

SOMETHING WITCHY

This way comes.

By

S. D. Anderson

(the pilot)

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*"By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something Wicked this way comes."*

Macbeth, Act IV, Scene I
by William Shakespeare

Macbeth, Act I Scene I

Thunder and Lightning.



Enter Three Witches.

FIRST WITCH - (Wendy)

When shall we three meet again?

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SECOND WITCH - (Willa)

When the hurly-burly's done,

When the battle's lost and won.

THIRD WITCH - (Waldo, her dad wanted a boy)

That will be ere the set of sun.

FIRST WITCH - (Wendy)

Where the place?

SECOND WITCH - (Willa)

Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH - (Waldo)

There to meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH - (Wendy)

I come, Graymalkin (her gray cat)

SECOND WITCH - (Willa)

Paddock calls. (a toad)

THIRD WITCH - (Waldo)

Anon. (see you soon)

ALL

Fair is foul, and foul is fair;

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

They exit.

Planet Earth

A Witch's Wake

One Rainy Afternoon



Scene Two

"My poor *Gwendolyn*," sobbed *Glynnis Gwittmore*, *Goodwitch* of the South, as she wrung out her black lace edged hankie for the third time, "she was always doing spells to help other witches, I will miss her, and her wandering wart."

The sad, bereft mourners assembled around the casket were still stunned by the sudden death of their dearly departed witch. Dressed

appropriately as all traditional witches did; black pointy boots, black stockings, long black dresses, tall pointy hats, only today out of respect to the deceased, they wore long black veils hiding their tears, which they dabbed delicately with black lace trimmed hankies.

"To have a house fall on her was cruel, especially during a tornado. My poor Gwendolyn was merely conjuring a few spells standing on that hillside. She had done that countless times before, using the lightening to enhance her spells.

How was she to know that a tornado was coming up the hill just as she howled the last incantation? How was she to know that a house was inside that funnel ready to fall down to earth?

Blindsided! Bashed! My poor Gwendolyn Gwittmore, Good Witch of the East. She shall be sadly, sadly, missed," eulogized Glynnis to those around her.

She was devastated. She was about to be even more devastated as the will was about to be read.

This was not usually done before poor deceased (Gwendolyn) was put in the ground. It seems there was a glitch. The solicitor was very uncomfortable as he read the clause in this particular will that stated: there was no place for witches to go in Heaven.

"You must be mistaken!" Glynnis choked through her weeping, as she rung out her previous tears from the already saturated hankie.

"My sister was an exemplary witch. She was always kind and compassionate, continually thinking of others." She dissolved into another round of tears. The solicitor, a kindly old man, opened one of the desk drawers, pulled out a box of tissues and handed it to her.

"No, my dear, I am deadly serious, (pardon the pun), according to our records and our research, Witches cannot go to Heaven because there is no final destination for them, no place for them to stay." Mr. Bentley-Smythe sadly replied.

"What are we to do?" Glynnis asked tearfully, "we can't just leave her where she is. What do you recommend?"

"Unfortunately, there is nothing I can think of. There is, however, another clause in this will. She did leave you some property, a rather large holding but not worth anything in today's market."

"She did? I was not aware that she had any property."

"It was left to you both by your great, great, great, great grandmother, and upon either of your deaths, it was to pass to the next of kin."

"Where is this property? She never mentioned it to me."

"It is somewhere in the Petrified Forest. I have the exact coordinates in another document in the office safe."

"Does anyone live there? Are there any tenants?"

"I hardly think so. The forest is fossilized." Mr. Bentley-Smythe replied, "no one could live there. It is uninhabitable."

"Oh, that seems to be another dead end," Glynnis replied sadly, tears threatening again. Then, as if a ray of sunshine pushed itself through the gray clouds, an idea began to form. She sat up straight in her chair and a huge smile lit her face. "but, it could be the solution."

" Sorry my dear, I'm not following you," Mr. Bentley-Smythe replied, "how could that possibly be the solution?"

"If it is not habitable for anyone here on Earth, could it possibly be a place for witches to live when they go to Heaven?"

Mr. Bentley-Smythe thought and thought.

"Well, could they?" she asked again, almost dancing with impatience.

"Well, my dear, I have no idea, but, it is certainly worth a try."

"So, how would we do this?" she asked anxiously now that a solution was in sight.

"You could 'bequeath' the land to Heaven. That sort of transaction is done all the time." Mr. Bentley-Smythe assured her, "well, almost all the time," wondering how that would actually work.

"Good, then let's do that." She wiped her eyes, blew her nose, and felt hopeful for the first time since the dreadful accident had happened.

"Let's go on with the funeral, my sister deserves a decent burial. What happens to her after that Only Heaven Knows."

Angelic Kingdom
Archangels, Inc.
Corporate Offices



Scene Three

Before you meet A.M., who is in charge of running Heaven and the entire *Angelic Kingdom*, you need to understand what Heaven is like. Heaven sits up above the atmosphere, stratosphere and

mesosphere that surrounds planet Earth. Heaven is vast, huge, larger than all the planets of Earth's system, all the star systems, all the galaxies and milky ways, all the black holes, green holes, and any other holes you can think of. Heaven is HUGE, and filled with gorgeous light: white light, purple light, yellow light, all the colors of the rainbow light, and especially Divine Light. And clouds, beautiful fluffy cirrus clouds, cumulous clouds, unicorn clouds, you name it, it is there.

A few humans have experienced Heaven, and actually been there. Most of them go there when they die. Then they meet St. Peter and are ushered through the Pearly Gates. Joshua is the only angel who is allowed to go back and forth between Heaven and Earth. He spends most of his time at the Battle of Jericho waiting for the walls to tumble down. When that happens and there are no more wars, he can come back and live in Heaven permanently. Meanwhile, he is on call and meets the new entrants, to fly them to their Heavenly Destinations.

Everyone is happy in Heaven, who wouldn't be?

New entrants are amazed at how busy Heaven really is. There are so many different Angels, you will recognize them immediately.

Let's begin with the police angels. These angels all wear blue robes, which separates them from the rest of the angels who usually wear white robes. Police robe colors range from light blue for the young rookies to darkest blue for the seasoned officers. They have special badges on their sleeves to denote how they arrived in heaven in the line of duty.

They are fastidious about their robes and wings and are required to have them cleaned weekly at the Angel Wing and Robe Wash. They wear visor caps over their halos which keeps the caps in place as they fly about.

Oh, yes, they have these small annoying whistles which they use occasionally to get another angel's attention. They also keep the traffic flowing serenely, which is their main job.

Then there are the business angels who carry laptops and are always hurrying here and there. You have them on Earth, too, don't you?

The professor angels you will recognize immediately. They teach at Angel Academy, where all new entrants must attend when they first arrive. That is where they learn how to fly, and how to stay on a cloud, among other things. Most of them carry briefcases with books, test papers, pencils, and large erasers.

Next you may see a few librarians, angels of course. They wear big reading glasses with thick lenses and help you find the book or reference you may need for your studies or just to look up some bit of information.

There are so many different angels, you would be right at home immediately for Heaven isn't that much different from Earth. I must, however, mention the unemployed angels who are sitting around waiting for some human to call upon them for help.

The most important Angel here, though, is our beloved Archangel Michael (code name A.M.), who runs everything from his corporate office at Archangels, Inc. See, there he is now...

"THEY WANT ME TO DO WHAT?" A.M. bellowed at his secretary assistant, Rosemary, through the inter office widge.

"I believe that is what was suggested, Sir," Rosemary replied back softly

"WHAT @#\$%^&*()*&^%\$#@ AM I DO WITH A FOSSILIZED FOREST?"

"Sir, your blood pressure and your language!" Rosemary reminded him. *Another bad day in paradise*, she thought as she repeated her mantra, "I love my job, I love my job, I love my job", which had been repeated endlessly today.

"Who Wants To Send Us This Piece Of Unusable Real Estate?" A.M. asked in reasonable, almost normal tones.

"The letter is from the solicitor representing the woman who is bequeathing the property." Rosemary answered reading from the document she had just received.

It was most unusual to receive mail from Earth, but it had followed the required procedures through all of the customary offices to be received into Magic Mail today. The numerous stamps on the envelope proved that point.

"You have the original. Does it look authentic?" Rosemary asked.

"Yes, too authentic for my liking, "A.M. said, "Rosemary, get me Prudence Prendergast from Nosey Snoops Detective Agency, I want to speak with her personally."

"Right away, sir."

A few minutes later, "Prudence on the widge, Sir." Rosemary sent the call through.

"PRU? A. M. here, I need your help."

Scene Four

Prudence Prendergast flew over to Archangels, Inc. Headquarters a few minutes later knowing that a call from A.M. was not to be treated lightly. She landed softly on the front steps and rang the bell. She smoothed her lavender robe down over her ample figure, tucked a few golden curls under her halo, pushed her wings behind her, and leaned down to tie one of the laces on her battered ballet slippers. *I need a new pair*, she thought as the door opened and the receptionist welcomed her and notified Rosemary.

"Go on in." the receptionist told her.

Pru floated to the door of Rosemary's office which opened immediately, and Rosemary stood there, smiling, beckoning her to come in.

"What's happening?" Pru asked puzzled, "He didn't tell me anything."

Rosemary raised her finger to her lips and spoke into the inter-office widge.

"Prudence Prendergast is here, A.M."

"COME IN!" he shouted.

"We had both better go in." Rosemary suggested and picked up a file folder from her desk. She floated over to the massive doors, Pru right behind her.

Pru glided over to stand in front of A.M.'s massive desk. She had been there many, many times before, so she wasn't intimidated by the office, which was enormous, nor was she intimidated any longer by the size of the huge angel seated at that desk. His wing-span was enough to frighten even the bravest of angels, almost touching the walls when he was in a rage, which, I'm sorry to say, happened frequently. A.M. had a very bad temper!

"Good morning, Sir," Pru said softly.

A.M. grunted which could have meant anything.

"Rosemary, The Documents," A.M. ordered, and Rosemary reached over to pull the offending

papers from the file she had in her arms. She handed them to A.M.

"Pru, take a look at these," He said and handed them, in turn, to Pru.

Pru scanned the sheets and asked, "A Fossilized Forest, Sir? The papers seem legal and in order. What is your question?"

"WHAT AM I TO DO WITH A)(*&^%\$#@!
FOREST?"

Pru slapped her hands over her ears and turned to grin at Rosemary, who rolled her eyes.

"May I take a moment to think, Sir?"

A.M. nodded.

Prudence gave this matter some deep thought. *What was he to do with a huge forest of petrified trees and Heaven knows what else might be in that forest? On the other hand, -----aha-----,* she smiled and looked up at A.M.

"Sir, as I see it, this bequeath is a gift, and as angels, we cannot refuse a gift."

"YES," A.M. agreed.

"So, we need to accept it." Pru said as she silently thanked her parents for sending her to law school before she died.

"YES, I ACCEPT IT!" A.M. conceded, "NOW WHAT?"

"We cannot leave it down on Earth," Pru stated, "so we have to find somewhere here in the Angelic Kingdom to put it." Pru said in her legal, matter-of-fact voice.

"WHERE? WHERE AM I TO PUT THIS PROPERTY THAT NO ONE ON EARTH SEEMS TO WANT?"

"Why do you say that?" Pru asked, pausing a moment.

"IT'S UN-INHABITABLE!"

"I see," said Pru, pausing to think again, "perhaps for humans on earth, but not for some angels or perhaps witches, warlocks, and wizards. You yourself felt sad that we couldn't accept them

into heaven. Perhaps they could live in that Fossilized Forest."

"That is a good suggestion, Pru," A.M. conceded, "But where am I to put that property? You know how big the Kingdom is."

"Perhaps not actually IN the Kingdom, Sir?" Rosemary suggested, "But on the EDGE of the Kingdom?"

"There is that spot at the far side of the Kingdom where the Brewed Awakening Tea Room sits, Sir. Perhaps if we slide that deplorable tea room over and put the Fossilized Forest there?" Pru suggested.

"Angels never visit that tea room," Rosemary added.

"Good Idea, Pru, That Will Solve Two Problems." A. M. nodded.

Pru smiled and said, "Happy to help, Sir, anything else?"

"Yes, Pru, Take Care Of The Matter For Me, Will You?" A.M. said as he nodded his dismissal.

"Right away, Sir." Pru answered and turned as she and Rosemary floated out through the massive door, closing it softly behind them.

They looked at each other, smiled and burst out laughing.

"Well done, Pru," Rosemary said.

"You, too," Pru said to Rosemary, giving her a pat on the back.

Pru sobered immediately, and said, "Rosemary, I can't help thinking of a few lines from one of Shakespeare's plays, who wrote,

*"By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something Witchy this way comes."*



Angelic Realm

Later that day

Pearly Gates



Chapter One

"Wonder where I am? Last thing I remember, I was standin' on a hill doin' a spell and WHAM!!! I think a house fell on top of me. Funny, I don't feel any pain or anything." She looked around and back at the gates in front of her.

"Where is this place? What am I doin' here? What am I standin' on? Could these be clouds? They are solid, but squishy. Well, that's fun! Just how do I get in there? There's a bell to my left." She reached over and rang the bell and waited. And waited. And rang it again and waited.

St. Peter was in his office snoozing his afternoon nap. He had just eaten the last of the angel cake and was sleeping it off. Someone was ringing a bell, somewhere, he heard it faintly. Then it grew louder and louder.

"All right, keep your robe on, I'm coming," he muttered as he sat up, scuffed his feet into his running sandals. He opened the desk drawer and pulled out his halo, slapped it on his head, brushed the remaining crumbs off his beard, and floated out the door to the gates.

Yup, there she was, sitting on a cloud, filing her nails? *This entrant was not dressed appropriately, he thought, she had on a little black dress, black tights pushed into black pointy boots, a black*

pointy hat and was that a wart on her nose? Oh no, not a witch. Witches were a big problem here in Heaven. They were NOT allowed because there was no place for them to live. I guess I had better warn her.

St. Peter took out a big key from one of his robe pockets and unlocked the gates. He pushed each one open and dropped the stopper in place. Then he reached into a cloud, pulled up a thin device, and pushed the button on top. Clouds parted, and a large white desk appeared rising out of the mist. Reaching down beside the desk, he pulled up an enormous white book with gold edged pages and plopped it on the desk.

Gwendolyn watched in amazement not saying a word.

St. Peter opened one of the desk drawers, fumbled around and pulled out a fine plumed pen. He opened the book and thumbed through the pages to today's date.

"Name?" he asked in a loud clear voice.

"Gwendolyn Gwittmore." She answered a little overwhelmed.

"Gwittmore, HmMMM," he scanned down the page. "Nope, I don't see your name here." St. Peter said, "can't let you in."

As he said this, Joshua came floating in.

"Hi, St. Pete. How's it going? Another entrant, I see."

"Good afternoon, Joshua, back from the battles, again?" this was a running joke between St. Peter and Joshua. Joshua just nodded and smiled.

"As long as humans keep creating battles and wars, I will never become a permanent resident of Heaven." Joshua looked at the entrant, nodded and said "Hi."

Turning to St. Peter he said, "She must be the first entrant for the Fossilized Forest," he whispered to St. Pete, "her dress and hat."

"What Forest?" St. Peter asked.

"Didn't you get the memo?"

"It's probably on my desk somewhere." St. Peter said.

"We now have a place for witches, warlocks, wizards and any other entrant that didn't have a place in Heaven. This Forest, I understand, is huge and was just bequeathed to Heaven by someone named Glynnis Gwittmore."

"Hey, that's my sister," Gwendolyn exclaimed, "That property was willed to us ages ago by our great, great, great, great grandmother. So Glynnis sent it here? Good for her. At least I have a place to live," and she did a little dance.

"You and a lot of other entrants that couldn't be admitted."

"Where are they now?" Gwendolyn asked.

"They are sitting on clouds everywhere in the universe. After I get you settled, I will round them up and deliver them to this Fossilized Forest. I hope they will like it there." Joshua said.

"Joshua, I am so happy that we finally have a place for them. I felt terrible turning them away. A. M.

felt sad too. I sent him so many memos asking for a solution."

"Well, sign Gwendolyn in and I will fly her to the Forest," Joshua said, "we had better hurry, I have a lot of work to do."

St. Peter signed Gwendolyn Gwittmore into the book with a flourish, destination, Fossilized Forest. He snapped the book shut, dropped the pen into the drawer, and smiled at them both. "Happy to have you here," he said to Gwendolyn.

"Happy to be here, St. Peter, and she gave him a little hug, which made him blush.

Joshua took her hand and launched them both.

"Had any experience flying?" he asked.

"A little," she answered, "only on a broom."

Want to know the rest of the story?

"By the pricking of my thumbs

Something Witchy

this way comes..."

Witches finally have a place to go in Heaven thanks to *Glinda Gwittmore*, *Gwendolyn's* sister, who bequeathed the Fossilized Forest to Heaven.

Now that Archangel Michael, code name *A.M.*, has found a place to put it, Joshua has been extremely busy rounding up the homeless witches and sending them to St. Peter to log them in through the *Pearly Gates*.

Fly with us as we meet the original residents of the Forest who begin their new lives filled with romance, intrigue, potions, and spells as

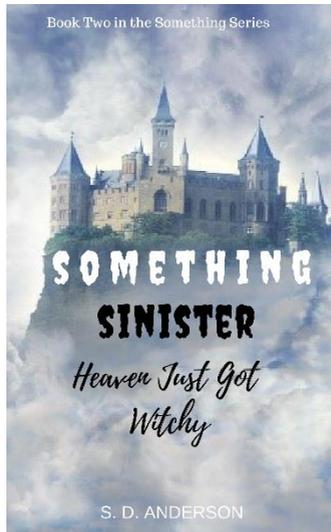
Something Witchy - Chaos this way Comes



This is Book One in the Something Series

For Book Two,

SOMETHING SINISTER,
Heaven just got Witchy,



the second book in the series.

Desdemona wants to find out if she is a witch or an angel, and why her mother abandoned her. She

did drink the Peculiar Potion (she thought it was chocolate milk) which tasted terrible, and her hair was turning green.

Was that part of the Sinister Plan?

Something Sinister **was** happening in the Angelic Kingdom.

Find out exactly what in the first book of the series.

Stay tuned for the release of book three -

SOMETHING BLOODY - *Curses, Foiled Again.*

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

My Angels wrote this series, I have no one else to blame.

I am grateful to the members of the Writers' Studio who polished all the manuscripts and made them readable for humans.

Almost all of the graphics throughout this series are from FREE Clip Art.

Angels are always present in my life and follow me everywhere.

This series is my own personal view of Heaven and its inhabitants.

For you, the reader to completely understand the **SOMETHING SERIES OF NOT-SO COZY MYSTERIES**, here is a brief synopsis of the locations, and casts of characters.

LOCATIONS (Where the stories take place)

There are two main locations for the entire series, Heaven or the *Angelic Kingdom* and the *Fossilized Forest*.

There are a few exceptions with scenes of *Middle Earth* in *Something Merry* and *Transylvania* in *Something Bloody*.

HEAVEN or the ANGELIC KINGDOM

The description for Heaven is rather cloudy at the moment, it can become a trifle boring with

only sunshine and a few clouds, yet some of the locations within the kingdom do hold some interest.

The Cloudy Corner Soda Shoppe

The Angel Robe and Wing Wash

The Holy Cow Dairy Farm

Angelic Archery Academy

Clean and Cloudy Dry Cleaners

Seraphim Choir Agency

Chubby Cherubs Robes and Harps

And more...

All angels fly around in heaven but they do have different speeds and modalities:

They drift, glide, hover, soar, hang, coast, waft....and whatever else I can conjure up.

They live in cloud houses and apartments and sleep on/in cloud beds with cloudy pillows and cloudy comforters. (clue: some of them are stuffed with feathers because wings do molt and shed occasionally).

The police angels wear blue robes from the lightest blue for the rookies to the dark navy blue for the seasoned veterans. Each police angel wears a patch or badge of honor on his/her sleeve denoting the heroic deed that brought them to Heaven. They tuck their halos under their visor caps which help keep their hats in place. They are fastidious about their uniforms and have them washed weekly at the Angels Robe and Wing Wash.

Did I mention that they drink gallons of coffee and have a craving for donuts? They pay frequent visits to the Heavenly Coffee Kiosk.

They keep the angel traffic moving smoothly. Can you imagine the chaos that would ensue if the police angels didn't do traffic control?

When a new entrant arrives in Heaven, he/she is required to attend Angelic Academy where they are acclimated and given a Heavenly Tour. Here they learn how to fly, (that isn't as easy as it sounds), are instructed on the 'never lists' such as: never hang your robe to dry on the Pearly Gates. and how to shine your halo,

Each new angel and witch (now that they are allowed in) are given their personal bank accounts where they can record all of their good

deeds. Good deeds are the only currency used in Heaven and the Fossilized Forest.

There are many different categories of angels in Heaven, just as there are on Earth but most of that is explained throughout the books.

Archangel Michael, code name A.M. is the most important angel in Heaven. He is the CEO of Heaven and the entire Angelic Kingdom and oversees everything that happens. He frequently has conference calls with God and sometimes those can be - difficult.

Most of the time he speaks in UPPER CASE because he is an **enormous** angel with **enormous** wings. He sits in a Huge chair behind an equally Huge desk because of his size. His office, as you may have already guessed, is Huge, too. His Wings, when he is upset or angry are so large

they span from wall to wall. They are also a hindrance. If he should sit suddenly or lean back, they tend to crush and drop feathers, which is very painful, so he repeatedly has to remember to smooth them down behind his back.

Occasionally, he is known to use unprintable (*&^%\$#@!) language. He appears in all the books.

Rosemary, his lovely, soft spoken very professional secretary/admin, has worked with A.M. for years. Her mantra, "I Love My Job, I Love My Job, I Love My Job," is repeated as the occasion arises, which is often, She remains behind her professional appearance but in her heart she harbors an (impossible) fondness for A.M.. She appears in every book.

Prudence (Pru) Prendergast runs the Nosey Snoops Detective Agency. Her partner/admin, **Delicia** (she does have a last name. but I can't remember it right now) She helps Pru with the Cases/Assignments and keeps the office running smoothly. They are in most of the books.

Hamish MacTavish, formerly a Scot from Scotland Yard handles special assignments. He is the Chief Detective of A.D.D. (Auxiliary Detective Division) and handles unusual and difficult-to-solve mysteries. He also is head of the Overt Security Section, (OSS) which does everything undercover. Hamish prefers to wear his Highland Kilt Regalia instead of the long robes worn by other protection officers. Hamish

appears in books as he is needed. He has a secret (lust) affection for Pru.

Then there is **St. Peter** and his helper, **Joshua**. St. Peter guards the Pearly Gates and signs in all new entrants. Witches were not allowed to enter. All that changed when Gwendolyn and Glinda Gwittmore bequeathed their Fossilized Forest (an uninhabitable piece of real estate) to Heaven.

St. Peter has been guarding the Pearly Gates for at least the last 2,000 years or longer. He is sometimes cranky and abrupt but knows his business. All new entrants **MUST** go through the Pearly Gates in order to get into Heaven, **NO EXCEPTIONS!**

Once he has signed in an entrant, Joshua ushers them to their assigned places. When Joshua isn't ushering, he remains at the Battle of Jericho hoping that humans will someday stop waging war so he can live in Heaven permanently. St. Peter and Joshua appear in all of the series.

That gives you an overview of Heaven and most of their inhabitants. There are the Heavenly Choirs and the Blissful Big Brass Band which you will meet in the third book, *Something Bloody*.

(Do not read that one if you can't stand the sight of blood).

Now we come to:

THE FOSSILIZED FOREST -

The Fossilized Forest is pretty much dead wood, vines, leaves, and other dead fauna. Here there are no leaves on any of the dead trees, only on the ground where they have been left to decay and rot. There is very little sunshine here, although occasionally a tiny sliver might filter through the overhanging clouds and dead trees.

The MOON, however, is a different object of interest. When in its brilliance, usually once a month, all manner of creatures come to life and make their presence known: Werewolves, bats, owls, spiders, rats, and more come out of their sheltered hovels to bask in its' shimmering light. I might add this side note about the creatures down in Banshee Hollow, who are frequently

heard playing their ghoulishly loud music.

Concerts, I believe they call them.

Ghastly place compared to Heaven, I agree, but the witches don't seem to mind at all. In fact, they rather enjoy the solitude, preferring to keep to themselves, except during the full moon or thunderstorms, they can be seen hovering around their boiling kettles uttering quiet spells, dropping 'things' into the boiling oil.

Bickering Bog is a place that is referred to in several of the books in the series. The witches who live there Love to argue and bicker with each other.

Witches are world renown for their potions and spells as attested to by that great bard, William Shakespeare, who wrote about them in many of his plays.

Now for the **CAST OF CHARACTERS**:

We must begin our story with **Grannie Goodwitch**, although that was not her name for many years.

Her earthly name was **Gwendolyn Gwittmore**. (I believe I mentioned her at the beginning of this narrative.) She was standing on a high hill during a violent thunderstorm casting a spell for a poor woman that had misplaced her husband. Gwen had no inkling that a tornado was coming rapidly up the hill with a house caught inside. You know the rest of that story. *Gwendolyn* woke standing on a cloud in front of the Pearly Gates and became the first entrant into the Fossilized Forest. She is one of the key characters in all of

the books. Did I mention she has a wandering wart?

After Gwen there are many others.

Bart a/k/a Bartholomew Bottomsworth, A Really Great Wizard is one we need to remember. He arrived a little disoriented from an explosion. His story can be followed through the series. He really is A Really Great Wizard, destined for great things. Bart provides some of the love interest in the series and is a lead character. I loved the way he developed throughout the series.

Ravina Ravensworth - our antagonist in two books, has a very 'shady' past. She was originally Lola LaBelle, the Shady-Lady of Harlots-Shire

Castle in Transylvania. Rumor has it that she had a torrid (love) affair with Count Dracula who became Count Alucard in Book Four - *Something Bloody*.

Ravina is featured in Book One - *Something Witchy* and in Book Two, *Something Sinister*.
And maybe another...

The Wyrd Home for Weyward Witches is the next group of witches you should meet and remember. They appear throughout the series and are remarkable for their kindness and compassion. William Shakespeare introduced them to you in his story of *Macbeth*.

Our witches, **Wendy, Willa, and Waldo** starred in the original performance in 1606 and were brilliantly acclaimed all over Europe during the

next few centuries as they created Evil, Darkness and Chaos..

Stanley, their large copper teapot who brews tea on demand (TOD) is a character you must not miss. He, too, travels within the series brewing pots and pots of tea (usually Witches Brew) and regales the witches with his outlandish stories.

Sandie Witch is the gardener and handy-witch around the Home. She is a force to be reckoned with, all 4foot 10inches and is as round as she is tall. She has a deep, gravelly voice, a hearing problem and wears oversized reading glasses. No one is allowed to touch her plants in the garden and she guards the door of the home, not allowing anyone in on her watch.

Evillina is housekeeper for the witches, kind, gentle, a bit disoriented at times, but an excellent cook conjuring up such delicacies as worm and beetle scones for their tea and is renowned for her Devils Food cupcakes topped with real live miniature devils complete with pitchforks.

Desdemona Dalrymple was brought up by the witches when she was left on their doorstep as an infant in Book Two in the series, *Something Sinister*.

Wanda the Witch lives in the Forest with Gwendolyn and is an excellent spell-doer. Other

witches and an occasional angel come to her for spells of all kinds.

Les Girls - our remarkably intelligent young teen-aged witches who lead a charmed double life. Out in the community, they are dressed as traditional witches, long black hair, long black dresses, black pointy hats, and black pointy boots. In their forest office, however, they are dressed differently, pointy black boots, black stockings, black shorts, and outlandishly colorful t-shirts. Their hair, sans the black wigs, is short or not, but streaked with every color of the rainbow. *Grannie Goodwitch* is their adopted mentor-cum-surrogate mother. She watches over them very closely.

Les Girls grew tired of casting spells over big black cauldrons and decided to create their on-line business selling their hand written books of potions and spells, as well as other witchy regalia.

To remain anonymous, Les Girls adapted aliases for their business patterned after a Brothers Grimm and Disney film, *Snow White*. They became the names of the seven dwarfs minus one, Doc, Happy, Bashful, Sleepy, Grumpy and Sneezzy. As they were only six, the names worked perfectly, all agreeing that Dopey was not a fitting name for anyone. When Trudee was invited into the group in Book Two - *Something Sinister*, they gave her the name of Snow White.

It is only fair to mention that Les Girls are excellent students carrying high honors in

Witches, Warlocks, and Wizards School of Alchemy, and are model girls at home, doing chores enthusiastically and taking care of their younger siblings willingly.

Les Girls have also started an employment agency for witches in need of work called Hags for Hire, which, surprisingly, is doing quite well.

The Fossilized Forest boasts quite a few memorable shops and other places of business.

The Curly Mummy - Granny has weekly appointments there.

The Little Black Dresser

The Black and Blue Bootery

The Wandering Wand Shoppe

The Wooden Stake

Hatterie for Hire

The Skeleton's Closet

The Sorcerer's Source.

And many more which you will find throughout the series.

After all of this, I encourage you to read the series for yourself and meet these characters. There are more, of course, but that is half the fun of reading them.

Books in the series (so far)

The Pilot - *Something Wicked This Way Comes*
(published)

Book One - *Something Witchy - Chaos This Way Comes* (published)

Book Two - Something Sinister - Heaven Just Got Witchy (published)

Book Three - Something Bloody - Curses, Foiled Again. (March 2019)

Book Four - Something Lovely - Love Potion #9 (Summer 2019)

Book Five - Something Merry - OMG - Christmas Chaos (November 2019)

Book Six - Something Wyrld - Those Weyward Witches (in process)

Happy Reading!

Sharon



Sharon D. Anderson, PhD, RMT

Sharon is an Author/Publisher, dedicated to her craft for more than 30 years. Writing in her genre of both New YA and Visionary Fiction/Non-Fiction, all of her books, websites, and blogs reflect her wisdom, insights, and a lot of wacky humor.

She is the Founder of the Cape Cod Writer's Studio, which meets weekly in Dennisport, where she teaches members the intricacies of professional self-publishing, supporting them on their paths to publication in the digital world.

She also has memberships in Visionary Fiction Alliance, the Cape Cod Media Center, the Cape Cod Writers Center, and ALLI.

E-mail: sdanderson.books@gmail.com

Her Blog: <https://www.audacious-author.com>

Her website:

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To my treasured readers:

I love hearing from you because you always have such great suggestions and ideas that are extremely helpful. Without you, my writing would be meaningless.

Thank you for reading my books.

You can always reach me at:

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Huge Hugs

Sharon

Cape Cod, MA

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