

The Magic Talisman

Anya watched the necklace fade out of view as it was slowly eaten by the dark soil. “Never again,” she whispered to herself. Behind her, small flames still licked at the last remnants of the once towering skyscrapers. Mounds of rubble, trash, and dust floated through the air and collected in small alleyways of the once glorious city. Seventeen miles away, at the very heart of the once-bustling metropolis, a huge crater marked the spot where the Capitol Building once stood. It was funny in a way, she thought to herself, that something so small could cause so much damage. A man walked up to her and put his hand on her shoulder, bringing her out of her thoughts.

“Finally, we are safe. The workers are going to throw it away, and the curse along with it. We made it.” Anya nodded her head and smiled at him, but it did not reach her eyes.

“I hope this is the last time this world will experience true magic. There are too many bad people here, Allen.” He nodded.

“Come, let’s go home.” They joined hands and mounted their brooms, kicking off toward their own world. As they left, Anya glanced at the last Earth sunset she would ever see. It’s a shame, she thought, that they don’t realize how beautiful their world is.