

“Wind”

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[30 Days of Writing](#) – One Word Prompts
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Day 7: “Wind”

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Andy closed her eyes and breathed in deeply. The air was scented with thick nag champa incense. Her nostrils burned but she resisted the urge to rub at her nose. She needed to concentrate.

Controlling the elements, even just the tiniest bit, required a lot of practice and focus. Andy had practice aplenty—it was focus she lacked. Maybe it was the three cups of coffee this morning, or maybe it was the lack of sleep—maybe even a combination of the two—that kept her from keeping her attention honed. A well rested witch was a good witch, her mother had often said.

But Andy was one of the best, even at her worst.

Still, she whispered a short prayer to Hecate for strength, then ushered into the spell quickly. Air was perhaps her strongest element, which made sense. It almost went hand in hand with the use of telekinesis. Moving something with the force of her mind, through the air, pushing and pulling—it had a similar feel. She could manipulate it in nearly the same way.

She had to mind herself though. It would be too easy to slip into the too familiar, too powerful telekinetic impulse. The result would be the same, yes, and in a life or death situation, that was all that mattered. But right now, this was training. Pushing her boundaries. Expanding her talents.

After all, she wasn't one of the best witches in the Kindheart Coven for nothing.

She took another deep breath and gave a small wave of her hand. The sand she'd spread out on the table, for just the purpose, stirred within the wind she conjured. The breeze was cool against her skin. The sand shifted, shaped itself, and before long a small vortex in the form of a tornado twisted around on the table.

Andy smirked. Easy peasy. What had she been so worried about?