

# Another Chance: Rewrite

An average sized man, wearing average clothes, stands before a tall golden fence, in the distance behind it through the trees is a large mansion. The man looks around the fence, confused he awkwardly knocks on the fence, “hello? Brackenstein?”. A small box buzzes, “sorry Sir Jonah, you came quicker than I expected, if you wait one moment I will be down there to pick you up”. Jonah looks at the box confused, “ok...thank you?”. The box buzzes again, “by the way, don’t knock on a gate, that’s weird”. Jonah begins to understand, “ok...next time I’ll just talk to this box”.

Very soon after a car slowly pulls up to the gate, the gate opens on its own. Jonah steps into the passenger seat of the car. He admires all the lights, buttons, and modern marvels of the car. Mr.Brackenstein chuckles, “if you push the button next to your seat then your seat will warm up for the ride”. Jonah’s excitement peaks and he pushes the button twice and then waits. “No, just once, twice turns it off again” Mr.Brackenstein corrects. Jonah pushes the button and then waits only a quick second, “I don’t feel it”. “It takes a minute for it to warm up” Mr.Brackenstein begins to lose his patience.

After their short car ride, they arrive at the mansion. The front of the mansion looks deceptively small, but Jonah knows the mansion is long and goes far back into the woods. The two of them enter the mansion and find Miss Brackenstein, and their two young grandsons, no older than 13 waiting for them. “May I take your jacket sir?” she asks Jonah. “No, I’m ok, I don’t believe I’m staying long” Jonah waves his hand. One of the two young boys suddenly bursts out, “is it going to be me?! Do I have to go?!”. Jonah kneels down to face the boy eye to eye, “it might be, or it might not be. Either way someday it will be your turn to enter the Ur, and if you go in with a mindset like that then you won’t win. So cheer up! Then you might win!”. The boy calms down slightly, so Jonah stands back up, “so then Mr.Brackenstein, are you ready to discuss your entry?”. “Yes, let us discuss this in my study. So come, follow me”.

Mr.Brackenstein leads Jonah to a solid wall that he taps with the bottom of his cane. The wall glows, and the whole room begins to bend around them. The glow of the wall moves towards them until it ends behind them, then it stops glowing and forms back into a solid wall, with the two of them now on the other side facing an endless hallway. The two of them walk down this hallway for what feels like ages. They pass by many magical artifacts, an orb that grows and shrinks, a few dozen rubies that scream in agony as they pass by, and statues that whisper prayers as they pass by. They pass many other wonderful things, beautiful oil paintings, archways that were designed with such intricate detail that one could spend days admiring every few feet. They pass by a boy, whose head is pointed straight at the ground. They also pass pools of mana, some in large metal containers, others filling a swimming pool.

The two arrive at Mr.Brackenstein’s study. There is a desk and a few books on the shelf, Jonah curiously pulls out a book, and another magically appears in its’ place. “Do you like it? I used my mana room to create an infinite book case, instead of a large cumbersome library” Mr.Brackenstein brags. “That is an interesting use of mana room, but would it not be more efficient to create a single book of infinite pages? Mana rooms are stronger the smaller they are, so one this big must be a taxing amount of mana” Jonah points out. “You act as if I would ever struggle to produce mana in this estate. You treat me like a commoner” Mr.Brackenstein’s mood sours. “My mistake, I should never underestimate the power of one of the 3 great families. Now, are you ready to discuss your entry into Ur...”.