

There are things in this world not meant to be seen by human eyes. Beyond the human world there is another where only nightmares live. There are evil things but also good things, things that want to just pull pranks on the humans.

I come from a clan of witches, The Circle.

We are run by an Honored Mother. Under her are the fully trained witches or Mothers, under them the Sisters who are in their intermediate stage, then of course, the apprentices.

There are... dark things in this world.

We keep them safe, but who keeps us safe?

-Nox Titus Journal Entry May 13th 1709.

"Hello? Who is there?" a voice said as I ducked into a bush. "Hello?"

I heard the footsteps get closer until they were right outside of the bush I was hiding in. The person looked around until they walked behind a tree.

I waited until the steps got softer and slowly pulled myself out of the bush.

"AHA!"

I felt a hand grab the back of my shirt as I tried to get away.

"Calm down." The voice said as I struggled to get out of their grasp. "Child, it's okay, you're alright dear."

I opened my eyes and saw an elderly lady.

"You're alright now." She said again. "Can you speak?"

I shook my head and pointed to my neck. She stood me up and lifted my chin to get a better look seeing the small scar.

"Mm, did the men do this to you?" she asked.

I nodded.

"Do you have a family?"

I shook my head.

"Then it will make this easier." The woman said.

I looked around and found a stick and a large piece of bark before picking up a bit of mud with the stick and writing 'Kill me?' on the bark and holding it up.

“No, you girl are special.” She said as I tilted my head. “You are going to come with me. I am Yaga. Do you have a name?”

I shook my head.

“You will be known as Nox.”