

THE BOY AND THE WITCH

Cautiously stepping over the rocks, the adventurer found himself at the edge of a lake. The water shimmered softly with lights reflecting from crystal growing from the roof of the cave.

"Ah, welcome boy-child," echoed a voice seeming from the centre of the water.

"Child? I am no child!" he stamped, "Now, reveal yourself to me so we may talk."

Making her way on top of a rock that rose out of the middle of the lake, the woman laughed, "Oh ho and what does a boy-child like yourself wish to speak of with me?"

Furrowing his brow the adventurer growled, "I told you, I am no child, witch!" he gently cusped an amulet he wore around his neck, "I have come seeking great power and I will obtain it, no matter what!"

The witch rolled her eyes and sighed, laying back on the rock, "as childish a request as one can make. Leave, now, you bore me."

"I already told you, I won't leave here without what I came for and I have ways of getting it, with or without your compliance," he snapped back before pulling a peculiar looking flute-like instrument out of his bag, it reflected many bizarre colours across its seemingly metallic body and its design seemed striking inhuman. Putting it to his lips he began to blow, a tremendously terrible noise erupting from it, bouncing off the walls of the cave and causing the surface of the water to ripple violently.

The witch covered her ears and shrieked. "You foul wretch!" she cried before diving below the water. Tendrils of water began reaching out of the lake towards the adventurer's legs, wrapping around them and flinging him to the floor with a loud thud. He groaned before clutching onto the amulet that lay around his neck and chanting a strange incantation. In an instant the tendrils became formless water once again, splashing onto the cold rock floor of the cave. He rose to his feet and drew his spear, steadying himself before diving into the water.

Horried, the witch threw out her arms and attempted to fire a barrage of blasts at the now vicious-looking adventurer but before any of them could even reach him he clutched the amulet once more and a powerful wave blew them all astray and sent the witch hurtling towards the rock she had been sitting on, smacking up against it. Dazed, the witch lay for a second on the rock before feeling a firm grip around her wrist and then a sudden, excruciating pain as the spear plunged into her body. The adventurer chuckled before twisting the spear, causing the witch to cry out once more. Both the spear and the amulet shone with a strange, intense light that filled the cave with an uncomfortable and disgustingly unnatural colour.

Satisfied, the adventurer released his grip on the witch's limp body, letting it tumble off the rock and letting it float on the water's surface. He washed his spear off in the water before he began to swim back to the shore. As he swam, the blood made its way back to the witch, her body moving ever so slightly as her eyes twitched open.

Reaching out towards the adventurer the witch shrieked, "A curse! A curse upon you! A curse that will drag you to the depths below depth and to death below death! A curse, a curse, a curse!" she chanted, the sound of her voice piercing him to his very core until she, at last, croaked her final breath. Her body began to dissolve into foam in the water, small fish swimming out of it and spreading out through the lake.

The adventurer gripped his spear and steadied himself once more. How careless, he hadn't properly finished her off and that had let that damnable witch get her last barb off against him. Not that it mattered, he thought, soon he would be so powerful that no spell, incantation or curse could oppose him, but, he would have to be more careful until then.