

"Freedom Kills the Witch"  
by KB

It happened to the flock first. Skin peeled back and their spirits leaped into the air screaming afire, free.

The witch was disappointed. "How disappointing," said the witch. She had a frozen nipple which twitched whenever agitation occurred. That lonely nipple, ice erupting from a solitary jiggling mountain, twitched up a spell that night.

The moon was full. Power filled the air. Power filled the witch. Why, then, couldn't she capture the flock? What force dared to free the flock?

"It has happened!" proclaimed the oracle. The oracle stared blindly at his feet.

"What prophecy have you for me?" asked the witch of her oracle.

"Your ears shall reject mine words!" proclaimed the oracle.

"Oh, you're no help," said the witch. She turned to face a window. The window provided a view for miles of field and hill and cloud and goat and the dead bodies of the flock.

The oracle screamed in agony as old leather skin ripped away and his bones fell to the ground. His eyes rolled across the marble floor. One of the eyes splattered against a stone wall. The other eye simply stopped rolling.

Flaming prophecies took to riding the night winds.

"The disappointments multiple," said the witch, and they did. Unwittingly, she had added magic to the spell. This she realized once the deed had been done. By then, it was too late for a reverse.

A car slammed on the brakes. The driver switched that car into reverse. He fell into a chasm. His car caught fire. His bones released his spirit and the spirit ran gaily through the flames.

A centaur pranced around the witch's tower.

The witch shouted down at the centaur, "How dare you prance about my tower! Have you no respect for the queen of these lands?"

The centaur had no respect. He continued prancing.

The witch thought, *Perhaps this centaur is the cause of all my miseries*. She shouted down at the centaur, "May your anus bleed horrendously until you die." The curse was fulfilled within the centaur's final agonizing minutes of life, which was three minutes following the curse-giving.

The centaur was not the cause. The centaur was merely a creation.

Throughout the witch's lands, spirits continued ripping through skin and setting themselves on fire and running free. Not a spirit was spared this liberating fate.

For you see, the witch's lands were cursed lands. There were no free spirits within the witch's territory. She kept only slaves.

The worst occurred when the witch's black cat Fudo lost all his hair and skin as his spirit left his body and ignited and exited the witch's tower through an open window.

The witch ran about the tower frantically shutting windows. A mighty force threw her off balance and she shut one of the windows on four fingers. The fingers fell to the ground outside and wriggled through the grass like worms. They would eventually find their way back to the witch.

Shouted the witch, "Who is responsible for this madness!?"

"I!" The word "I" echoed throughout the witch's tower. It was echoed in the voice of the oracle.

"Why?" asked the witch. "Didn't I treat you right? I fed you on a daily basis. I gave you a home. Yours was the only free spirit in all my lands. Yours was free because only in freedom could your prophecies be made accurate. All I ever made you do was prophesize and occasionally fuck."

"Yes," said the voice of the oracle. "You speak the truth, witch. But I knew you were going to kill my centaur."

At that, the witch's single nipple melted away and she bled horrendously through the hole in her breast until she died.

-end