

BEWITCHED

Griselda got home from shopping at the Blood Bank Arcade to find an empty house. She was already in a bad mood. The butcher had run out of bat gizzards, the florist had tried to overcharge her for the Venus flytraps and the bus home had been full of badly behaved satanic imps who were smoking (literally) on the back seat. And where the hell was Griswold? He had probably gone out for a fly on his pride and joy – a classic Triumph Vampire Turboprop broomstick. She hoped he wasn't playing cards again down the Black Cat with Faustus. They had only just paid off the debt from last time.

She was planning to cook his favourite dinner (toad in the hole) but as he had clearly forgotten it was their wedding anniversary, sod it, he could have left over lizard and bacon instead.

She decided to do some passive/aggressive housework so she could play the martyr when Griswold finally turned up. "See!" she would say to him, "While you've been gallivanting around on OUR anniversary, I've been re-dusting the place, feeding the spiders and slaving over a hot cauldron!" Her mind wandered to the night two hundred and fifty years ago under the lightning tree where they had exchanged blood and toenail clippings to seal their marriage. They had been wildly in love. She thought of the newlyweds next door, Samantha and Darrin, who were sickeningly doe-eyed about each other and at the start of their married lives. Did she envy them? Not really. It wouldn't take long for that muggle Darrin to become disenchanted with Samantha's insipid silly little turned up nose (Griselda was proud of her own classic hook-nosed profile), and as for that ugly baby of theirs – all plump and rosy. Ugh! She thought fondly of her own children: Belladonna with her lustrous green skin and cackling laughter; and Igor with his large swivelling eyes and endearing hump. And Griswold was still a handsome warlock. With his film star good looks, he was often mistaken for Riff Raff from the Rocky Horror Picture Show. Her knees still went weak when he tickled the hairy wart on her chin.

Curled up in the corner, Mephistopheles opened his flame red eyes and hissed an alert. Griselda peered into her crystal ball. In five minutes, Griswold would be parking his broomstick and walking up the garden path. She could see he would be carrying a large bouquet of hemlock, a bottle of Bull's Blood, and a small expensive looking box from her favourite jewellers – Dracula's of Whitby, Paris and New York.

Smiling she took the marinated toads out of the fridge and popped them in a baking tray in the oven to warm. And into the Yorkshire pudding batter she emptied a small blue bottle labelled Vampagra. Griswold was in the for ride of his life!