Character Description

 Through the dark night, a darker shape slid. It glided over mountains, through forests and around villages and towns which were sleeping peacefully, unaware of the peril they were in. The shape was really the wild witch of the west.

 Kamacosta, the heinous witch, was travelling home to her lair which was encrusted in vile and pungent potions. Vengefully, she cackled when her pitch-black cloak narrowly missed a poor hedgehog’s ears and her thin, black lips cracked into a vicious smile.

 When she got home, she bustled into her kitchen, hanging her long cloak up on the rack. Bundles of her curly, grey hair tumbled down to her hips as her wizened but malevolent face came into view. As soon as you see her, you know that her mind is crowded with evil and her thoughts full of vile curses and chants. Considering her age, her feet were as quick and dainty as mice. Long thin fingers closed around her magic snake-head staff as her loyal but completely vile wolf leaped up onto her desk and began to wash himself.

“Have a nice dinner?” asked Kamacosta in a low scratchy whisper, Anthrock, for that was the wolf’s name, glinted his blood red eyes at her and howled a reply. Evil pulsated through their hearts of ice as they remembered her favourite sound: victims screaming.

 A harsh wind tore against the window and flung it open. With one careless flick of her hand, the window closed and silence returned to the room. Glancing viperously over her shoulder, she pulled down her sleeve and revealed a glowing witch mark.

“We’ve all had them, mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, great-great-grandmother….” She sighed and looked at her extremely complex watch. “Oh well, we should be going to bed now, Anthrock,” she yawned as she crawled upstairs to bed.

Bethan