

Hide and Seek

by Marda Miller

In September she had been wise.

The last fleeting comfort of summer, and an advancing darkness, now made the old witch shiver inside her ancient bones as she trekked across the garden. Stopping just beyond the bramble bush, certain it was the right spot, she pounded her heel into the dirt, put her hands on her hips and spit into the wind.

Not even the dust was roused.

The witch thumped down her other heel trusting to luck but finding only an amused chittering in the air. Blackbirds, perched high in the branches of the nearby trees, peered down like a string of accusatory judges.

Surely this is where she saw it land and bury itself beneath the soil. Or was this the spot where she had discovered it the last time it left her? If only she could remember the spells!

She cursed the wretched morning in all its disaster, muttering under her breath quite indignantly. What a rude departure it had been too, having flown out the window like that, likely lured by some nefarious pixie! She scratched her head in bewilderment. Time had been clutching at her mind, wanting to seize all that she knew.

"What do I recall?" she asked herself cautiously.

She had been looking for something to write in. There was an urgency. Instructions not to forget.

"A premonition!"

This brief moment of clarity fell to defeat since the words she had been trying to capture had also escaped.

She hung her head. Perhaps a cup of tea would help soothe her spirit. Maybe this time if she just waited, her memory would return on its own.

