

TRAVELER

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Traveler

Violet glared at the two doors: one to the past and the other to the future. The old wizard warned her that either decision would cause a ripple effect on her life. She doesn't care what happens to her, because after losing her parents to a fire that she accidentally caused five years ago, she has no hope for the future. She came to terms with being irresponsible for practicing magic before the fire started. She pulled back her auburn hair, tightened her belt, and ensured she had her daggers. She closed her eyes, twirled around, and reached for a doorknob accepting whatever decision she picked.

She opened the door as a brisk wind pushed against her, and something bumped into her legs, causing her to lose balance. She tumbled through the door with her eyes closed, falling into the darkness. She slipped down a hillside, and racing paws barreled down at her from behind. Bart pounced on her stomach and licked her face once she stopped. After ruffling her dog's fur, he

raced away, running after the bird a few yards away. The rolling hills, landscape, barn, and old farmhouse are too familiar but different. Home.

It was not home like it was five years ago, but home before her father's accident, and the upkeep became more of a burden on her parents. Peering through the window's glass, she can see little Violet running around the living room with a pillowcase on her head, pretending she was a ghost. She laughed, knowing soon that little Violet would run into the coffee table, causing a scar above her left eyebrow. Bart raced towards the chicken house, barking. Crap. Violet runs after him, telling him to stop before her father comes outside with a gun.

"What are you doing on my farm?" her father asked, pointing a shotgun at her.

He walked out of the barn aiming at Bart as he raced around the chicken coop.

Click. Boom.

Violet screamed as the gun went off. She flicked her hand, creating a fireball that exploded the bullet. Bart raced towards her, scared, and she grabbed onto his collar.

"I am sorry, my dog means no harm. We were trav-

eling and got lost. We will be on our way," she said, pulling Bart with her.

"You need a leash on that collie. Let me get you a rope." He disappeared into the barn. He returned a few minutes later with a short rope and wrapped it around Bart's collar. "He should be easier to control now."

"Thank you. We will be going."

"Not with the weather coming in, potential downpours. Please join us. My wife is making dinner."

The dark Kansas skies are unpredictable in May. The wind has been picking up since Violet arrived. She checks her watch, unsure if she could hide out before being transported home.

Violet nods.

She enters the home, seeing the décor the same as the last time she lived there. The wallpaper still holds its vibrant colors. Little Violet raced towards Bart and hugged him. Violet smiles, seeing the bandage on her little self.

"My husband tells me you are traveling?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"He also said you were a witch."

"Well...I guess."

"Are you here for my daughter?"

"I was traveling and got lost," she lied. "Why would I be here for your daughter?"

"We will not give her up." Her mom grabbed little Violet and walked into the other room. "Do something with the witch!"

"Bart, I think we need to go."

"You are not going anywhere," her father said from behind her. "You know too much."

"I will agree that I know too much, but not what you think." She turns to face him. "Your daughter is not in harm's way and never will be, except when she starts to use magic. It would be best if she attended Mystified Academy. The teachers can help her control her magic, so nothing happens in the future."

"Nothing is going to happen."

"I am leaving now."

"Don't go!" Little Violet screamed.

Violet kneels beside her little self. "Remember, never practice magic in your bedroom or the house. That is against the rules."

"Okay."

"Now, run along and play." She smiled as her little self hugged her. She checked her watch, and she had less than 30 minutes before returning to her present

time. "I really must be going. Please remember, she is safe, and no one is coming for her. She does need help controlling her magic when she comes to age because sometimes terrible accidents happen."

"Wait!" her mom yelled as she carried a picture from the other room. "Look, she is family. She looks like my aunt, Angelic, that died when I was ten." She hands her husband the picture.

"I am not Angelic. We need to go before the rain comes."

Violet pulls Bart towards the front door.

"What is your name?" her mom asked. "Please, I know you are from the future. We have the right to know if something happens to our daughter."

Violet turned around, facing her parents.

"Your daughter grows up to make a difference in the magical world. You both will be proud of her and welcome grandkids into your home, as your mother did with you. Cherish every moment you have."

Violet steps onto the porch closing the front door. She looks down at Bart, who stares back at her. A flash of lighting collides with the railing, blinding her sight for a moment.

She opens her eyes, seeing the wizard standing before

her and Bart curled up at his feet.

"Welcome back, young apprentice. Did your journey go well?"

"Yes, I traveled—"

"Don't tell me. What may have been changed does not need to be known. Don't forget it's your parent's anniversary dinner tonight. I know your family will be happy to see you."

"Yes, thank you," she said excitedly. "I will return on Monday to continue our training. Come, Bart."

"Bart stays here, remember?"

"Yes, I mean, yes."

She walked out of the room, wondering what other changes had occurred since her return from the past.

THE END

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