

## Chapter One A Huge Wave

"Mum!" screamed Anabelle with a look of fear and despair on her face. "Mum, where are you?" There were sharp, broken pieces of shattered windows all around from the tsunami wave. The buildings had collapsed and Anabelle was all alone in the night, in the wet damp street.

"Mum!" yelled Anabelle with worry in her voice, her face sweaty from yelling and screaming. "I lost dad, I can't lose you too!" But it became clear that Annabelle was lost and on her own forever.

"The trucks are here to take me to an orphanage!" cried Annabelle. "NO! I will NOT let them take me!" She ran and hid behind a stone brick wall and waited and waited.....

"Anabelle, you need to come with me," called an eerie voice as soft and whispery as a ghost.

"Who are you?" shouted Anabelle but it was too late, the stranger grabbed her by the arm and took her away forever.

## Chapter Two The Witch

"From now on you will do all the housework in this fortress and you will NEVER be able to get out even if you try your hardest," said the black cloaked figure menacingly.

"I am a witch by the name of Natasha and I can kill you if I just think about it! So you better watch out."

"Yes Ma'am," replied Anabelle timidly, her whole body shaking.

"Now head upstairs and get changed in a black work dress and start!" demanded Natasha. "Move it!"

"Yes Ma'am," replied Anabelle. She quickly walked up the stairs, went through the kitchen door, up more stairs, turned right, went in a narrow door and up more stairs just to find a dirty, filthy bedroom. On top of the patched bed sheet, there was a plain black work dress, so Anabelle quickly put that on and raced to the kitchen again.

"You will scrub the carpet, feed the cat, do the laundry and make the beds everyday!" cackled Natasha. "You will also prepare the food for me and in your spare time you will stay in your room!"

"Yes Ma'am." replied Anabelle and went to do her chores. Anabelle hoped she would never have to suffer again but she knew that will NEVER happen. "At least not here". Thought Annabelle. "I will need to escape first".

### Chapter Three The Planing

“Here take this and take off that filthy, bright smile of yours!” screeched Natasha. “I can’t bear to see bright colorful faces!”

“Yes Ma’am,” replied Anabelle, taking the black eye shadow. She went upstairs to put it on, but she will secretly do other things too.

“Okay so once I escape I will go here then here,” thought Anabelle as she put on her make-up. Once she finished putting on her make-up she looked just like a witch!

“Oh MY!” said a surprised Anabelle. “Wow, I look so different!” So from then on she had to dress as a full on witch as she did her chores.

The next day, after she finished her chores, she went to her room to plan more on her escape, she decided that she would have to poison the witch if she wanted to get anywhere and that during her chores when she tended to Natasha’s Herb and Potion garden, she would take the ingredients for the sleeping potion.

“Such a good coming plan,” thought Anabelle. If only she knew what the witch had in store for her if she found out.

### Chapter Four Hard Work

“Scrub the floors! Clean my shoes! Wash my clothes!” ordered Natasha. So Anabelle did just that but she felt like Cinderella who could never rest. When Anabelle was done there was always a problem or a thing she didn’t do well.

“There is still a speck of dirt! My shoes are still muddy! My clothes are all wrinkled!” Nathsha would say. And Anabelle would feel all alone and lost but finally Natasha told Anabelle to tend to her Herb and Potion garden.

“Make sure they get sunlight, water their roots, change their soil, dust the dirt and use the protective gloves.” Natasha said.

“Yes Ma’am,” replied Anabelle but she knew she was in for a long hour of labor.

## Chapter Five The Garden

After Anabelle was done gardening, she snipped and snapped her way for the potion ingredients. When she was done, she placed them carefully in her purse and tucked it in her work dress.

“What took you so long gardening?” sneered Natasha.

“Uh... nothing,” stammered Anabelle.

“Well, be faster next time!” shouted Natasha

“Next time?” Asked Anabelle.

“Of course next time, you silly, now go to your room. NOW!”

“Yes Ma’m,“ replied Annebelle shakily and she went.

In her room, Anabelle took out her purse to make sure that it was there. It was. So Anabelle blew out the candles and went straight to bed.

## Chapter Six The black cat

“Go feed my cat.” ordered Nathasha, “And give her wet food today.”

“Yes Ma'am,” replied Anabelle. She went into the kitchen and opened a lock (so the cat would not eat all of it) and took a cup of soggy wet food to put into the cat’s bowl. After she finished with that, she decided to work more on her escape, but that was when she realized that that was not a normal cat. It could pick locks!

“What are you doing little kitty?” asked Anabelle, with uncertainty.

“You didn’t give me enough food,” replied the black cat. “And my name is not ‘little kitty’, it is Lenore!”

“You can talk?” asked Anabelle with an amazed face, for she had never seen a talking cat before.

“Of course I can talk! Nathsha was the one who made me able to do all this!” replied Lenore angrily.

“Wow, she must be a very powerful witch if she can do all that!” thought Anabelle as she went upstairs to her room for a distressing night of sleep.

## Chapter Seven The Sleeping Potion

The next day, Anabelle was in the kitchen boiling hot soup on the stove for Natasha at breakfast, when she realized that she needed a big bowl for her to brew the sleeping potion. "I will borrow this big one right here," thought Anabelle. So when she finished boiling the hot soup, she took the big rusty, metal bowl to her room to start making the potion. In her room she took out her purse full of potion ingredients and spices to begin with. Then she went to the big library upstairs, to collect the list of steps she needed to do.

"Excuse me?" Anabelle asked the pale librarian. "Where is the potion section please?"

"Over here down the right and turn left," replied the librarian as though Anabelle was of no concern to her. So Anabelle walked down the right and turned left.

"Ah, here it is," said Anabelle, relieved she could find it at all. She frantically flipped the old, crinkly, yellowish pages until she found one with the heading: ***SLEEPING POTION***. She tore out the page and hurriedly got out of there (in case the librarian caught her taking the page) and went to her room. Inside her room Anabelle plopped on her bed and carefully read the instructions:

1. *Pour half a cup of frog powder*
2. *Crack 6 green goblin eggs*
3. *Add a drop of red wine poison*
4. *Stir well*

So Anabelle poured, cracked and stirred. When she was done, the whole room was covered in this disgusting smell which filled her

room, making her gag. Anabelle carefully poured the red, translucent potion in a small glass vial and pressed the cork.

"Soon we'll have this witch out of the way." thought Anabelle. If only she knew the terrifying event that would begin on the very next day.

## Chapter Eight Mean Natasha

“Why are you so groggy today?” asked Natasha.

“I didn’t sleep well last night,” replied Anabelle, her eyelids just about closing.

“Well it’s not like there are birds screeching in your room,” retorted Natasha. “You better do your chores right or you will see what happens next!” warned Natasha.

“Yes Ma’am,” replied Anabelle and went to clear Natasha’s breakfast. After a big day of chores when Anabelle was safely in her room with an old candle to use as a light, she thought up a plan to give the potion to Natasha.

“I reckon I will give her the potion at breakfast tomorrow,” decided Anabelle.

The next day at breakfast, Anabelle sneakily poured the potion in Natasha’s laddled soup and gave it to her.

“Soup tastes funny today,” remarked Natasha. “What did you put in?”

“The usual Ma’am,” replied Anabelle.

“You’re lying!” screamed Natasha suddenly, pointing at Anabelle accusingly.

“No Ma’am, I didn’t put anything else in,” said Anabelle calmly, but her heart was beating with worry.

“You tried to poison me!” screamed Natasha. “Why? After I gave you a home, food, the orphanage would have given you wasps to eat!”

“No Ma’am, I didn’t poison you.”

“Yes you did! See look, the soup ladle is changing colour! It only does that if there is poison!”

“But...”

“Go to the coal room now!” ordered Natasha as she sprayed Anabelle with blue spit. “GO NOW!”

“Yes Ma’am,” Anabelle said reluctantly and headed downstairs to the coal room. In the coal room, Anabelle cried and cried.

“I just want my parents!” sobbed Anabelle, “it isn’t fair that I have to work for HER!”

But in the coal room, Anabelle had to do something far worse than working, for she had to bring big heavy stacks of coal up the stairs to where Natasha wants. Anabelle had to watch out for the brown bats’ blood in the coal room because they can shrink people down a size. Anabelle already had one drop of bat’s blood and was now the size of a seven year old, but with all this happening Anabelle did not know that she was being watched by someone very interested.

## Chapter Nine Being Watched

Everyday Lenore the black cat watched Anabelle with curiosity, the way she obeyed every order, the way she slept, the way she heaved each bag of coal, the way she worked and the way she looked.

“There’s something special about this girl,” thought Lenore and went back to staring at her.

Anabelle on the other hand, went about bringing coal here and there. She hadn’t the faintest idea that Lenore was watching her and that Lenore was watching with interest. So still Lenore thought that there was something special about her but neither did Anabelle know she’ll soon find out herself.

## Chapter Ten Magic

For days Anabelle worked for the witch but days turned to weeks, weeks turned to months, months turned to years! Anabelle kept working and working from before dawn, to after midnight with Lenore watching her, but one day something interesting happened to Anabelle. While she was in the coal room getting ready for bed, she accidentally toppled off a stack of coal and found herself hovering above the floor.

“Wha... What is this?” asked Anabelle.

“This is you floating with your magic,” said Lenore as she walked in, she and Anabelle had formed a good relationship over the years.

“Ma... magic?” asked Anabelle with a little fear in her tone.

“Yes. I have always thought there was something special about you.”

“But why didn’t you tell me?!” asked Anabelle, not knowing whether to feel excited or scared.

“Because I needed to be sure. I can’t have you testing your powers before your body is ready!” answered Lenore.

“How can I have powers if I was never born with them!”

“Well, you might have soaked up something while you were tending to Natasha’s Herb and Potion garden.” suggested Lenore.

“Al... All right. That makes sense.” But she didn’t know then that she would grow up to be a really powerful witch....