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The Chyron Academy Chronicles: Gideon Castor

by Madison McLeod

Today was not the day that he was going to die, especially not at the hands of those flower-pattern-wearing crones. They’d shown up at his doorstep demanding he come with them and, after his refusal, had been chasing him for days.

He was getting really sick of their cackling and wheezing coughs. He’d managed to squeeze his way into a full diner by pretending to be a part of the family in front of him and he hoped it’d afford him a little peace.

There’s no way they’d attack him in a diner full of people, or at least they’d never attempted it before. He managed to grab an empty seat at the bar and order some strawberry-banana pancakes with the little money he had left. They were incredible, he’d been surviving on Special-K bars and Caprisuns for far too long. They tasted like buttery, golden brown deliciousness and as he reached for more syrup, he smelt that awful, over-powering flowery perfume and knew to duck. He crawled his way to the end of the bar and squeezed through the kitchen door.

As soon as he could get to his feet, he spotted the back door, slammed through it and ran. It was only as he sped towards her that he noticed evil old woman number 2, which he’d named Doris, holding a trash can lid in her hands. The last thing he saw was it heading towards his fore-head.

When he came to he realized three things; one, that he was in a very comfortable bed; two, that he still smelt that awful flowery perfume; three, that he was pretty sure Doris was whispering about him to a man who looked like a mix between a mad scientist and a sweaty high school history teacher.

“I’m sure it’s him, Gerald. Do you doubt my abilities?”

“Of course not, Phyllis.” She turned towards his bed.

“He’s up now. Come along Gideon. Time for your entrance exam,” she said.

“My what?” said Gideon as he opened his eyes.

“Your entrance exam.”

“Where am I?”

“You’re currently in the infirmary of Chyron Academy. I think it’s time we found out whether or not you’ll be staying with us.” She motioned towards him with her withered hand and pointed towards a door at the far end of the room. “Go through that door when you’ve dressed. Instructions will be delivered when you get there. Good luck,” said Phyllis, and with one last glance at him she left through the door opposite the one she had mentioned. [IM]