I told you I brought you something far more valuable than jewels?”

This was enough to get Sloan to look up from the document.

“I’m listening.”

Blake had been waiting for this moment for some time and didn’t want to rush it.

“I want to be brought in. No more of the small time stuff,” Blake said.

It was clear that Sloan’s patience was wearing thin.

“Tell me what you have and I’ll consider it.”

“I’ve got a guy who can cast four spells.”

Sloan scoffed and looked back down at the document.

“That’s impossible. Most people can’t even cast three. Four’s never been done.”

“It has now. I’m telling you, this is someone you’re going to want to meet. He’s right outside,” Blake said.

If there was one thing that could get Sloan more interested than money it was someone with a powerful spell. He was gathering as many people with spells as he could, finding ways to get them indebted to him so that he could use them to help make himself more powerful. Blake knew that the possibility of someone who could cast four spells was going to be of great interest to the businessman.

Sloan sat back in his chair and stroked his chin.

“Fine. Bring him in,” he commanded.

“What about...” Blake began.

He was silenced by a raised finger from Sloan.

“If this person turns out to be capable of what you say he is, then you and I will have a conversation about your place here.”

Blake nodded and quickly walked back to the door.

“Sloan said to let him in,” he announced to the door man.

After pausing to give Blake an angry glare the man pulled the heavy door open. Marty tentatively stepped inside.

“Come on, he wants to meet you,” Blake told him.

The two walked back towards the office area. Marty was looking all around, astounded by the collection of so many people casting spells. The floating man from the night before was back and he was joined by an older woman

who had water gushing from her outstretched hand. Marty's attention remained focused elsewhere and he hadn't yet looked at the man sitting behind the desk they were approaching.

“Marty Schultz,” Blake announced loudly.
“I'd like to introduce you to Sloan Scott.”

END OF EPISODE 2

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