

Witchcraft

There was an old, crusty and rusty shop at the corner of my street. An old lady would watch over it and go inside but wouldn't come out until the evening. I would watch her wandering suspiciously out of the shop making sure no one saw her. One morning I looked out my window but there was no sign of her. The next day she still didn't show. My street would always be dark, gloomy and foggy so you couldn't see anything but from my window I could see the whole street without a problem.

The next week the old lady was a no show again so my suspicion got the better of me and I went down to go check it out. I went to the old shop and the door slowly crept open. Everywhere I looked was empty then I came to a brick wall with letters covered in dust so I started dusting it off to find a riddle, 'By the light of the moon, I fly through the night, A cackling laugh, a fearful sight. With potions and spells, my magic takes flight. What am I, in the pale moonlight?'

As I question myself, I find the answer: a witch. The lady was a witch! A portal to a new world was revealed. I stepped into a world that people had been dreaming about. As the colours danced in the sky, strange creatures flew about in the air. The air was alive with magic, and I knew that my adventure was only the beginning...

the first book in the series