

Magic in the Bones.

Chapter 1: Waste of space.

I've always loved the guitar. The simple melodies and captivating songs distract me for hours.

My grandpa always spent the afternoons teaching me how to play.

He was a sweet man, nothing like his son. He showed me songs and, at some point, we started making our own.

"Long Gone Farm" was a classic. Everyone in camp loved it. And I don't think I'll forget him ever again. I always miss him.

"Banduul," my father said. "Get out. Now."

"I don't have any reason to do that, Pa," I say, gripping the guitar harder. "There ain't no reason for me to leave. Everyone would be devastated!"

"You lying bastard!" He screams. "You make our clan look like a joke! Reckless behaviors and stupid stunts have been hindering our reputation for years! This was just the last straw."

The last straw, heh. He's been saying that for years but never did anything.

"Ever since you were born," he said. "You were a thorn in my side. Your mother may have kept you, but I disregarded you as my son ever since you started walking. A waste of space."

"Your bags are waiting for you at the entrance," Banduul's father says as he drags him through the camp.

Scorched tents, broken huts, and a hole where the wall should be. He looks at me, "This mess you've made has passed everything you've done. Crossed a line that should've never even been drawn."

As father throws me to the ground, I catch a glimpse of him one last time.

"Go," he says, hiding his seething anger. "And never come back. Be proud. Be proud that your mother isn't here. If she was, she'd kill herself with disappointment."

The huge wooden doors slam shut. And the guards at the top look at me, before receding back into the camp.

“Yeah old man?” I yell. “Well, you’ll see you old bastard! I’ll come back! With a clan even stronger than yours! And you’ll see how much of a threat I am!”

I’m always grateful for the fact that the doors were closed. Because if they weren’t, he would’ve seen me shed a tear. And I can’t show that weakness now. Not anymore.