**One Big Mistake**

Jessica

Everybody makes mistakes sometimes, some worse than others. Some people regret these mistakes and some learn from them, but saying I don’t believe in magic was the biggest mistake I have ever made. This mistake had consequences like many other mistakes do. However the consequences to this mistake were unimaginable and included the loss of others. I will never forgive myself.

It all started when I went to the market to get something with the money I was given for my birthday and I passed by a book stall crammed full of books about mythical creatures, pixies, sprites and fairies.

The lady at the stall looked happy, almost too happy; her hair was coal black with a hint of grey and tightly pulled back. Her clothes looked dishevelled and her hands looked as if she had just been digging in the dirt; with mud beneath her fingernails and dirt staining her almost white hands. Her voice was quiet but attracted people searching through the stalls looking for yet another thing to buy that was not needed. As I walked past the stall her somewhat magical voice lured me towards her. “True stories from the magical realm sold here for only £2 a book.” The lady yelled this to everyone in the market but somehow only speaking in a whisper. As she lured me in I had a small hope that there would be something other than magical fairytales hidden in a corner, anything but fairytales.

“Ah my dear what sort of book are you looking for? There is a really nice one about a princess who was put to sleep for hundreds of years. Now where did I put it?”The lady fixed her glasses on to her pale face and started to look through piles of books. I had to stop her before she could carry on.

“I’m sorry miss but I’m looking to see if you had any books that didn’t have anything to do with magic”

The lady turned sharply dropping the pile of books she had in her hands as she did so. A shocked and almost angry look grew on her face. “Excuse me? Why would you want anything of the sort” her voice trembled as she spoke. There was sadness and anger in her eyes, I could see it. Had I said something wrong?

“I’m sorry ma’am but fairytales aren’t really my thing. You see *I don’t believe in magic*”. The women’s jaw dropped and in only a matter of time a grin slowly grew on her face. She had an idea. I could tell; her face began to light up and she then started to search through a cardboard box in the corner of the stall labelled **NOT FOR SALE**. After a minute or two the lady finally emerged from the box with a book in her hands. The book was leather bound and had the name Fae engraved on the front. The book was old and the pages were falling apart. It was hand written with ink and had parchment, tea stained pages. “Hey! That’s my name, my name’s Fae.” I had a feeling that it wasn’t just a coincidence and I was sure that I hadn’t told her my name nor had she asked for it.

“I guess you are destined to have it.” The grin was still painted on her face; it seemed that it was now permanent. She handed the book over and gave it to me for free. It felt cold and sent a chill shivering down my spine. I had a bad feeling about this, a very bad feeling.

I got home late that night. My mum was not very happy. When I came through the door I saw my dinner on the table but it would have to wait. I was going to read that book start to finish no matter what. I had to. It was calling to me from inside my bag the whole day. I stumbled up the stairs and leaped on to my bed. I placed my bag on my bedside table and took out the book. As soon as I opened it my jaw dropped. From the top of the page to the bottom it was full with just one word, danger. I flicked through the rest of the book and each page was the same apart from the last. I didn’t notice it at first but at the very bottom of the page there was a sentence that gave me goose bumps. *I do believe in magic but now I’m dead.* Was that crazy old lady trying to kill me because I didn’t believe in magic? As all these thoughts raced around my head I finally drifted off to sleep with a full head and an empty stomach, bad decision.

When I woke up I wasn’t in my own bed and I don’t mean this in a metaphorical way like I didn’t feel myself. I mean I was in someone else’s bed entirely. It was the most uncomfortable bed I had ever slept in. A few planks of wood covered in a couple thick cloths lay beneath me and I only had one thin blanket to keep me warm. It was horrible. I sat up and noticed that I was also not in my own house. I didn’t recognise the building at all and it was nothing like I’ve ever seen before. As I rose from the planks of wood beneath me the floorboards creaked and I could hear voices coming from down the hall. Someone was in the building but there conversation was muffled and I could only make out a few words. One specific voice rose above the others and spoke in a strange way, almost Shakespearian or Old English. One word repeated often and was projected when spoken. It was almost as if they knew I was listening in and wanted me to hear it. The voices were calling me so I carefully made my way to the door and wedged it open slightly. It was a man’s voice who projected above the rest he sounded important, very important. I had a feeling that I was not supposed to be there and that I had to get out fast.

The room I was in was at the very entrance of the house and led me out to the pavement that was now beneath my feet. The cobblestones made it difficult to steady myself and felt uneasy underneath my feet. Horses and carriages trundled along on the slim and busy street. My heart raced as I tried to think where I could be. Horses and carriages weren’t an everyday thing I see on the normally smooth tarmac pavements. Many men were gathering at the market down the road praising the king and singing aloud and audible *‘for he is a jolly good fellow’* and stating the greatness of the king. We have not had a king since George the forth. Many of the men were mentioning King James but that couldn’t be because King James the first was king in the 16th and 17th century. As these thoughts raced around my head I noticed many people staring at me. They seemed to be focused on what I was wearing rather than what they were wearing. It was atrocious. Some people’s clothing was barley even a rag, some people’s clothes looked as if they were never washed and others wore extravagant items of clothing. No matter who was in the street they were all wearing VERY old fashioned clothing. All of a sudden I caught a whiff of something horrible and it wouldn’t go away. The smell seemed to be permanent. It smelt rancid. Almost as if I was in a sewer. Ugh. It makes me shudder just thinking about it. I had a feeling I was somehow no longer in 2018.

I carried on down the street, eyes glaring at me everywhere I went. As I reached the bottom of the road I noticed two watchmen staring at me and turning their heads to whisper to one another. All of a sudden they started sprinting towards me and yelling “WITCH! WITCH!” and by instinct I began to run in the opposite direction. I reached a fork in the road and decided to go down a narrow alleyway. Suddenly I ground to a halt because I had reached a dead end and then in a matter of seconds the watchmen caught up with me. They threw me into a carriage and led me along a long winding path that ran along a river. All of a sudden we stopped. I could hear voices but couldn’t see anyone. After waiting in the carriage for at least an hour the doors were flung open and I was dragged out to the river bank with my arms held behind my back by a gruesome watchman. His hair looked like a bird’s nest and his face was almost caked in mud. His hands looked as if they had not been cleaned in decades and his clothes were torn and had mysterious coloured stains on them.

There was a crowd of people surrounding me, the majority either covering their eyes or cheering. In a split second I was thrown into the river by the watchman who was holding me hostage. By instinct I held onto him and took him down with me into the river. As my head submerged into the water I began to panic. Was this the end? No it was not. It could not be. I pushed myself harder than I had ever pushed myself before and made it to the surface of the water. I then used the last of my energy to swim to land. When I made it to the riverbank I was almost instantly thrown back into the carriage and driven along the winding path. The journey was long and I was tired so I decided to take a nap.

When I woke up I found myself in a small concealed room. There was the same uncomfortable bed in the corner and a small desk beside the bed. A few minutes after I had woken up a watchman informed me that I would be burned at the stake tomorrow and that the watchman that threw me into the river had drowned and died.

It has been a few hours and I still can’t believe what is going to happen tomorrow and what happened today. I had been trailed for being a witch. I remember seeing the woman at my trial. The same women that had mud stained hands, the women that sold me that book. It’s funny to think that I was born in 2006 but died in 1601. Why did it have to be me? Why not her? Maybe I was right maybe she was out to get me. Out to get revenge. She was a witch herself but no one knew. It’s her fault I’m about to die. It’s her fault that the watchman died. It’s all her fault.

I do believe in magic and now I’m about to die.

Goodbye.