

The Magic Glue

By Taylor A.

“Oh, that stupid ad about magic glue, magic is not real,” Jimmy grunted.

“Well I don’t think so. I think it’s cute, and he’s just trying to make a living,” Jimmy’s mom said, as Jimmy’s sister (Crystal) sat in silence arguing with them in her head. “I believe magic is real,” she thought, “I believe it’s not fake.” Crystal, working on her homework and mom and Jimmy arguing while he did this, and she did that. That’s how their home was, never quiet, always argumentative.

The next day was a Saturday. Crystal woke up early, got dressed, and had breakfast. She immediately went to the rundown store with no customers. “May I have one bottle of Magic Glue please?” asked Crystal.

“You, want, our magic glue?!” asked the cashier.

“Why of course!” said Crystal excitedly, “doesn’t everybody buy it?”

“No, you’re our first customer!” the cashier explained, “Come with me, I want you to meet someone. This is Frank. Frank this is...”

“Crystal!” replied the curious girl.

“You bought magic glue! Come child, let me hear your thoughts. Aaahh, you believe in magic,” said Frank.

“Yes, but how did you know that?” questioned the girl.

“Magic!” replied the crazy guy, “Now tell me, are you brave, smart, and kind hearted? Ready to do a magical mission, because I’ve looked for someone like you for a long time.”

“Yes, at least I think so,” replied the girl.

“Good! My mother is wounded, and I know where the antidote’s ingredients are, but I am too weak and everyone is too greedy and wants to use it on themselves,” said Frank.

“Of course! What do I have to do?” said the girl.

“First you have to go to the troll bridge and ask the troll, nicely, to give him some of your earwax,” Frank went on, “Next you’re going to slay the dragon and take some slime from the egg at the top of the tower. Then you’re going to go to Mount Everest and solve an eagle’s riddle and crush an ice crystal to liquid and bring everything back here with this orb. It can only be used once so choose wisely.”

“I’m ready,” said the girl. She took the orb and set off. First was the troll bridge. She walked up to the bridge and the troll walked up to Crystal. “May I have some of your earwax?” asked Crystal.

“Sure, since you asked so nicely,” said the kind troll. She took it and crossed the bridge.

Just then, Snort! “What was that?” Crystal questioned as she turned to look, but nothing was there. Suddenly, Whoosh! Crystal looked up and whipped her head, not even realizing, she was burning up. Without warning, Bam! The ground shook, Crystal’s eyes popped out of her head and she slowly turned around. Her heart was beating faster than an arrow trying to reach its target. What could it be? Could it be the dragon? It was the most giant thing on earth, with red scales and a deep breath. It was the scariest thing she had ever seen. She tried to grab her sword, but she was frozen, and nothing moved only the air from the beast’s

nostrils. She looked into the dragon's eyes and then threw her sword into the lake to show that she was no harm and the fearsome dragon talked in the deepest voice. But something was strange, it was like they had known each other for the longest time. She had the kindest ways of talking to her like she was her own. She said, "You seek my baby eggs slime." "Yes ma'am," stuttered Crystal. "You may get a bottle, but you must be on your journey," said the kind beast.

"Thank you kindly," said Crystal. She climbed up each step. She reached the top, taking out a bottle. She popped off the cap and put the bottle against the egg. A droplet of slime came rushing down the bottle. She closed the bottle. "Whoosh! Hop on my back, I'll give you a ride," said the dragon.

"I thank you again. Take me to Mount Everest," replied Crystal. They arrived at the tip top. The dragon made a warm spot to land and left Crystal on the rocky mountain. The eagle landed on a branch next to Crystal. "Who goes there?" squawked the eagle.

"I've come for the crystal," replied the girl.

"You have to solve my riddle. What flies when it's born, lays when it's alive, and runs when it's dead?" asked the eagle.

"Is it a snowflake?" replied the girl.

"Correct! You may get it," squawked the eagle. Crystal walked up to the diamond and crushed it into oblivion. She put the smashed rock into a jar.

She took the orb and wished to go back home. Poof! She arrived at the rundown store with no customers. "I have the ingredients," said Crystal.

"Quick give it to her," replied Frank.

She gave her the medicine. There was no sign of her waking up. She realized it didn't have enough magic, so she began searching. She remembered the magic glue and squeezed it into the mix. She drank the magical liquid. She woke up and thanked Crystal for everything, "From here on out, call me Agitha."