

The Triplet Witches

It was a foggy and somewhat gloomy morning in the Dickenwood Forest. It was on this morning that three sisters were walking through the forest, looking for an adventure. Veven, Viven, and Vavina were their names. They were no different from other children. This was the day the witchery happened. It happened like this: the girls were walking through the forest, chatting as they went. Suddenly a giant black bird swooped down and landed on Vavina's shoulder. It dropped some of its feathers onto her shoulders, which turned into a beautiful black cloak. The bird did the same to Veven and Viven and then it flew away.

After recovering from the shock, Veven said, "Well, that seemed like a strange adventure. I think we should go home and show Mom these pretty cloaks." And they did.

The girls did not know this, but the cloaks had changed them into witches. And from here I shall tell you the story of the triplet witches.

One day, Veven was walking through the forest, yet again seeking adventure. She still didn't know she was a witch. It was very early in the morning and Viven and Vavina were still asleep. As Veven walked through the forest she began to feel strange. Soon all the paths she had known began to fade out of her brain. Once, she had sworn she had known all the paths in the

forest but now she only knew one. But this path was different. She had never known it before, but she kept walking along on that path.

Before she knew it she was in the center of the forest. It was a lovely place, the center of the forest. It was a sunny clearing and the trees curved together at the top to make a ceiling. The grass was a healthy green and berry bushes surrounded three large stumps in the middle. But soon she got hot. She tried to take off her cloak but couldn't. It was attached to her. So instead she plucked a feather from her cloak. All of a sudden, she forgot where she was, and remembered all the other paths. But now she was lost. So Veven called for help.

Soon, the same black bird that had given her the cloak swooped down into the clearing. The black bird made a motion with its wing for her to follow, so she did. The bird led her out of the clearing and onto the path to her house. Then the bird disappeared.

Veven sat down and thought for a moment. It finally came to her that the black feathered cloaks were magical, and that each feather had a different power. Then it came to her that she and her sisters were now witches. Veven ran all the way home to tell her sisters.

Veven came home to her sisters and said: "Viven! Vavina! I must tell you this amazing news! I have just figured out that these cloaks have made us witches."

“Wow, that’s so cool,” said Vavina, who always believed Veven.

However, Viven did not like to be tricked and she did not believe Veven, so she said: “Oh really, Veven. I bet you’re just lying.”

“No,” said Veven. “I promise I’m not lying.”

“Well, that is really cool, then,” said Vavina, “I can’t wait to go on another adventure tomorrow.”

And the next day, Viven and Vavina were walking through the forest as the night fell, wishing for more powers to come to them. Then Viven remembered that they had a power to call the black bird who had given them the cloaks. Without making a sound, Viven imagined the black bird. The bird came, carrying two boards of wood with long pipes at the back.

“What are these?” asked Vavina.

“I think we should call them flashboards,” said Viven.

The bird gave them paper instructions attached to the flashboards about how to use them. The girls climbed trees and set the flashboards in the branches. And off they flew on them, into the night. Vavina had quite a fire in hers, and around her a strong wind was picking up. Then, to her horror, a feather fell from her cloak! The flashboard disappeared from beneath her, and she fell to the ground, arms flailing. But as she fell, her cloak opened and stopped her fall. Soon she was gliding through the sky and weaving through the stars.

Like her sister, Viven set her flashboard in a tree and took off flying on it. But soon she crashed into a tree and a feather fell off her cloak. This was the feather of gliding. Without it she couldn't glide. Viven fell to the ground. Vavina flew down to her side and saw a goose egg on Viven's head. Viven was unconscious. Soon a power came to Vavina. It was the power to heal all wounds. It led her to plants that would heal Viven. Vavina collected the plants, crushed them and spread them on Viven's injury. Soon Viven woke up feeling fine.

They went home together and told Veven and their mother about their adventures. Veven was pleased but their mother was worried. What would happen to her children when they had all this magic in their hands?

The triplet witches had many adventures in the forest and discovered the many powers of their cloaks, which they used quite a bit. Sadly, when the sisters became 18 years old, their cloaks vanished because the girls were all grown up. However, in another part of the forest, two seven-year-old girls received two black feathered cloaks from the strange black bird and they too became witches.