

Witch Watchers (or is it Weight Witches)

“Ethel, those eye of newt canapés were fab! Please don’t let me have any more.” Holding the tray out, Ethel winks at Agatha and proffers it again.

“Come on Aggie, one more won’t hurt you.”

“Oh, go on then.” Agatha grabs two. Handing one to Sylvie.

“Sorry, not me sweetie. I am trying to maintain my ghoulish figure.”

Sylvie smooths her long black dress. “You both should join me at Weight Witches. If all three of us sign up, we’ll get a discount.”

Agatha pats her stomach and shakes her head, “The last time I went on a diet I got so cranky, I turned my husband into a frog and sautéed him. Tasted rather good, actually... No, no I better not try dieting again.”

“You were lucky the Witches Council accepted that you were acting under the influence and didn’t charge you.” Ethel smiles. “To be truthful your husband was rather annoying. Did you ever get rid of all those dolls he animated?”

“Sold them on eBay. Made quite a tidy sum. No returns allowed of course.”

Much cackling ensues. Agatha turns to Sylvie.

“How is the new potion working out, Sylvie?”

“There are a few glitches. I tried it on the neighbour’s tom cat. Couldn’t stand all that caterwauling!”

“What happened?”

“It didn’t silence him like it was supposed to. He now sounds like Pavarotti and caterwauls the tune of Nessun Dorma every damn evening.” Sylvie shakes her head. “I am working on a new formula.”

Agatha looks up at the moon. “Must run. I’ve got a date with that hot new wizard.”

“How did you wangle that Aggie? He must be 20 years younger than you.” Ethel was jealous of Agatha’s success with men, but Agatha wouldn’t share her spells. It didn’t seem fair, especially since she had eaten her last husband.

“All right have fun. Aggie, ask him if he has any friends he could fix me up with.”

“When shall we three meet again?” Sylvie asked.

“How about next Tuesday. I’ll have a lovely stew bubbling away in the cauldron.”

“Sounds good to me,” says Ethel, “as long as that storm they’re predicting doesn’t materialise.”

