The Grand High Witch

The small boy walked along the empty corridors, with a mouse in each trouser pocket. “There must be an empty room where that infernal chambermaid will never find me!” As he glanced down to check up on his mice, he stumble upon a set of large oak doors labelled with a sign that read; R.S.P.C.C Meeting, Strictly private, No admittance, This room is reserved for the Annual Meeting of the Royal Society of the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

One door was slightly ajar, so the little boy peeked in. It was a colossal room, with a towering ceiling and rows upon rows of velvet-cushioned chairs that were all facing a rather large stage. He tentively placed a foot onto the panelled oak floor. Gaining courage, he walked in, craning his neck to inspect the intricate gold detailing on the ceiling. While he was scanning the gigantuous room, he spotted a small folding screen, decorated with red Chinese dragons, towards the back of the stage. ‘Just to be safe,’ he decided, ‘I’ll do my training behind there.’

After he had gotten himself comfortable and had begun his training, a sea of ladies flocked into the lavishly decorated ball-room. As the boy looked on in awe at the richly attired women, he noticed not one of them took her place on the stage. ‘The head-woman of the society hasn’t arrived yet,’ he thought to himself. No sooner had he thought this thought, a beautiful woman with a flowing, black gown and matching elbow-high gloves glided into the room. All the ladies hushed at the entrance of the black dressed lady. ‘She must be the leader!’ The boy exclaimed. As she took her place behind the podium, the crowd burst into applause. The woman’s voice rang out over the clapping sea of ladies, hushing them once again. “Thank you, thank you! Let the annual meeting of the R.S.P.C.C begin!”

By Jordan R.