

# “You Know This To Be True”

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[#Fictober18 \(October 2018\) writing challenge](#)

Day 24: “You know this, you know this to be true.”

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“Are they witches?” she asked, giving his hand a squeeze before she wriggled her fingers free of his grasp. His hand immediately moved to the small of her back, a comforting gesture. There were a lot of people in this crowd.

“Some of them,” he murmured, “but let us pretend we are the only ones here. You know what that means.”

Andy did. And she was disappointed. She didn’t like having to hide her powers and pretend she wasn’t a witch. Other people didn’t understand magic. It might scare them. She didn’t really get that part.

The child gave an exaggerated sigh to express her displeasure. “Fine. I’ll be good.”

“Good.” His firm hand upon her shoulder steered her further through the crowd. “Let’s find your mother so we can grab some lunch.”

She was hungry so she eagerly skipped ahead. There was one place, a shop with great ice cream, where she knew her mother would be waiting. She didn’t think it was far. She weaved her way through the people and made a beeline for the shop.

Strong arms suddenly closed around her. Andy let out a startled gasp and turned her head. She didn’t recognize the woman holding her, and she didn’t recognize her whispered words either—only that this woman didn’t care if others knew she was a witch. The words were a spell.

Andy couldn’t move, she couldn’t speak, or cry for her dad. The woman held her tight and continued the murmurings under her breath, tucking Andy in to her side as she moved quickly through the crowd.

Her heart raced. She tried to move but she was immobile. It filled her up with panic. The people didn’t even notice that she was being taken. Faces passed by, each one oblivious to what was happening. She tried to call for her dad. She couldn’t see him, but he had to be close. He had to be. She wanted her dad.

The faces thinned out, the crowds gave way to an emptier alley. The woman spun with Andy in her arms. There was her father. He looked mad.

“Put her down. Slowly.” He sounded mad too.

The woman shook her head. Her spell stopped abruptly when she began to speak. “No. I can’t. She belongs to us—to the Coven. You know this. You know this to be true.” She edged back, realizing she was cornered. “I have to do this. Don’t you understand?”

Andy squirmed and was free—and just for good measure she knocked the woman back with her powers. When she reached her father, he picked her up, one arm securing her to him. Her eyes closed, face buried into his chest.

She could hear the woman pleading, explaining. She could feel the hum of power emanating from her father. There was a loud sound—a crack—then another sound, more like a thud. Andy tightened her eyes even more.

Then they were moving, rushed movements back through the crowd. Her father’s voice reassured her that everything was okay. They were safe.

But Andy couldn’t believe that.