

Last Chance

By Luke

Omar spluttered ash and smoke, he looked up, dust thick in his eyes and reached up his arm and unclenched his fist and muttered the incantation, "Barst- bars- barsta!"

A small puff of smoke escaped the palm of his fist, before he collapsed the surrounding flames closed in licking the ground behind them. Beautiful but dangerous hues of fire yellow, orange and gold swallowed him.

Piercing streams of light slid through his shut eyelids making him jump up gasping for clean fresh air, he looked around frantic his hand raised in a casting position.

"Arr-" He felt himself start to rotate round as a stern woman with sharp crescent moon glasses telekinetically forced him to look at her in the eyes, a dark chestnut, she had thick eyeshadow and a cheap tacky red lipstick that the odour of wanted to make Omar puke. The tester spoke in a high shrill voice like that of a harpy, one that betrayed her wrinkles.

"One more fail of the test and you will be kicked out of the school, a test that all others in your rank has passed, so either you are failing on purpose or you're just incredibly stupid, which ever it is I don't care, but what I do care about is that you get your stuff together, but I digress, get some sleep and try again in the morning."

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He rested his hand on the cold brass doorhandle, he wondered if his roommate was in another boy in the Ice Element, he had no clue of his name and he hadn't tried to learn since he knew it wouldn't last long but he did feel a bit bad since the kid did seem nice enough.

The door almost flew open to his touch as he walked through the door onto the old sun-bleached carpet of the room. As his feet sunk into the carpet, he held his hand out slamming the door shut mentally. He dragged his feet to his bed wanting to collapse with the weight of tiredness but also the realisation that tomorrow would be his last chance and that thought would be the thought to bring him in to a turbulent slumber.

As his eyes fluttered open to see the ice boy shaking him awake, a thick cast of strawberry blonde hair cascading down his face adorning pale freckles. "You have to face that -uhhh fyre witch right," the boy said in a thick accent completely butchering the word fire. "You are in the Fyre Element, right?"

Shellshocked and groggy Omar replied, "Umm- yeah."

"Well, you've bettar get on with it then 'aven't you."

Climbing out of bed he uttered another incantation, "Solium."

As soon as the words left his mouth, he felt a familiar heat as a ball of bright fire flared into life blazing beside his head. With the light illuminating the room, the other boy scarpered out of the room waving as he left. Staring at the door he willed it to fling open and almost on command it swung almost off its hinges and as he walked over to the doorway, he sighed a wary worn sentence, "Last chance."