

PUFFS @ C.F.R.T.

NARRATOR SIDE

(A light piano theme plays. Not the one you are hearing in your head. It's a different one.

The Narrator speaks to us.)

NARRATOR: Heroes. Made. Not born. Except, sometimes...they *are* born.

On a gloomy night, in a far away, magical land called: England.

(Behind them A Very Tall Man with a big beard and some goggles appears holding a very, very special baby. The First Headmaster, old, kind, and gentle, enters with him. They admire this heroic, special, really, really important baby boy. The Narrator spots them.)

Ah! A giant! Aw, a baby. His parents: dead. But he lives. He is *the boy who lives*. He has a *scar*.

On his *forehead*. Shaped like...*you know*. You get it? You are familiar with this boy?

Well. Forget about him. This story is not about him.

(From seemingly nowhere, another baby appears carried by someone far less impressive, with somewhere far better to be.)

Ah! Another orphan. His parents: also dead. Killed in a freak chocolate frog accident.

Please, don't ask. This boy is whisked away to live with his uncle in the even more magical land of Cattlepoke Springs, New Mexico. Where...the boy grows up! And up until a few weeks ago, this now eleven-year-old boy had only the regular problems of a child in 1991. And before he knew it, after a confusing train station experience...Wayne found himself at the gates of a certain school of female magic and male magic. Where he would spend the next seven years.

Tonight! We will be taking an incredibly in-depth look at those seven years. Over the next five hours split into two parts- *(checks notes)* What?! 90-ish minutes? Oh.

Tonight! We will take...a look at those seven years. Seven years that were, in one word, eventful.

It begins as these stories tend to begin...WITH A SORTING!

