

Broken by Alora N.

Chapter 1

I stared out the airplane window. I was terrified because I was moving away from my old life. Everyone I knew and loved was dead. A group of witch hunters came and burnt my town to a crisp. I still don't understand why they did that. Witch hunting was declared illegal over 60 years ago. But of course there is always a group of people who don't care.

My big brown eyes stared at the clouds as the plane flew by. Apparently my Great Aunt was going to pick me up from the airport. Since when did I have a Great Aunt? She might just be another witch hunter ready to kill me when I step off the plane. I tugged on my blue hair and chewed on my lip. I was so paranoid. How could I not be?

Being a witch in this world put you into 3 categories. The first category was being a blood witch, which people have no idea if this considered evil magic or not. The second was being an elemental witch, they always are good. Then the third, and most powerful and evil, is a dark witch. It's in the name that they are pure evil. I'm a dark witch. But I'm nowhere near evil. I come from from a family of elemental witches and wizards so it makes no sense.

I shook my head looked down at my hands. *'Stop thinking about it'* I told myself.

"We will be landing in five minutes. We hope you enjoyed your flight."

I exhaled and waited for what might or might not be my last moments alive.

Chapter 2

I stepped into the airport with my bag slung over my shoulder, my tanned skin reflecting the light.

"Rhea Abiteboul, please come to the front. Daneen Bouazizi is waiting for you."

Bouazizi? That was my mother's maiden name. I slowly walked over to the front desk. Indeed there was a woman with shiny black hair and tanned skin

standing at the front desk. Silver streaks ran through her hair, and you could see the weariness in her brown eyes. She was wearing a gray business pantsuit with blue trimmings.

I looked back as if I could still see India behind me. I was in Great Britain now. Yay. My “Great Aunt” walked toward me with her arms outstretched as if she was coming to hug me. I awkwardly returned the favor.

“I’m so happy your alive,” she said in a thick british accent.

“Guess I’m happy I’m alive too,” I murmured.

She pulled back and tilted her head. “Did you say something?”

I shook my head.

“Well then, let’s go shall we,” She gestured to the exit.

I nodded.

Her car was jet-black, and looked like it was made for the wealthy. Hmm, my Great Aunt truly had some money then. As we neared the car I became hesitant and started to walk slowly.

“What are you doing? I’m not going to hurt you,” her old eyes held a tinge of hurt in them.

I internally rolled my eyes and headed toward the car. The seats were soft and made me want to fall asleep. For the entire ride we were silent. After a 10 minute trip, I stepped out to see a huge mansion in the woods.

“Woah,” I breathed.

“Woah indeed,” she chuckled. “Let’s go. Someone wants to meet you.”

I swallowed and took a deep breath. ‘*Okay,*’ I thought to myself, ‘*let’s get this over and done with.*’

I walked up the steps and stood at the door, just waiting to either die or not die in a few seconds.

She unlocked the door and I was greeted with a huge foyer. In the foyer there was a woman who looked even older than Daneen, crocheting some type of hat, sitting on soft armchair. She looked up and smiled at me. She gestured for me to get closer. I gave a quick glance at Daneen and trudged toward the old lady.

“Give me your hand child,” she croaked her hands outstretched.

I hesitantly gave her my hand, terrified that she was going to chop it off.

“This one does not trust easily.” Almost immediately when she touched my hand she jerked back, fear in her eyes. “You have dark magic, and it will consume you no matter what you do.” The lady held herself and started to shake.

“Let’s head toward your room Rhea, you can settle in there. We will have dinner later tonight. I can send it up to your room if you would like,” my Great Aunt said touching my shoulder.

I slowly nodded, and she showed me to my room. I stayed there the entire day thinking, ‘*Am I evil?*’ ‘*What if I kill someone?*’ I was terrified of myself.

Chapter 3

I slowly crept down the stairs, going to grab a cup of water. I heard a light snoring when I reached the first floor. I looked over and saw the old lady asleep on the chair.

I don’t know why but I felt like I wanted to kill her for some reason. As if I got rid of her everything would be fine. I inched toward the chair and raised my hand up. No! Don’t do it! But my good side faded away till it was a size of dust. I raised my hand sent a shocking wave down her body, killing her. I backed away smiling to myself.

I hit something hard and when I turned around I saw my Great Aunt.

“How could you?” Was all she managed before I hit her with a bigger blast of energy. She laid sprawled on the floor with blood seeping from her mouth.

I was a murderer, my sense coming back to me immediately. I just killed two innocent people for no reason. I needed to hide the bodies.

I dragged them to the garden I had seen when I was looking out the window of my room. I buried their bodies there. And ran back to the house holding myself. I cried for what felt like hours. I ran to the bathroom and looked in the mirror. My eyes were black, the way to say you were truly a dark witch.

No. No, no. No!