

## The Goddess of Death and War

My name is Morrigan, and I live in a small village called Bane, in Ireland, in 1839. My name means a great emperor queen. The Goddess of death and war. I am 16 years old and when I was born I was destined the name Morrigan. My parents just new it. People called me a witch through school, and mothers hid their scared, trembling children as I walked past. I know I'm not a witch, or a goddess for that matter, but something about me just makes people boarder their doors, hide their children and, try to murder me...

I woke up, dazed. I saw torches alight and pitch forks soaring through the sky like eagles. I heard my name being called by numerous women with eternal sleep spells, even though I knew it wouldn't work, I was still scared. People were hunting *me* down. *I* had started a war.

24 hours ago...

"She's a witch!" Old lady Morris, the Vicar's wife, yelled at my mother. "She put a petrification spell on my cat!" Mews lay lifeless in a wooden crate.

"Now Mrs Morris, I'm sure that isn't possi-" My mother was interrupted by the village baker, Rodney, who shouted; "THAT'S RIGHT, AND SHE CAME INTO MY SHOP, AND ALL OF MY BREAD AND PASTRY DISSAPEARED!"

My father was fighting off people who were trying to get to the armory in the corner of our very, very small home. The rifles, axes and other various weapons were shaking as everyone trampled towards them. I wasn't meant to be here, just for the sake of my wellbeing. My parents loved me dearly, and didn't want to see me broken. I took my eyes off my book, *How Not To Be A Creepy Old Hag*, and saw... *Conall*. He was the village burglar, being only 15, he has been arrested 18 times for petty theft, pick pocketing, vandalism, and he was generally a pest. *I wonder what he was doing here?* He's usually stuffing apples from the market into his jacket. I was about to approach him, but I thought twice.

I walked out with six pounds and bought a handbook to wildflowers, headed to the meadow and climbed up big Bane (A tree, a very historic monument to Bane), pointed out flowers and made notes. *Chanterelles- good if you get stuck in the woods (edible)*. After hours of smelling and picking flowers, I went home to press them to add to my collection and got called to dinner. Tomato soup. The fourth time this week. We weren't poor, but we were below average in the economy. My mother helped out at the bakery, and my father was a blacksmith.

"Morrigan, how much soup would you like sweetie?" My mother asked me as normal as she could, trying not to reflect on today's events.

"One ladle please," I also tried to sound like I wasn't lying. We all slurped at our soup silently, father did try to break the silence, and I heard a thud under the table and I saw him wince. Mother knew he was going to say something about today.

I woke up early the next morning to go press flowers. I went back to Big Bane to do it, I enjoy the outdoors more than most people in the village, I was enjoying the sunrise until I saw *him*. Conall started to climb the tree with a lot of trouble, and then gave up.

"Watcha doin' up there witch?" I ignored him. He attempted to climb the tree again, but failed miserably. It started to get windy, and then the clouds swallowed the sun. The sky went orange and leaves started to soar through the sky. I heard doors opening and peoples faces turned mortified.

I saw Conall three feet off the ground and I hadn't noticed that I had subconsciously raised my hand into a motion that looked like I was controlling Conall. I tried to drop my hand but all that did was make the sky grow angrier and people getting pitch forks and torches. Soon everyone was fighting each other and others trying to cut the tree (that I was still perched on) down. I fell out and landed on a rock, and went unconscious.

The sky fell dark and the moon shined bright among the torches. People were fighting each other and, I was tied up with sharp objects pointing at me. With a gust of wind everyone flew back and, they too went unconscious. I saw a familiar face among the lifeless bodies. Father! What have I done? I saw mother across the tree and she hadn't the words.

She ran away with many others who had bags and boxes of food. How long had I been unconscious? More lifeless bodies fell with a thud to the burnt ground. I went to the potion store and made as many potions as I could. I went

to the stores to get food, home to get clothes, money, useful materials (wool, flint, coal) and tools. Our horse (Monte) and cart sat in the barn. I filled the cart with my bags, supplies and hay for Monte and for my bedding. I hid in the secret attic in my home until they started to look for me.

The fight kept rolling on until they realised they didn't know where I was. All of the survivors set off into the night, this was my chance to escape. I clambered out and prepared more resources. I jumped onto Monte's back and set off into the dawn sunlight, never to return to the broken village of Bane.

*Word got out about the war, and people all around the world put wanted posters with Morrigan's name on it. She covered her tracks for 37 years and then died of the black death. Her story turned to legacy, then legend, and the village of Bane lay lifeless for eternity.*