

My jaw would've hit the floor if I wasn't still lying in my bed. Through my tired glazed eyes I saw, sitting on my polished wood bedside table, a shiny, black pebble with a long, beaded cord snaking around it. I knew that this tiny, eye-catching necklace was not a necklace at all; this was a magical pendant which would enhance my magical skills. It was also the item, that if owned, broke the second most important rule of the masterful art of magic – 'the usage or possession of magic enhancing item is prohibited.'

After I had broken out of my fearful trance, I leaped into action grabbing a T-shirt and shorts. I slipped on my shoes not bothering to tie the laces and ran for the front door in desperate hope that I would find the police or a police station; I should have been more careful what I wished for. Ten armoured officers along with two other shady figures that stood inside of the semicircle all place their eyes upon me.

'Harrison Benson, please place your hands above your head and prepare for arrest immediately', was the roar from the megaphone that greeted me, 'Prepare for arrest immediately'. My shouts and pleas for innocence were futile against the small but stubborn army, but the cloaked man on the right seemed to have had enough of my desperate efforts and raised his hand.

Instantaneous, a small rippling blob was raised out of the persons rubber satchel on his left hip and flew towards my mouth. My lips were violently clamped shut as my shouts turned to mumbles and the blob connected to its target. I was hauled into the back of a heavily armoured truck with handcuffs around my arms. Then, as the truck rumbled forward, I began to catch up on the sleep I lost this morning.

A blaring cry broke my ears. The siren would be loud enough to wake even the deepest of sleepers but I was awake from just the electronic crackle of the speakers in preparation to cause the pain to the ears it did. Groans from my surrounding cells snapped my out of my tired trance. I moved out of my slumped position on my prison bed and stumbled over to the transparent, glowing and impenetrable cell door. It vanished, pixelating for a tiny moment, and I stepped on to the contained concrete block I was trapped in.

I gazed angrily at the middle aged woman that stood in the podium of my small tiered prison. She called out – her voice sounded worse than the sirens that awoke me – and attempted to gather all of the prisoners onto the worn concrete floor. While at first defiant, all the blue and orange stripped inmates lumbered to the floor of the prison. The lady that had gathered the prisoners to the centre starred purposely at the certain prisoners who caused all the ruckus and soon the prison fell silent.

‘You are all here for various crimes but all of you have two things in common, you have a rare gift that allows you to use magic and help society, but you instead decided to break the simplest of laws and use your magic for evil!’ came the raspy roar from the lady standing on the podium. I recited the three laws in my head, ‘usage of magic in public without a permit is prohibited, the usage or possession of magic enhancing item is prohibited, the alteration of a humans body or mind with magic is prohibited’. I now knew that every person here was here for not just regular crimes. They had all broken the three laws that had been set by the government to keep us safe. They weren’t bad people, they just couldn't stop themselves from using their powers illegally and they were just in the wrong place at the wrong time.

I stood in line to get my first meal of the day. It was like a brunch, but brunch would be describing it too kindly. It was a slop of scrambled eggs today – still better than yesterday – but out of the hundreds of eggs that were thrown in to the filthy pot my serving seemed to have contained the most shells. Every bite hurt my gum and throat as I tried to chew and follow but my tongue was the thing that really suffered. I made a mental note to be grateful for any meal in my life that was made somewhere other than prison.

As I had scaped the last of my scraps into the bin, I stumbled through the crowd to find my way to the magic training grounds. This sounded like weird feature for a prison but it was meant to allow us to enhance our magic to help in the real world. I stepped inside of the light blue painted dome and cast my eyes over the strange equipment. Totem poles with strange sails, small targets painted blue and white, and strange boxes with equally strange objects inside. This small gym had everything he could need to enhance his magic powers and between 8 am and 6 pm. The walls were solid and the main prison would've looked like a cardboard box compared to the behemoth of a building.

'Are you going to start training,' came a voice from behind 'or are you going to sit there hoping you'll get better by staring'. I was suddenly snapped out my awe by two young magicians. 'We saw you came on the same bus as us' the left figure mentioned. He was a head taller than me and had a ghostly pale freckled face. Before I could reply the slightly shorter and tanner of the two exclaimed 'My name is Oscar and his name is Xavier, we are here for a little prank gone too far...' I was quick to greet them back explaining my strange incident.

After my new friends had explained their entire life story, we headed over to the strange exercise devices and showed off our magic. Xavier was keen to go first and jumped at the opportunity to show off his magical talents. 'I am a phaser or whatever but look!' The tall a skinny figure picked up an equally tall and skinny pole and slowly pushed it straight through the wooden board in front. I stood with my eye wide open as Xavier retrieved the metal pole with a smug grin on his face. 'Volia!' he said slurring the V to sound like a faint buzz.

When Xavier cast a look at Oscar, and the shorter of the friends effortlessly launched himself onto his feet. 'While I may not have a rare physics bending ability like you Xave, my magical alteration is just as cool'. His arm shot out of their sockets fluidly as his arm rocketed around the wooden board. Oscar caught his hand and tied an imaginary knot. He let go. The arm sprung like a rubber band and flew back to its original position like nothing had ever happened. 'Ok Harry, Your turn' came the excited voice of Xavier. I stood up.

I attempted to throw a few bursts of air at my targets. The bursts of air were more like gentle breezes and my aim was completely off centred; It was still enough to impress my friends. 'you're an elementalist?!' Xavier exclaimed. He and his friends eyes were wide open and their jaws nearly hit the ground. Wind elementalising was common but the rarity of being an elementalist itself was enough to shock my friends. 'Although I'm shocked by the fact that you're an elementalist,' Said Oscar with a growing grin on his face, 'I'm even more shocked by your bad technique, but I can fix that'. Oscar gave me a pat on the back and mentioned, 'I think I can get you to being a wind master by the end of your sentence.' I came to the excited realisation that Oscar

knew how to train me and that I could learn how to develop powers to be stronger and more useful.

I spent my next few weeks training with my friends. Oscar only knew a bit from a show his younger brother used to watch, but it was still so useful to the point where I could use my magic to regularly help me. We did some drills where I lifted boxes, spun fans and manipulated objects like with telekinesis by shifting the wind around it. Although I was still trapped, my success really made me feel happy once again.

I woke up once again to the terrible siren. It was all routine, get to the podium, listen to a pointless speech, breakfast next and finally I got to head to the training dome. As I shook the metal door handle, I read the sign stating, 'out of order'. I was shocked and realised that this would mean I had a day to burn. So, I decided to explore the prison. I had been there for weeks but there was still so much prison to explore. I started my short journey by going down a long hallway near the cafeteria. Pannels of glass next to metal doors lined the short concrete hall. I decided they would be offices and began to head out. A small sheet of paper caught my eye. It was in the third office along and the sheet of paper was mostly covered by a yellow file. But on the edge of the paper were the only words I needed to see; Harrison Benson.

I immediately stopped and began to wonder what it could be. I gave in to my curiosity. I made an attempt to recall my practice and began making a swirling motion with my hands. Small items in the room began to raise and fall in the slightest amount. Now I was in position. I pulled both hands towards me and in a skilful effort I managed to pin the small sheet of paper against the window. My jaw hit the ground as I read through the file on myself.

The start of it was a normal as a prisoners file gets, name, crime, identities and other classifications. The last eighth of the paper was what horrified me. 'True crime: false', was what was written on the bottom of the sheet of paper. The government knew I was falsely accused. So why would they keep me imprisoned. The answer struck me in the face hard as my eyes flicked to the middle of the paper. 'Designated work area: powerplant'. I was horrified and I realised the truth. The government were using magicians as slaves.

I had gone to bed ready to use the mass gathering of people to tell everyone the truth. I never got the chance. I awoke to the noise of my door vanishing as two government officials walked into my room. All I remember was the dart slotting into my neck, then I was out cold.

I awoke in a much roomier cell with a toilet, a drinking fountain, and even a bigger bed. But there was someone standing at the front. 'Welcome to your new cell' He announced, 'You are now a worker for society!' I looked around confused. Then I realised the sad truth. I was too late. I would be stuck working here for the next ten years and there was no escape. 'Don't look so down about it, this is a new way for you to help society!' mentioned the exited man. 'Your job is to keep the reactor cool with your wind powers, understand.' I nodded. This was the end for me.

I walked off my job miserably at the end of the day. I was already sick of this, and I knew I had to fix it. And in my sad working hours I had figured out a way to escape. The next day I would let my small area of the reactor explode. I would use wind to channel to power towards a wall and then make a small tunnel to escape. Finally, I would find my brother and make him hack all the bill boards and

launch a rebellion. My plan was simple but the application of it would be mission impossible.

I awoke the next day with hope, hope to fix the world. I scoffed down my breakfast and headed towards the powerplant. It was a depressing as normal with no greetings or acknowledgement I existed. This is exactly what I wanted. I strode to my upper floor area and began to work as normal. I kept doing my depressing job on blowing on some hot water to generate power until it was finally 12:35. It was fifteen minutes after lunch so I knew everyone would be hard at work. That's when I struck. I cast a spear of air at the pipe that would have millions of joules of energy running through it right now. I heard a small crack, and then a roar. A boiling fog was sprayed out of the pipe, and I made a column of wind to direct it at the wall. There were a few sudden cracks and then the concrete wall gave way and gave me an exit. I leaped down to the ground slowing myself with wind and began to run to 13 knights street; my brothers house.

I was panting after my long run, but I finally made it to my brother's house. I saw his faint silhouette in his office window. I tapped my knuckles against the door. The door quickly opened, and I saw my wide eyed jaw dropped brother. 'Listen' I said, 'The government is using magicians as slaves, and I want you to let the public know. Hack billboards, change ads I don't care, just tell the public!' My older brothers face started in a state of shock and grew to be a discontent grin. 'I knew that little Harry,' he said with a certain cruelty about his voice, 'I am now part of the government and you, you belong in prison!' His face became red and he was about to start up again but I cut him off. 'I actually don't belong in prison my brother as it was you that placed that magical pendant on my bed side table!' My brothers grin shifted

again to a look of minor awe. 'You were smarter than I expected, but not smart enough to beat me!'

I heard two bangs. But my brother did not realise how much I had grown. I thrust my hand backwards and created a barrier of air. The bullets were useless. The two men dressed in black backed away. I didn't let them escape. I cast a burst of wind around me and knocked everyone out cold. I was stronger and I knew it. I gazed down upon my brother and