



# *One Big Storie*

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# The Beginning

## ***The history***

02/07/12

I'm in the time of the 1700 century. I'm being chased by the witch hunters, they want's to kill me by throwing me in the fire. because they know how i am, the problem is that I never would harm anyone. but they think I'm evil because I'm a witch and I actual never told them but one day for about one month ago my mom did see my Book Of Shadows and began praying and telling lot of the people in the town we lived in called Eastwirk. my mom she is a christian. I got my first BOS of my grandmother just before she died. when the people found me they chased me out of town an yelled that the witch hunters would find me and then burn me as the witch I am.

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## ***I don't know***

02/07/12

I don't know what to do. my life is a miss and I have to finde a new town to live in. someplace where I don't know anybody. I hate this but I have to get past this. but how I'm all alone. I don't want to be killed by the witch hunters.

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## ***I'm just walking now***

03/07/12

I'm just walking now. i don't know what i wants to find. i willy don't know. maybe some people how wants to help me. but there is no one in my time how helps a witch. And i don't want to find myself burned at the stick. i will don't wan't to die because I'm myself it's just stupid. And i don't want to kill them all because then it all will came back to me and slap me in the face. And then kill me for what I then have done.

Help Me Please !!  
I don't know what to do.

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## ***The future is bright***

21/09/12

I look up in the night after wandering in fright. To my delight the moon is full and bright, I know that the mother goddess is by my side. All the struggles I face have a purpose to make me stronger and make the world a better place. I choose not to fight fire with fire, but instead put out fire with water, and so forth my true journey begins.

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## ***Wandering and meetings.***

23/09/12

I am wandering. I do not know where it is my feet are taking me. It could maybe be a safe place or my imminent death. No matter how hard i try to be accepted, no one, not even my lost love will perhaps even take a glance in my direction. Somehow towns are already aware of my...situation... And yet only one person that I have run into in the town of Ylimaf is another one like myself. Her name was Silvestra Blackheart. She was a witch doomed the same fate as me; burned at the stake in front of cruel watchfull eyes. She was a vexing woman. I mean I am a woman myself but there was a sort of air about the way she walked and held herself and how even when people would ridicule her, she would stride by, her long cloak and long black hair swaying in a supernatural breeze. She was tall and slender and curvy and had the most breathtaking yet intimidating blue-silver eyes that fluxuated colors almost everyday. She always had the Grand Grimoir with her with a dark ebony dagger in the leather strap. Her leather bag around her shoulder was a dark brown and had a strange hue to it like it was pulsating a strange power. It made me curious.

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## ***The fright at morning***

27/09/12

I walked to the woman with my strained body hoping the world didn't see me as myself just so I could stop running. As the woman noticed my location drawing to her she slightly smiled, I looked around with paranoia gazing into my fears while walking to the one to hopefully end the suffering. She glanced at me with those delicately crafted blue eyes that would draw men from the seas and spoke to me with her powerful voice. "your safe now, just go inside." I stared rudely in amazement but followed the stone stairs to a wooden porch with windchimes and flowers flowing out of handwaved baskets with a tasteful smell of fine meals and sweets inside. I lured slowly inside of the handcarved door, to see dried plants hung from the ceiling and a burning fireplace with smells of food to cure my fatigue. I went to the beautiful table but didn't know what to do except wait and hope and then the woman came in with perfume of sweet honeysuckles and motioned me to sit. She went to the fireplace and tended to the meal and out of her mouth came the words iv'e been running from unwillingly, "so your a witch" her voice changed to a more comfortive tone when she saw my widened greebmn eyes.

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