

Any Witch Way

1. Noun - Plural
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Any Witch Way

Check Don't say her name. Don't talk to her. And whatever you do, don't look her in the Noun - Plural.

Because the second you do, she will Verb your soul.

That was the rumor surrounding the town doctor's daughter. Afflicted. A witch. It might be Verb - Present

Tense.

It sounded harmless enough. Some grade-school rumor that turned into a high school charade for the sake of

Noun. After all, witches weren't Adjective. Ghosts were for Noun. Magic was just a

Noun.

That was why Beth became friends with her. Because none of it was true. They sat together at Noun.

Walked together to Noun. Slept over at each other's houses.

Everything was going fine until they played the game. Ouija boards were made in China, after all. How

Adjective could they be?

The girls sat down on a stormy night, lit a few black candles, and asked the first question.

"Is

anyone there?" the witch asked.

The planchette moved to the word "Yes."

"What is your name?"

"M-A-R-Y," the planchettes spelled.

"You're moving it," Beth accused.

But she wasn't. In all truth, Beth was the one moving it.

When the girls bored of the game, Beth suggested another. Bloody Mary, the oldest, most Adjective sleepover game about a Noun that had been Verb - Past Participle in front of her Noun.

The girls went into the bathroom, bringing only a candle for light to see by. Then they spun around three times, and the witch reached out and touched her finger to the mirror.

"It helps if you turn on the faucet," Beth suggested.

So the witch did.

Then they began chanting. "Bloody Mary. Bloody Mary. Bloody Mary."

"It's not working," the witch whispered.

"Keep going. It can take a while, but then you'll see her _____^{Noun}."

The girls continued chanting, the unease mounting at the idea that the _____^{Adjective}, spirit would really show itself.

"There she is," Beth said.

The witch looked her friend in the mirror's reflection. "Where?"

"Behind you," Beth whispered.

The witch turned around to face her only friend, and when she did, she saw Bloody Mary in Beth's face.

"Thanks for inviting me," Beth said. "But I think this party is over."

And no one ever heard from the Noun witch girl again.