*The Uncovered Truth*

*By Evadine Smith*

*One cold winter’s night, I woke up to the sound of a clock chiming. I couldn’t make out where it was coming from but it sounded like it was close. The cold felt like a thousand ice balls hitting my body. Then before I could muster one muscle I heard the sound of a cat, a tiny meow that sounded like it was coming from behind my curtain. I slowly walked to the window and slightly opened the curtain. Then staring right back at me was a pitch black cat.*

*I could not quite make out the letters on his collar but it looked like it said Cleo. For a second I was stunned not knowing what to think. Then I slightly opened my window and let the cat inside. The cat shaking in my hands looked like the night sky. I slowly opened the door trying not to make a sound and walked over to the stairs with the cat still quietly sitting in my hands. The floorboards on my staircase squeaked like they were complaining about my weight. When I arrived at the bottom of the staircase I slowly walked into the kitchen. The kitchen was dimly lit.*

*Then before I could take one more step I heard something it sounded like the cry of wolves but I couldn’t be sure. I opened the fridge and grabbed some milk then I walked over to the cupboard to grab a saucer. As I opened it a blinding light shot out! Then right before my eyes a figure walked towards me. It looked like it was wearing my Halloween hat but as it got closer I knew it wasn’t. “Well done you have found Cleo’’ the figure said. When she started talking I almost jumped out of my skin.*

*‘’Who are you?’’ I muttered ‘’I am Witch Esme Rosewood’’ the bright faced woman replied.  Esme’s voice sounded like my mother's soft voice. ’’Don’t be afraid Phoebe. I’m here to help you’’ said Esme. ‘’How can you help me?’’ I asked. ‘’Well it’s a long story, my dear, you come from a long line of witches” said Esme. ‘’But how?” I asked. “It's a long story but we have to leave now!” said Esme.*

*Esme led me out of the door and into the night, it was freezing outside and I couldn’t see a thing. I felt someone's cold hands lifting me up, then I felt myself going upwards toward the sky. My mind was panicking and before I could even process this I found myself falling. I was falling faster and faster! Then underneath me I heard a whooshing noise. The noise grew louder and louder like a strong wave lifting me up from above. The noise grew even louder and louder before it eventually stopped.*

*I woke up in quite a daze, I was all by myself in a forest I suppose. I laid still in a soggy pile of moss while I tried to distinguish any noise possible. The clouds suddenly parted above me before Witch Esme and Cleo fell down right on top of me. Their weight pushed me further into the ground before we all bounced up into the air and fell back down again. As Witch Esme and Cleo were slower coming back down to the ground I could quickly roll away.*

*Within a few minutes we were all trying to stand up. I had to try and wrestle the moss to get back up onto my feet.  Esme explained that as I haven’t used my powers in twelve years things don't work straight away. It took me a few seconds before I connected the dots to realise that the moss is no ordinary moss, so I curiously asked “Does that moss act like a trampoline for any particular reason?” Esme replied “Well the moss acts as a kind of boobie trap for any unwelcome visitors to get stuck in. They will get stuck in it if they don’t have any witch or wizard with them, so you had to wrestle yourself free as obviously the moss couldn’t sense me around. You’re just very lucky I wasn’t far behind you.”*

*Esme saw the puzzled look on my face so she explained everything, “Phoebe, you were born into the family of wizardry royalty. Your mother and father are king and queen of the land you are standing on. There is an evil witch called Meredith who was next in line for the throne if no son or daughter were ever born, but of course you were. From the second word broke out about you Meredith wanted you dead. She tried every way to convince your parents to kill you but they did not obey as they knew this was her plan. Instead just two days after you were born they put you up for adoption. You were adopted by who you call your mother and father. As soon as you were adopted your parents were informed about the risk your life has. The first step they took was changing your name to Phoebe. Your birth name was far from Phoebe in fact it was ‘Chloe’ coming from the French word flower. Now this is where I come in twelve long years later, Meredith sent elves looking for you and yesterday one found you. Meredith started travelling immediately, that’s why your birth parents contacted me to lead you here so that we can prepare for what Meredith will try and do. Does this make sense now?”*

*So many thoughts filled my head, but Esme quickly got to work distracting me. “Right Phoebe we need to start practising with these powers of yours. The first spell we will learn is the fireball. Place your hand out in front of you and shout ‘Firemist! Grant me fire!’, now pretend to throw an imaginary tennis ball towards that tree.” I quickly followed what she said “Firemist! Grant me fire!” I launched that tennis ball but it didn’t work. “No time to give up, try it again!” So I obeyed trying it at least a thousand times before it finally worked! I said the so-called ‘magic words’ and then through the air went a fiery ball of magic. How cool! “Good work Phoebe, now do it twice more before we move on.”*

*“The next spell we will learn is waves. Whispering these words while making a sort of wave gesture with your hands will create a surge of water strong enough to knock anybody off their feet. Okay stand up tall and say ‘The Ocean is waving so I wave back’. Now your turn”. “The ocean is waving so I wave back”, I said. Again this spell took me a while to master but I finally got it. I now see what Esme means, when this spell finally worked water rushed me off my feet and completely drenched my clothes. Luckily the next spell would come in handy.*

*“Right since you know that spell the next spell is the force of hot air, place your hand out in front of you and say ‘Someone is full of hot air’. Now Phoebe if this spell works it will be enough to melt Meredith’s wand which is where her power comes from. You could call this one crucial, now hands out”. My hand quickly flew out in front of me before I recited the magic words “Someone is full of hot air”. Straight away a gust of warm air floated through the air. It danced between the leaves in the trees and dehydrated the grass below all my quietly drying my clothes. I see what Esme means!*

*“Now our lucky last spell, the enchanting spell. This spell turns your object into something else for a few seconds, for example you could pick a chicken. This spell really messes with people’s minds and knocks them out cold. Just simply say ‘Sometimes I wish you were a cheetah’. Instead of cheetah you could put anything. Okay, now try with that bird over there!” I death stared the bird before saying “Sometimes I wish you were a cat”, then right before my eyes the helpless little bird turned into a cat before flopping on the ground.*

*“Well done Phoebe you have worked really well, now if you and Meredith fight I want you to perform these spells in this order: First throw five fireballs towards the left side of Meredith, then conduct the hot air spell to melt her wand before conducting the wave spell. Next enchant her to become a mouse then I will lead over my pet Lion to finish her off. Is that okay Phoebe?”*

*“I think so” I sheepishly replied. In my head this all seemed a bit rough although considering what she was going to do to me this all sounded fine. “I will let you think over it while we get a good night’s sleep ready for tomorrow’s fight”. We quietly found a dry patch of soft moss to curl up on to sleep. I can’t believe it’s already been a day away from home! Even after all of Esme’s training nothing would have prepared me for what tomorrow would bring!*

*We were all rudely awoken by the sound of Meredith arriving. She wore a dark purple dress with a rich lavender witch’s hat. Meredith had a very long and pointy nose with a wart sitting on the end of it. She had dry flaky lips with some very black eye make-up. Meredith looked very intimidating! She travelled with seven elves on the back of her broomstick, one holding her ice wand and the rest pointing and shouting “She’s the one, she’s the one” while staring right at me. Esme whispered her last words of encouragement to me before the fight started “Remember the order it shall defeat her, don’t be intimated and always maintain strict eye contact”. While she said this I felt the prickliness of her breath against my ear, it gave me some comfort.*

*Then Meredith hopped off her broom and started speaking, she had a hoarse and prickly voice that sounded lost while she spoke “So Chloe, we can do this two ways, you can just give up and let me kill you peacefully or put up a fight and die a slow and painful death. Your choice”. I quickly turned to look at Esme before replying in a confident voice “I want to fight”. As I said these words I unleashed my first fireball. As soon as it hit her a chunk of her hair disintegrated and fell into a pile of mud. This left her fuming!*

*Suddenly I had to dodge two fireballs coming at me at once. I ducked and dogged to the left, luckily I escaped these balls. Then boom I sent another two right towards her. Boom, Bang! One hit an elf and sent him flying, the other one scorched the end of her broomstick. Then she sent a piece of tree flying right towards my face but I threw a fireball at it to burn it down. Phew!  Now I sent the hot air spell towards her ice wand. The hot air flew from my hand towards her wand. Meredith tried to react but she was too slow. The hot air melted her wand into the moss making it a slushy consistency. Then I quickly made a wave to knock her over into the moss.*

*But I wasn't finished, I broke out my most powerful spell and enchanted her. As quick as lightning she turned into a little helpless mouse. Then Esme clicked her fingers to make her pet Lion appear to eat Meredith. Then before I could really take in what I had accomplished, I felt a whoosh of cold air fly right through me. I couldn’t see where Esme had gone so I started to panic. I heard her to speak to me softly “Well done today Phoebe, I’m very impressed! Now I will take you home”.*