

# Magical Maintenance

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The wizard knocked on the door. “Maintenance,” he called out. He looked down at the door handle – or where it should have been; there wasn’t one.

“One moment,” came the muffled voice of a student at the academy. “Come on, need you to open up, I need you to put your handle out right now. Come on, be nice for once, pleeeeeease? Do I need to be annoying again to get you to – oww!” The student stopped speaking, letting out only muffled groans of pain.

“Is everything alright in there?” asked the wizard, raising an eyebrow.

The student went quiet for a moment, then timidly said, “Yeah, just got hit over the head by the door’s handle. Nothing new there.”

“Who hit you?”

“The door.”

“The doo – I beg your pardon?” The wizard looked the door up and down again. It seemed perfectly normal.

“Yeah, my door and my toilet have been, for want of a better word, rebelling,” sighed the student. “This has been going on for about a month now. I can’t take it anymore.” The wizard heard a gentle thump and the sound of fabric being ground against the wall. Possibly the student sitting down against the wall.

“What have they been doing?” asked the wizard.

“Not working,” the student said simply. “The door’s been hiding its handle, locking at random, creaking and flapping all over the place just to annoy me, hitting me with the handle – you name it.”

“Uh . . . okay then . . . and the toilet?”

“No better. Flooding the floor with jets of water out of nowhere, lifting the seat when I go to sit down – that makes taking a shit a real pain in the ass – gurgling and dripping in the night, refusing to flush, bucking me off the toilet seat . . .”

“Okay, I think I get the picture,” the wizard interjected.

“Can you stop them?” asked the student. Immediately, the door rattled and the toilet flushed indignantly.

“Well,” said the wizard, “I’ve been a maintenance wizard here for twenty years. I’m sure I can sort something out.” He pulled out his wand. “Stand back. If the door’s not going to cooperate, I’ll just have to blast –” The door slammed open, hitting the student in the knee. He screeched in pain and leapt up, hopping on the other foot and gripping his shin and foot, pain watering in his eyes. “– it open,” the wizard sighed. As the student sat on his bed against the wall nursing his pained limb, the wizard stepped quietly into the room, giving the door a suspicious look.