Møller-Andersen | Floodwall

The Story about the Witch's Familiars

Maiken Møller-Andersen

On this particular night, the witch fell, Scorched body drowning in her own blood. The Hunter was one to tell, But still unable to predict a flood.

Crimson fell upon his streets, Familiars of the witch seeking to avenge. The superstitious were no longer the elites. The sweet forest animals were out for revenge.

An owl took his hands,

Its feathers splattered over the stone; there he stands. A blood covered magpie devouring him in flame, Weeping for its mother before its neck was broken, some claim. A fox so sly, stole his medallion, Gutted by hunters, this act of what they rationalized as justice, a false talion. A rabbit trapped his voice, A paw was left behind, an interesting choice.

A cat drove his worshippers away, Bad luck omen, keeping them at bay.

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Placing it by where the witch's body lies, the black bird slowly dies.

The familiars fell for her the same way she had fallen for them.

They used the killer's vision for the ritual to be complete.

The Hunter's eyes melting into the witch's blood.

Now that she was awake once more, she had a hunger for some human meat.

The people were warned by loud thunder.

When she awoke, she rained fury on the town. And out of their bones, she made a pretty crown.

Now they say, the witch still lives.

And after reviving the familiars, she happily gives,
The knowledge to younger witches, far and wide.

For mess with one's familiars, you need to expect a dangerous tide.

Born in Oslo, **Maiken Møller-Andersen** is an English master's student from Norway. They grew up around the forests and lakes in a small city named Jessheim. They have always been fond of creating stories through writing. Having grown up on fairy tales and ghost stories, their writing is heavily inspired by those sleepless nights and curiosity about what might reside in the abandoned house just up the street from their childhood home.