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## Witchcraft

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## Witchcraft

By: Sophia Maltese

His eyes were cold and lifeless as he stared at me. “You have no idea who I am, do you?”

To be honest, I really had no idea who he was, or any idea where I was at. I tried to blink the haze out of my eyes and focus on the form this foreign voice was coming from. I looked around and found myself to be laid upon some sort of canvas bed. I tried to move my limbs but it was like they were made of cement. My entire body was sore. It hurt to move anything, the sunlight hurt my eyes, the ringing hurt my ears, and trying to figure out who this man before me hurt my brain. I decided to take a shot in the dark. “Uh, Jay Gatsby?”

It was true. He did look like the extravagant millionaire I remembered reading about. His hair was combed to perfection. His shoes were polished so vigorously that the sunlight glinted off them, and his suit was so well-tailored it made the man look even more stunning.

He turned his piercing eyes towards me, and set his features in a look of utter devastation. “You don’t know.” He said, shocked. “You don’t know me?” He asked again. I shook my head in conformation, wondering what the hell was happening. “You have no idea who you are, where you are, or who I am, and you’re making jokes?!” He said in astonishment. I just remained on my canvas mat and nodded. He was becoming more and more bewildered, and I was realizing that this man I didn’t know could be very dangerous. I began looking around in the hopes of a weapon or an escape route. Instead, I found a book on the table behind him. It looked old and complex, like it had known many and loved none. Next to the book was an array of the strangest things I’ve ever seen. A skeleton of a frog, a packet of gelatin, a pile of ash, finger nail clippings, and a mountain of hair. But, what caught my immediate attention was the blood. Blood everywhere. Blood in bottles. Blood spilled on the floor. Blood on his hands, on my hands. In fact, it was all over me. I looked down and found myself now covered in warm blood. And I couldn’t tell where it was coming from.

“What the hell!?” I screamed. I tried to move but even the slightest motion caused so much pain I couldn’t stand in.

Realization crossed the man’s face before as he suddenly descended into extreme panic. “Shit shit shit shit shit shit” He swore as he ran over to me and looked everywhere, trying to find a way to help.

“What’s happening!?” I yelled at him, desperately trying to find the source of all the blood. “Is this coming out of me?!”

And I realized that it was. The canvas was now soaked through with deep scarlet stains.

Everything started to slow. The world began to melt and bend and fog over. I knew what was happening. And I had the faintest feeling like I had experienced this before.

“I’m an idiot. Oh god, find the bullet hole!” The man shouted.

But all I could think was that it was strange that I had got shot and not felt anything. And that it was strange that this beautiful man I have never met cared for me so much. And that it was strange that I

couldn't remember the last time I did anything, and that I didn't know if I would do anything again. But it was okay. I was warm. Blood was nice and warm and dark. I liked the dark. And I only had time to think that before that kind darkness swallowed me, whispering my name and holding my hand as if it knew me.