

MAGICIA



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Magicka

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For my loving family...

Chapter One

I can't believe this shit. Here I am sitting on a stainless steel bench inside this jail cell that looks more like a fucked up lion cage than a cell for people. I got caught by nothing more than a few cops and an old hag, so you can imagine how stupid I feel. Why didn't I just use my powers? I could have just fried their asses with my element, fire. But no, I had to be a stupid ass and let them catch me like a freaking idiot. The truth is that I don't want to kill any humans, hell I'm half human myself. No, I just want to find another hiding place, but I can't let those demons find me again. If they do, they'll take me to him and I don't want to go to him. I don't want him in my life. Glancing at the other women in here, I notice a fat ass hitting on a young, probably sixteen-year-old red head, thin as hell, looks like a damn surfing board. She's trembling, she's scared, she's alone. Not that tough anymore, ha, princess, I thought. What did she do to get herself in here? She had to have done something wrong, snatch a purse, do dope, sell it maybe? Fuck her, I don't care, she wouldn't be in here if she did things right and now she was about to get herself a heavyweight girlfriend with uncombed hair and twisted teeth. Mistakes do happen though. I'm a mistake because I really shouldn't be in here, I should be out there in the open. I should be disappearing from this place, far away from the dark lord, but instead here I am extremely approximated to him. He lives somewhere in Manhattan and I'm in Brooklyn, in the 90th precinct so it won't take that long now for him to get me. I don't think that he's personally coming to me, no, he's sending somebody, somebody who's probably sold his own soul to him, somebody who can carry out his little devious, mischievous deeds. Yeah, and I'll be here waiting for the mother fucker. I wish that the dark lord was my only issue, he's probably the most important, grave and dangerous issue, but no, he isn't my only problem. There's this group of witches called The Elemental Sisters who are trying to get to me too. The difference is that the dark lord wants to negotiate; the Elemental Sisters want to kill my ass. You're probably wondering why the dark lord is a bigger issue than the Elemental Sisters, well that's easy, because I can handle the Elemental Sisters, all

four of them, but the dark lord's another story. The Elemental Sisters may be able to manipulate the four elements of the Earth, but they're predictable. You see they got this strange notion that I'm actually going to become the dark princess of an old prophecy. Me, a fucking princess, what kind of a bullshit prophecy is that? Even if the dark princess prophecy is true, which it isn't because I don't believe in any of that shit, it's definitely not me. I don't give a damn about the magical world, power or any of that shit, I just want to live a normal, happy life, but I've been unable to because of the fucking magical world. The magical world got the love of my life killed, so you can see how much I actually give a fuck about it. To top it all, there are also witch hunters running around crazy as hell to kill even a shadow of a witch if they could and most of them are cops and soldiers. When I was caught in front of the apartment building for "disruptions, threats and disturbances of the peace" complaints I had my backpack with me and in it was a dark, blue book, very important, it was my book of spells. Some people call it a grimoire, a book of incantations, pick whatever name you want, but it's very important for a person like me to have one. It should be obvious to you at this point; yes, I'm a witch and not just a learned witch, but a born one. Some people have a lot of magic in their blood, others have traces of magic and some don't have any of it at all. It's difficult to do so, but yeah, magic is learnable. Even I had to learn some of it, but that's a whole other story, one that could probably take decades to tell and I really don't want to spill the beans on my learning process and all of my screw ups. I can't say that I'm really proud about that stage in my life and whenever anybody asks me about it, I just say that I can't really remember. So anyway, yeah, I had my book of spells on that backpack and now the stupid cops have it. The book's called The Enchantica. It used to be my grandmother's, but now it's mine. The story of how I inherited the book is also something that I really don't like to talk about, but the truth is that I don't even know what to talk about because I don't have the slightest idea of how I really inherited it. I don't know what the fuck happened to my grandmother. One day she was here and then the next day, she was just gone, no letters, no warnings, no goodbyes no nothing. Nobody knows where the fuck she is or what happened and guess who the Elemental Sisters blame it on? Mua, of course, I'm the one to blame because the fucking prophecy says that I'm going to be the dark princess. What

bullshit. They should take that prophecy and shove it up their own asses and leave me alone. I got a lot of shit to deal with, now I got to deal with a fucking prophecy too. So the cops have The Enchantica, my book of spells in their power, but something tells me that in this district here there aren't any witch hunters, at least none that are decent enough because if they were, they would have fried my ass by now. Ironic isn't it? It's fire that kills us, the very element that I control. Why the fuck couldn't I control an element like water? I'm thirsty. I could have had a glass of it right now, or a fistful in my case because nobody in hell was going to give me a glass cup in here. When I remember the arrest though, I do have to laugh about it. It was so stupid. I was with my white Persian cat, Spencer, who happens to be my guide in the magical world. I know that it's weird, but Spencer is my best friend and he's been ever since I was a little girl. Spencer is loyal, honest and good hearted. He's not like a lot of humans out there that are nothing but scum, no my friend is the best. Sometimes he can be a little of a jerk, but hey, nobody's perfect. Anyway, Spencer was the one who found Gula on the rooftop after the events that happened back home. You're probably wondering who the fuck is Gula and what events happened back at my home. I promise to be brief and clear. Gula is a demon from hell, a motherfucker, an asshole, a piece of shit. Demons are one of the scariest, ugliest fucked up creatures I've ever seen. They're not too big in size. I don't know if you've ever seen those old alien movies where they show up those big headed aliens, ha, I'm laughing my ass off just remembering the little freaks, but yeah they're bodies are like that, thin as hell, with long piano playing fingers. No offense to the piano playing people, I think it's great to play the piano. I'm just trying to be as clear as possible. Anyway they're that skinny and pale too, they wear ripped off rags on their hips like if they were wearing dirty ass diapers. I don't know why the hell they do that, there's nothing they can actually cover in there and if there is I don't want to know. Their heads are big too. They have mean looking eyes, almond like and empty looking, dark, pitch black color and their noses tend to be very small. The mouth is probably the most fucked up thing about them, they're round and all of their teeth are sharpened like knives, like shark's teeth and their tongues are pale pink, but Gula's teeth were mostly rotten. Just thinking about those teeth make my knees wobble, but not in a good romantic way, no, more like a run and head for the fucking hills kind of a way.

This particular demon, this asshole was sent loose on to this Earth and I don't know why. You see they're not supposed to be here, none of them, they're supposed to be in their pit home, that's where they're supposed to be, torturing and whatever the fuck else they're supposed to be doing, but not up here with us. So you might imagine my surprise when I saw the little fucker there on that rooftop. Spencer sensed him after the event. Now, what was the event? It may not be a big deal because it's something that happens with a lot of frequency, especially during the summer, but near my home, back in New Hampshire there was a forest fire. I was sleeping at the time, really relaxed because my home is protected and it's the only place where I can actually have a goodnight sleep, but it was a nap really because it happened in the middle of the day. Spencer purred loudly and he woke me up.

"Why did you do that for?" I asked.

"It's an emergency. Something's wrong," he said. Yeah that's right, my cat talks, but he talks only to me and he doesn't have to move his mouth, use his tongue or his vocal chords, he just has to use his mind, telepathy.

"There's no emergency in the world that justifies you waking me up," I told him as I sat on my sofa. My sofa is one of the best things about my house, it's incredibly comfortable, large and floral. Sometimes I think that it's more comfortable than the queen size bed that I got in my room. Although it's not really my house, my sofa or my bed, it's my grandmother's or it was, I don't know. Everybody thinks that she's dead, but you see to me, she's not really dead, not until I see a body.

"Lord Umpierre has just blown up the Bear Brook forest Cynthia and not just any area, but the area where the gnomes and the fairies live," he said. Was he kidding? I got up from my sofa bewildered.

"Where the hell are you anyway?" I asked him.

"By your window," Spencer answered. I checked my front window and there he was on my White Birch tree, his little paws holding on the branches of the trees, his white fur ruffling in the wind and that's when I smelled it, the smoke.

"Shit," I blurted out.

"Language Cynthia, language," he said to me. Spencer hated when I swore, but sometimes you just got to swear, sometimes good marshmallow words don't really describe or fit what you're really feeling.

"The majority of them are safe, they're heading north, but it caught them by surprise, it caught all of us by surprise," Spencer said still on that tree. You see that tree was our true protection, the White Birch Tree. That kind of tree has magical elements and it protects us from all other magical beings. It's supposed to shield us from spies, energies and everything and anything. Nobody's supposed to trace our magic.

"Wait a minute Spencer, if Lord Umpierre is here then that means that he knows where I am."

"My thoughts exactly," Spencer said and I knew what he was thinking because I was thinking about it too. He found me. I don't know how the fuck, but he found me. The dark lord knows that I'm here.

"We better move then," Spencer told me, but I was too stunned. How the fuck did he find me here? But that wasn't my only surprise. Wasn't Lord Umpierre supposed to be dead? I really didn't understand. I was protected, shielded and not just by the White Birch Tree, but by magical spells and charms. How the fuck did he find me, I wondered and Spencer was already giving me that look, with his beautiful green eyes and he didn't say it, but he was thinking about it, the bad words Cynthia, control.

"I got to see this thing," I told him and I opened the front door of my house, although it's more of a small cottage than a house. The rocking chairs were next to me on the porch, but nobody rocked in them. There were floral pillows on a bench like chair in the middle. They were all my grandmother's and she loved to sit out on the porch and sing her songs. She was a water Elemental and a healer. My grandmother's name was Karin Black. She was a tough old lady. She didn't take shit from anybody, but she could be kind when she had to be. I loved her baking. She made the best homemade cookies anyone could ever eat. She spent a lot of time in markets looking for flour, coconut, almonds, sugar and spices like cinnamon, ginger and mint. I missed that smell of cookie dough in the house. I missed how she always smiled and smacked me in the head when I made a mistake. I guess that now emptiness was the perfect word, but I didn't know if it really described the house or if it described me. The house was far away from town. It was kind of secluded actually and surrounded by more forest than buildings which is the way we witches really like it. Witches prefer to live in private places where there are less people because they're more private and we were more free to practice magic. But due to that seclusion I couldn't see what was going on out there, but I could hear the sirens from a distance, so there was definitely movement from the humans, in a good sense I supposed since the intention was to fight off that forest fire.

"Can you see anything?" I asked Spencer who was still up in that tree. Spencer had a magical vision that was beyond any human's vision or any magical creature's vision for that manner. He could see across long distances and tune in on anything he needed to hear. If I needed information on something I asked my cat Spencer. He was sensitive to energies, he felt things. He warned me of danger if he perceived it. He was my guide. Without him, I was more vulnerable and unaware.

"I see a lot of movement, fire trucks, cops, people being moved from their homes, bystanders outside watching. Somebody's saying that they saw a bear loose, but I don't know if it's true. Could be though, why doubt it?" Spencer said.

"What about Lord Umpierre, are you sure that it was him?" I asked. He didn't answer quickly; he was skimming the place, his enormous green eyes looking at the sky, looking for that son of a bitch. I waited and hoped that he was wrong. Spencer climbed the tree up higher, trying to get a good look I suppose. His little paws holding on tight as he did so, the leaves brushing his white fur, the wind blowing gently now and the smoke traveling this side now.

"I am sure, but I don't see him now, he's gone."

"Gone?" I wondered. I didn't get it. Why the fuck would he blow up a forest filled with gnomes and fairies in the first place? Those creatures don't do shit. Don't get me wrong, they're not bad folk. I know that they could be a little insane though, particularly gnomes. They got those stupid conical shaped like hats, lizard like green skins, thin fingers with big circles on their tips, round noses, they're kind of cute looking for their kind, I'll give them that, but I mean who uses those stupid hats anymore, nobody. They're asses are so glued to places like forests and mountains that they've lost all sense of reality. They don't even know what year they're living in and they still believe that humans wear ruffs and armor and that they're ruled by kings and queens and all that shit. They're kind of weird to talk to too, I can barely understand what the hell they're saying because they talk that old English shit that nobody understands, that Shakespeare shit. The fairies on the other hand, they're better communicators when they want to be. Fairies aren't so out of reality, but they barely talk to anybody. They're very small, they live inside rose buds mainly, but they got lights on their wings though, so that makes them kind of cool. The problem with them is that they're very mysterious. Nobody really knows how they are in terms of their traits as a community, except for the gnomes and to ask a gnome about a fairy is like trying to find a grain of rice in a chow Mein dish. I didn't understand though, was Spencer losing his touch or something? Was he getting to old? Maybe he misinterpreted what he saw. Lord Umpierre had been slayed by Merlin in 550 A.D. So it didn't really make sense to me. Spencer couldn't be wrong, he was never wrong, he never lied. Let's say that he did see Lord Umpierre. Why would Lord Umpierre, who's known as the lord of all dragons for reasons that I'll

explain later, burn a forest crowded with a bunch of gnomes and fairies? They're really not that significant, there just there living their own little lives. Gnomes just grow seeds, eat fruits like berries and shit like that and they do handyman work, that's all they ever do and the fairies, well who the fuck knows. There are legends and stories that talk about them like their ability to become invisible, their hate for deforestation, the powers they use by a light they emit, but nobody can confirm if that shit is true or not. Those things didn't matter to me right now. I was concerned with Lord Umpierre's appearance. How the fuck could he be alive?

"It must be a sign Cynthia," Spencer told me, but a sign of what.

"What do you mean?" I asked because I really was very confused. Spencer knew about a lot of things, but I didn't. He had to explain shit to me like if I was a five-year-old. Don't get me wrong, I'm not stupid, but sometimes I could be a little dumb. I was a C student, if you know what I mean.

"It means that Coluci knows that you're here and he's showing you what he's capable of," Spencer said. What the fuck did that mean? Was Coluci capable of resurrecting Lord Umpierre? Dr. Roberto Coluci was the dark lord, the dark sorcerer, a mean motherfucker and I knew that he was powerful, but was he this powerful? If he really was this powerful, then he must have found out that I'm here and if he knows that I'm here then that means that I got to pick up and get the hell out of here before he gets here.

"He's showing me what he's capable of? Yeah, okay. I get it," I told him sarcastically. What the hell was wrong with Spencer, saying weird shit like that?

"Make sure that you take the Enchantica with you," Spencer said, like I needed to be reminded of that shit.

"Language Cynthia, language," he said.

"Are you reading my mind again, Spencer? What did I say about reading my mind?" I told him annoyed. I really hated that shit, it was just so invading for me that I really didn't stand it much.

"I'm sorry Cynthia, I didn't mean to," Spencer said. He could read my mind, but I couldn't read his. Ain't life a bitch? He was very honest though, very truthful, so I never really doubted him and how could I? He was my guide, my savior, my other part. He was my best friend. He wouldn't betray me for shit, no matter what, not even if he wanted to. Not that he wanted to, though. Anyway, I grabbed a dark backpack and I unzipped it. I went to the kitchen and I summoned the book. The book was placed inside a kitchen cupboard that was placed on a counter next to the sink. Its little doors simply opened up and the big, thick, dark blue book floated through the air and fell into my white, pale hands. I held that old book gently and I walked back into my room with it and sat on the bed where I had left my backpack. The book didn't seem very special or out of the ordinary if you looked at it. It's hardcover was worn and it didn't have anything written on the cover, not a single letter, no inscription on it either, it was pretty much plain and simple. Actually, now thinking about it, it looked like a huge notebook, but it was thick, like a phone book or something, but there was no notion of romanticism about it, it wasn't shiny or glittery or anything that indicated its real value, it was actually very plain and very simple. The most interesting part of this book is that's actually worth a lot in the magical world. It was so expensive, you could probably buy a fucking island with it, but here it was worn and plain in the palm of my hands and it was about to leave a place that it had known for many years. The Enchantica is older than my grandmother; it was hers though for a long time. My grandmother was probably like, I don't know maybe a thousand years or something, who knew maybe more and the book's been here longer than that. Some say that the Enchantica is as old as the Magicka, both of them borne on the same day, same place, Egypt, but I don't I think the Magicka exists, in fact I don't think it ever did. A book so dangerous like that roaming around for years, I don't think so and if it ever truly did exist, somebody must have gotten rid of it, the fucking thing was too dangerous anyway. Who the fuck would want a book that could curse you, making you live forever, but peeling

away your flesh and your sight for years to come? I'll tell you who'd want a book like that, somebody who's fucking crazy, that's who, somebody who wouldn't give a damn. The Enchantica is said to be the opposite of that book, the contradiction, the oil of the vinegar. The Enchantica doesn't curse you, it blesses you, gives you a long, happy, life, but after everything I've been through, I got to say that all that's just bullshit. So anyway, this very expensive and legendary book was in my backpack with the intention of passing it off as an ordinary book of course and I had some other of my things in my pack mostly herbs. Salt was very important to me at this juncture. I kept pouches of salt everywhere, in my pocket, around my house, on the windowsills, my room, you name it. Salt was for me what a screen is to a TV, vital. I couldn't leave the house without it, call me paranoid, hyper, wimp, whatever you want, but if after the shit I've seen I never leave without it. I even made Spencer wear a small spherical emblem with salt in it on his collar. Why salt, you're wondering, because evil spirits can't stand that shit, they can't touch it, can't tolerate it and they're totally afraid of it. It's the only thing that can save your ass in evil spirit situations and trust me; I've had experience with those things occasionally. I could only hope for the best, hope that my house wouldn't be the next target, hope that Coluci never entered this place, hope that I could get some answers as in to how my grandmother's house was located and why were a bunch of gnomes and fairies paying for it. The only person that popped into my mind was my cousin, Wesley, one of the smartest wizards I've ever known in my life. You heard me, wizard, yes, not a warlock, but a true wizard. What's the difference? There are a whole lot of differences between warlocks and wizards, warlocks are stupid, but dangerous, evil mother fuckers and they're right there next to sorcerers, who are also evil, but sorcerers don't have an ounce of stupidity in their brains. Wesley was smart, funny and gay. He had a different perspective on magic, he was creative as hell, and he had a house in the woods that was made of all sorts of recycled shit. I don't know how the fuck he did it, but it's really awesome. But he doesn't live there, he just crashes there on the summers and he spends his time making up other shit from recycled stuff, it's incredible. In fact, he's got a small store where he sells all that stuff, but I haven't heard from him in a while and the last thing I heard from him was that he had been seen in New York, so that's where I was headed. I had called him a couple

of times just to make sure, but he never answered. Maybe he changed his phone number, maybe he hadn't had time to pay for it, I didn't know. I hope that he's alright. I hope that Coluci didn't get to him there. Fuck, it was really a possibility, but I couldn't think of that nor could I stay here if Coluci was coming for me. If Wesley was intercepted by Coluci then that would explain a lot. Wesley must have told him where I was, probably after long hours of being tortured almost to death. Either way I didn't have a choice I was going to have to head for New York City. So as I said before, I packed up my essentials, The Enchantica, herbs, a few vials and money. Luckily I had a lot of money. After my grandmother's disappearance I inherited all of her things, her house which was the place where I was hiding out, her business, which was a small store that sold a lot of small things, but really cool like figurines, books, movies, some antiquities and daily materials like hygiene products and other stuff like that. I had my car, but I took a taxi instead, knowing that New York's traffic was a bitch. I was thinking of maybe taking the train there later on. My trip had been unplanned and quick. When I was leaving my house there were people standing in front of the store. I didn't place a note, didn't say anything, I just didn't have any time. I took off. The taxi arrived twenty minutes after I had called. I had on my blue jeans, dark t-shirt, my thick dark hair was loose and I was wearing my favorite shoes which were short dark boots, comfortable as hell. I had like three more pairs and I didn't care what Spencer thought.

"You're obsessed with those shoes," he used to say.

"Don't start with me," I voiced out. After ten minutes of waiting for the damn cab I was beginning to lose my patience.

"When the fuck is the cab coming?"

"Language Cynthia, please. You are a witch, could you at least attempt to behave as one," Spencer said. He was always nagging me with that shit.

"Okay," I promised out loud.

"I'm hungry," Spencer said telepathically and he began to lick his lips and his whiskers.

"You can't be serious," I said.

"I'm very serious and I'm thirsty too," Spencer said. I knew that he was obsessed with the almond milk that I had bought a couple of days ago.

I looked for a can of tuna fish, mixed with mayonnaise and I placed it in his bowl. He didn't eat cat food; he ate gourmet for a cat. My grandmother used to cook for him all the time. She made fish, shrimp and one time she even made lobster for him. It was a special occasion, but I don't remember what it was. Sometimes I could have sworn that they were married. But when it's about Spencer, yeah, he was a very special cat and he had special treatment. After all, how many cats do you know of that talk to you telepathically, give you advice and remind you to use your good manners? Spencer gobbled up the tuna as I opened the fridge and got the almond milk that he was so obsessed about. I served it to him on his next bowl. He had already eaten up the tuna when I served him the milk and he was already licking the white liquid. I took a glass myself and poured the almond milk for me too. Spencer's bowls were both blue. He didn't have one of those bowls that are joined together because he hated his food to touch. He had his little things, like that. Anyway I drank the milk, paced the kitchen and Spencer told me to relax. I tried. I peered outside, saw that even though the smoke was visible, everything seemed peaceful. Sure, I couldn't really see the crowd that Spencer had spoken about because I didn't have that super vision that he did and we were buried behind a bunch of trees, barks and twigs. We lived in the other side, secluded and very private so there was no way for me to see by my own eyes what was going down until that stupid cab arrived. I sat on a chair, tapped my leg desperately and then, then the stupid cab arrived. I grabbed my pack, whistled at Spencer to come with me and we headed for the door.

"Come," I told him and Spencer climbed into my arms. When the cab driver saw him he began to shake his head in the car.

"No, no, no, no animals allowed," he said. I hated when people treated Spencer like that. Although I knew that they didn't know about him, what I knew so I reacted calmly as usual. I had to pretend that Spencer was nothing but an ordinary cat even though he surely was anything but ordinary.

"I'm taking a long trip sir and I don't have anybody out here who can take care of him," I said. I petted him. It was a strategy. Strangers who usually denied him ended up all mushy about him when I started to pet him, but it didn't seem to work with this asshole.

"No pets, no animals of any kind. Sorry, but it's a cat. It can eat birds and mice outside. Cats survive alone just fine," the guy said. Oh the nerve! This was really denigrating to Spencer, if he hated something, it was that right there. He began to purr at the man.

"Calm down, I'll do the talking," I told him.

"You better convince this bastard before I do... something," Spencer said. He was annoyed. He never used profanity and for him bastard was a bad word.

"Sir, this cat is my family, please understand," I went on, but the bastard was already shaking his head.

"I'll pay you extra for the inconvenience," I said and that's when the asshole stopped with the shaking.

"Extra? Okay, okay, get in," the cab driver said finally agreeing. Jerk!

"Jerk!" Spencer agreed. So we got in. Spencer was thinking about leaving a hairball in the guy's cab.

"Don't do it. If you behave he may change his opinion about pets," I told him and he purred at me pissed off.

"You know what I mean," I told him.

"What's wrong with that cat of yours?" The cab driver asked looking at the rearview mirror.

"Nothing," I said and then I began to pet Spencer again. He liked me to pet him and that was good because it seemed to be working. He was calming down a bit.

"I ought to crap in his car right now," Spencer said.

"Relax, the important thing's that you're here, right?" I told him.

"Jerk," he said again, but this time he meowed. We were leaving New Hampshire. I could finally see the people in Allentown. Everybody was crowded up watching the smoke, there were reporters everywhere covering the story, people pointing towards the forest. I even saw animal control there.

"What's going on?" I asked the cab driver. I thought that maybe he had seen something.

"There was some big fire or something; there were big animals that were loose on the streets. They were probably running away from the fire. Who can blame them, right? That's why it took so long for me to get here, animal control was dealing with a large bear when I got here," he said and I believed him. There were cops everywhere in town and as we left I saw my store there, but nobody was up front. With all the chaos, who the fuck would? I was kind of relieved when we left Allentown and all we could see were trees and mountains and everything else that was beautiful and green. I rolled down my window. I wanted to breathe in the air, feel the breeze in my face, say goodbye to this beautiful place. I could still see the

smoke from afar and I was soon reminded about that son of a bitch who was still looking for me. After everything I've gone through, after everything that was done to me and it still wasn't enough, he was still looking for me. The dark lord, Dr. Roberto Coluci was still tailing me and all for a stupid ass prophecy. I didn't like to think about him, because the dark lord wasn't just some evil guy out there trying to hunt me down, he was also my father. Anyway we didn't travel much. Cabs are just too damn expensive. I have cash, a lot of it and I can always get more. I can use my powers to find money, food, clothes, it's called a prosperity spell, but my grandmother was always against shit like that. She called it magic abuse. I used to call it being smart. When I was young my grandmother and I didn't really see eye to eye on everything. In fact, that's probably why the Elemental Sisters are trying to take me out now. I hate to talk about my youth, so I probably won't, although I've heard the phrase never say never. I think my grandmother used to say that to me all the time. She was a wise woman, stubborn, strict, but wise. I wish she was here, she'd know what to do, what to say, how to act. She would have kept me safe, but now, without her I'm fucked. Anyway thirty minutes later give or take a couple of minutes we arrived at the bus station.

"I leave you here," the driver said kind of annoyed. What was wrong with this asshole? Did his wife leave him, cheat on him or something? Jerk.

"Did you shit on his car?" I asked Spencer just in case. Spencer was so angry at him; he might have done something.

"No. Your personality is just probably just very annoying," Spencer answered.

"Oh, shut up. He's just an asshole," I told him.

"Hello, is anyone in the house? You're here at the bus station. You can give me my money and leave already," the cab driver said. This dude was a real gem I thought. A gem made out of a pile of shit. I wasn't giving him a tab, fuck his ass.

"Here," I said giving him the cash.

"We agreed that you'd pay me extra for taking that ugly cat of yours." Whose he calling ugly, that son of a bitch.

"Did he just say... that's it, I'm leaving a hairball in here."

"Crap his cab," I told him, he was already in a corner taking a dump. My job was to distract the son of a bitch.

"Oh, yeah, right," I said. I opened the door.

"I'm sorry, let me just get it, I'm sorry. I know that my wallet's down here somewhere, wait," I said buying time as I played around with my wallet. I was waiting for Spencer who was making a dump on the floor.

"I'm going to pee his seats too," Spencer said to me.

"Spencer don't push it, it's enough with the shit, just hurry up and let's go before he notices it," I told him. He finished crapping the cab.

"Would you hurry up lady, I'm very busy," the cab driver said.

"Oh, yeah, here," I told him and I gave him a five-dollar bill.

"That's it? That's the extra money?"

"It's what I can afford," I lied.

"Get out of the damn car, just scram," he said. I got out.

"Spencer, honey, come on," I said and Spencer meowed, then he jumped out of the car and I closed the door. The cab accelerated and skidded at the ending curb.

"Asshole, you should have pissed on his car too."

"I told ya," Spencer said and I laughed. Then Spencer walked with me, but he made a stop in a grassy area with bushes. The idea was to wipe his ass.

"Spencer, would you hurry up, you're a cat; you don't have to wipe your ass you know."

"Don't tell me what I can and cannot do young lady, I'm way much older than you are," Spencer said as he strangely rolled a bit on the grass. It was true he was way older than I was. I didn't know exactly how old he was, but I used to give him a hundred years or two hundred years more maybe. He was really old. When I was a kid, his age didn't really bother me because I could never really tell, but when I was a teen I was kind of curious. Every time I asked him that question he'd answer the same way. I haven't the slightest idea, I can't even remember. I figured that's how old he really is. Still it's kind of amazing to me that he's been able to live so long and keep such endurance, such resilience. I knew that he wasn't really a cat. Grandmother used to call him a guide, a friend, a kindred spirit once even, but who or what the hell was Spencer I didn't really know and I didn't care. I know that this is kind of strange, but Spencer was actually like a second father to me, but he was also my friend. You know it's like when you have your dad and you really don't know much about his past, about his childhood, about the things he did, but still you accept him, love him and you don't really care about his past. Well, that's what it was like with me and him. We were inseparable.

"Okay, I'm done," Spencer said.

"Finally, I thought you were going to ask for some toilet paper."

"Do you think I should?"

"Could we fucking leave already? Do I have to remind you that Coluci's here?"

"Language Cynthia, language. You're a beautiful young lady, you shouldn't express yourself in that manner, please," Spencer said.

"Okay, can we go now," I begged him.

"Yes."

"Good. Now I don't want to have to explain a thousand times that you're my only relative and whatever, do you think that you can hop into my pack and stay there throughout the trip?" I knew that it was stupid from the moment I asked it because I knew what he was going to say.

"Are you kidding? You want me to remain in your pack for six hours, you're nuts," Spencer said. I knew that he was going to say something like that.

"Please, I'll promise to buy you more almond milk," I said trying to convince him. I knew that it was stupid trying to bribe him like that. I knew that it wasn't going to work, but I had to try.

"Try squeezing yourself into a box for six hours straight. If you do that, then I'll hop right into your pack," he said. Shit, I knew that it was hopeless. Then he ranted on.

"Can't you just make me invisible Cynthia?"

"That'll take a lot of time Spencer," I said kind of annoyed. I was looking around and nobody was around which was a good thing because if people saw me talking to a cat, they'd think that I was crazy. I kind of didn't really have that much friends