

WITCHY  
WOES



Of course this was happening to me, these things *always* happened to me. I was running for my life, holding a loaf of bread over my head like it was gold. That's basically what it was. I was a poor orphan. But I always thought that maybe I had a long lost brother somewhere because of a letter I found at the orphanage.

The wind was pounding my face as I ran. At that moment I dared to look over my shoulder and saw the baker running at me. My vision blurred!

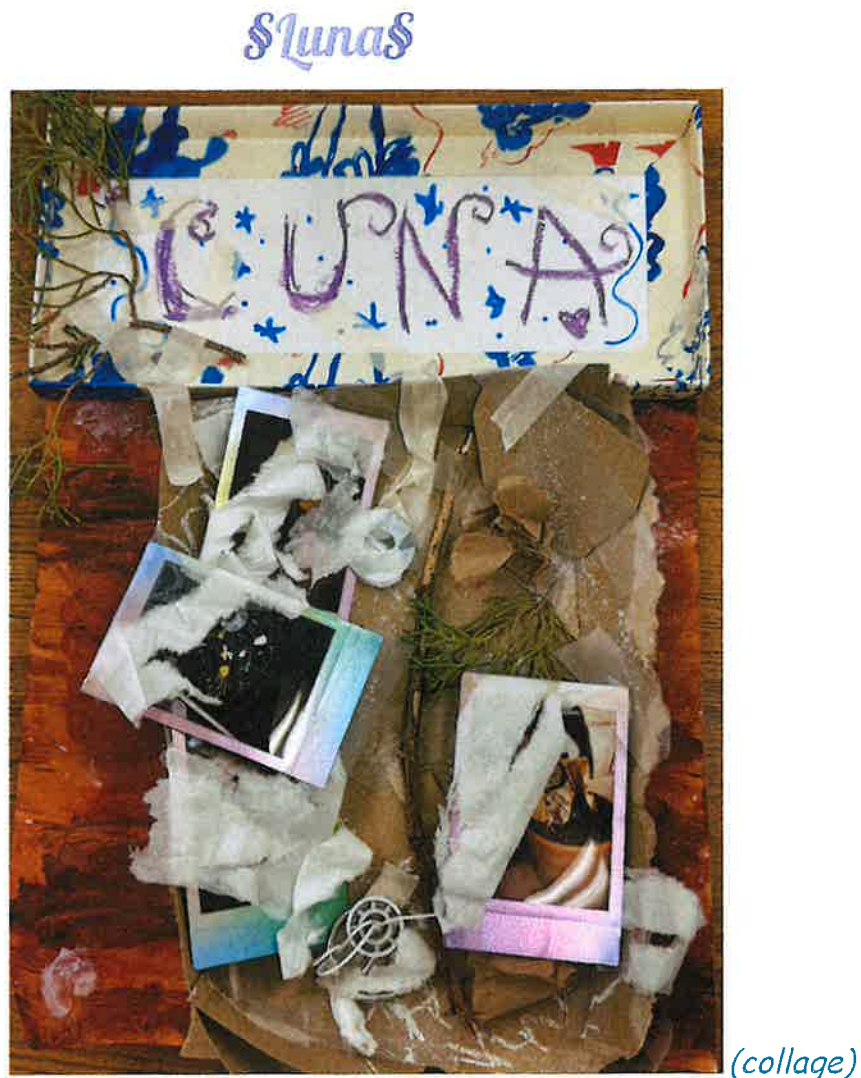


"Not again", I thought to myself. I had to make it to the wall. I tried to push through the pain and remember my way, but it was too much. All I remembered was buckling to my knees, then it all turned black.

I regained consciousness later that day. I was in a... *TOWER?!?! I rushed to the window, ignoring the pain. Trees shrouded my view!*

"This is vile!" I screamed. I was stuck in a dusty old tower! That's when I spotted all the boxes. I crept towards them. When I got to the nearest one I froze with terror.

The box had my name on it.



Opening the package, I saw it was full of different things. Like a ring though, it was covered in lots of cobwebs. Everything was covered in cobwebs, except there was a...twig?

I hadn't realized how much my hands were shaking, and my vision was going blurry. "No!"

I knew I had to get the twig. I reached out my shaking hands. When my vision was about to black out, I prepared for the worst. Though nothing happened, I realized I was holding the twig. How- "Creeaak!"

I jumped up, clutching the twig towards my chest. There I saw a person. I looked at him and he looked like a boy version of me.

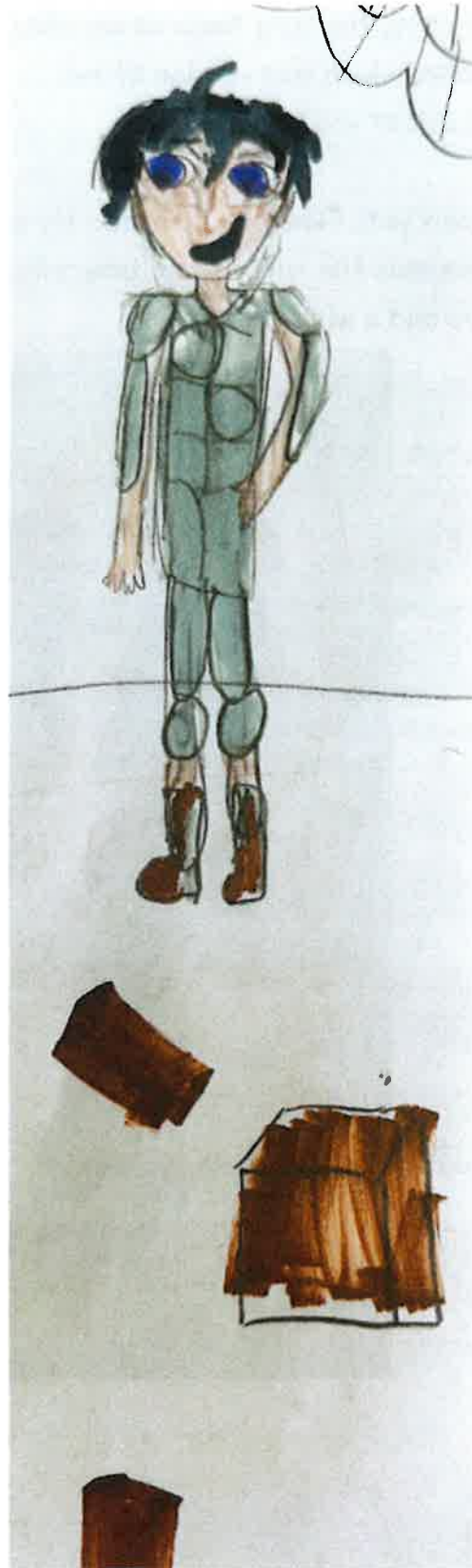
He whispered, "Look at you,"

"Huh?"

"Oh, you don't know yet..." The boy pointed. My eyes followed his finger to a dusty mirror. I crept towards the mirror and basically stopped breathing. I looked at myself wearing a robe and a witch hat.



"How---" I turned around to see the boy in full battle armor.



He pulled out a sword. "You are thirteen- you shall see the truth."

Then he swung. I dodged. He swung again-he cut my pinky and I fell down. The twig I was holding flew across the room. I closed my eyes and prayed that I could make it out. Then something flashed on my eyelids, I opened my eyes to see a sword glowing. I got up, holding the sword, then I swung.

"Wait, wha-how?" The boy did not realize I was about to hit him, but the sword bounced off his armor.

I looked at him. "Who are you?" I asked.

"I'm your brother."

My sword clattered to the ground.

"Why would you fight me?" My eyes watered with tears.

"You stole my spotlight, you got the powers. Oh, and it was all our parents fault. Now you shall end up like *them*."

He struck, and that's all I remember.

I woke up surrounded by other orphans. What happened? Then I looked down at my cut pinkie and thought "*No one can ever know*".

*By: Penelope Berman*

