

AGRABAH Season 1

Episode 1 - Dark Magic

An older man, standing in the shadows of a dark alleyway, watched as a scrappy young boy rummaged through a trash can. It was clear from the way he moved, the way he spoke, that he was a street rat. The man knew the type well, having once been in their shoes himself.

"Hey, you there," the man called out, approaching the boy. "What brings you to this part of the city?"

The boy tensed up, gaze darting warily to the man's face. "Just looking for scraps," he replied, his voice laced with defiance.

The man smirked, observing the defensive way the boy carried himself. "You're a sharp one, I can see. Care to help me with a little task?"

The boy eyes sparkled with interest, "What kind of task?"

The man reached into his cloak and pulled out a small pouch filled with coins. "I need you to go to the palace and retrieve something for me. Something very valuable. And if you succeed, I'll let you keep this as your reward."

The boy's eyes widened at the sight of the pouch. He nodded eagerly, his gaze following the man's hand like a hawk. "What's in it for you?" he asked.

The man's smile turned sly, his features hidden by the hood of his cloak. "Let's just say that I have my reasons," he replied, handing over the pouch of coins.

The boy listened as the man gave him a detailed description of what he needed to do, where to go, how to get in and out of the palace unnoticed, and how to find him afterward.

The boy set off at once, eager to prove himself and earn his reward. As he journeyed through the busy streets of Agrabah, he couldn't shake the feeling that this was a dangerous task. But the promise of coins was too enticing to ignore.

The man paced back and forth outside the castle walls, his patience wearing thin. It had been days since he had sent the street rat on his mission, and he was starting to worry that he had been duped.

But just as he was about to leave, the man heard a commotion from inside. Screaming, shouting, the clanging of metal against metal. And then a familiar voice, one that made the man's heart race with excitement.

He suppressed a smile as he saw the boy running along. "Well, well, well. What have we here?"

The boy's eyes narrowed at the sight of the man. "You. What do you want?"

The man stepped forward, his hand outstretched. "Nothing much. Just what you're holding there."

The boy glared at him. "The lamp? You mean the worthless lamp that's been causing me nothing but trouble since I found it? Why did you tell me not to touch it?"

The man chuckled. "Oh, come now. Surely you know how much that lamp is worth? It's worth your freedom, boy. Think about it. You could walk out of here, never have to worry about the guards chasing you ever again. All you have to do is give me the lamp."

The boy hesitated, his hand tightening around the lamp. But in the end, he relented, handing it over. "I still don't understand why you paid me so much for this lamp. But, I could use the gold. So, take it. I hope you know what you're doing."

The man's smile widened as he held the lamp up to the light. "Oh, I know exactly what I'm doing. This is actually it. The power! The absolute power! You've done well kid. What's your name?"

"My name is Jafar."

The man looked down at Jafar with a grin, "You really have no idea what you've just given me, do you?" Jafar shook his head, confused. "It's just a lamp. An old, rickety lamp." The man's expression turned serious, "Jafar, my boy, this is no ordinary lamp. It holds a power beyond your wildest dreams. With this lamp, I can do anything. Rule any kingdom, make anyone do my bidding. And now, thanks to you, I am one step closer to mastering that power."

Jafar couldn't help but feel a sense of dread wash over him. What had he done? He thought back to the warnings he had received about the lamp. The stories of its dark magic and the curses it brought upon those who possessed it. But he had ignored those warnings, blinded by the promise of gold and a new life. He wondered if he had just made the biggest mistake of his life.

The man cackled, interrupting Jafar's thoughts. "I can see the fear in your eyes, Jafar. But don't worry, I won't forget the debt I owe you. You have helped me acquire something beyond your imagination. And when the time comes, I won't forget that." With that, the man turned and walked off into the night, the lamp clutched tightly in his hand.

As Jafar watched him disappear, he felt a sense of regret wash over him. He had given away something that had brought him nothing but trouble and strife. But now, he had a sinking feeling that trouble and strife were just beginning for him, thanks to the man's ominous words.

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A few years later.

Jafar cautiously glanced around the corner before quickly darting towards the garbage bin. He rummaged through the pile of garbage, his eyes scanning through the remnants of discarded food. His stomach growled loudly, an unwelcome reminder of his constant hunger. Suddenly, he heard footsteps approaching and froze.

"Caught you, boy!" The guard yelled, as he grabbed a hold of Jafar's arm. Jafar frantically searched for a way out, but the guard's grip was too strong. Just when he thought all hope was lost, an old man appeared from the shadows.

"Let the boy go," Khalid said, placing a hand on the guard's shoulder. "He's just a boy trying to survive."

The guard hesitated before reluctantly releasing Jafar. Khalid's kind eyes and gentle voice were enough to convince the guard that Jafar meant no harm. Jafar's heart swelled with gratitude towards the kind old man who had just saved him.

"Thank you," Jafar mumbled, his voice hoarse from his time on the streets.

Khalid simply smiled warmly at the boy, "No need to thank me. You look like you could use a friend. And maybe some help?"

Jafar warily looked Khalid up and down, trying to determine if he could trust this stranger. But there was something about the old man's eyes that made Jafar feel like he could trust him.

"I-I could use some help," Jafar said hesitantly.

Khalid placed a hand on Jafar's shoulder, "Let's start with picking pockets. You're bound to get caught sooner or later without proper training. Do you want me to show you how it's done?"

Jafar nodded eagerly, his hunger for knowledge and survival driving him to accept the help of the old man.

As Khalid began to teach him various techniques, Jafar's confidence grew. He felt like he had found a mentor, a father figure on the streets of Agrabah. Khalid also noticed Jafar's innate talent for magic and began teaching him simple spells. Jafar was amazed by the power of magic and the potential it held for him. If he was going to be like the old man he met a few years ago, he was going to need to learn magic.

One day, as they were practicing their new skills, Jafar asked Khalid, "Why are you helping me? You don't even know me." Khalid smiled, "I see potential in you, Jafar. You are more than just a boy on the streets. You have a fire in your eyes that tells me you're capable of great things. And besides, everyone needs a helping hand every now and then."

Jafar nodded, grateful for Khalid's faith in him. He never thought that anyone would see him as more than just a street rat. But Khalid saw him as a person with worth and potential for greatness.

As they spent more time together, Jafar began to open up to Khalid. He shared his fears and hopes with the old man, something he had never done before. Khalid listened and offered guidance where he could. He became a source of comfort and stability for Jafar, something he had never had in his life before.

Looking back on that day, Jafar realized that meeting Khalid was one of the best things that had ever happened to him. Without the old man's guidance and assistance, he would not have survived on the streets for long. Khalid had become a mentor, a father figure, and a true friend to him in a world where such things were hard to come by. If Khalid had known the path Jafar would take in his life, he would have never helped him. But without knowing it, he helped create a monster. That story is for another day.

One day Jafar wandered through the streets of Agrabah, his eyes scanned the various stalls and markets, searching for his next potential score or find. It was then that he noticed a small book lying in the shadows of an alleyway. The book was old and tattered, with strange symbols etched into its cover. Jafar was immediately intrigued, and before he knew it, he had picked up the book and begun to leaf through its pages.

As he read on, Jafar realized that the book was filled with dark magic spells and incantations. He was awed by the power that seemed to emanate from its pages. But he also felt a sense of fear and unease, knowing that dabbling in such dark magic was dangerous and could lead to disastrous consequences.

Despite his misgivings, Jafar kept the book, hiding it from Khalid. He didn't want the old man to know about the book's dark magic, fearing that Khalid would take it away from him. Instead, Jafar would sneak away whenever he could to practice the spells and incantations in the privacy of his own space.

One day, Jafar was on his way to meet Khalid for their regular magic lesson when he suddenly remembered the book. Panicking, he quickly hid the book under his cloak, hoping that Khalid wouldn't notice anything amiss.

As they began their lesson, Jafar found it difficult to focus. The mysterious book weighed heavily on his mind, and he couldn't ignore the pull of its power. He was so engrossed in his thoughts that he failed to notice Khalid looking at him quizzically.

"Is everything all right, Jafar?" Khalid asked, noticing the boy's distractedness. "You seem to be preoccupied today."

Jafar hesitated, unsure whether to tell Khalid about the book. But he realized that the old man deserved his honesty, especially after all he had done for him.

"I found an old book on the streets," Jafar admitted, pulling the book out from under his cloak. "It's a book of dark magic, and I've been studying it in secret. I know it's wrong, but I can't seem to resist its power."

Khalid's eyes widened in concern as he took the book from Jafar's hands. "Jafar, you mustn't dabble in dark magic. It's dangerous and can lead you down a path you don't want to take. Promise me you'll stop studying this."

Jafar felt a sense of shame wash over him as he realized the gravity of his actions. He had been so fascinated by the power of the book that he had failed to recognize the dangers that came with it.

"I promise, Khalid," Jafar said solemnly. "I won't study dark magic anymore. I know now that it's not worth the risk."

Khalid smiled, placing a hand on Jafar's shoulder. "Good. Remember, Jafar, with great power comes great temptation. And sometimes, the greatest strength lies in resisting it."

Jafar nodded, feeling grateful for Khalid's guidance and understanding. He knew now that he had made a mistake, but he was also determined to learn from it and become a better person.

As Jafar delved deeper into his studies of magic under Khalid's tutelage, he found himself increasingly drawn to the dark arts. The temptation to explore the limits of his abilities was too strong to resist. He would often ask Khalid questions about dark magic and its benefits, arguing that it was necessary for him to learn how to fight against it.

Khalid, however, was adamantly against Jafar dabbling in dark magic. He argued that the risks were too great, and that the consequences of practicing such magic could be disastrous.

"Jafar, there's no need for you to explore the dark arts," Khalid said patiently. "There are plenty of other spells and magical approaches that you can learn. Trust me, you don't want to risk the dangers of dark magic."

Jafar countered, "But what about the power that comes with it? With dark magic, I could be unbeatable. I could have control over my own fate."

Khalid shook his head. "Power without wisdom is foolishness, Jafar. You don't need dark magic to have control over your destiny. You already possess a gift for magic. Focus on harnessing that gift."

Jafar seemed unconvinced, but before he could argue further, Khalid stopped him. "What are you really asking me, Jafar? I sense that this isn't just about the book."

Jafar hesitated, his thoughts turning to the magical lamp. He had been fascinated by it since the night with the old man. He decided to ask Khalid about it, despite his reservations. "Have you heard of a magical lamp, Khalid? It's supposed to grant you anything you want."

Khalid chuckled. "Ah, yes. The magical lamp. It's just a fairytale, Jafar. It doesn't exist. Don't believe everything you hear from the other kids."

Jafar leaned in, barely able to contain his excitement. "It's real, Khalid."

Khalid started laughing out loud, which discouraged Jafar but he continued.

"Can you just pretend it's real, for a minute and tell me about it?"

Khalid chuckled, his eyes glinting with amusement. "Oh, Jafar, you and your fanciful tales. There's no such thing as a lamp that grants wishes, you know that. Besides, even if there were, the risks would outweigh the rewards. There's always a price to pay for meddling with magic."

Jafar nodded along, but in his heart, he knew that the lamp was real. He didn't like it, but the thought of holding such power in his hands was intoxicating.

He shook his head, trying to hide his disappointment. "You're right, Khalid. I shouldn't listen to what others say."

He left Khalid's house with a polite farewell, his mind already racing with plans of how to find the lamp. He decided then and there that he would do whatever it takes to get his hands on it - even if it meant risking everything he had worked for.

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Jafar walked through the deserted streets of the city, mulling over Khalid's words. He couldn't shake the thought of the magical lamp from his mind. As he turned a corner, he spotted a cloaked figure darting into a rundown building.

Cautiously, Jafar approached the building, intrigued by what could be happening inside. He pushed open the door and slipped inside, his heart racing with excitement.

What he saw inside the building made him freeze in place. A group of dark sorcerers were gathered in the center of the room, chanting and waving their arms over a cauldron. The air was thick with an acrid smoke that made Jafar's eyes water.

Jafar went to leave, realizing that he had stumbled into something dangerous, but as he turned, he walked straight into a figure blocking the doorway. And then, he saw a red flash and everything went dark.

When he woke up, he was in a small, cramped cell, the walls made of stone and the only light coming from a small window set high in the wall. He had no idea how long he had been there, but it couldn't have been more than a few hours.

Jafar tried to stand up, but the walls of the cell were too close together. He was trapped. He knew that he had brought this upon himself. He had been foolish to follow the mysterious figure into the building.

As he sat in despair, he heard the footsteps of someone approaching. The door of his cell creaked open, revealing a robed figure. Jafar braced himself for whatever would come next.

End of Episode 1.