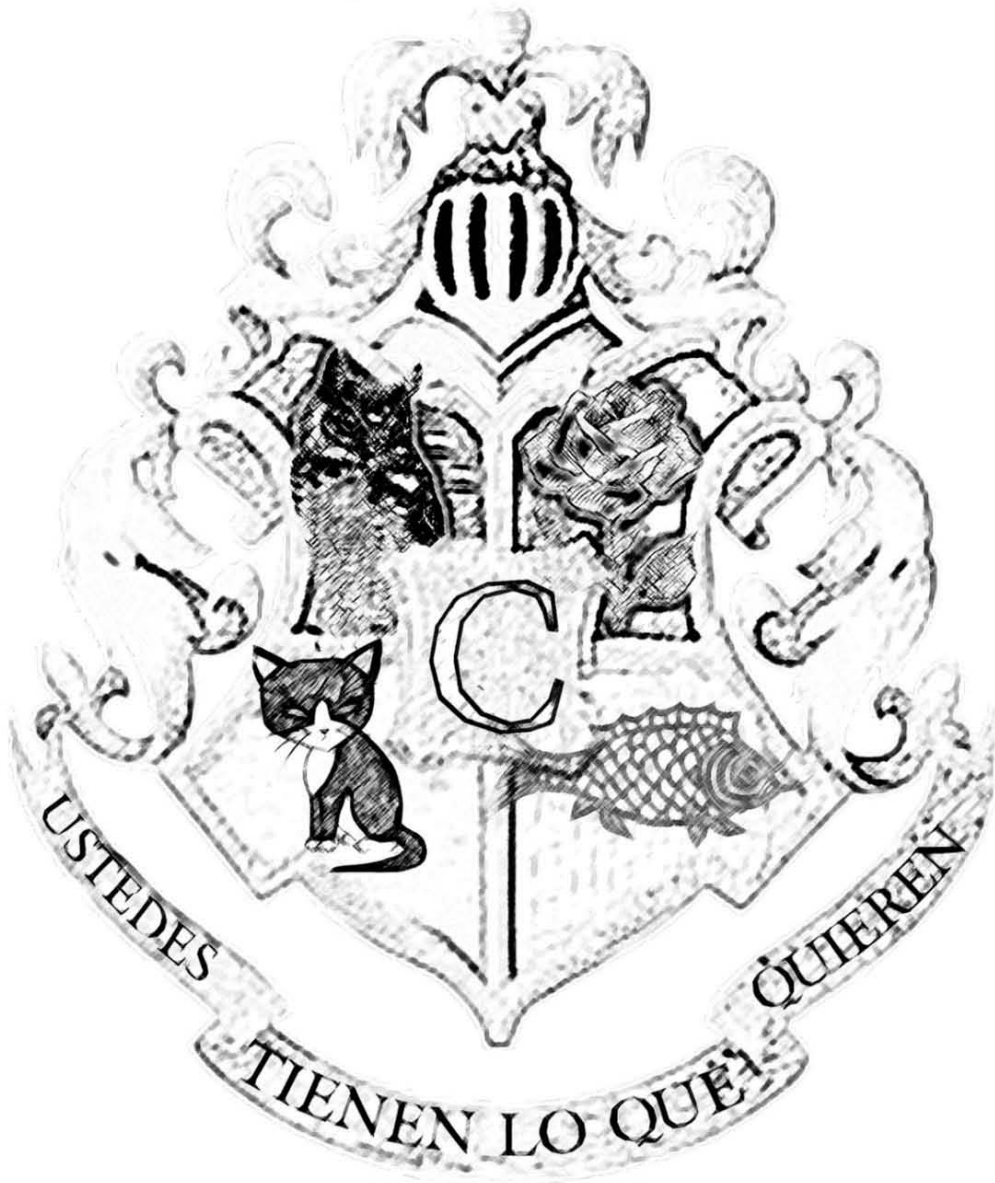


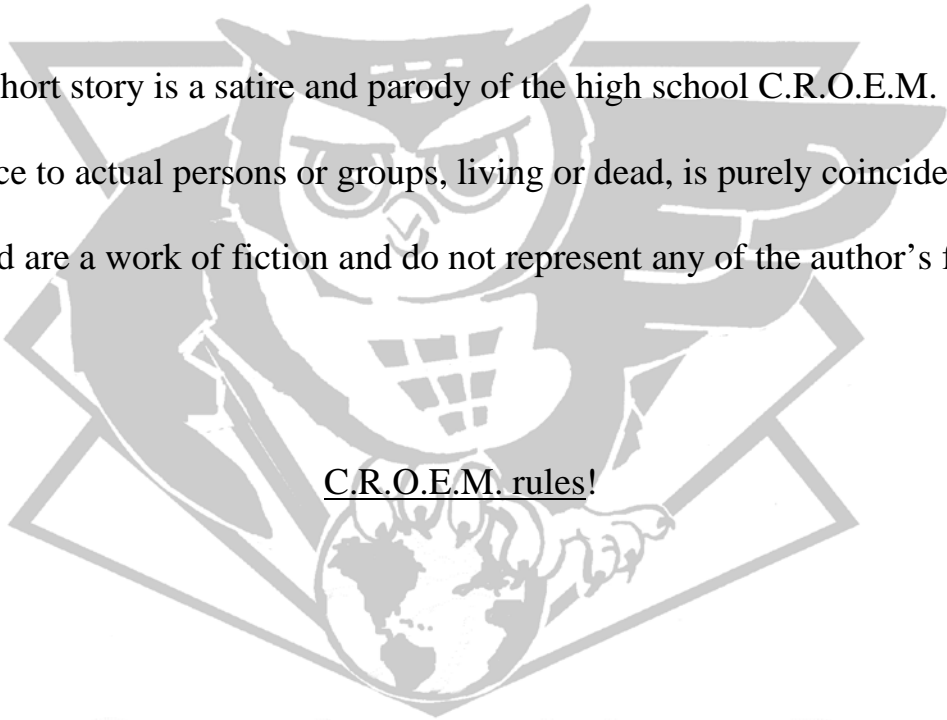
Caleb Potter

written by E.J. Aquino

& edited by: A.Y. Cortés

and The Final Biology Test





This short story is a satire and parody of the high school C.R.O.E.M. Any resemblance to actual persons or groups, living or dead, is purely coincidental. The events told are a work of fiction and do not represent any of the author's feelings.

C.R.O.E.M. rules!

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

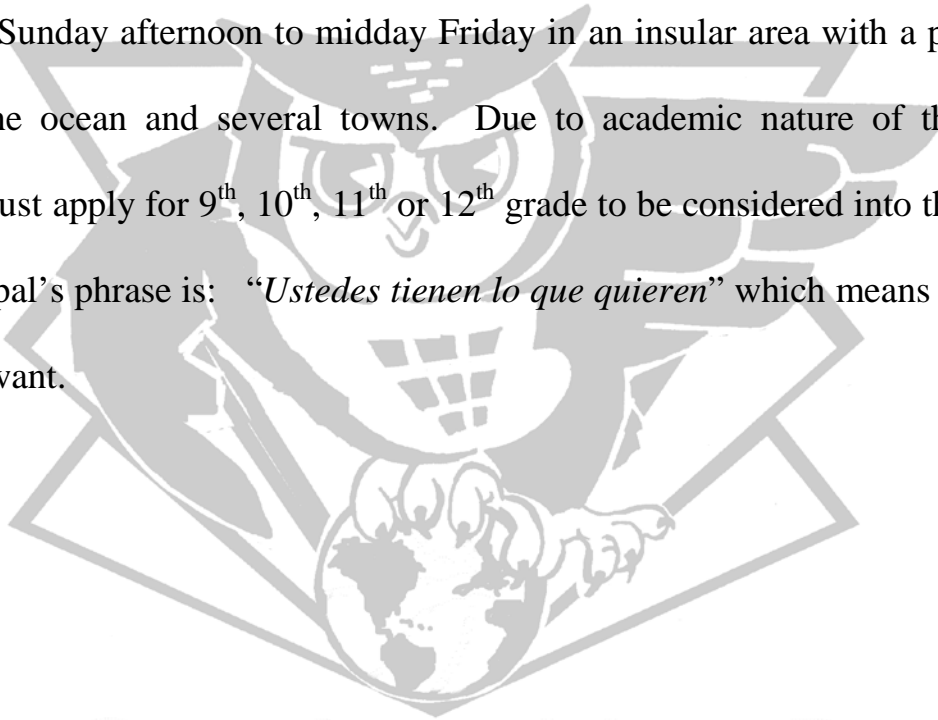
We dedicate this book mainly to our friend and fellow classmate, Caleb O'neil (A.K.A. Potter), who was a great fan of the Harry Potter book series and who sadly, could not be another year with us at C.R.O.E.M. To my friend and editor Aida Yoguely, for collaborating on this project and for truly understanding what this story was all about. I cannot fully express my gratitude to the exceptional team at the residential school C.R.O.E.M., to the principal, teachers, and fellow co-workers, thank you for your generosity, education, and superb guidance.

For their generous assistance and inspiration, my thanks also to all "Croemitas". Thanks also to all science, math, history, art, electives and language teachers who gave me the knowledge I needed to write this story, especially to Caro and Mr. López. And finally, special thanks to those who made this story possible.

F A C T:

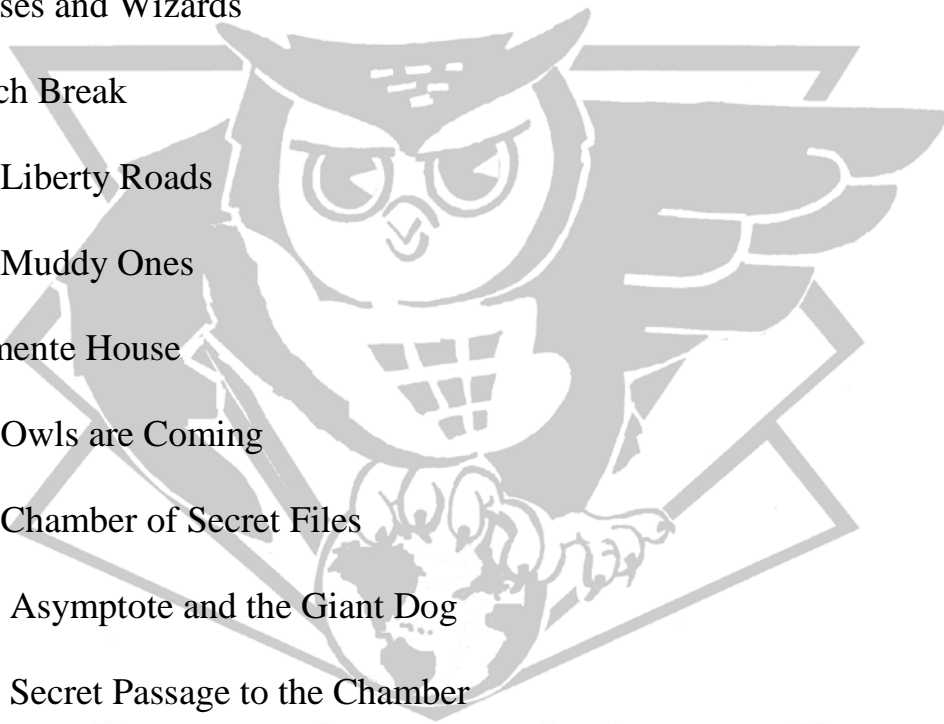
C.R.O.E.M –

Mayagüez's Educational Opportunities Residential Center was founded in 1967. It is a specialized public High School in math, science, and research. Children are kept from Sunday afternoon to midday Friday in an insular area with a panoramic view of the ocean and several towns. Due to academic nature of the center, students must apply for 9th, 10th, 11th or 12th grade to be considered into the school. Our principal's phrase is: "*Ustedes tienen lo que quieren*" which means You have what you want.



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CHAPTER ONE



Welcome to the School...

It was the third week of August, Sunday to be precise. The environment was filled with happiness and sadness at the same time in *CROEM; School of Science and Mathematics*. This High school, which was on the distant high world of “Cerro Las Mesas”, was a big school, residential, a castle, a very poor castle with a tower, a dark forest, a big world surrounding it, and a lot of mysteries to be revealed. Young wizards from all over the globe came here: Chinese, Italian,

North American, and Colombian students would be seen at CROEM, School of Science and Mathematics.

Adventures had been lived inside as well as outside the School walls. Parties full of happiness and madness, pizza nights, full of joyful and pleasant smiles, and other events could be seen on CROEM. Love scenes could be spotted on the most enchanted places on CROEM; the light hill, the dark place behind the Gym, and even the most romantic site, the Bamboo Forest. Other adventures had happened, forbidden ones to be exact. Though, they are very normal at this school.

The classes, the schedules, lack of sleep, and eternal nights of study made students tired and impatient of the same tedious routine. The truth is, out of desperation, most young wizards of CROEM decided to head on a quest, a forbidden but exciting set of adventures.

CROEM, School of Science and Mathematics was a very strange place, some say magical, and some say dark. The first day of class, the principal, Mr. Albus Tomassini, a small gentle military wizard whose neck bent at a 45 degree angle, declared the first annual gathering of students.

“Students of CROEM... CROEMites, Here I am to explain to you the rules to follow here at this school. Some of you have been here from the past year, or two years perhaps and already know them well, but some of you, are new.

Newbies will be called “Prepas”. We have planed the initiation for the next week, but first thing is first...” He talked a lot, mostly repeating the same things over and over again. Students loved him, well, some students, because in some cases he was just a tiny-winy- bit annoying.

“...The rules are as follow, and if you don’t follow them you will get a ...
Report: – Three reports will result in immediate exposure to your school of origin. The class program will be decided by yourselves, with two conditions; number one, you must *not* take less than nine classes and number two; you must take two science classes and two math classes. – You will enter your houses at 8:30 pm every night to do your chores. – No male can enter the ladies house’s area and vice versa. – Once you enter the Gate, you are strictly prohibited to get out school bounds, or you will be expelled. – Not even a little scene of love manifestation. Other rules will be announced by your House Wizards. And remember, readmitted wizards... *You have what you want.*”

CHAPTER TWO



The Resident House Announcements...

At the beginning of the school year at CROEM was the announcement of the houses. It was an evening at the dinner room. The principal Mr. Albus Tomassinni sat gracefully with an owl on his side.

“I think they are going to use some kind of magic hat to see in what house we should live in.” A student whispered to the student on his side.

“Gosh... you idiot... houses are separated for sexes, not for some magical thing stupid, this is a school of math and science, not a magic school.” The other student said mocking and whispering.

“And why are they wizards?”

“Because they are ‘Computer Wizards’ I think... gosh”

Then the principal stood up. “Bring me the magical pantyhose!”

“See, heard that? I told you it was white magic.” The student said while the other froze in shame.

This high school was really strange. CROEM’s name reassembled to be of science and mathematics, but it seemed to be of wizards and magic, witchcraft, but it was not like that. It was awkward, very confusing indeed.

“The houses were divided as: Clemente, Stahl, Cordero, and NoResi.” said the principal. “First student, Ariel Malios,” he put the pantyhose on his head. “To Clemente...” as Tomassini said that, every one began clapping and whistling. “Second student, Purina George Taller, to NoResi...” as Tomassini announced the decision of the pantyhose only a group of approximately seven student claped. “Albert Cintur Columbus, Clemente. Odyssey Mary, Cordero...” it continued that

way, later it sounded, “Caleb Potter...” the sock started to think, it was struggling, and finally it told the principal, “It’s clear now to me... Clemente!”



CHAPTER THREE

Classes and Wizards...



Caleb Potter was a tall, skinny, with big brown eyes, black haired young boy, with a scar on his forehead, who wished to become the best wizard of all. Better known as Potter, he met Mickael Everest and Aida Yogily, and they quickly became his two best friends. Potter started very well at CROEM; he liked it very much. Living at clement residential house was to him the most awesome thing. He loved CROEM, and he wanted to have fun in it. He wanted to become a wizard, so he also had that wizardly urge to do the impossible. He went down the Liberty

Roads all the way to the river. He played all time, but the bad part was that on school hour, he felt sleepy.

The perfect time for him to sleep was at the class of Potion Chemistry. The wizard of this class, known as “Mad Mouth Moody the Chemical” was a good teacher, but unaware of what students did in his class room. Some, well most students cheated on his tests a lot... no kidding, *a lot*. It was the only way to pass his class; meanwhile, the professor didn’t notice a thing, thinking that they had learned. Well other of Chemical’s students were good, studied and actually learned, some were just cheaters, and some were like Potter: sleepy fellows that could not understand much, and that really frustrated the Chemical, which wasn’t used to having so many students with C and D’s in his class of Potion Chemistry.

Another perfect time was on Spanish class. The wizard, or better called “witch”, Ms. Aunt Brownie “The Enigma” was not aware of her students ... at all. The Chemical actually teaches and grades but at Ms. Brownie’s class they didn’t learn at all. This class was the best one to sleep, Potter’s favorite hobby, and the rest of CROEMites, because if you wanted to rest you did not even have to go all the way down the hill to the classroom, you could just stay at the house without a worry because Brownie never noticed.

For Potter this wasn't enough, so he slept on other classes, like Algebra, Trigonometry, English, and Biology. So that caused some strong effects over his grades.

One class you didn't want to be sleepy at was given by the darkest and unpredictable wizard yet to be; '*the enano*' Mr. Severus Mercado. He teaches math classes, such as Statistics and Pre-calculus. He was a shallow wizard and part of a clan named the *Fantastic*. Some of the students had feared him, specially a big-eyed black guy named Chris Brick, a trash talker boy of the house of Clemente; he was absolutely terrified by Mercado. The professor was actually very good indeed, the students always ended up getting used to him. He was a great teacher. That is, if you didn't try to be funny and interrupt his classes. If you are a good student he would absolutely like you. As for Potter, he does not stand a chance, so he didn't bother taking classes with him and evaded a horrible time.

One of the best's classes on CROEM was Biology of Magical Creatures. It was a very interesting class. The Wizard of this class was Mrs. Iris Harland, a tall, blond aged woman. She was very kind indeed. She had her 45 or 50 years of age, but she felt like a fifteen year old teenager, so she was very interesting, but sometimes very strange and awkward.

Harland's classroom was on the second floor. The students had to take the non-moving-stairs and pass by Mr. Tomassini's main office. There she had lab tables. Potter sat on the last table to the left, with his friends, Marilyn, Ayasi, and Everest. This group of friends used to do lab experiments united.

Marilyn was a great girl, very funny, and laughed to anything you said to her. She was a little tall, with brown hair and skin and always with a big smile on her face. When she was not at school hour she loved spending the time talking on her phone. Ayasi was strange, one day he would be happy, the other day sleepy and sometimes even mad, though he was a very friendly and a good person. He was tall, white skin, brown colored eyes and dark hair. Everest was one of Potter's best's friends, a sleepy head just like him, a skinny crazy little dude, but a great person if you wanted to have a good friend.

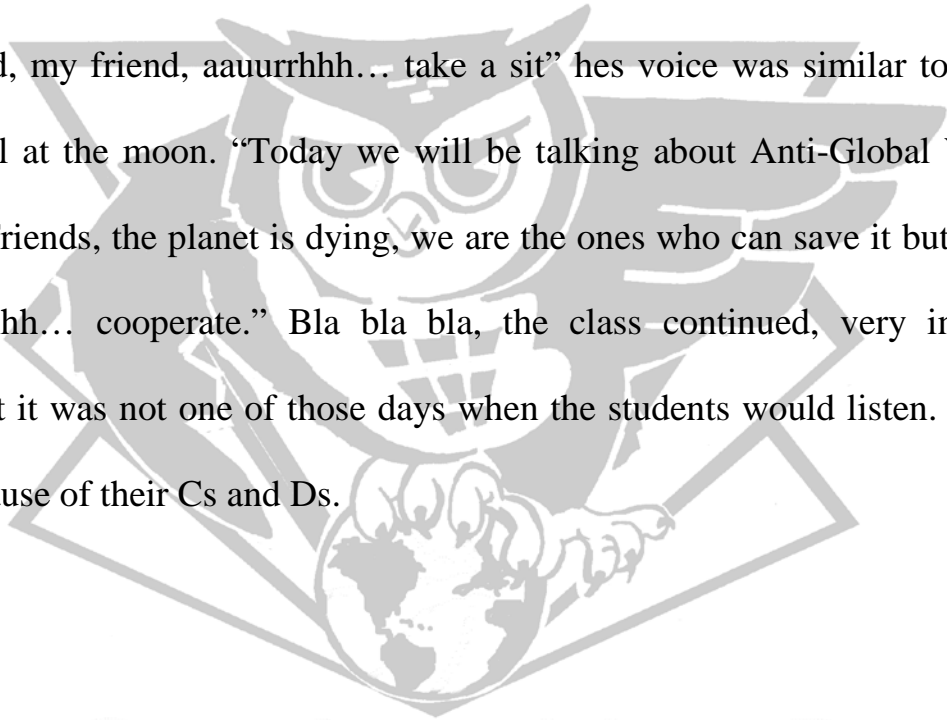
Potter would end up falling asleep at biology and so he told Ayasi to wake him up at the very end of the class. And so it was. At the end of class, Ayasi would kick Potter's foot to awake him. Mrs. Harland did not notice that he was asleep.

Well, we are back to our time now, second week of May, Monday, and Potter is on Biology class with Mrs. Harland.

"Well Students, I have to announce you that in two days is the final test, you better study for it, because some of you need this exam to determine if your grade


is B or A, or C or B; therefore, study hard, you know my exams are based on book readings, class discussions, practice and analysis.” Mrs. Harland said, but Potter was as usual... asleep.

Time was up, everyone left and Potter among them noticed that the class had finished. He was going to chemistry now with Mad Mouth Moody the Chemical. He entered the classroom and there the Chemical was telling the kids who came in “My friend, my friend, aauurhhh... take a sit” his voice was similar to a hound dog’s howl at the moon. “Today we will be talking about Anti-Global Warming Potions. Friends, the planet is dying, we are the ones who can save it but we need to aauurhhh... cooperate.” Bla bla bla, the class continued, very interesting indeed, but it was not one of those days when the students would listen. This was the very cause of their Cs and Ds.



CHAPTER FOUR

Lunch Break...



The hour of lunch finally came. Everyone got to the lunch room, where the food was served by the employees with bloodsucking eyes. Statues of owls, loads of tables and wide magic mirror decorated the vast room. Today there was the usual rice and beans for lunch again. The resident wizard guards kept eyes on the students. Potter sat with Ayasi and Rose; she was a very small friend of his. Potter went on talking all excited, way more awake than he could ever be at any classroom. When Potter finished his food, he went to the house of Clemente. There were people inside, some eating a very popular snack called the “Hot Poket of every flavor”. They were talking about their classes. Others were waking up because they did not have morning classes or they were free because of an absent wizard. Potter

was walking down the hall and when suddenly he felt two fingers hit his ribs. Potter collapsed to the ground.

“Hahaha, how was my chi poke, Potter?” Said a tall guy with glasses, he was skinny, short haired, and...Chinese.

“Not bad Gufon, not bad...” Potter said as he gasps for air almost crying in pain. “Maybe you should soften it a little, you could kill me with that”

“Oh my Buddha! I’m so sorry Potter” he laughed “I didn’t meant to hurt you.” said Gufon as he lifted Potter up. “Here, let me help you.” Gufon hugged Potter making he’s back crack, but then Potter felt better, almost new.

“Oh, thanks, hehe, thanks bro.” said Potter as Gufon expressed to be very sorry.

“Ok, bye. See’ya later bro”

Potter continued down the hall. Ahead stood a tall figure that had hazel eyes and skin white as the cold snow bearing metal in his teeth.

“Hey Andy, how are you?”

Andy alleged he was a psychotic vampire, well he sure did look like one, but he didn’t seem to be one once you got to know him.

“Good, and you Potter?” Said Andy smiling

“I’m fine.”

On Andy’s side was a smaller guy, long hair, and long arms, open and round eyes.

“Hi H.P.” said Potter

“Hi, Potter...” said H.P. smiling with a snake voice. He seemed to talk “parsex” an ancient language used by the elders of one of the ancient Clementian tribes. H.P. was the initials of his real name, which was Hecter Pratter.

It was time for the next class. Potter took his books and hurried up the high hill to the classroom of the Math Wizard Arcadian McGonagall. Potter would not dare sleep at Algebra and Trigonometry class with Mrs. Arcadian. It was a huge mistake if anyone would fall asleep on this specific class. Arcadian would give her material with the marker on her left hand and the eraser on the right hand. She wrote so fast and erased at the same time it was almost impossible to catch up. She would cover two or three topics on one class day. And she was always happy whether she gave an F or an A. If you slept, you’d miss important material for the test, which was *never* going to be repeated.

CHAPTER FIVE

The Liberty Roads...



Time flew and Potter had the rest of the afternoon free. He was walking when his friends stopped him,

“Hey, want to go to Liberty roads, Potter?” said one of the guys verifying that no Wizard would be listening. There were two guys and two girls.

“Count me in.” said Potter, now making it 3 boys.

The group consisted on Ricc, Ariel –the two boys –and Ann and Jayr –the two girls.

The gang got down the hill, verifying that no one could see them. Behind the classroom of the Mystical Arts Wizard, Mr. Johnny Prezz, was the entry to what they called the Liberty, through dark forest. Walking down the path they carefully listened for the owl’s hoot, which was a clear sign that they were alone and had not been seen. A cool and beautiful look of the paradise could be observed from the dark forest. The color full yellow, red and brown trees and plants were so beautifully natural.

“Why do they call it the dark forest?” asked Jayr

“It’s because it’s forbidden to enter” answered Ricc. “We must be caution and very careful. Be alert to any strange noises. A very dangerous Wizard comes to this forest; he is the guardian of the School and one of the top components on the discipline assembly. His name is Chaga, “The Centaur”. His students say that he is half man and half a stallion, I wonder why...” he chuckled in sarcasm. “If you hear something or smell some kind of strange magical herb, or nicotine, better hide quickly.”

Long time passed, the group passed the mountain roads, and then they reached what looked like a dried pond.

“Well, this is the pond, but I suppose we should better go to the river now.”

Said Ariel

“Yes, definitely, to the river is a better idea!!!” said Ann. She was so excited she took off the shirt showing her swimsuit top and jeans. Long way they walked, “Oh my God, look it’s a bridge!” they took pictures. Soon they knew that a long time ago they crossed the line, they were outside of the World of CROEM. After some minutes of hiking there it was, the River of Rosary Town. And like any other teenagers they dived in and had a great time.

In a while they were back at CROEM, just on time to reach dinnertime early, so no one would suspect that they were absent all afternoon. “What a cool trip” they thought, and indeed it was an excellent break from all the awkwardness of this school.

They hurried back to the dinner room and, as assumed, everything was normal. The employees had not started to serve the food yet. The line was crowded, and the Resident Wizard of Stahl was arguing with the students to organize the line.

The big magic mirror on the corner was on with some carol videos. Everything was normal. Potter was hungry but he had to wait because there wasn’t a single shop or minimarket where you could buy food. That afternoon the dinner

was actually good, surprisingly it wasn't rice and beans. The dinner was served, homemade lasagna, with green salad and juice. The students enjoyed the food after all, not everyday you get a good menu at high school.



CHAPTER SIX

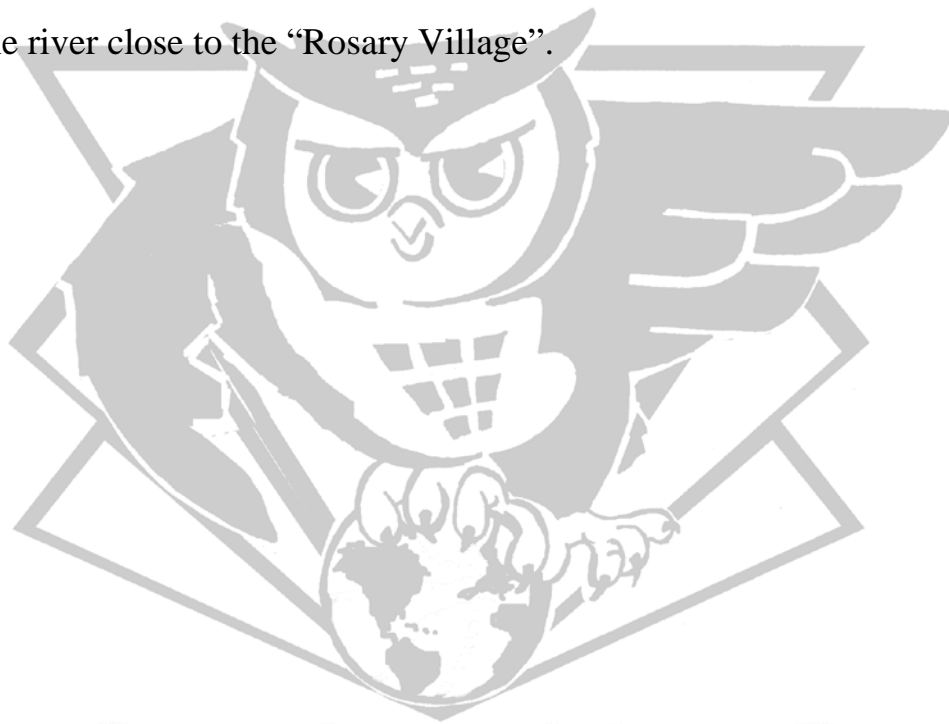


The Muddy Ones...

Well, months passed, and students proved that the rules where just myths. Sometimes they would be given a chance to enter late to the houses. Sometimes guys where let into the girl's houses.

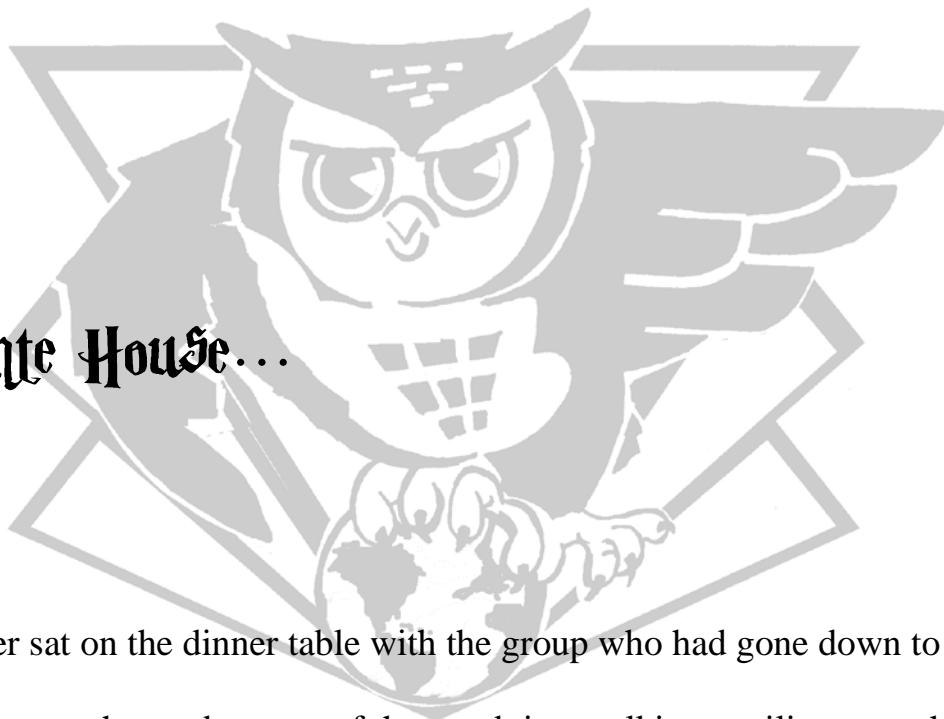
Romance was in every corner. Even the mayor wizards had some pretty time. *“Love was in the air”* the students would say, but also hate and evil, and the

smell of... awkwardness. The afternoon was filled with only asymptotes, there was something... or rather ... some people missing. Mr. Albus Tomassinni had felt it too. “Mmm smells like a broken rule” he said as he went to check up on it. In the meantime, trips were organized secretly to what students called the Liberty Roads, through the dark forest. The most popular group of travelers called themselves “The Muddy Ones”. They were the largest group to go all the way down to the river close to the “Rosary Village”.



CHAPTER SEVEN

Clemente House...



Potter sat on the dinner table with the group who had gone down to the river. All of them were happy because of the good time, talking, smiling over things they did and the things they would like to do the next time. A student came to the table; it was Hairdue Brussi, a friend of Potter.

“Hey Potter, can you come here for a second?” said Brussi with a shadowy dark voice.

“What happened bro?”

“Did you see the news paper on the library?”

“No... to be honest I don't read the news paper.” Potter responded fast so he wouldn't make a big deal about the fact he did not read information.

“Ok, what happened was that a prisoner escaped... from the prison of Bella Vista.”

“Wasn't Bella Vista a hospital?”

“...” Brussi did not say anything for a long five second moment. “Well... yes... I thought... well you're right, my mistake.”

“And the guy who got out was not just any prisoner. He was an animagus. I think it was Dry Goat.” Potter thought this conversation was a big waste of time.

“Oh, right” Brussi Emo said and then he left. When he reached the table he heard the group talking about someone who name they avoided to speak.

“Who are you talking about?” he asked.

“About the one whom we do not speak the name of,” said Anne, “the Dark Lord of the Bloody Dumb clan.” Anne whispered.

“And is it really forbidden to say his name?” whispered Potter.

“No, not really, but it is shameful to tell it, so shameful the walls can fall down in shame”

“Ok, ok. I understand. What is his name?”

“They call him lots of names... Dumb, Resi, Joel, but the terrible name of all shame is resumed on three letters...”

“Yes...?”

“E.T.L.” Ricc whispered.

Dinner time ended and they were heading to their respective houses. “Time for chores!!!” they yelled at the house of Clemente. Potter had to mop, and so he did. Suddenly a figure passed by the door. It was Ayasi.

“I’m looking for a broom...”

Potter handed the room’s broom and Ayasi thanked him and later came to return the broom. In a short time the chores were complete, everyone free to have a good time that is if they were free from homework. Potter walked through the hall and stepped out the room with a number “4” on the door. He looked inside and saw Ayasi seated reading some book of magic, Andy on his bed with his magic mirror laptop, and another boy on the bed with a very familiar face, Varney. He was a chubby boy, a great wizard in training, he said some times he was a vampire.

“Hey Varney”

“Hey Potter, what’s up? “

“Nothing, bored, I have nothing to do. Are you using your laptop?”

“Well... *obviously!!!*” said Varney and Ayasi started to laugh. It was a catchphrase of Varney the word “obviously”, it was like saying “Duh”, or “of course”, while at the same time he called you stupid.

The night fell and Potter got to the bed. He stayed there so he could catch some sleep, but nothing happened he laid there bored. When he looked at the door his roommate Ricc was there, with a pillow on hand and a wicked smile on his face. Potter smiled back, he knew what that meant. He jumped out the bed with his pillow in hand. He looked to the side and there they were, the Rooms 10 Spartans, one of the most vicious warriors of the “UTA” (United to Fight) organization. So the war of pillows began, everyone laughing and getting badly hurt. It lasted till the Resident Wizard, Hagrid Megazor, entered the house. Thank Buddha he did not see the pillow war. Hagrid was a very tall man, said to be son of a giant and a human, he was light-brown skinned and had a fierce look in his eyes at night time. Everyone entered their respective rooms. Potter was excited. He climbed on to his bed and fell deeply asleep.

CHAPTER EIGHT



Morning came and Potter ran up the high hill to reach the School Center. He noticed that his first class Wizard had not yet arrived, so he sat on the floor and stared at the roof. Then he waited but the Wizard did not come at all. So he walked down to Mrs. Brownie's class. The Witch was talking about short stories

and legends, this caught Potter's ears for a moment. He was hoping the stories would be interesting, perhaps about the Gothic Age, mystical naturalism or even love and passion. About fifteen minutes passed and suddenly the interest with the word "legend" turned off, when the Witch said the word "Hispanic folklore". Then as usual, he kept thinking about things other than class.

The hour had passed so he went to Mad Mouth's classroom, but he was not there. Another free hour for Caleb Potter, so he sat on a bench to watch the view of clouds filled with rain over the distant towns. He had to go to his next class, Algebra, with the Wizard Benve Ed. He was a good teacher, but a bit crazy. While he would be giving the class he would say "I see dead people" making the students laugh. Students joked about him calling him the oracle because he could predict student's death... which is the exam day. He would also throw eraser bombs and bazooka markers to students who would make incoherent comments. Maggie, a small dark haired girl with glasses, had the school record of being thrown at more than 3 times per class.

As always, Potter was happy to finally end the school day when the clock reached 5:30pm, after some more classes. He was walking down the corridor of the School Center when he saw Pit, a tall, skinny, big-nosed guy that said to be vice-principal walking the opposite direction. Potter never had appeared to pay attention to Pit, but this time he did. Pit carefully guarded the corridor then he

grabbed a big rusty key and opened a large room and quickly entered it. Behind a wall Potter was unseen by Pit.

It was dinner time, but this time it was special. When Potter arrived at the banquet room he noticed everyone was happy and talking at each other. This only could mean one thing: the Owls were coming to CROEM. Students would receive gifts through mail, this event rarely happened at the School. *That day wasn't going to be the exception.*

Potter arrived at a table and sat. He looked around to see if his owl had arrived yet. In the table was a young student from clement called Louis lo Pezz, another called Edwin Sien, both of Ayasi's room, and another student called Louie Bolita. The owls were everywhere, flying majestically through the air.

One package arrived at the table, it was a big one. The note said "*to Louis lo Pezz*", it did not said anymore. Louis looked very happy and when he opened the package he noticed it was a new broom. His smile vanished so fast it wasn't possible to imagine it on his face by now. The broom was written on the broomstick, on silver letters the words "*Pitusa 200X*". Inside the package was a note that said:

“To Louis lo Pezz,

**This is a gift for you to do the chores at night
as it is suppose. Now you don’t have an excuse to not clean
well. Even if Varney has one of his disorders, now there is
no excuse.”**

The note did not have the name of the author of the gift, but Louis knew who it was. Louis looked across the room with his narrowed eyes to meet the gaze of one of the resident Wizards, Topo Filch. The Wizard was a small, very small man of the third age, with scarce hair and a wicked but not psycho smile which always hung on his face. The students of Clemente would say that he was *like a ninja*, because he could not be heard when entering a room. Topo smiled as Louis looked at him with narrow eyes and shaking his head side to side a little.

Then an owl came to Potter. He opened up and it was a cloak. His eyes were confused at the presence of that strange present. Some how, Potter knew of the strange artifact from before, the “*Cloak of Asymptotatationess*”. Inside of the package was nothing else, only the cloak. Potter took his present and headed to Clemente house. That was another night he thought he hadn’t anything to do except cleaning.

Potter did the chores early, to have more free time. That didn't make much sense; if you didn't have work to do at Clemente you would be bored all night. As he walked to his room, after doing the chores, he took a glance at Louis lo Pezz, who had a face like if he were going to explode of anger, and the eyes so narrow it looked like he was blind or Oriental, and chuckled. Potter saw that two of the students were playing on the room a game called "*Magical Halo*", very popular in CROEM, school of science and mathematics. Potter hurried to his room to look for his magical mirror to play along with the other two students. That was all Potter did that night, play the game, laugh, win some games, and lose some too.

The clock marked 12:00am, time to go to sleep. Caleb Potter turned off his mirror and left to his room. While he was placing his mirror on its bag, Louie Bolita stopped at the door and asked the most terrifying question that Potter had ever heard: "Hey, did you study for the final biology exam?"

When he said that, Potter's stomach got upside-down, his only desire was that the earth would swallow him.

"When is the final test?" asked Potter anxiously and whit trembling eyes that reflected horror.

"Well, tomorrow of course."

“Yes, yes, I have studied a lot for the final biology test.” lied Potter, talking too fast.

Obviously Potter did not have any idea how the exam was and in that moment of anguish and despair, the resident Wizard, in this case Megazor, passed by the room turning off the lights.



CHAPTER NINE

The Chamber of Secret files...



Potter was very anxious; his eyes trembling, his knees weak. The thoughts and ideas of failing the final biology test flew over Potter's mind. It was not a simple test, but the test that decided if he would pass the biology class with B+ or with A-. He was thinking of ways to cheat, a bottle was impossible to make at this late hour. Maybe a *bate*, which was a special tiny paper containing all the answers, though, it was too late to prepare one. Maybe he would be able to copy the answers from another student during the exam, but it was going to be very hard. A series of difficult decisions and questions inundated Potter's head, now strangling and drowning his mind to madness. He could not sleep. His eyes were still open

looking around the ceiling, he tried gasping for air but it was too difficult to breathe.

Potter, silently, got out of his bed and walked to get something to eat, to calm the anxiety. When he opened the door of the refrigerator he smelled something strange, a bit odd, or maybe too odd. He got a little frightened and took his wand and casted illuminating spell. Potter got more frightened and terrified when he saw the source of his smell on the fridge. It was a small creature with large pointed ears, big eyes and seemed sadly undernourished. “Caleb Potter!” the creature said.

Potter tried to scream, but the little creature hooped gently to close Potter’s mouth, putting his finger on front of his mouth, “Shhhhhhhhhhh, you must not let anyone hear us.” said the little monster, “So long has Toby wanted to meet you , sir ... such an honor it is...” “Th-thank you,” said Harry, edging along the wall. He wanted to ask, “What are you” but the thought of it would sound too rude, so instead he asked, “Who are you?”

“Tobby, sir. Just Tobby. Tobby the cheat elf” said the creature. “Er- I don’t want to be rude or anything, but – I heard about”

My name is Tobby; I’m a help-cheat elf. I’m here because I heard your hearth throbbing trouble with an exam. I will tell you a little secret.”

The anxiety Potter felt suddenly vanished a bit and his desire to yell was gone. “And how are you supposed to help me?”

“Have patience master, patience.”

“Ok...”

“Shut up, your going to get us caught.” Said Toby shutting up Potters mouth again, “I have notice you need my help and here I am, do not talk if I don’t tell you to... You are maybe my master, but I’m a cheater elf remember.”

Potter took a deep breath and stood in silence, while Toby released his mouth. Once again Toby shushed Potter and then sat on the floor on front of Potter, who was sitting too.

Strange things like this event happening now to Potter were seen a lot in CROEM. One girl claimed to see creatures. Her name was Moni Luna; she believed to have friends called *Pollen*. But of course, when we see what was happening to Potter now we can assume that *Pollen* is real, an invisible “Chupacabras”.

Back to Toby and Potter, they were sited. Potter looking puzzled.

“Let me start from the beginning. A lot of years, maybe four decades have passed since CROEM, school of science and mathematics, became a school.

CROEM was at first a base of operations and communications of the order that fought against the evil army of the Dark Lord and the *Bloodcoldered brotherhood*. Maybe you have heard of the one called E.T.L., a name of shamefulness and dishonor that had been treated as of the real Dark Lord of the Bloodcoldered, but he was not the one. He was just a myth of the Wizard council. So, the Dark one was really an evil Lord indeed, so that CROEM was the first and most powerful bases of the Organization of the Phoenix. For that, CROEM has a lot of secrets.

“We elves reside on the dark forests underground, where we had discovered a lot of the secrets of the now school, though it has been only a fraction of all the secrets and mysteries of the base. We have spied the Wizards to know more of their way of working. We have seen all the material they use to teach you. We reach a conclusion that this school is really a riddle.”

On all this Potter was very alert, not one word escaped his ears.

“We cheater elves,” Toby continued, “Have dedicated our lives to make the difficult lives of you, CROEMites, easier, all because Mr. Albus Tomassini did not allow us admit to the school. We had developed abilities to know when a student needs help, not all elves are cheat elves.”

“I’m going to put my trust on you but remember not to say a word, I am telling you, not a soul. If you do so the cheat elves will never help the CROEMites again.

“There is a room underneath this school, a very secret room that may help you if you get into it. It is called *The Chamber of Secret Files*. There you can find any file and material stored of classes and teachers. If you enter the chamber and find the files you will locate a review and copy of your precious biology test.”

Potter’s stomach began to feel happy. His head got light again and his face showed a crooked and criminal smile.

“Do you understand? Tell me now!”

“I certainly do. Thank you very much.” said Potter, making obvious the separation of every word’s sounds for emphasis.

“You may find the chambers key with Pit; you must take it without him noticing.”

CHAPTER TEN



The Asymptote and the Giant Dog...

Tobby snapped his fingers and it was revealed a secret door on the refrigerator. At this moment Potter thought “*Well, now I know why the fridge does not cool well.*” But his mind got back again on the exam and the chamber. He crawled by the wall that led outside of the residence, at the bamboo forest. Now outside, Potter tried to walk slowly, Hagrid was around. Walking down the forest he felt something squishy on the floor right where he was stepping... “Skreeeeeeeeeeekshhh” it sounded” and Potter closed his eyes hard to pass the

mental strain. It was a cricket. Hopefully no one heard the sound. Potter continued walking, now faster. He began to speed up, bit by bit till he was almost running under the reflections of blue light under the navy-blue shadow of the bamboo. The owls could be heard, a very strange thing on CROEM when it was not Owl day. Then he took a bad step and slipped with a soap bar, apparently thrown to the forest from the place called “the Roman” on Clemente. He slipped and hit the ground making a little sound. Then the lights of the outside of the house turned on, lighting up all the forest.

Potter didn't know what to do. He was there on the ground trying to get up, but he was too tense and nervous to get up. Then suddenly, the lights turned off and Potters nerves calmed and he stood up quickly. He looked inside his little pouch that he had prepared for the trip and found the cloak. Then a light illuminated a spot of the forest. It was Hagrid Megazor with a flash wand. Potter not knowing what to do got himself covered by the cloak, which turned him invisible. He stayed still, almost without breathing, and Hagrid walked to him and like magic turned away inches of him without noticing that Potter was there.

When Hagrid was gone, Potter took off the cloak. A note, made of an elegant script, fell on the grassy ground.

“Little Caleb,

If you find this note you must had tried your new cloak. I must not tell you who I am. That is for me to know and for you to find out, because I am an Asymptote. And, the present I have gotten for you is called the “Cloak of Asymptotatationess” as you should know by now. The cloak changes you to an Asymptote. This is an imaginary line that a graph tends to avoid. Now, with this cloak, you will be invisible to others. They will avoid you because they will not see you.

I have been watching you and I know you will get use for the cloak, because I think that you are going to miss a test or something like that. Make use of it.

Att.” ...

Potter began to run again, very cautious and silent like a ninja. He was holding the cloak on his left hand. He got up the high hill and reached the Gate. He covered himself with the cloak and passed through the guard. Now he walked several kilometers and reaches Pit's home. He covered again and opened his door, which amazingly was unlocked.

Potter crept out when he saw a big creature, a Serverus, A big three headed dog, big fangs and nails, and teeth so sharp it could tear you to shreds. The creature was sleeping, and had a big collar on its neck that announced that the dog's name was "*Pichicha*". Potter walked carefully not to wake up the big dog. He reached Pit's room where he was sleeping. Pit was sleep talking, saying strange things like "*Cabre, come here, I am yours...*" That did not make any sense so he had to be very tired. He covered himself by the cloak and took a big keychain and started to look for the big rusty key. Now he knew the chamber was.

Potter got the key. Quickly he left outside of the dark room, only lighted by the shaft of light entering through the windows. He closed the door silently and slowly, having in mind the danger that represented Pichicha. He tiptoed through the room hasty and reached the door. Potter thought he was safe now, but when he opened the exit door a car was passing on the street front of Pit's home.

It shined off the front lights of the old automobile on the parking, which flickered through the gap made by the door and the wall, when Potter opened it, he ran into the face of the giant dog: Pichicha.

Potter didn't think it twice before closing the door quick. Pichicha started to move like if she was waking up, so Potter quickly opened the door again fast and closed it behind him. Now he was scared. Paces could be heard, Potter now panicked. He covered himself with the cloak and began to walk backwards, to the street away the house, and then the dog opened the door, and how did she open the door? That did not matter, Potter was now more frightened and shaking, and his breath was interrupted by fear.

The dog looked curious side to side to not see Potter, and she began to hound the place slowly, to smell every inch. Pichicha looked up in surprise; she had smelled Potter and he knew it because of the expression on the dog's face, an expression of mad happiness, of a hunter that had spotted the perfect prey. Pichicha walked slowly to the place Potter was standing and smelled him, he now crying of despair, wishing he would not come. Pichicha opened her mouth and attacked, but Potter's reflexes activated and he began running. A long run it was, and seemed like the giant dog was chasing no one but the air, but she knew there was some one there. It was intense, Potter running and Pichicha following him very fast, as if she was not going to give up her prey.

Potter entered the bamboo forest running, looking back over his shoulder, hoping Pichicha would stop at the forest's edge. His hopes were useless. Pichicha was still running, now breaking every tree on her path. Now, under the trees, Potter looked at the dog to see that it was not only Pichicha, but that every head had a collar, the left one was black, called *Blakie*, the right one was brown with spots, called *Pichicho*, and the center one, Pichicha was yellow and with spots. Potter was running and not looking ahead, and he fell on a hole.

Pichicha, and the other two heads of the dog, looked very careful to find Potter, but because of the different smells of the forest they didn't find him and turned back to their home. Pichicha howled, Pichicho barked and Blakie growled so loud it could be heard over Pit's home.

Potter now was safe and calm. He smiled while he tried to breath at a normal pattern. He got up and headed to CROEM's school center.

CHAPTER ELEVEN



The Secret Passage to the Chamber...

Potter entered to the center, quiet now that everyone was gone, even the janitors. One step sounded like a throb of a drum. Potter could hear his breathing so loud he tried to make it slower so it didn't sound so loud. He heard a loud sound and looked behind him alarmed. It was nothing, just the wind that closed the door shut.

He walked to where he had seen Pit opening the door with his rusty key. It was strange, but he noticed, touching the wall, a false brick that really was a button. He pushed it and the door was revealed, big, scary and grey as the fog at night time. Potter appreciated it and inserted the big key on the lock, turning it slow and opening it with a loud sound that was heard on all the hallways of the center.

The door opened revealing a room lighted by the full moon's bright over the school that entered through the glass architecture of the roof. It was a bath room, the walls covered on rustic rock and cubicles whit toilets, some hand washers on the sides of the door and a circle of urinals on the center. The door closed behind Potter and he walked to the urinals. The only word that he could think was "gross". It was awkward, disgusting, and he was supposed to find an exam review there.

He looked upside of the urinal circle and there was it, the school's shield crest. It was divided on four by a cross. Every division had one color; red, green yellow and blue. Each one had a respective animal that represented each of the four houses CROEM was instituted; the owl of Clemente, the flower of the pretty girls of Cordero, the cat of the sexy girls of Stahl, and the fish of NoResi. In the bottom of the shield was a strip of textile that said "*Ustedes tienen lo que quieren*". It was the way of saying "You have what you want" on an ancient tongue of Wise

Wizards. Potter stepped in front of a urinal and said “Ustedes tienen lo que quieren” while he was reading it, and then sounds like gears began to be heard.

The urinals rose to the air and water fell like waterfalls to the ground making little rivers that reached the walls of the round room and connected, making a circle of water. On all this, Potter was amazed and still thought of it a bit gross.

Under the urinals was the passage to the Chamber of secret files. Potter entered the round stone stairs and began to walk to the chamber. It was dark, only with few spots of light. As he stepped from the last stair to the floor of the chamber, all the torches lighted on fire. An enormous hallway made of stone, surrounded by a pond was revealed under the lights of the torches and there, on the end of the hallway were the files inside a normal looking file cabinet.

Potter walked still, on a normal speed, through the creepy hall and to open the cabinet. There were thousands of paper and folders of every event passed on CROEM. The entire student, teacher, Wizards, Principal, and employee information was stored there with the class’s information and files. Potter began searching the folders one by one with his fingers to find the one that said “Biology, Wizard: Mrs. Harland”.

He saw a lot of reviews of other classes and exams that he had taken and now he had found the answers that he had wrong. It was frustrating. Finally he

found the folder he was looking for. He opened it and there were a lot of papers. He looked through all the hundredths of papers, throwing them on the floor when he finally found what he was looking for, an exact copy of the *Final Biology Test*. He put the test on his pouch next with the cloak and took all the papers on disorder on the floor and put them on the folder inside the archive. The folder was so disordered that it was difficult to close the archive, but with some pressure and the strength of all his body, Potter finally closed it.

Running, Potter got to the stairs and got out of the chamber. The urinals got down and accommodated themselves on the place they where suppose on the floor, like magic. When he got himself out of the great round bathroom, the great scary door closed behind him. He was now jogging to the exit door and opened the door that the wind had shut. Outside the suspense vanished on the sweet smell of the wind that sounded like a chant while passing through the trees that surrounded the school.

He closed the door of the center and took the rusty key and put it on one of the stairs in front of the door. Maybe Pit would be fooled to think his key had fall.

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Final Test...



In the morning, Potter woke up to find himself ready for the test, because this day that had begun was the day of the final biology test. He looked at the clock on the top of the study desk of his room to see he was early and had time to prepare, it was 6:45 on the morning. Potter got to the Roman to take a bath. *Today is a special day*, he said to himself. It was going to be the end of one class, what meant that the end of school semester was near. He got dressed with the usual

uniform; white polo shirt and dark blue jeans. He was refreshed and calmed. Potter took some hair gel and styled his hair his favorite way, put on his hood jacket, and took some breakfast from his refrigerator, looking at the back of it, smiling.

He walked up the hill with some other students and reached the center to see that the rusty key was not there anymore. He got even more calmed now. The trees were as windy and simply gentle like in the past night and Potter felt the wind touching his face sweetly.

Potter entered the center, looking to the front and walking towards the library to catch up with some other students that took biology that hour. The clock on the wall marked 7:25am; five minutes before the class. He stood up from the library and went to Mrs. Harland classroom. On the hallway, he glanced at the wall where the chamber was and smiled wickedly. The day seemed to be a great one, as he said. Taking the stairs to the second floor to reach the classroom, Potter looked at Pit, that didn't seem bothered for anything and was very *cool*.

He got on front of the classroom and now he started to feel some nerves but not anything he could not handle. Several students started to arrive. The teacher was not there yet; maybe she was going to be late. That wasn't good now, because it meant less time for the exam, but Potter did not care about that. He got all under

control. Then, Potter noticed that Iris Harland was on the secretary's office confirming her assistance to work.

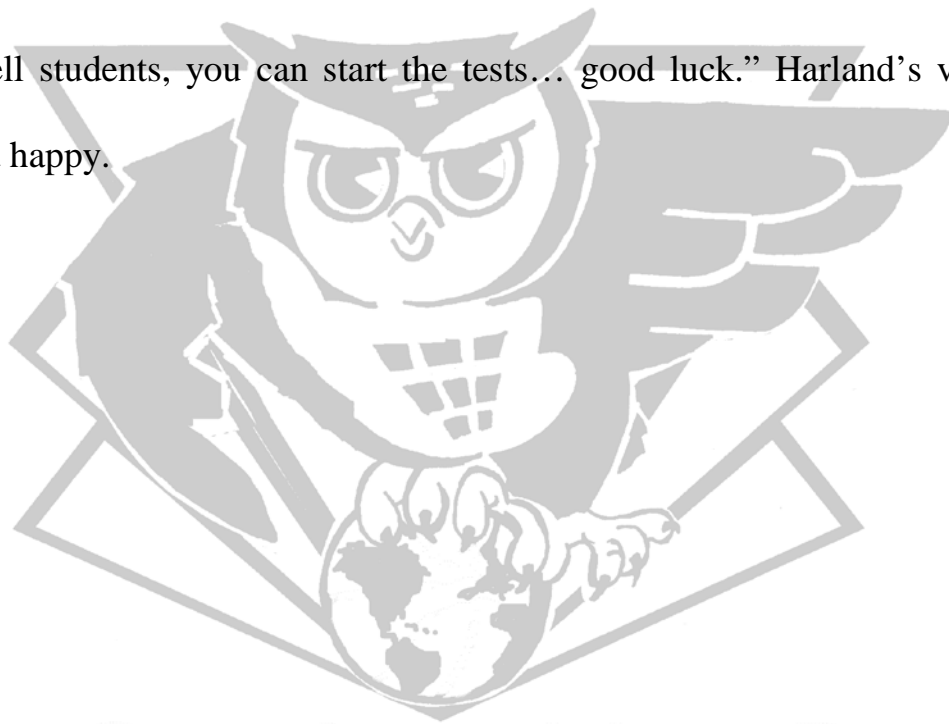
Potter reviewed every word, on the material he had studied, on his mind. Some theory, application, laboratories, and comments were the test components.

Several minutes, maybe two or three, passed when Mrs. Iris Harland arrived. She opened the classroom door and all the students came inside and sat on their respective tables. One of the students looked at Potter very suspicious. His name was Gerard. He smiled and turned away to see the teacher talking. Potter noticed the reaction on Gerard's face, but he did not understand it. Of course it was an easy one, but Potter did not have any idea.

“Well students, as you know, today is the final test of my class. The test consists on a hundred points. I hope you do well. After this exam my class will be completed and you do not have to come back, only to look for your grades on Friday.” Mrs. Harland got to some papers on her desk and started to give one to every student, putting the paper upside down on the tables. “Do not turn them yet. The test is easy, so you can have a little *gift* from me now that we will not see each other for a time. I tend to give the same exams year after year, but today I got to where I keep the copies and, unfortunately, the copy wasn't there and I needed to do another exam.”

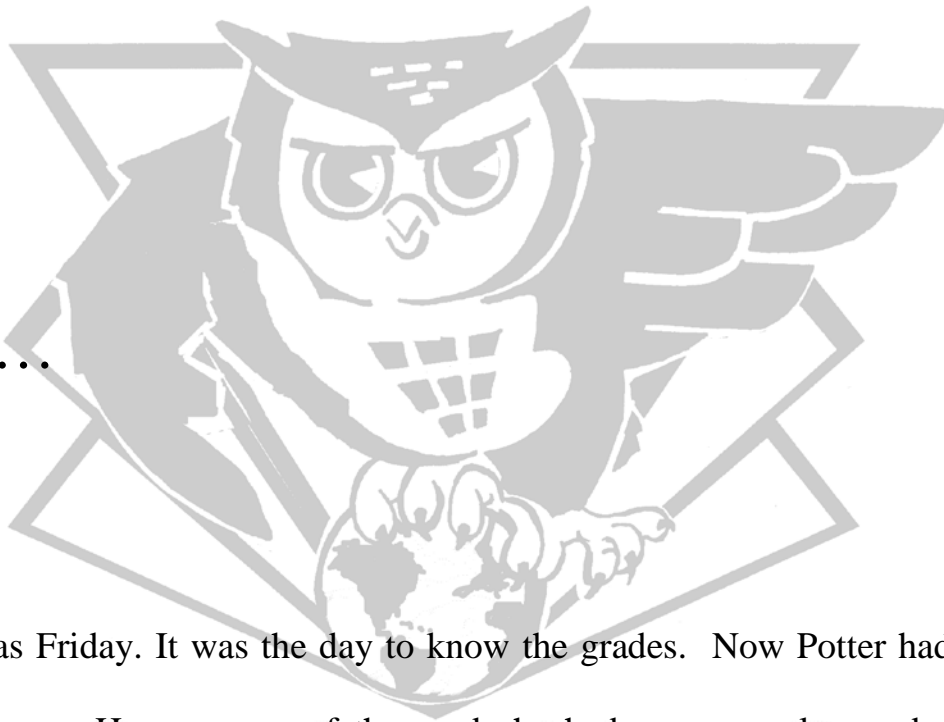
Potter's face turned dark, cold, and his nerves started to play tricks to him. Now he felt like an idiot, now that the teacher had said those words. He started to sweat. His hand shaking, with the *no.2* yellow pencil on his hand, and the black tip started to hammer the table very silently. Potter needed to calm down and he took a deep breath and think of this as a normal situation, and maybe the test was going to be like the one he studied from.

“Well students, you can start the tests... good luck.” Harland's voice was serene and happy.



CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Friday...



It was Friday. It was the day to know the grades. Now Potter had finished all his classes. He was sure of the grade he had on some classes, but he was worried for the biology test. The whole hour he stayed at the room making the exam, nervous, shaking, but kind of relax at the end of it, now that he had already finish it up. Surprisingly, Potter noticed that the test was really easy. He wanted to have a good grade, but he wasn't sure of his test.

He woke on the morning. The clock marked 7:50 am, but he wasn't late. The teacher announced that they could look for their grades at any time between 7:30am to 9:00am. Potter got a bath. The water was hot, so he took his time. He dressed and got some breakfast from the cafeteria –he had not gone there for a long time to get breakfast – and later he took his bag and got up to the center, now taking the other way up, the light forest. He looked to his side, to the game field of the school, and saw some students playing Magical Soccer.

Potter was happy, but not a lot of happiness reflected on his face. Maybe he was more worried than happy. On the door of the great school center were some students: Ayasi, Louis lo Pezz, Louie Bolita, Edwin Sien and Varney. They were laughing and telling jokes and events that happened across the year on CROEM. Potter got to them and said “*Hi,*” smiling, trying to cover up his wariness. “*Good times, good times...*” they said while saying Hi in response to Potter, smiling at him.

Inside the center everyone was happy, smiling, some crying because the day was near, the day that CROEMites would be saying goodbye to the place they called home for an entire year. In the lobby where a group of students singing, one of them with a guitar, another one was Anne. The NoResi students were on front of the center, on a little rise having a picnic, smiling. The smell of herbs was strong and Potter looked back to see Chaga the Centaur galloping on the hallway,

calling out loud Ortiz the janitor. Potter got up to the second floor taking as much time as he could on every step. He looked at the classroom door and took a deep breath and exhaled.

Potter entered the room and it was empty, just he and the Wizard, smiling at him very gracefully.

“Hello Caleb, how are you dear?”

“Fine... to be honest, a little worried for the grade of your class.”

“Well, lets get a look at it.” Harland’s voice was sweet. She verified one by one the tests to find Potter’s. “Here it is... not bad Potter, you had a 91%”

Potter smiled the biggest smile ha had given on a long time. He even hugged the teacher without noticing.

“Thank miss, thank you very much...” he let the teacher out of his arms and took a step back blushed.

“Thank you Potter, it has been a great experience to have all of you this year. To be honest it has been the most difficult year, maybe the worst I have had on this school, and not only me, but Mr. Albus too. But I feel very special and fortunate for being your teacher, because this class was maybe the best one I have given.”

“It was a pleasure having you as a teacher. Thank you very much.”

“Do not mention it.”

“You know miss, I thought I was going to fail this test... I felt nervous, I felt every feeling you could imagine.” Potter laughed.

“Even horniness?” asked the Wizard smiling wickedly.

Potter got serious and scared “No”

“Oh good, that’s very well. I was worried that my tests would give students strange feelings.” Harland laughed.

Potter smiled in response still a bit scared. He turned away and got to the exit. “Have a nice day miss...”

“You too, Caleb.”

Potter was happy; he had an A on the class. He joined the group that was talking of the good times, smiling.

That night was the final gathering of students with Tomassini. Everyone was sitting on the banquet room, talking low. Tomassini was sited where usual, with his neck with the usual 45° angle.

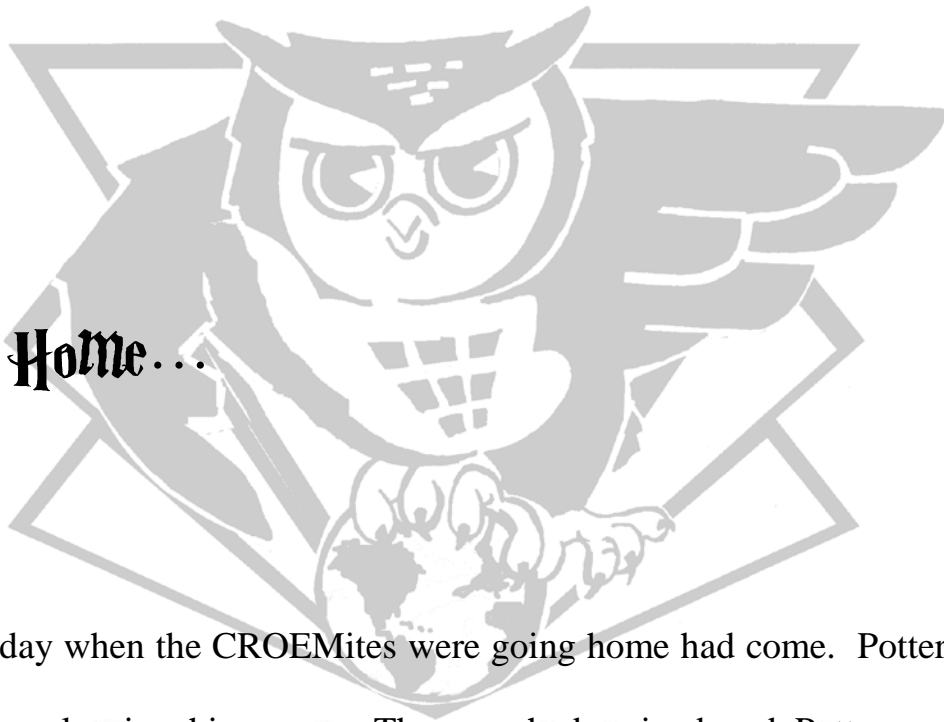
“Today is our final meeting.” Said Tomassini loud and he smiled happy, “It has been a long year, many things happened and I want to wish you all good

vacations. Now we are going to give up the most important event, the house cup. The cup is awarded to the house with the most quantity of points, given by the teacher Wizards and house Wizards for conduct, achievements, etc.” Tomassini took a scroll and opened it. “The fourth place goes to Clemente, with 2390 points...” No one clapped. “The third place goes to NoResi with 3003 points.” The NoResi house started to clap. “The Second place goes to Stahl with a total of 4050 points... and so the house cup goes to Cordero, with a total of 5078 points!” All the students started to clap loud and to whistle and yell of happiness. “Now, we have some extra points to give...” said Tomassini, “For Mr. Edwin Sien, for his help constructing the wonderful garden of the school, we give Clemente *200 points...*” Some claps could be heard. “For Mr. Bryan Ville, for his representation on the international Magic Fair, I give to Clemente 100 points...” more people clapped, “To Mr. Kah Galar Zah, for the best play of Magical Halo that this school has seen; I give Clemente 200 points... And to Mr. Caleb Potter, for the best escape of the school we have noticed, I give Clemente 200 points.” Every one started to clap, except of NoResi, “So if my calculations are good, the third place goes to Clemente!”

All the students clapped and smiled and again started to yell and whistle.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Going Home...



The day when the CROEMites were going home had come. Potter spent all the morning cleaning his room. The cars had arrived and Potter was outside waiting with his luggage. Then he noticed that two girls were approaching at him. They were the Lyn sisters, identical twins. One of them called Jay and the other one Kay. These two beautiful girls that were always smiling were sometimes annoying but very friendly.

“Hi Potter” said Jay.

“How are you?” said Kay

They talked dividing the phrases.

“Good and you?” said Potter

They now talked at the same time, “Good, we are going to miss you all. We have a present for you. You like to escape so we have a gift.

“What is it?” Potter asked confused.

“It is...” said Jay

“...The map of the *Escapers*” said Kay taking out a blank paper, and the sisters started to talk again at the same time. “You need to say ‘I swear that my intentions are not good’ and you will find the way.” And then some images started to appear at the paper. It was a map of the school; all the passages, the forest, the rooms, the classrooms. Potter started to read the letters on the top.

“The masters *Sutra, Flema, Fangoso* and *la Gata*, presents to you the map of the Escapers.”

“And now you say...” said Jay.

“...Hide you secret” said Kay, and the map turned plank paper again.

The time had come for everyone to leave. People were crying and saying their last good byes, and Potter wasn't the exception. Later, he took his luggage to his car and the long trip back home began.

By night, Potter was in his room taking everything out of his luggage and his backpack and pouch, including the cloak. He got to bed and turned out the lights. Potter heard a strange sound and when he lifted his head to look he noticed Toby there.

“Master, you must not ever go back to CROEM, school of science and mathematics, never.”

“Ugh?” Potter was confused and frightened.

“The Dark one is coming back, the real Dark one, the Dark Lord is returning to take control of the school. There will be blood; master can not go back to the school.”

“What are you talking about?”

“He's back Caleb Potter, and there will be problems. The Dark Lord of the Bloodcolded, the one that we are not supposed to name... *Staff...*”

