

## WAYNE

Question. Hypothetical. What if I don't have enough of a personality for the magic talking hat to sort me? Like...how much authority does this hat really have? Never mind. ...This place is crazy huh? I never thought I'd go to school in a castle. Pretty cool. I've never really liked school. People were mean. To me. I'm talking too much. You probably have all your own nervous thoughts going on...Can I tell you something? I think I might be...special? I watch a lot of movies and read a lot of books, and it's like: *a normal boy finds out he actually has amazing abilities and is swept away to a new, magical world?* Does that sound familiar? Because that is now my ACTUAL life. And THAT kid, through some incredible circumstances always becomes like *the* most important person. Like in the whole world. A sort of...Chosen One. AHH! Magic is real, and this orphaned boy wizard is ready for seven years of amazing adventures!

## MEGAN

I never wanted to be a Puff. Every member of my family? Puffs. We're like THE Puff family. But I've always known that I was different. There's nothing even special about Puffs. Loyalty? Being really nice? A bunch of lame, awful failures doomed to be stupid walking personality-less nobodies that no one will ever care about ever? Ugh. My mom was a Puff. But she was different. She became something bigger. She made the name Jones finally mean something other than a bunch of...*Puffs*. I thought...I knew...I would be different too. But...after all my hard work to make myself not a Puff, what do you know? The hat puts me with the Puffs. I did everything, I mean, I even changed my accent just so I wouldn't sound like my Puff family. It's not fair.

## LEANNE

No! I don't want to leave. Why is everyone so down on us? I won't stand for it anymore! And I won't sit for it either. And I also won't stand on one leg because I can't. Watch. (She tries and fails to stand on one leg) Anyways. Look at your hand! You have a wand! ...Unless you looked at your other hand. Look at yourselves! Hannah. You used to be so awkward. And you still are, but we don't mind anymore! Who's that? It's Ernie Mac. And he is basically the best. And Sally. Remember that time you did that thing? It was amazing! Susie! We all thought you'd be dead by now. But look at you, standing there, alive. Wayne. You give the best hugs. Megan! You give better hugs than you think you do. And J. Finch. He's imaginary, AND HE CAN DO MAGIC! We all can. We're wizards. So, sure. It would be easy to leave. But wouldn't it be wrong? We should do what's right. Like Cedric. I'm a Puff and I'm staying, because if we don't fight now we may never find out how that hat talks!

## NARRATOR 1

Heroes. Made. Not born. Except, sometimes...they are born. On a gloomy night, in a far away, magical land called: England. Ah! A giant! Aw, a baby. His parents: dead. But he lives. He is the boy who lives. He has a scar. On his forehead. Shaped like...you know. You get it? You are familiar with this boy? Well. Forget about him. This story is not about him. Ah! Another orphan. His parents: also dead. Killed in a freak chocolate frog accident. Please, don't ask. This boy is whisked away to live with his uncle in the even more magical land of Cattlepoke Springs, New Mexico. Where...the boy grows up. And up until a few weeks ago, this now eleven-year-old boy had only the regular problems of a child in 1991. And before he knew it, after a confusing train station experience...Wayne found himself at the gates of a certain school of female magic and male magic. Where he would spend the next seven years. Tonight! We will be taking an incredibly in-depth look at those seven years. Over the next five hours split into two parts – ...What?! 110-ish minutes? Oh. Tonight! We will take...a look at those seven years. Seven years that were, in one word, eventful. It begins as these stories tend to begin...WITH A SORTING!

## NARRATOR 2

And that is how Wayne Hopkins, student, died. You probably know the rest of the story. The “boy who lived” lived again. He vanquished evil...But now...you know a slightly different story. The Story of the Puffs. You know, I think eventually we all find that little part of us. The Puff. Maybe it’s there in the moments where you lose your keys. Or momentarily forget how old you are. Or maybe it’s that part of you that works hard, the part that remains loyal and true despite whatever terrifying monsters are thrown your way. The part that plays fair, even when life is anything but. Maybe that’s a Puff there. Now, one last question. Where do I fit in to all of this? You’ll get that answer in our obligatory segment: NINETEEN YEARS LATER!