

Character List of Witches Based off of famous Literature Pieces

Penelope:

It was a regular Tuesday. The sun was almost at it's peak zenith position during the constellation Aries, and there was nothing quite out of the ordinary about this day for Penelope. Glancing at the boiling pot of water on her stove, she shuffled to what she called the 'floating greenhouse' in the kitchen and chuckled at the idea. It was really just a couple pots of herbs following each other as they bounced through the air in a figure eight. A parting gift from her fellow witches after she left the University.

Picking a fistful of lemon leaves, she heard a little purr coming from her feet; she looked down. Little Chirrup was peering straight at her, his eyes were pleading for food, but she shuffled him out of the way with her foot.

"Not now, i'm working on my remedy."

Chirrup meowed in protest, but Penelope ignored him.

"Impatient cat" she murmured.

After dropping a bloom of Lavender and a pinch of honey-suckle into her favorite green cauldron, she grabbed a bottle from her freezer and added a shot of gin to her concoction. Chirrup meowed again, this time more insistent.

"Yes, yes" she said, as she poured her remedy into a yellow and white mug,

"the implications of the Earth's tilt right now is a peculiar one, but there's nothing in the bay leaves to imply that anything strange is going on, so get over it, Mr. Chirrup. There's no need to warn me about today." She huffed, "after all, I have a feeling that it'll be a perfectly sound day, indeed."

The cat, with his ears pressed flat seemed rather displeased that he was being ignored, so with a little chirp he left onto the counter and knocked over the fresh plate of pastries that Penelope had just baked.

"Oh!" she squawked,

"I'm listening-" and when she bent down to pick up an apple tart, she realized something important.

“Oh dear me,” she chuckled and turning to the cat, she said “you weren't warning me about the Earth’s atrocious tilt today, were you dear Chirrup.”

The cat sat up, purring as he wrapped his tail around his paws,
“you were just telling me that you were ready for lunch. Oh, no wonder the attitude.”

And she reached into a dark green jar labeled ‘*not food*’, pulled out a handful of kitty kibbles, and tossed it to the impatient cat.

“Now—”

Penelope yawned, picking up her mug,

“Back to business.”

She slipped on her favorite fuzzy kitty slippers and walked over to the patio. With the sun streaming through between the leaves, and the smell of her gin-infused remedy on the table, she could’ve sworn that something magical was happening.

“Hi, Penelope!” a familiar deep voice called from across the patio. She was startled out of her daydream and turned to smile at the voice.

A young handsome man of about twenty five years old was smiling back at her, she felt her face grow awfully hot. “Oh, Otis, uh—um, hello,” as a result of not knowing what to do with her hands, she raised her hand in a display of vigorous waving and saluting. Otis chuckled gently, “what’s that you have today? Peace potion again, or one of those concoctions that made that pink powder fly everywhere?” He cringed as he remembered receiving a face full of rosy powdered perfume when he made the mistake of startling miss Penelope one sunny Sunday.

“Otis, do you mean my ‘Au De Perfume’ potion?” He nodded and gave her a thumbs up. “That’s the one”

She picked up the mug quite admiringly, and smiled. “No” she told him, and she took a tentative sip to make sure it wasn't hot anymore, “It’s just tea.”

Blinking in surprise, Otis let out a laugh that sounded like spring, and with his blue eyes shining, he said something that made Penelope quite warm inside, “Autumn suits you well, Ms. Penelope.” And stuffing his hands in his pockets, he walked off whistling a sea-farers tune.

Morgan:

Halfway across the world, Morgan was sitting at her desk in her library, reading about DIY spells. She was so focused that she almost forgot to take off the charm on the self-organizing library books, and she jumped out of her seat when the bell on the door jangled and someone tall had stepped in. In careless haste, she took the charm away and all the books dropped. “Hey!” She closed her book so fast that she accidentally inhaled a puff of dust. Coughing, she walked up to greet the man but when she looked up her heart stopped. Standing with his back facing hers was *him*. He used to come into the library every Saturday morning for a new novel, usually taking ones that he was already familiar with. She never said anything more than a greeting to him so she just ended up calling him *The Book-guy*, but their last encounter had been so embarrassing for her, Morgan shuddered to think about it now. She was quite disappointed when he had decided to keep his distance after that.

Except for now.

She took a step towards him and almost stumbled over a splayed book on the ground, but he held up his hand. “No, no” he turned towards her with a particularly old novel in his hands, “I should say something, um—” he tussled his hair “in fact I had something to say on the way over—”

Morgan felt her cheeks grow hot as he continued to talk. His British accent mixing among all of these rusty and leather-crusted, old American novels reminded her of long halls embroidered with banners of purple and gold, what was odd was that she had never been to such halls, yet it almost felt like a memory. “...and I assumed as I was walking over here that what better way to make it up to you than to meet catch you at our rendezvous point.” Morgan was so focused on her daydream of foggy days in London that she didn’t realize The Bookend had asked her a question until he said her name. “Morgana?”

“Hmm? Oh yes, I, uhh, agree. I agree” He smiled slightly and gave a curt nod, “you know” he held up the novel that he was holding “I quite like this tale, and I assume, since it fell on my head, that it quite likes me, too.” He set it gently on the bookcase by the door, and stepped out without a trace. Morgan broke out of her trance and shimmied between the scattered books on the ground and poked her head out of the

library. “Hey!” she called, and The Bookend turned around, she stepped out of the library, her heel hitting the pavement with a satisfied click, “why did you call me that? We’ve never introduced” his smile was brief and fleeting, “it seemed, at the time, fitting.”

“Well, I don’t know your name.” She raised an eyebrow at him, and he blinked with the realization, trying hard to hide his embarrassment yet failing. “Oh blast, I’m such a klutz. The name’s Lance.” She looked up suddenly at him, “like the knight?” and his smile had the same intensity of the moon when he responded, “just like the knight.” As he started to turn around down the sidewalk, she was just about to head into her small little library when she turned around in a hurry and exclaimed “Hey! You got it all wrong!”

“What?” He called back.

“My name isn't Morgana!”

“So, *not* like the Sorceress?”

She hesitated, “no!” she called, “...not like the Sorceress, at all.” All she got in reply was a thumbs up, and a wave goodbye. When she turned back into her library, she was about to set the self-organizing charm on all the books that had fallen, but the book that Lance had in his hand caught her eye, and she picked it up. On the cover was a sword and a shield clad in purple and gold and the silver lettering said “The Tales of King Arthur.” The hallway image flashed in her mind, and holding the book close to her chest, she set her charm, and watched with amusement as the books fluttered about the main room.