

# **Wisteria and the Pirate Werewolf**

**A Fairy Tale**

**Chapter 1**

**April Marcom**

## Chapter One

### ~ Two Magical Gifts ~

The wind whistled as it rushed through spindly trees and beat against the woodland houses scattered outside the little village of Lampet. There was nothing special or out of the ordinary about the people who resided here. They were all farmers or woodcutters or spent their days doing some other humble job.

But on one very cold night, this would all change for two unsuspecting children.

An old witch by the name of Evanora had come to the area in search of a rare bird's egg for one of her potions and lost her way back to her ship. She had no way of knowing that the gifts she would give away on this night would prove to shape the simple lives of two little girls into something more exciting, dangerous, and extraordinary than either could ever have imagined.

With the chill in the air and rain clouds approaching, her only thought now was to find shelter for the night. Six people had turned her down rather rudely before she wandered to the tall, porch-less home surrounded by dirt and dust. It reminded Evanora slightly of the house in which she'd grown up. Her feet were aching and her teeth were shivering when she knocked on the door.

The warmth of a burning fire greeted her when two girls answered it. One was pale with raven-colored hair; the other of a healthier tone with wavy blonde locks. They were young, perhaps twelve and ten. The blonde was the smaller of the two, but the first to speak up: "Hello there."

"Good evening, children," the old woman said in a wavering voice. "I'm afraid I've lost my way without the assistance of the sun's light. Could you spare a dry corner of your house that I might rest in for the night?"

"Oh, yes. Please, come in." The blonde gladly welcomed the company of the woman. The girls' mother had gone to care for their ill grandmamma for the night and the younger sister was a bit nervous without an adult around.

"I thank you most graciously," the witch said, coming in. "I am Evanora."

"My name is Rose, and my sister is Wisteria."

"May we get you anything, Miss Evanora?" Wisteria asked.

"No thank you, dear. But perhaps I could rest for a moment beside the fire."

"Of course."

Rose walked with her to the chair while Wisteria went to the kitchen.

Evanora set her heavy bag on the floor and took a seat in the rocking chair beside the fire. The inside of the house seemed drab with only a table and chairs beside one wall. Pots and spoons were stacked unevenly on one side of the fireplace, a tall pile of wood on the other. A good many cupboards hung crookedly in the back of the room and the great height of the roof allowed for a loft with beds and chests above their heads.

"Our mother is famous in town for her baking," Wisteria said, as she handed a cherry pastry to Evanora. "You must at least try one while you are here."

“Bless your heart. Thank you, child.” Evanora took the pastry, a girl now sitting on either side of her on the floor. It was possibly the most heavenly thing she’d ever tasted. “Are your parents not here?”

“Our mother’s tending to grandmamma,” Rose announced. “And our father left long ago.”

“I’m sorry to hear that.”

Evanora felt a deep affection for the little girls. She’d always loved children, and wished she had something to give to repay such kindness. She had nearly finished her pastry when she got an idea. Taking two knitting needles from her hair, the only magical things she had with her at the moment, she decided what she would make for the children. “For your generosity, I would like to give you each a gift.”

“I love gifts,” Rose said brightly.

“But you have no yarn,” Wisteria said. “I could fetch some for you.”

“No need, dear.” Evanora began clicking the sticks together, pulling luminous red thread right out of thin air and looping it together.

Rose gasped.

Wisteria leaned forward, staring in wonder at the fabric that was slowly appearing. “How are you doing that?” she asked.

“Magic.” Evanora winked at her.

Wisteria stared intently at Evanora’s fingers, trying to discover the trick, while Rose watched the witch’s face in awe, absolutely convinced of the woman’s power. Rose rested her head against Evanora’s knee.

“I always wished for children of my own,” the woman said. “But I suppose it wasn’t meant to be. I do wish you girls could come and visit me one day.”

“Where do you live?” Wisteria asked.

“A magical island, far away from here, where half the land is covered in eternal darkness and half in never-ending light. Where I live, there is always sunshine and the magical creatures are uncorrupted. My sister has chosen to live on the dark side, however. I can’t imagine what she finds so appealing about her chosen homeland.”

“The island sounds amazing,” Rose said with a yawn. “Could we truly come and see you there?”

“Hmm... That would be tricky. Things are not always as they appear to be, making it difficult to find. And you would need a special compass that’s been bewitched to lead you directly to it. There is only one I know of in existence at present. It’s passed hands many times, and somehow ended up in the possession of Rome’s Caesar, last I heard. I’m afraid it is the only way you could visit me.”

A beautiful red hood had fully formed and was now spreading into a cloak as well.

Rose yawned again and leaned further into Evanora’s lap. “Won’t you tell us more about your island?” she asked.

“Perhaps you would like to hear about the frostlings. They’re tiny people with squeaky little voices who stand no taller than my knee.”

“Yes, please.”

As Evanora told them of the icy air the frostlings emitted whenever they spoke, and then the willow wisps that could translate language between humans and animals, the girls’ eyes became heavier and heavier. It wasn’t long before she had a sleeping head on each leg.

She smiled as she put her true gift for Rose into the red hooded cloak, the gift of magic. Rose would receive whatever magical ability the cloak saw fit to give her once she put it on and called upon its power. The girl was so cheerful and full of life; Evanora was almost certain she would be able to fly, free as a bird. The cloak was a thick, silky texture that would glitter in the sun. It would also have to grow with the girl if it was going to last her forever. And indestructibility. Evanora protectively decided she would need that as well.

She had to wonder what ability Wisteria would receive as she added the ties to the red cloak's neck. The older of the two was certainly more serious than her sister. Evanora sensed that she was sharper and saw the world through the eyes of a soul much older than was her body. The witch laid the bright red cloak over Rose and tied it loosely around her neck.

Then she began clicking away and a brilliant blue thread appeared. Line by line, a hood took shape. It would be of the same sun-sparkling material. She would have the same invincibility as her sister.

When Evanora had finally finished the blue cloak and was tying it around Wisteria's neck, she felt a certainty that the cloak would play an enormous part in her life. She felt as if she were leaving a piece of herself behind for the sisters. It was a good feeling.

Carefully, and with a great deal of effort, she carried each of the girls up to their beds.

The witch required no sleep, so she spent the night rocking in front of the warm fire and imagining the girls' reactions when they discovered what reward they had truly been given. She would be gone before they awoke, so she wouldn't get the opportunity to see it.

She wondered if perhaps she would see the girls again one day. They would certainly stand a better chance of reaching the island with the cloaks' protection.

She took the knitting needles from her hair again and stared at them thoughtfully. “Perhaps just one more gift.” With a snap of her fingers, sparks flew and both needles began to fold into small circles, each with an arrow fixed at the center. The witch was missing the bit of earth from the magical island that was required to draw the compass to it, but bewitching the charms to guide the girls to the compass that had that ability was no problem. There was just enough metal left over to manipulate into chains they could wear around their necks.

Evanora went upstairs to slip the necklaces on the girls. She watched them sleep for a moment. The sight of something so peaceful and so precious warmed her soul.

“Good luck, my dears,” she said quietly, “until we meet again...”