

Of Snacks and Spells

By F.R. Southerland

“We're missing something.”

“What? No we're not.” Andy had made sure to grab everything they needed for tonight. They had the candles, the spellbook, the incense—not that they really needed the incense, but it smelled nice and set the mood and tonight, this was as much about the mood as it was the witchcraft. Everything was there. What the hell was Carla talking about?

“Yeah, we are.” Carla pointed. “No snacks. We can't perform a ritual without snacks.”

For a second, Andy was silent, taking in that information, then she laughed. “Shit. You're right. I can't believe I forgot the snacks.” What an oversight.

The corner of Carla's mouth quirked up into a tiny smile. “Ah, but never fear. I didn't forget.” She scooted her butt across the floor until she reached the arm chair, where she'd dumped her coat and purse. The bag rustled as she rummaged through it, the telltale crinkling of plastic wrapping making a wide grin pull at Andy's lips. “Do you want salty or sweet?”

“Well, I very well can't teach you a spell without a sugar spike. And you honestly can't have your sweet without a little salty. What did you bring?”

“The usual.” In the dim light of the candles, Andy could make out the wrappers: Twix, Starburst, Skittles, and a bag of pretzels.

Immediately, she reached for the Twix and tore open the package. “All right, so now we have everything. Nothing's holding us back.”

“Right.” Carla began to open the colorfully wrapped candies. “It's magic time, baby.”

“Yep. Time to learn some ass-kicking spells. Or just a few tiny ones.” The Twix bar was a bit more melty than Andy generally liked her chocolate, and she licked some of it off her fingers. If she smudged the text in any of these books with melted candy, she wouldn't hear the end of it from her mom or Mason.

“One tiny spell. The silencing spell. To shut my boss up when he keeps talking.” Carla rolled her eyes.

“Oh, that's a good one. And very effective on your boss—I know firsthand.” Dylan could be more than a handful, even on his best days. Working for him had to be rough and she didn't envy Carla one bit. Of course she'd help her. She wiped her hands on her jeans, crossed her legs, and pulled the hefty tome into her lap. After eyeing the table of contents, she picked out the right spell and grinned.

“Let's do this shit.”