Bertha Gonzalez

She was across the bridge when I saw her. I thought she wouldn’t notice me, after all, mother is always talking about how I scare the literal spirit out of her because I walk like the dead. But I think she just uses it in vain, because I doubt she has anything in her. Shes a monster disguised as a loving mother., The lady disappeared into the building that was overflowing with wildflowers and vines and made a sharp right. Now, I want to clarify that I am in no way stupid and I should have realized she was luring me in, but I could not stop my feet from moving forward, neither did I want to. Soon enough I found myself inside the building and then the inanimate vines that before only moved with the wind, suddenly began to twist and tangle with each other until I no longer could see where I had come from. THAT was the moment I knew I was in deep shit. “Yesubai”, I heard my name in a monotone voice. I looked up and I was not surprised to see my mother uncloak herself and remove the shall from around her hair. “I thought I told you not to wander so far from home”.

Then I was blinded. And the next moment I felt her cold hand on my shoulder. Even through my thick shoulder pads and cloak I could feel her bony, icy palm. I tried to speak but I couldn’t. it was as if I did not have any control over myself. With her lips nearly touching my ear she whispered “it took you long enough”. Then I felt her slap me down and her finger nail felt sharp against my cheek. She had drawn blood. I was on the floor too in shock to react. What was this? I mean I know I mentioned that she was a monster but I did not mean it, *not really*. She was just a pretender at home, she was short and curt with everyone but father. And then outside the home she appeared to be a loving doting mother. No one, not I nor my brothers dared to even speak about it. It was an unspoken agreement among us. Then I realized that all the whsipers around town about there being a witch uprising were true. I was horrified when I realized that I was to join the next generation of witches. I dont want to make people love me, not this way. Not my mother’s way. I couldn’t fathom having to snatch the souls out of people’s bodies in order to live. I would rather die.

Seconds later I could see again and I saw my blood on the grass and the pavement. “its done” she said. I finally mustered the strength to yell “what is done?! What did you do!” I was mortified. She looked back at me as she was walking away and a