

POTION: A WITCHY FAIRY TALE

by Dorlana Vann

EXCERPT

He knew why he had to destroy the card, sort of, he had felt the threat in his bones. What he couldn't understand was why Melrose didn't sense anything wrong. "Don't you remember what happened in the woods?" he said easily, glancing at her to see if there was any spark of memory.

She shrugged. "No, I don't, not really, and I don't want to."

Melrose had managed to block out the first eight years of her life, and his mom called him the forgetful one. "Well, I do, but what I forgot, or pushed aside, until that moment in there, was the curse."

"Curse? Really? There's no such thing as curses. Come on."

"I don't know what else to call it, but the witch made you say that rhyme." He squeezed his eyes together, trying to remember. "Something about transforming Venus into a witch in eight years."

Silence seeped into the backyard. They both turned their attention to the fire when it crackled, old trash igniting.

"Melrose, think. It's been almost exactly eight years—"

"So what?" she spat.

"I think you're Venus."

Melrose crossed her arms and huffed. "So, I'm a planet?"

"Your birth name," he said, trying to ignore her mocking tone. "Your real name. I know you don't remember, and I never mentioned it because I was trying to put all that behind me, too."

"I think I would have remembered if that was my name."

"Really? But you don't remember anything else? Whatever. Your name isn't important. What I'm trying to tell you is that something is sketch." He pointed toward the house. "You gotta stay away from anyone who plays around with that witchcraft shit so you don't trigger ... you know."