

# *The Witches*



*By Dave Chan*

## *The Witches*

*I'm Tom. My parents died in a terrible car accident in the year 2000. My only remaining family member now is my grandpa. I'm glad he's there for me because last summer, at the age of ten, something horrible happened to me. Remember, this is not a fairy tale. This story is going to be about real witches!*

*Real witches dress in ordinary clothes and look very much like ordinary women. They live in ordinary houses and they have ordinary jobs.*

*So, back to last summer. My grandpa and I planned to go and have an enjoyable summer at the seaside. Unfortunately, our dreams didn't come true because grandpa was diagnosed with COVID-19.*

*The doctor told us we'd have to stay in a quarantine hotel, and our summer holiday plans were ruined before they began! While we were stuck in that little room, grandpa told me about witches. He told me that they were terrifying and caught and ate children!*

*"Are you kidding, grandpa?"*

*"No," he replied. "I am absolutely serious. Listen to me. Beware of strangers!"*

*"So, what do they look like, then?" I asked.*

*"They have sparkling eyes, a blue tongue, rectangular feed and no fingernails on their hands," He said, seriously. "and the scariest one is the Grand High Witch!"*

*My jaw dropped almost to the ground. We settled down for the night and grandpa fell asleep. I couldn't sleep though, so I sneaked out of our hotel room and went to explore.*

*As I walked through the rooms, I saw a room labeled 'Ballroom'. I also saw a notice hanging beneath the sign. It said:*

*RSPCC MEETING  
STRICTLY PRIVATE*

*This room is reserved for the annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.*

*I snuck into the room and didn't care to see if the meeting allowed children or not. I saw lots of people settling down, and the door shut ominously behind us.*

*I hid behind a curtain and could feel butterflies in my stomach. My heart was beating like a drum.*

*A beautiful young lady stood up and walked onto the stage. I guessed straight away that she was the leader. She said, in a loud voice, "You may remove your wigs, your face, and your gloves..."*

*Everyone started peeling these things off, including their faces! I realized it was just makeup, but it was terrifying! I saw that they had no fingernails and realized they were all witches! I almost screamed out loud, but luckily, I didn't.*

*I heard them chant "We all hate children!"*



*The Grand High Witch said "I have a plan to kill all of these smelly children! We will make some 'medicine' for them! I already have a plan. First, all of you will buy candy shops across the world. Then, you will make this 'magical medicine'."*

*"First, you need something to make the children small. To do this, boil the wrong end of a telescope for a day. Then, take fifty cockroaches and fry them for five hours until they're nice and crispy. The third ingredient is an alarm clock set at exactly nine o'clock, which is the time children start school. Roast the alarm clock in the oven until it is tender.*

*Finally, put the ingredients in a blender at full speed! You'll have a nice blue liquid potion you can hide inside candies for the children. Have I made myself clear?"*

*"Yes, ma'am!" answered the audience. They were all taking notes.*

*She invited a witch onto the stage to help her show off a bottle of blue liquid. The witch uncorked the potion, and a foul smell filled the room. I couldn't control myself.*

*"Oh! I smell dog's droppings! Disgusting! Yuck!" Suddenly, a bunch of witches found me in my hiding spot and dragged me onto the stage. They dropped a single drop of potion into my mouth. The world got bigger and bigger, and I got smaller and smaller! I'd turned into a cockroach!*

*I somehow managed to escape the ballroom and ran to my grandpa. At first, he screamed, but then he heard my voice. "It's me, grandpa! I'm Tom! There are witches here and they turned me into a cockroach!"*



*I told him all about their terrible plan. He was so angry. He came up with a plan to pour the potion into the witches' soup that they would have for dinner that night. I wasn't sure I could do it, but grandpa believed in me and I felt confident.*



*I snuck back into the ballroom, hiding under curtains and tables while I searched for the bottle. I found it near the stage, picked it up carefully and went into the kitchen where chefs were preparing the witches' feast.*

*I dropped a drop in every single soup bowl. Suddenly, there was a scream. The head chef had spotted me! Thanks to my running skills, I escaped, avoiding his stomping feet. My mission was successful and more importantly, OVER.*

*I ran back to our hotel room and told everything to grandpa. He was delighted! "Yes! You did it, my boy! Yay!" He jumped up and down with joy. We decided to sneak into the room when it was time for the dinner.*

*We watched the waiters serve the soup. "It's the moment of truth," grandpa whispered. We saw the Grand High Witch HERSELF put a spoonful of soup into her mouth. She screamed, and suddenly began to shrink.*

*She grew antennae, and her body turned brown. She wasn't a witch anymore...she was a cockroach! Around her, everyone in the room began turning into cockroaches.*

*The waiters coming in were shocked. They dropped their serving platters and stomped on the disgusting cockroaches. One waiter ran to get the hotel owner – Mr. Cheng. He arrived and passed out to see so many cockroaches!*

*“I DID IT!” I thought, to myself. The waiter shook Mr. Cheng awake, and fortunately he was okay. He got back up and started slapping at the cockroaches with his slippers.*

*Grandpa snuck me back into his hotel room. We hadn't found an antidote, so I was still a cockroach. Once we returned home, it took me a lot of time to find myself around grandpa's fine old house. Mine was a world of carpets and table legs and large pieces of furniture.*

*After a few days, grandpa began inventing things to make my life easier. He got a carpenter to put together slim stepladders so I could climb up onto the furniture whenever I wanted to. He devoted the next few weeks looking for a reversal spell or antidote. Though we never found a cure, I was happy. I had killed all the witches, and this was a small price to pay for the safety of Hong Kong!*

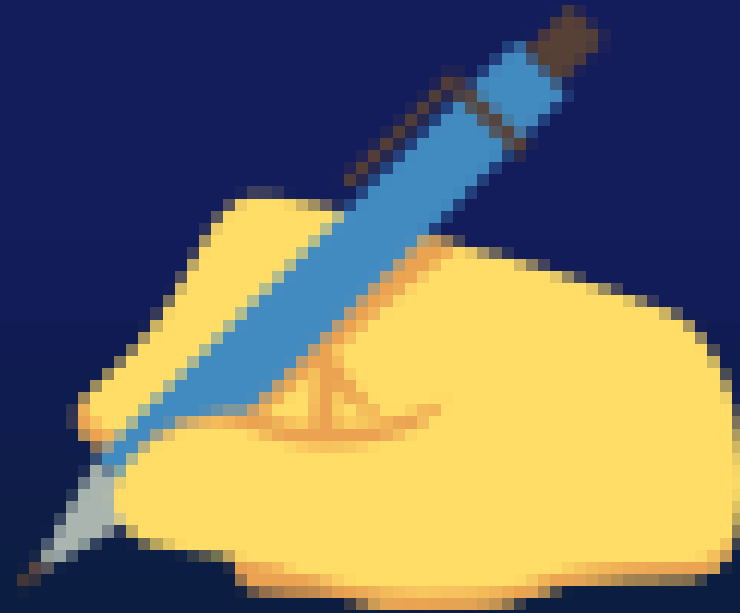


**AFTER THAT, THERE  
WERE NO MORE  
WITCHES IN HONG  
KONG, AND WE  
LIVED HAPPILY  
EVER AFTER.**

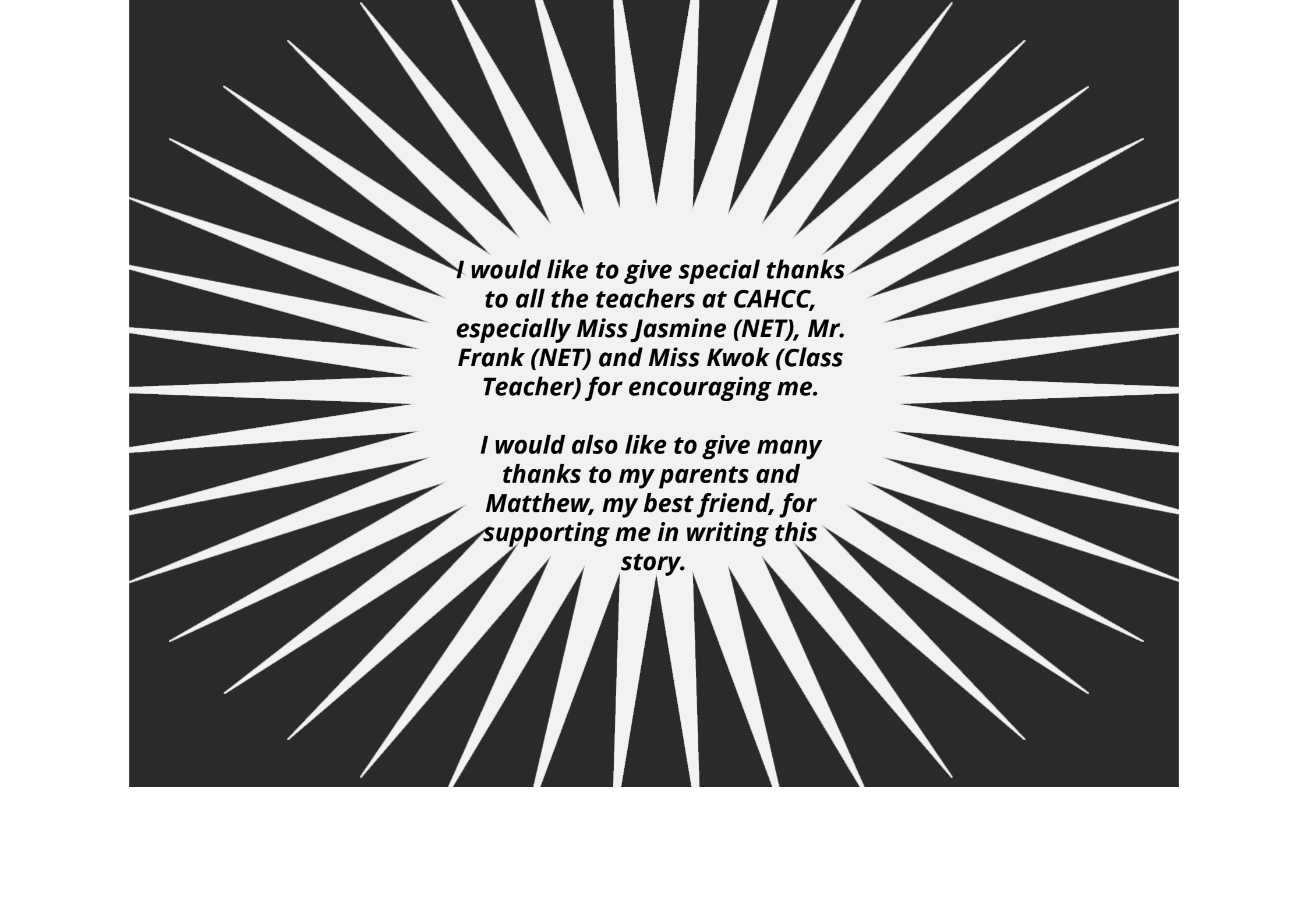


# About the Author

*When Dave was little, he loved to learn and write English books. He loved Roald Dahl's books, too! He met a great English teacher when he was five years old, who told him to write an English story. Ever since, he began writing short English novels based on inspirational authors such as Roald Dahl. For this book, Dave decided to write about The Witches, with a Hong Kong twist!*







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