

NARRATORS 1 2 3 4 TROLL COMMANDER SORCERER

Chapter Five

The Sorcerer's Revenge

NARRATOR 1: At the same time that the girls were getting to know the fairy folk children at the school, the Commander of the Palace Guard was pounding on the door of the Sorcerer's mansion. He was obviously upset and impatient, waiting for the door to be opened.

NARRATOR 2: The Commander of the Palace Guard was tall and lanky, with a pinched face and large eyebrows that grew up and out above his brow like a manta ray. His face was beet red as he paced back and forth, waiting for the Sorcerer.

NARRATOR 3: After what seemed to the Commander like an hour, but was really more like three minutes, the ornate brass handle on the huge wooden door began to turn.

NARRATOR 4: The Commander stopped pacing and stood up straight. Slowly, the door creaked open, and a troll servant stuck his head out and looked up at the Commander.

TROLL: May I help you?

COMMANDER: (*demanding impatiently*) I want to see the Sorcerer.

NARRATOR 1: The troll responded with as much dignity as he could muster

TROLL: The Sorcerer is in his laboratory at this time. You will have to wait in the parlor for an audience with the Sorcerer.

NARRATOR 2: All the trolls knew the Commander of the Palace Guard was against all the Magna Carta business and had no use for the reforms King Sebastian had insisted on.

COMMANDER: (*scowling angrily*). How long must I wait?

TROLL: That is up to the Sorcerer, sir. I will tell him you are here.

NARRATOR 3: With that, the troll opened the door wider for the Commander to enter. The Commander stomped across the threshold of the mansion, then stopped and stared.

NARRATOR 4: He had never been in the mansion before; actually, very few fairies had ever been inside the Sorcerer's mansion. The Sorcerer pretty much stayed to himself, except when he was called to the Crystal Palace for consultation with the King or the Council. That rarely happened anymore.

NARRATOR 1: The Commander's anger was quickly replaced with fear. The Sorcerer was the most powerful wizard in Fairyland. He knew he would be at the Sorcerer's mercy.

NARRATOR 2: The entry hall of the mansion reinforced his fear. The room was dark, with only candles on the walls for light, which flickered making spooky shadows on the walls. A large winding staircase curved up along the wall, and a huge candle-lit candelabra hung from the two-story high ceiling.

NARRATOR 3: The troll led the Commander into the adjacent parlor, where several purple, velvet-tufted sofas were arranged around a large cobblestone fireplace. Above the fireplace hung two metal battle axes, one positioned to rest across the other, making an X.

NARRATOR 4: The Commander sat down on one of the sofas and removed his plumed hat, fiddling with it on his lap nervously as he waited for the Sorcerer to summon him.

NARRATOR 1: Meanwhile, the Sorcerer was concentrating on adjusting the recipe for the magic potion he was mixing in the glass tube above the flame on his lab table. The potion bubbled and frothed, and steam rose up into the air.

NARRATOR 2: The Sorcerer's tall, thin body bent over the lab table. He wore a long purple robe with golden stars on it that matched his tall, pointed wizard's hat. His long, graying beard fell nearly to the stone floor of the laboratory. A swirl of sparkles surrounded him, as he stared into the potion, observing the chemical reaction to the chopped cockroach shells he had just added.

NARRATOR 3: The troll knocked on the door, and the Sorcerer summoned the troll to enter. The little troll had to reach up to turn the door knob, but was soon standing inside the laboratory, the only one besides the Sorcerer allowed to do so.

SORCERER: (*annoyed*) What is so important that you would bother me in my laboratory?

TROLL: The Commander of the Palace Guard has come for an audience with you, Sir. He is waiting in the parlor.

SORCERER: What does he want?

TROLL: I don't know, Sir, but he seems very angry..

SORCERER: Well, I've been interrupted already, so I may as well go see what is on his mind.

NARRATOR 4: The troll opened the door for the Sorcerer to pass through. The Sorcerer strode up the curving staircase to the main floor of the mansion. As he swept into the parlor, the Commander jumped up to face him.

SORCERER: (*graciously*) Good evening, Commander. To what do I owe this visit today?

COMMANDER: Sorcerer, Sir...have you heard? Those meddling human girls have returned. Who knows what folly they will bring to Fairyland, with their human ideas of equality and fairness?

NARRATOR 1: The Commander had never forgiven the girls for upsetting their kingdom with that Magna Carta nonsense, nor the fairy Princess Giana for turning his royal guard into rats, scurrying along the cobblestones in front of the town's fairies. What fools they had seemed.

SORCERER: Well, calm down, Commander. The Magna Carta has not hurt the kingdom, but it is true, the king was so taken with those girls that he rarely calls for my advice anymore. I, too, am not happy to have

COMMANDER: What can we do about it, Sir? Can't you just use your magic to send them away?"

SORCERER: The king wouldn't like my butting in that way.

NARRATOR 2: He paused and tapped his long, boney finger against his chin.

SORCERER: Hmmmm, let me think...how to humiliate those girls before the king, so the king will want to send them back? Without his knowing that it was my doing, of course.

NARRATOR 3: A sly grin crept across the Sorcerer's face.

NARRATOR 4: The Commander smiled. He knew the Sorcerer would find a way to punish those girls for the problems they brought. They would soon pay for meddling in Fairyland.

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