

Prologue

“Fitzwinkle?” A man’s voice cracked behind them and both Sam and Buttons shot to their feet, Buttons wand automatically appearing in his hand as he swung around to confront the voice.

A warlock wearing a thick oilskin coat, the image of Fitzwinkle, except much older and with a shock of snowy white curls stared into Buttons terrified green eyes. “Fitzwinkle?” he asked again.

“No, no I am not Fitzwinkle” said Buttons his mounting anger, overriding his curiosity and his heart beating like a drum. “My name is Bacchus Rosewood, son of Peter and Maudia Rosewood and brother of Fitzwinkle Rosewood. Who are you and why did you call me Fitzwinkle?”

“Baby Bacchus? You are Bacchus? My name is Shadbolt Thistlewick. I am your grandfather.”

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Buttons green eyes flashed, he yelled at the wizard before him “I’m not your Baby Bacchus. You are no grandfather of mine. A grandfather wouldn’t abandon my brother and I to a life of hell with that witch daughter of yours.” He pointed his wand at his Grandfather’s chest supporting the wrist he had broken in the earthquake rockfall, by holding it tight against his ribs. Sam lay a calming hand on his arm afraid Button’s magic would soar out uncontrollably at the warlock standing before them.

“Then why are you here looking like you want to destroy me? Why are you screaming my name? How on earth did you find me?” the puzzled wizard answered shooting question after question at them. “I don’t understand. Maudia told me your father, took you away to another world and I was never to see you again. It broke my heart and now you are here telling me I am not your grandfather, accompanied by a mortal boy and not your brother Fitzwinkle” Shadbolt trembled with emotion. “Please” he begged, “I must know, is Fitzwinkle, ok as well as you? Why isn’t he with you?”

Buttons felt like years of rage would burst out of him his hand shaking as he tried desperately to control his wand. Shadbolt never moved, trusting his angry grandson wouldn’t really hurt him.

“Yes, he’s fine thanks to the mortals who cared enough to rescue us and are protecting him.” Buttons growled his voice breaking from screaming and emotion.

He became dangerously quiet, “Fitzwinkle and I have endured years of abuse, survived a massive landslide between worlds, and with the help of my human friend here, Sam and I have hiked, broken codes, slept in the rain, endured wild pigs, withstood shaky ground and rockslides to find a grandfather who may or may not even want me. Why? Because I have no other choice.” He screamed again, sparks zipping from his orange curls and the end of his shaking wand, causing Shadbolt to take a cautious step back.