



*D*eath

at

*D*usbar *C*ollege



A Story of Antyfas

BY

LAURA DINOVIS BERRY

Death at Dusbar College

A Story of Antyfas

Laura DiNovis Berry



INDIES UNITED PUBLISHING HOUSE, LLC

Copyright © by Laura DiNovis Berry

First Edition published June 2022

Published by Indies United Publishing House, LLC

Illustrated by Lee Thompson

Cover art designed by YaYa Designs

All rights reserved worldwide. No part of this publication may be replicated, redistributed, or given away in any form without the prior written consent of the author/publisher or the terms relayed to you herein.

ISBN: 978-1-64456-416-5 [Hardback:]

ISBN: 978-1-64456-417-2 [Paperback]

ISBN: 978-1-64456-418-9 [Mobi]

ISBN: 978-1-64456-419-6 [Epub]

ISBN: 978-1-64456-420-2 [AudioBook]

Library of Congress Control Number: 2021951687



INDIES UNITED PUBLISHING HOUSE, LLC

P.O. BOX 3071

QUINCY, IL 62305-3071

indiesunited.net

Dedication

This book, with all its wonderful silliness and rare moments of wit, is dedicated to you, Cristiano. Thank you for inspiring me to write something that has made us both laugh and has made us happy.

Table of Contents

[Chapter 1: Welcome to Dusbar College](#)

[Chapter 2: A Shocking Morning](#)

[Chapter 3: Has There Been a Murder?](#)

[Chapter 4: A Magical Breakfast](#)

[Chapter 5: Off to the Office](#)

[Chapter 6: The Party](#)

[Coming Soon](#)

[About the Author](#)

Chapter 1

Welcome to Dusbar College

The Grand Magician was scribbling away in his office. His white feather quill zoomed across the piece of parchment on his desk. It only stopped its work when the wizened old magician broke out into a furious fit of coughing. The quill hung in the air, patiently waiting for more words to transcribe as the old man sucked in more air and then let loose another hacking barrage of coughs. He paused. The quill went rigid with anticipation, but then its feathered tip drooped as the Grand Magician raised one gnarled finger into the air and began to cough again. His hands at his chest, the Grand Magician coughed so violently that the hat he wore was thrown off his head.

It was a glorious hat too. The hat's wide circular brim was resplendent with golden stars and moons. Swirling clouds stitched with deep blue thread traveled mysteriously about the deep purple fabric.



His white feather quill zoomed across the piece of parchment on his desk.

Small silver, gold, and black pom-poms dangled down from the brim. The Grand Magician's hat led up to a point that was two feet into the air, and the inner lining was constructed of dark red satin. At the very tip of the hat sat a wonderfully white fluffy ball that sparkled and glittered. The Grand Magician's hat was the envy of all who saw it.

The Grand Magician was still coughing until a brown striped frog came hurtling out of his mouth with a frantic, "Rrrrrriiiiiiiiiibbbbbbbiiiiiiiiittttt!"

It landed with a sharp 'splat' on the far stone wall and slid down to the floor.

"Finally!" spluttered the Grand Magician. "I thought that aggravating menace would never get out of my throat." He glared down at the frog as he swiped his hat off of the floor.

"Bolly-Bol, how many times have I told you not to climb in there while I'm sleeping!" he grumbled, fitting his hat back onto his bald head that shone as dark and shiny as a polished chestnut. Bolly-Bol shook his own head as if to clear it, and then hopped around to look at the Grand Magician. He blinked before replying sniffily, "It was wet and warm in there, and I was cold. This tower is absolutely frigid!" He narrowed his eyes.

"And you didn't light a fire," he added. "What else was I supposed to do?!"

The Grand Magician glanced at the quill. The enchanted object slowly swirled its tip much in the manner as a person would roll their eyes. He smirked.

"Even the quill thinks you're being melodramatic, Bolly-Bol," he said. Bolly-Bol screwed up his face in consternation before replying, "I am a demon born of the dark fires of E'hl trapped in a frog's body and stuck here on this abysmal mortal plane."

"It's cold enough in the summers," he continued, "But now it's winter, and this *awful* magician's college of yours

just *had* to be built in the most frozen, desolate patch of mountains in all of Antyfas. I am freezing to *death!*” he cried. Now it was the Grand Magician’s turn to roll his eyes.

“Again with the whining! And Dusbar College is not awful. I wouldn’t be its Grand Magician if it was,” said the Grand Magician with a hint of reproach in his voice.

“But why do you have to hide in my throat of all places?” He asked. Bolly-Bol looked away petulantly.

“Well, I was hoping it would kill you.”

The Grand Magician threw his arms into the air with an exasperated “UGH!” before turning back to the quill. He clapped his hands together. The quill excitedly dipped its pointed end into the golden inkwell resting on the desk. Then it began to loop and curl as the Grand Magician muttered to it. Just outside his office, the President of the Partying Department, known better by her professional name Lauya the Splendiferous, walked by with her nephew, Cristiano the As Yet Untitled.

“Do you see this door behind me, Cristiano?” she asked, wagging her fingers over her shoulder. Cristiano peaked around her long, shimmering robes.

“Yes, Aunt Lauya,” he replied, staring at the massive wooden door that was framed by overbearing wall sconces.

“That leads to the Grand Magician’s office! He’s going to be turning 120 years old tomorrow! I’m so glad you were able to come to visit. It’s going to be a marvelous party!” She grinned. Cristiano turned his gaze from the door to his aunt.

About the Author

Inspired by all the ridiculous, frightening, wonderful, and adorable things she has discovered during her time on Earth, Laura DiNovis Berry writes what she hopes will be wonderful things for others to discover.