



RITUALS

K. A. BANKS

YOUR WORST ENEMY IS CLOSER THAN YOU THINK.

RITUALS

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I know, sometimes we find enemies in the unlikelyst of places.

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Fidelia's feet were planted in the carpet of the headmistress's office, unmoving, as if cemented in place, or so she thought. Her eyes had misted with tears; her her car keys dangled from the middle finger of her left hand, long forgotten. Her mind was dazed and thoroughly confused; she was at a loss about what to do at that moment. Where had it all gone wrong? she wondered to herself for what felt like the hundredth time that afternoon.

Her only daughter, Bianca, was missing. And not only was the girl the only female child she had, the girl was the only child that God had blessed her with during the duration of her marriage to her husband of fourteen years. *Her only child.*

Missing? *Missing? How is that possible?*