

Belladonna Lilith - Elsie, Year 4, ACT

Belladonna was a woman trying to not be suspicious. Yesterday, the men of the village suspected her little sister of being a witch and burned her. She couldn't let her tears fall, or even let her smile turn into a frown. She remembered the heat, the flickering flames coming closer to the small girl flailing and crying. She remembered the men, cackling and laughing as she called to her parents, "I love you!" or "I'll miss you!" The father stood straight, while the mother tried not to weep.

Belladonna was filled with anger and rage, mixed with sadness and hope. Her friend had only said to her, "I'm sorry for your loss," and left. She tried to push her negative emotions back, but the anger burned inside her like a wild fire. She brushed the floors roughly, like it was the men, with knives brushing down onto them.

One day, Belladonna was picking colorful roses. She noticed a brown wooden hut up at the hill with an elderly woman watching her. She finished picking the flowers and knocked on the hut.

"What's your problem, staring at me picking flowers?" she said in her finest voice.

The woman opened the door. "You seem full of rage or a strong powerful emotion," said the woman.

"Yes, I am," said Belladonna.

"Follow me," said the woman, walking over into her house and switching on a torch. The torch turned on and revealed a dirty door that had been hidden. The woman went inside, Belladonna closing the door and then following her.

The woman looked at her. "Witches are real, and you have magic in your blood," she said, sadly smiling.

"Why? Why do I have magic in my blood? Wait, I have so many questions!" said Belladonna, excited.

"Witches are people who have lost someone they loved very much.?"

Belladonna remembered who that was. *Morgana, my sister*, she thought.

"Who did you lose?" she asked.

The woman frowned. "Not today," she said.

Belladonna regretted asking the question so fast. "What's your name, by the way?" she asked.

“Salemme Crow,” said Salemme.

The name of a king's wife, Belladonna thought.

Salemme started to teach Belladonna, whenever she got time. Soon, Belladonna knew all of the basics and could levitate, teleport, become invisible and make anything disappear.

“My loss was my husband, the king,” said Salemme one day. “His brother killed him, and is planning to murder his wealthy bride.”

Belladonna remembered something. His wealthy wife was her friend! That would be terrible.

“I think we shall stop him,” said Belladonna.

“But he shall kill us!” whispered Salemme.

“I have been invited. Pretend to be me. You know me now,” said Belladonna generously. “Don’t leave my friend, stay by her side, and be careful yourself,” she said, drawing the plan onto a piece of paper.

“What about you then?” asked Salemme.

“Well, do you think you can teach me to fly?” asked Belladonna.

“Yes,” said Salemme.

Belladonna found other witches, that were soon trained. It had turned out, everyone but her friend was a witch! Each day would tire Belladonna, but she still visited Salemme. They still practiced their magic, but Belladonna’s goal was flying and landing. One problem was, Belladonna could not steer well. Another was her rough, loud landing. On the last day of training, Salemme brought her a potion.

“This will give you luck on the flight,” she said, her eyes filled with hope and fear.

“Then I shall use it when I most need it!” announced Belladonna.

She gave it back into Salemme’s hands and flew off. The wind was okay, the breeze was warm and leaves rustled in the wind. Usually, it was hard to dodge the leaves when they flew at her face, but her whole body was filled with confidence. She would not forget her purpose, not lose another loved one. It was time for the revenge of the witches! No one could stop them, and even if they did, she would never, ever give up. Only to her final breath.

She laughed while she flew, breathing in the air. When she landed, it was soft like a butterfly landing on a petal.

“That was... amazing!” said Salemme. “Get some good rest, deary, tomorrow is our purge,” she said, confident.

Belladonna went home and went to bed. She was too happy, but soon her exhaustion took over, and she fell asleep.

She dressed in her most comfortable clothes, suspicious or not. She met up with her fellow witches at the cliff where they would fly. They all held a potion of lucked flight. Belladonna took a small sip with Group 2. It tasted like laughter and windy breezes, reminding her of her happy days.

She couldn't back down now. A whole group of witches was depending on her.

She led Group 2 through the air to the place where the wedding took place. She spotted Salemme leading Group 1 into the wedding.

“*Tastash!*” she said to the windows. They disappeared and let the witches in. They shuffled into a room. It was full of fake witch noses and fake witch hats. “That is stupid,” said Belladonna. “*Espatch!*” she said and disappeared. All the other witches were soon invisible and snuck out the door.

Belladonna went to the kitchen and snuck poison into the king's goblet. It was specifically Belladonna poison (Her favorite type of poison). She snuck back out and smiled slimly. Belladonna crept through the halls and found the other witches, ready for their revolution.

The king chuckled, staring at Belladonna's friend. He ordered someone to get some fancy goblets for his bride and him. The servant ran through the hallway to inform the chef.

“The majesty needs his drink!” he said, scuttling through the corridor. He even tripped over but he kept on going. *That's how much he's scared?* thought Belladonna. The servant came back gracefully, with the goblets in his hand. The girl was handed a goblet that looked the same as the king's. She drank first but then stopped.

The king took a gigantic sip, it may have not even been a sip! He drank all of it, like swigging down beer, but wine. The king started to cough blood. Then he fell down on his fat belly, staring at the floor. He was motionless, and the crowd gasped with fear and worry.

“It is the revolution of the witches!” announced all the women.

“Shall you join us, Eleanor?” said Salemme and another woman to the bride.

“Never! I shall never join you!” said Eleanor, the bride, clutching at her dead husband’s body. But then silence shook the castle, and the whole village. Eleanor sat straight on the ground, slumping down with her head banging on the floor. Her eyes were wide open, her face in pure shock. It made Belladonna hurt, seeing how the king had planned her death. *Belladonna poison, in her goblet*, said her mind.

At that same moment, the men started to apologize to the witches, saying sorry about the death of thousands and millions of females. It wasn’t enough, but they found themselves eventually saying sorry, even to the cruelty of the men.

But now, they had no king nor queen, how would they rule? That’s what struck everyone after the apology.

“We shall take turns each month from now on, even if we hate each other!” said Salemme, smiling with happiness.

“Who shall take turns first?” asked a bold man.

“Females, of course,” said a witch. “Because men have been ruling for a long time,” she said, after that.

That story went down into the bloodline of Belladonna and all of those witches, but it had soon been forgotten, for the modern days had come. But someone out there may be a witch. Don’t judge or run away, accept them. For they are who they are. And remember, they have lost someone who they have dearly loved.