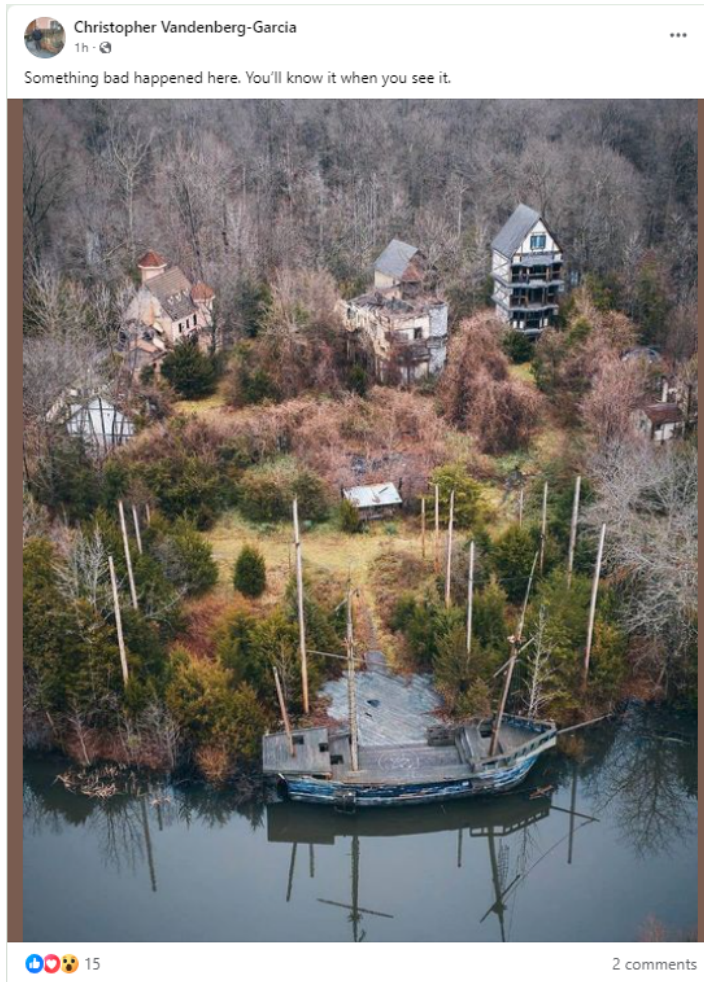


The Other Witches



Christopher Vandenberg-Garcia
1h · 🌐
Something bad happened here. You'll know it when you see it.

*They don't like to talk about what happened at the old Starry Night Renn Faireground. You ask the locals, and they just get real quiet, right away. Some of 'em will change the subject. Some of them will ask to see some ID, and even if you show them yours, they'll threaten to call the cops. More than a few will deliberately ignore you, and then everybody around them will, too, and then suddenly **you're** the crazy person yelling in a store full of stone-faced statues.*

But if you get one of 'em drunk - the deep drunk; the drunk you get when you stop counting shots - maybe he'll tell you what happened, a little. "They came one night," he'll say, his eyes flickering around, like somebody else was listening. Something that enjoys living in the dark corners. "The witches."

Then you'll laugh. "It was a Renn Faire," you'll point out, maybe slurring a

little yourself because you had to keep up. But you're good at handling your booze. You have to be, in this line of work. "There's always gonna be plenty witches around at those."

That'll set him off, though. "No!" he'll half-whisper, half-mutter, before he focuses on the latest shot in front of him, like it was the only thing he had left in the world. Then he'll grab it and just flat-out dump it down his throat. You're not even sure that any of the booze touched his tongue.

*"It was the **other** witches."*

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/119441938068660/permalink/7664920100187435/>

- © Moe Lane. All rights reserved.
- <http://www.moelane.com>
- <https://www.patreon.com/MoeLane?ty=h>