

The Book Witch

By Jenna Edgar, age 12

Late one afternoon, a child sat under a tree. They brushed their short brown hair out of their eyes and pulled out a book. The book was called Adventures and how to Survive them. Then the child did something magical. They opened the book and the book exploded. Colors and shapes fell out of the book and formed a scene around the child. They had just pulled a scene out of a book.

"Remy!" a voice shouted "where are you?"

"Under a tree." Remy shouted back.

The voice belonged to Remy's mom, Mrs.Wing "What are you doing?"

"Mom. There's no one around."

"Come inside."

"Fine." Remy closed the book, and the scene went away. They follow Mrs.Wing inside. The house was cheerful. Mrs.Wing set to making dinner. "There's a new book on the table for you." Remy went over and picked up Darkness Falling. Their mom was talking. Remy climbed the stairs to their room. In their room Remy sat on their bed and opened the book.....

"Ha Ha! At last I'm free!"

"Meow. Took you long enough."

Oh no thought Remy. Something from the story was free. They panicked. Then Remy noticed the sword coming for them. They ducked and the sword grazed their arm. Remy rolled to their potions cabinet. Remy grabbed a bottle and threw it. The bottle hit the villain in the chest, sending a spray of yellow sparks everywhere. He tripped and fell out of the house.

"I am the Underlord, ruler of this world!" The villain yelled.

Then he stomped away. His cat sat in the middle of Remy's room licking its paw.

"What are you waiting for?" the cat demeaned.

"What?" Remy was still getting used to the idea that cats could talk.

"Come on, you let him out, you'd better put him back."

The cat jumped around, knocking stuff into a bag.

"Why do you hate him?" Remy asked.

"If you'd been stuck with him forever, you'd hate him too."

Remy set to helping the cat pack. Potions, snacks, water bottles.

"I'm going to call you Mist." Remy said, shouldering the pack.

"Purrecty fine," said the cat.

They wrote their mom a note, telling her not to worry.

"You're bleeding," said Mist.

"Huh?"

Mist licked its arm, and Remy looked at theirs. It was bleeding. They dropped a healing potion on it.

"Let's go." Remy said. Together they climbed out of Remy's destroyed room.

It was pretty easy to follow the Underlord. He left a trail of destruction. Remy and Mist followed the broken trees and stomped ground. The underlord's trail lead them to a place of story, The Terrifying Trees.

“Um.” Remy said.

“What?”

“Those are the Terrifying Trees.”

“You scaredy cat.”

“You’re the cat.”

“Ha.” Mist said, “Well, go on.”

Remy took a tiny step into the trees.

“Did you expect it to bite your foot off?” Mist scoffed. Then the cat jumped in. “See.”

They walked on, shadow loaming over them.

“Mist, I think we’re lost.”

Mist stopped walking “oh.”

They were lost and surrounded by shadows.

“If we keep walking we’ll find a way out.” Mist started walking. They walked on, feeling eyes watching them. Then they came to a clearing, a dead battleground.

“Pick a sword.” Mist said.

Remy picked one up. They looked at the sword in their hand; it was silver. Remy swung it; it was a perfect fit. Mist purred. Remy put it away in their belt. Then they followed the trail out.

They found the underlord and his small army. The Underlord turned “Attack!”

Everyone leaped into battle. Mist attacked with its claws and teeth. Remy swung their sword and threw potions. The soldiers may have had more in numbers but they were unprepared for the witch and their cat. Soon all the soldiers were stunned or hurt. Remy and Mist barely had a scratch on them.

“My forces may have fallen but I will win!” the underlord cried. Then he swung his huge sword.

Remy brought theirs up to meet it. The blades met with a crash. Mist snuck up behind and leaped with claws out. The Underlord grunted in pain. Remy jabbed with their blade. The Underlord barely blocked it. The Underlord brought his sword down hard. Blocking it, Remy tripped and fell. The Underlord brought his sword down on Remy’s fallen form. They scrambled for their sword. The blade inches from them. Mist jumped in the Underlord’s face and clawed. Mist’s distraction gave Remy enough time to grab their sword.

“The book Remy!” Mist yowled, still attacking. Remy drew out Darkness Falling. They grabbed it and opened the cover.

“Mist run!”

Mist leaped from the Underlord as a golden light swallowed him. Remy closed the cover. They high-fived. “Let’s go home.” Remy said. And so they did.