

A
WITCH
COME TRUE



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*In memory of my wonderful mum
Jennifer Rose Nicol
With all my love x*

The *Quiet Glyphs* are ancient and powerful glyphs, once widely used by the witches of the Four Kingdoms. According to Estar the feyling they're now all stored inside of me, waiting to reveal themselves. Estar has promised to help identify the quiet glyphs for me as I uncover them.

I'll record all my discoveries in this notebook, a present from Colin and Salle. I'll keep it with me always, just in case.

Skygε – *The Shadow Glyph*



Warning – this glyph is dangerous in the hands of anyone inexperienced (my grandmother made me write that!).

The shadow glyph which has the feyling name Skygε (which can mean shadow, darkness and fear but can also mean obscure and protect) is a quiet glyph of immense power and was the first quiet glyph I ever

encountered. At first I assumed it had dark intentions, but the shadow glyph feeds off the doubt and fear that lives inside of us – the intention is whatever you make of it. And this is why you must hold your nerve when using this glyph: it is the fear and darkness within us that offers the glyph its power, and if you let them, these feelings can overwhelm you. Use it with caution and care. It is the only glyph (so far) that can defeat night ghastrs.

THE NEW BOOK OF QUIET GLYPHS BY ARIANWYN GRIBBLE



Chapter 1

ST MORAG'S MILITARY SANATORIUM



Here you are, miss. This is St Morag's.' The taxi driver nodded as a church-like building came into view, squeezed between a department store and a motorcar showroom. 'Who are you visiting then?'

'My dad,' Arianwyn replied quietly, glancing once more at her grandmother's telegram.

She'd read it a hundred times on the various slow trains from Lull and at least twice in the taxi ride from Kingsport Station. The paper was all crumpled from where she had gripped it tightly. The taxi pulled alongside the pavement outside St Morag's as she read it again:

MISS ARIANWYN FLORA GRIBBLE
THE SPELLORIUM,
38 KETTLE LANE, LULL

ARIANWYN, YOUR DAD RETURNING TO
KINGSPORT TODAY COME SOON AS
POSSIBLE. HE WILL BE AT ST MORAG'S
MILITARY SANATORIUM, MARSHALL
STREET, KINGSPORT.

GRANDMA XXX

‘Well, I hope he’s all right, miss. Seems to be good news now the fighting in the Uris is all over and done with anyway. That’ll be a shilling please.’

Arianwyn handed over the money and climbed out of the taxi. She glanced up at the high stone arches and castle-like turrets of St Morag’s. The sky above had grown cloudy. She stuffed the telegram into her coat pocket and tried to shake away her unease as she raced up the steps. In a few moments she would see her father for the first time in she couldn’t remember how long – shouldn’t she be excited?

She *was* excited, but her stomach wobbled nervously as she pulled open the huge door. She still wasn’t sure how badly he had been wounded or what his wounds even were. Would she recognize him? Would he recognize her? Would he look ill?

A sharp medicinal tang hit her as she entered the large atrium. Nurses and doctors hurried across the room into the several long corridors leading away from it, too busy to notice a young witch hesitating beside the door. ‘Excuse me, I’m looking for—’ Arianwyn tried quietly as a doctor approached. But he simply gave her a quick glance up and down and marched past.

Arianwyn sighed, wandering further inside. There were no signs anywhere. ‘Mind out of the way!’ a loud voice called and Arianwyn turned just in time to narrowly avoid being mown down by a nurse pushing a large wheeled bed.

‘Sorry!’ Arianwyn said, hopping to one side. ‘Oh, wait, can you tell me where I can find my dad please?’ she gabbled quickly. ‘He’s a patient here, Sergeant Gribble.’

The bed slowed and the nurse – all apple cheeks and starched apron – sighed gently. ‘Dearie, we’ve got about seventy patients here at the moment and it’s all sixes and sevens, I can tell you, what with all the soldiers coming back from the fighting. Try down there. Most of the newly arrived gentlemen are in rooms down that corridor.’ She pointed down a long, whitewashed hallway.

‘Thanks,’ Arianwyn croaked. Her throat felt suddenly tight, as though she couldn’t catch her breath. The nurse was off again, the wheels of the bed squeaking as she hurried away. ‘Mind out the

way, dearies!’ she called brightly.

The corridor was quiet, and the only sound was Arianwyn’s footsteps echoing on the high ceiling. As she drew near the first doorway, she heard a man coughing and the gentle babbling of a radio. *‘In further news, the High Elder of the Witches of Hylund today declared that with hostilities in the Uris drawing to a close she would be withdrawing the majority of her witches attached to military units by the end of the year . . .’*

The door to the room stood ajar and inside a soldier sat on a bed, his face partly wrapped in clean white bandages. He had red hair, so it couldn’t be her father. ‘Sorry,’ Arianwyn mumbled as the man glanced up and caught her looking.

The next room was larger. Several long, arched windows overlooked a drab little courtyard and a ring of chairs had been arranged around a fireplace. The bars of a small electric fire glowed a cheerful orange.

A man dozed in one of the chairs, his right arm wrapped in tight bandages and strapped securely across his chest. Although he slept, it wasn’t a peaceful slumber: the small muscles of his mouth were twitching fitfully. His face was drawn and dark shadows lurked under his eyes. His sandy hair had been cropped close to his head.

‘Dad . . .’ Arianwyn said, her mouth suddenly as dry as a desert, her voice wavering and cracking as cool tears splashed down on to her cheeks.

His eyes fluttered open and widened briefly as he saw her waiting in the doorway. ‘Oh . . . Arianwyn?’ His voice was sleepy and unsure.

She nodded silently, unable to speak as her emotions got the better of her. And then she was hurrying across the room. The small space suddenly felt as wide as a universe between them. Her father tried to rise out of his chair but his bandaged arm prevented him. Arianwyn half fell, half collapsed on to him, her arms encircling his neck as she buried her face against the rough green wool of his uniform.

‘My little witch!’ Dad mumbled into her hair. ‘I’d started to think I might never see you again.’

There was so much Arianwyn wanted to say and yet she suddenly didn’t know where even to begin. The fear she had felt just a few short weeks ago – when the first telegram had arrived informing her that her father was missing – was all gone, as though that had all happened to someone else or in a story-book. And somehow this didn’t feel quite real yet, either.

She pulled away, keeping her arms wrapped around her father’s neck and blinking through her tears. ‘Is it really you?’ she asked.

Her father nodded, his grey eyes watery now. ‘It’s me.’ He smiled and kissed her gently on the forehead. ‘Look at you, you’re so tall!’

‘Now this is truly a sight to stir the soul!’

A familiar voice, warm and full, echoed in the sitting room. Arianwyn turned a little and saw her grandmother standing in the doorway, a bright yellow scarf draped over her shoulders and her silver-grey hair swept up under a broad-brimmed hat.

‘Gran!’ Arianwyn beamed, keeping her arms around her father.

Grandmother walked over to them, placing a gloved hand on Arianwyn’s curls, and leant forward to gently plant a kiss on Sergeant Gribble’s head. ‘It’s so good to see you safe and sound, Oliver,’ she said, with a contented sigh.

‘You too, Maria. Thank you . . .’ His voice faltered for a moment. ‘Thank you for taking care of Arianwyn so well. She looks beautiful.’

Grandmother smiled. ‘Oh, but you know it’s Arianwyn who is looking after all of us these days.’ Her eyes sparkled.

Sergeant Gribble gazed down at Arianwyn, his eyes shining with pride. But there was something else in his look, like he was trying to solve a puzzle or was seeing something properly for the first time.