

ENGLISH: AREA OF STUDY: BELONGING

Belonging – Creative Writing: Real Magic

Growing up was profusely difficult. It wasn't that I didn't want to belong but my obscure interests and passions made acceptance complex, like trying to find a needle in a haystack. I've had a fertile imagination for as long as I could remember, but when the other kids started growing up I was left behind in a world of persistent 'phantasma'.

For a little over 10 years now I have been practicing magic, luckily my 'rents supported my interests. They permitted me to convert the garage into a makeshift studio where a stage and chairs lingered for my steadfast audience that attended my monthly shows. Due to the effervescent nature of my sister those lone chairs were always full...she had no dilemma whipping up a crowd of ten or so.

Not all of it was fun and games, you know. Developing my unparalleled skills was somewhat like a chore, my routine never changed; woke up early Saturday morning; grab a quick meal only then to immerse myself into magic to return maybe twice a day for a snack. The isolation really got me; it labeled me as a social outcast like I was a leper in a parallel world.

But now it was time to step outside my sanctuary; my garage the only place that brought out the real me. During the past year, a magic guru took me on as his apprentice with fine others, the tireless hours drained my energy but shifted me closer to my dream. I still remember the soft tranquility of his voice like the ocean gently smacking the shore; 'no one belongs here more than you' he would always remind me. Anyway today we'd have to prove ourselves worthy of the opportunity as only one of us would be chosen to continue our thorough study.

At times though I rejoiced the difference and acknowledged it as a gift as no one else I knew utilised magic. Magic was utterly unique; the intricate tricks were one thing, but communicating the value of magic was a trick in itself, in fact it was the hardest trick of all.

Complete emotion seeped through my veins as I felt myself hovering on the brink of one world about to tread into another, like I was wedged in between. The crowd cheering us on at the Town Hall was larger than what I was used to. As I scanned my eyes around the room like a lighthouse beaming its light across the ocean, they came to rest upon an individual unlike others. With scruffy black hair and an intense fixed expression you could almost call a snarl.

Real magicians depend and feed upon their supporting audience that's why I was delighted Raul had come along because I thrived for a challenge and by his expression it was quite apparent he could enlighten me more than what I can demonstrate to him.

During my performance, my eyes kept falling upon Raul as he positioned his chin in his hands and watched my work unblinkingly, like a statue. I managed to take a deep breath before I defiantly requested the crowd if they believed in magic. Although everyone bellowed and stamped their affirmation, it was Raul who maintained his rigid position.

I needed a volunteer; as I pretended to quickly scan over various heads my eyes were firmly locked on Raul's. At first he seemed quite reluctant to join me on stage but the cheering from the crowd almost ejected him from his seat. As he landed by my side, he diligently assured me that he belonged to the world of reality. But I reassured him that reality is merely a matter of perspective and in order to prove it, I'll make the audience disappear. As confusion grew upon his face, I encouraged him to jump into the colossal box of water. Raul was undeniably courageous I thought as he mounted up the ladder and plunged feet first into the box. It was that moment when my wand swirled like a cyclone and landed graciously on the box as I whispered 'Wingardium Leviosa'.

Raul emerged a minute later completely dry except for a few wisps of hair at the peak of his scruffy hair; for that I received a standing ovation. With bitter dismay, he announced that the audience disappeared whilst he was enclosed in the box. “And that folks was REAL magic, you see, we constantly belong even when we are not belonging; even when we take the step and penetrate the realm of magic we forget about the outside world...and when we return to reality, those who are waiting are prepared to greet us”

Although I won the competition my greatest realisation of all was that even though my world is bizarre and obscure, this was where my heart calls home and that whenever I experience a sense of isolation and alienation, I immediately remind myself that I'm never lost or baffled because the audience is with me, waiting just outside for me to raise the curtains.