

## **Witch Glitch and Princess Punch**

By Anna Borysova, grade 7

### 1. Megan

Hi, everyone! My name is Megan McCloud, and I am a witch.

The thing is, I don't even look like one! Look at my nasty glowing hair, my puppy-dog eyes, my horrible freckles. Even my broom sprouts flowers! My dress is white after I left it in the washing machine too long, paired with my white cat, Pudding. My stupid "beauty" got me kicked out of witch school!

For being a self-taught witch, I am actually pretty good. The other witches say that unless a witch has at least two warts, she can't join the witch society. I tried to give myself a wart or two, but the only thing I managed to do was give myself freckles.

Even worse, princes keep trying to rescue me, thinking I'm a lovely princess, and I have to keep turning them into doves because I can't turn them into frogs.

Here comes one now. "Ding Dong!" I hear him ringing the doorbell. I go to the door.

"Oh dear princess, I have to come to- Tweet! Tweet! Tweet!"

There goes another one.

He will turn back into a prince, eventually.

"Looks like Meggy-Weggy is playing with doves," Oh man. That's my sister.

"What, too scared to touch a frog? I am going off to Wonder Witch's University, and YOU can't even get into school!" She giggled, smirking. "Maybe you should go off and be a sparkle princess, you toad-fearing wartless oddity!"

"Okay, okay, I'll touch it if that's what you want," I grumbled. I touched HER frog with my wand and turned it into a dove.

"NOOO!" My sister screamed as it flew away.

"Sucker!" I yelled as I ran upstairs before she could turn me into her new frog.

"Playing with doves," you said?

"Open up!" My sister demanded, banging on the door.

"What, too scared to touch a dove?" I sneered. Oh, well. This isn't so bad after all. My dove-paranoid sister, Kate, can't get into my locked room.

"You're really gonna get it now!" she growled, gripping her wand angrily as she got into my locked room.

Oops, gotta go before I become a frog!

## 2. Green

Hi everyone! I'm Green, and I am a princess. Yes, a princess. For some weird reason, no one believes me! Maybe it's the fact that my crown is buried deep beneath my impossible-to-comb fizzy red hair, or because my clothes are dirty from jumping around. I am also a prankster. The problem is, my dad doesn't like to have a cockroach in his pajamas so he locked me in a tower. Like that silly tower can hold me! Sure, he locked the door, but he forgot I can unlock the windows any time. So today I jumped out the window with my pet tarantula, Fluffy, and went to have fun.

“Not today, Miss,” said the guard.

I spat on his helmet through the gap of my missing tooth.

“EW!” he screamed.

“Yes, today, Miss!” I laughed, not even bothering to look back as I ran into the forest.

The only reason I came back that night was my pet tarantula, Fluffy, needed feeding.

After I set his bowl down, I noticed a prince climbing my tower.

“Princess, I have come to ask for your hand in marriage!” he sang. Then, he stopped and stared for several moments.

He was handsome. WEAK!

“Wait, who are you? You don't look like a-” The prince started.

“You want my hand? Come and get it!” I shouted as I punched him off the tower.

“Only you're not getting a hand, you're getting a FIST -” I punched him as I jumped out to join him in the air. “-And a BOOT!” I yelled as I kicked him into the ground. As he lay there in the middle of the 6 meter-deep trench he created when he fell by my kick, I sat down next to him cross-legged.

“I am not 18 yet, so this is what you get for breaking the law,” I whispered gently into his ear before I punched him in the stomach.

At least the peasants who were expecting me to kiss him got some entertainment. I walked back into my tower whistling. Then I spent the rest of the day throwing rocks at the guards and enjoying the “Ping” the rocks made as they bounced off the helmets.

### 3. Megan

Today, I had an idea. If you're a witch, you might know that it's hard to have an idea while running away from your angry sister, but I did nonetheless. Now I have a plan to make all the witches respect me!!!

Plan:

Use my disguise as a beautiful lady to sneak into town.

Kidnap princess.

Show to all the witches and get accepted into witch school! My sister will be sorry she ever taunted me!

Admittedly, I was a bit nervous as I pulled on a dress and wrapped the bottom of my flower-sprouting broom in a plastic wrapper. It looked perfectly like a pretty bouquet.

So I simply walked into town. Everyone just blew kisses at me. Once I was in an empty street, I jumped onto my broomstick, scattering flowers everywhere and feeling the night air against my cheeks as I zoomed to the big tower.

The princess was inside, kicking her punching bag. Posters sporting titles such as, "I Love Karate" and, "Black Belt Club!" plastered the walls. Am I sure I want to kidnap someone like that?!

I flew around her tower, thinking. Did I want to become that punching bag that she just ripped to pieces using some killer karate moves? No way!

As I was starting to fly away, I heard a clang. Then my broomstick swerved down, and for a second, I was falling... falling... then, my broomstick caught itself, growing an extra flower with the effort. Still shaking, I breathed a sigh of relief, until I turned around. The princess was hanging on my broomstick!!!

Looks like I'm still gonna become that punching bag after all. Goodbye, cruel world! Wait, maybe I can fly home and shake her off?

### 4. Green

I noticed a weird witch flying outside my tower. I waited for her to confront me or something, but instead she just started to fly away.

"Where do you think you're going?!?!" With a war cry, I broke through the window and jumped onto her broomstick. I missed by a bit and ended up hanging behind her. She tried to shake me

off, but I was too muscular for her. I think she eventually just gave up and started flying off, me still hanging on to her. We finally arrived at a cottage with tons of doves and flowers all around it.

“Will you please get off my broom?” asked the witch. I just ran inside the house and started bouncing on her bed.

“My name is Megan,” said the witch as she watched in awe.

“I’m Green.” I happily announced.

The bed snapped in half. I started looking for something else to bounce on when Megan asked,

“So, do you want something?”

“Is there lemonade?” I inquired as I bounced on the couch. She handed me a glass and I sat down.

“So... Why were you locked in that tower, Green?” Megan asked.

“I put a cockroach down Dad’s pajamas,” I casually replied. “You know, you are weird for a witch.” I pointed out.

“I know, I was just born this way! I got kicked out of witch school and princes keep trying to rescue me!” Tears started to well up in her eyes. “I even tried to make myself warts, but all I ultimately did was give myself these horrible freckles! Only my cat isn’t ashamed of my existence!!! The only thing witch-y about me is this hat!!!” She burst out crying. I walked over to her and awkwardly patted her on the back.

## 5. Megan

I looked up through my blurry tears, staring at the super-energized princess being strangely accepting.

“You know, I never really got into being princess either!” she smiled. “I mean, who likes being locked in a tower for 24 hours and having to complete a cartwheel to jump out of the window just to get some fresh air?” she laughed. Then I blurted out something unexpected.

“Would you like to stay for the night?” I asked.

“Sure!” smiled Green. Good thing my sister Kate got shipped off to her Witch’s University yesterday.

Just then I heard a knock on the door. I opened it. There was a pimply dude standing outside. He looked over Green and straight at me.

“Princess Green, marry me or I will kidnap you and force your parents to give me the whole kingdom to get you back!” said the man.

I looked over at Green, She looked right back to me. We both knew what to do.

“Get him!!” we both yelled. I was pretending to cast a spell on him, while Green sneaked up behind him and knocked him out with one flick of her middle finger, which she afterwards pointed at him.

With one tap of my wand, I turned him into a flower, and Green spat at him.

“That should do it. Do you have any chips?” she asked.

“Last one there gives up half the bag!” I yelled.

## 6. Green

We watched a movie and ate some chips. Late at night, in the middle of watching a cheesy show Megan demanded we watch, my newfound friend asked, “Where's Pudding?!”

I noticed Fluffy the tarantula was squeaking. Then, he ran over to the kitchen table and pointed at something.

“Fluffy, what in the world...” I began as I hurried over. “Megan! It's a note!”

As we looked at the note with dawning horror, we knew there was only one thing we could do.

The note said:

“Dear Beautiful Princess Green and Horrible redhead Witch,

I have kidnapped your cat. If you don't come tomorrow at dawn to marry me, oh princess, I will kill the cat.

PS. Meet at the field down North.

Phill, the guy you turned into a flower.

I am back!”

“Megan...” I started to say. As I looked over at her, I was surprised. Megan was swelling up, and flowers were steaming out of her ears and nose.

“Megan! Snap out of it!” The flowers... They started to turn to fire! “RAAARGH!” Megan screamed in rage as fire shot out of her mouth and nose. I quickly filled up a bucket and splashed her with cold water. All that fire disappeared. “Pudding...” she whispered. Then, she fainted on the floor. I put her on the couch and mourned Pudding with Fluffy.

## 7. Megan

“What was that?” I said, opened my eyes. “I just felt so hot and... Some of my magic leaked out. What happened?” I asked.

“It was crazy cool and you were spitting fire and you burned and I put you out with water!” grinned Green.

“Huh?” I sat patiently as she explained. “I don't remember... What happened to Pudding?” I asked.

As Green showed me the note, it all came back to me.

“Such a shame they can't stay a flower forever.” I sighed.

“Still!” Green smiled. “If you could find a way to use that fire against them, we'd be invincible!!!”

“Them?” I inquired.

“Oh yeah, this morning I found another note,”

“Dear Green and Witch Moron,

I have made a team of doves-turned-back-to-princes and made a squad.

Ha. Ha. Ha.

-Phill I'm back!”

A bit of flowers started coming out of my ears. “How dare they!!! Horrible, that's a bad thing to call someone, but MORON??!! I'll get them!!! I'll cook them in my pink cauldron! I'll eat their bones for breakfast!!! I'll-” Green poured water on me to douse out my flames.

“I feel the same, but save that firepower for dawn. WE'LL CRASH THEM! We'll bite their noses!!!! YOURGH!!” Green smashed the table to bits.

Time for me to pour water on HER!

## 8. Green

It was dawn. We headed onto the barren field, until we saw 5 figures, and a cage hanging on a tree, next to Phill the flower guy, who was dangling his feet off the branch he was sitting on. And in the cage was...

“Pudding!” Megan cried out. A puff of steam escaped her mouth.

“Now, let's stick to the plan,” I warned. As we got closer, we saw the “squad” of princes the note mentioned.

“They... don't look too much, do they?” asked Megan.

“That's the good word for it!” I replied, observing out new foes.

“Before we will start our battle,” Phill announced, “Let us introduce ourselves.”

The big guy stepped out. “I am Charlott. I care about nothing but hamburgers.”

The short, squeaky one waddled over: “I am the Fine Amazing Prince Gareth. I am the best!”

“No, you 're not!” declared a messy-haired dude. “I, Prince Nathan, am!”

A snobby looking guy droned, “This is so boring. I, Prince Miracles, am too good for this place,” while twiddling with his bow.

“Now give up,” said Phill, the flower guy.

“Never!” I screamed.

“Princes!” Phill the flower guy commanded, “Charge!”

The princes walked forwards, and aimed their bows. Uh-oh!

“Megan! Look at the poor, weak, hungry Pudding. All alone! He didn't have breakfast! Look at him, all tied up, dangling from that tree!” I yelled.

Flowers started emerging from her nose, A tsunami of dandelions! All the princes laughed, except one. Charlott was coughing and wheezing!

“Aughrgh! Help!” He choked, and he fainted on the grass. Then he crawled away to get some allergy pills. One down, but that's not enough.

“I am tired of being a mere princess locked up in a tower! Now you will feel my rage!!!” I bellowed as I jumped onto the short, little, squeaky prince Gareth.

“Wait, YOU are a princess?” he squeaked.

“I don't like princesses like you! Not with with gaps in their teeth and red fizzy hair! Aurrgh! Save me! Save me from this awful princess and her pointy crown!” But it was too late. I already knocked him out.

## 9. Megan

Seemed like only two princes left. I looked at poor, hungry, Pudding, all squished up in his cage. Flowers leaked out of my nose, sweeping the princes off their feet. I shot a glance at Pudding again and aimed for Prince Messy- Hair.

“Fshaugh!” I bellowed as fire poured out of my mouth and onto the prince.

“Ow-ow-ow-ow!” prince Nathan yelled, clutching his flaming buttocks and running away to the horizon. I looked at the last prince, wondering why he hadn't been roasted by my flames.

“Ha-ha-ha!” Prince Mircles laughed. “You are so clumsy that none of your attacks got me! You are a helpless fire-spouting pampered princess and you always will be!”

Flowers started leaking out of my nose, but when I faced Green, I saw that she was smiling evilly.

“Oh, you want a battle of insults, don't you? Well, I gotta say, if the worst insult you can think of is ‘Helpless’ then you will lose a battle by a long shot, and end up crying at my feet.” She grinned as the prince pointed at her.

“I did not speak to YOU! But I accept your challenge! You are a creepy red-head witch who doesn't even have a hat! Did you get into a fist-fight or something? Because, in case no one told you, you're missing a tooth! And-” the prince started.

“Yeah, yeah yeah, absolutely zero originality. You really think I haven't heard all that before? Anyway, none of that changes the fact that you...” There was a sharp intake of breath from the prince and the observers of the battle.

“are...” Green continued. Everyone watching, even I, gasped.

“AN UNPLEASANT PERSON.” Green spat out.

Prince Mircles was getting very teary-eyed and closed his eyes to prevent himself from crying. I took this opportunity to turn him into a very sad-looking dove.

## 10. Green

“Hey, over here!” Suddenly a voice came from above. I looked up at the tree – and saw Phill, of whom we completely forgot about. He was holding a knife to Pudding's throat!

He pointed at me. “You witch punk! Get away from here!” He yelled.

Megan winked at me. I pretended to run away but I actually hid behind the tree, waiting to strike.

“You think I can't see you?” Phill said. Then he jumped at me!

“I got you!” he yelled as he grabbed my hands. He tied my hands together and turned to look at Megan.



“Oh no you don't!” I attacked him from behind and, since my hands were tied...I bit him on the bum!

“Aaaaaurgh!” he screams. “What have you done, you horrible witch?!?!?”

I put him in a headlock with my legs, insulting him by tickling his nose with my toe, and watched as Megan snatched Pudding away.

I kicked Phill in the guts, yelling, “Now, Megan!”

Megan gently lowered Pudding to the ground and took out her wand.

“Permanent Flower Spell!” she yelled as glitter leaked out her wand and wrapped around Phill.

“Ugh, come on! The Princess knows magic too?” Phill frowned. Then, his feet started turning into a stem! He reached down into his pocket and drew out a knife. “I'll kill the cat, then!” He laughed. He threw the knife towards Pudding, who was lying defenseless on the ground.

“Muah ha ha ha ha!” Phill bellowed wildly just before he transformed into a flower completely. Pudding! I had to do something, quick! So I leaped out, and just before the knife sliced through Pudding's throat, I clamped it between my teeth!

Megan ran over to me and untied my hands.

“Good job,” she smiled as she picked Pudding up. “By the way, don't catch knives with your mouth without me! I cast a special spell to protect you from cuts!”

I spat the knife out.

“OK, goody-two-shoes, I won't. It still tastes disgusting,” I laughed as balanced the knife on one finger. “Let's go!”

“I wish the permanent spell worked as it was supposed to work, but my magic isn't strong enough for that yet. The guy will stay that way for a month now, though,” Megan said.

“Good.” I nodded.

## 11. Megan

As we hurried back to my house, I said to Green, “Maybe we can be superheroes, that, like, protect the country?”

“Yeah, Witch Glitch and Princess Punch!” Green joked.

“Actually, that's a good name! And we can make costumes! You can wear your Karate outfit!” I kept pushing with enthusiasm.

“OK. But will you teach me magic?” Green asked, starting to sound enthusiastic herself.

“Sure, as long as you teach me Karate!” I winked.

“So, after school, we'll practice magic and karate, have adventures and protect those who need help,” she comprehended the plan. “And before school I'll put another cockroach down my father's pajamas!” She fist-punched the air as she ran off. As she did so, I realized that we actually became friends. It's good Kate is away and won't disturb us. I smiled. When Green got back, she fed me the info of the whole thing.

“My father actually patted me on the back, saying it was good that I was getting into the Princess stuff. Little does he know!” Green laughed. I knew exactly what she meant. I've always wanted to be a real, warty, scary witch with frog magic, but now, maybe...being different isn't so bad after all.

“Hey, Megan,” Green asked, “What's Pudding doing?”

As we looked over, we saw that Pudding was plucking the guitar with his claws. Then, he picked it up and started strumming while Fluffy twerked on the table.

“Oh no, did some of my magic hit him?” I bawled.

“Yep.” Pudding assured.

Green laughed, and the next thing I knew, I was joining in.

The End