

Junior Division, Prose

Megan Smith, St. John's

Iris (an excerpt)

As soon as her feet crossed the threshold of her home's worn wooden entryway, her work began. On her hands and knees, she unearthed her antique, well-worn wrought iron cauldron from its resting place under the sink, where it had been used to catch drips from a leaky pipe. But it would no longer be sullied by such a mundane task. It had a loftier, much more important destiny.

Once the heavy metal pot was securely hooked inside the stone hearth, it filled with cool, clear water, whisked from the tap with a wave of Iris's hand. Over the course of an hour, myriad ingredients contributed themselves to the forming brew, including precise quantities of the witch's acquisitions from the grocery store. The concoction was then left to heat and set over a crackling fire, amber flames caressing the cauldron.

While the witch's brew cooked, the witch herself settled into her well-loved velvet armchair and began to write, the light of the fire illuminating the words that formed in looping script beneath her pen. These words, along with her potion, would form the basis of her spell, twisting the world to her whims.

As the sky was painted in fiery hues and glistening lights began to dot the city like stars, Iris's potion was ready. She set the pot on a table by her windowsill, placed her notebook beside it, and rolled up her sleeves.

As she plunged her hands into the verdant brew, she began to speak her spell, visualizing her wishes and desires for this act of magic, one that would prove, once and for all, the *true* rulers of the world.