

UNCOVERED

SASCHA MARTIN'S PITCHY WITCH



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UNILLUSTRATED



Sascha Martin's Pitchy Witch

Is the Worst Trip Ever Forever?

A Sascha Martin Series Standalone

PART ONE

Sascha Martin's Pitchy Witch
(Befana with a la)
Was an accident, as many of
his best inventions are.

He was working in the holidays,
on January 6,
On a broom that you could fly on,
but he had a bug to fix.

Luca Blanco sat beside him,
writing recipes on cards,
And the table was a mess with
Sascha's silicon and shards.

He was adding several recipes
from Portugal, with care,
Knowing several generations back
his family came from there.

Luca hadn't done a lot as yet,
and now he'd lost his zeal,

But he'd written down the names
and had a card for every meal.

Sascha also had a set of cards,
the same as Luca's brand,
Where he'd written down the broom
controls, a card for each command.

They were both ignoring
Mary-Alice Cooper being loud,
As she hovered all around them
like an angry little cloud;

So they didn't even notice when she
flounced across the room,
With a glare at them ignoring her,
and took off with the broom.

And she took the broom instructions
that she'd need to make it fly,
Cause she knew she'd get a really
stunning selfie in the sky.

At the door she paused a moment,
just to study each command ...
"Oh how OBVIOUS!" she muttered
reading "Take off!", "Start!" and "Land!"

There was "Loop the loop!" which
sounded fun, and one peculiar word,
Which was easy to pronounce although
it wasn't one she'd heard.

“Yeah whatever!” Mary-Alice said
and “Broom!” she ordered ... “Start!”
It exploded! And it nearly
blew the neighbourhood apart.

There were objects flying round her
in a greasy cloud of soot -
It was thick and black and covered
Mary-Alice, head to foot.

And her clothes were blown to tatters
and her hair was just - oh wow!
And she made a mental note
to skip the selfie just for now.

Then a traffic cone stopped flying up,
and tumbled down instead,
With a bang that made her wonky
as it landed on her head.

But the broom took off, undamaged
through a darkness into light,
And a place she’d never seen before
came suddenly in sight.

Far below her lay an island,
and a bigger one beside,
And a spit of sand that joined them,
with a bridge above the tide.

Then the broom was steeply diving,
though she’d given no command,

Till it levelled out and spun about,
above the bit of sand.

Mary-Alice slipped and slithered,
and she very nearly fell,
But she wrapped her fingers tight and
used her feet to grip as well.

Then she zipped above the vineyards
and the orchards and a farm,
waking people with her screaming,
who emerged in some alarm.

Up ahead there stood a villa,
and its walls were made of stone.
She was bound for a collision
that would shatter every bone!

Oh! She had to stop the broom!
But how? And what were those commands?
Mary-Alice felt her pockets,
one by one, with both her hands ...

But her pockets were in tatters
and the words had blown away,
Leaving just a single card, and just
a single word to say ...

So she said it long - "Bif-aaaaa-naaaa!"
Then she said it really quick,
Cause the villa was approaching
with a speed that made her sick,

And the broom ... paid no attention!
Like it didn't know the word!
Oh, the things she said to Sascha's broom
were something to be heard.

Out of nowhere came a man
in fancy dress, who had a shield,
Which deflected Mary-Alice
so she hurtled through a field.

Then she struck and tumbled down
the side of someone's pile of coal.
There were lumps all through her clothing
and the broom stuck in a hole,

Up near the top. She lay there covered
in a thicker, blacker crust ...
All these people wearing silly clothes
were peering through the dust.

She was climbing up the coal pile
to retrieve the stupid broom,
But a footstep had her turning round
and peering, in the gloom,

At someone watching, in a toga,
with a stick - perhaps to whack.
Mary-Alice grabbed some coal
to throw, in case he should attack.

But he took a step behind him,
so she knew that he would not,
And he said: "Quid est Befana?"
Mary-Alice said: "Qu - what?"

Once again he said, "Befana ... ?"
(with a question mark and all),
And she knew he meant the word that
she'd been screaming at the wall.

"It's Bifana with an I!
It's not Befana with an E!"
Mr Toga didn't get it ...
it was obvious to see.

"Well I wasn't even saying it
to you! It's a command ...
I was talking to the broom,
but it's too dumb to understand!"

Mr Toga stood there silent.
Mary-Alice yanked the broom,
And as soon as she'd extracted it,
they took off with a boom,

And with a cat! It leapt all sooty
from the dusty pile of coal,
And it clung to Mary-Alice
as the broom performed a roll.

Mr Toga's voice came drifting up:
"Befana? Quid est hoc?"
"Learn to talk!" said Mary-Alice,
as the broom began to rock.

"He was saying ..." said the broom
and Mary-Alice shouted: "Wo!
You can SPEAK?" "No don't be silly!
I'm a broom, as well you know.

“But I *was* detecting Latin,”
it continued, nonchalant,
“Which I don’t suppose you speak.
But I’ll translate it if you want ... “

“Yeah well ... OBVIOUSLY!”
Mary-Alice struggled with the cat.
“He was asking you,” the broom said,
‘This Befana? What is that?’ ”

“Oh for heaven’s sake! I’m over it.
Go back and do it now!
Cause I need to freshen up and -
this is BORING, anyhow!”

But the broom was non-compliant,
and continued on its course,
into darkness, into light and -
“Oh my god!” she said with force,

As she saw the pair of islands
and the strip of land between,
For the broom had brought her back
to where she only just had been,

And it was diving! “Pull up NOW!”
she yelled. “Go backwards! Turn AROUND!”
And the clinging cat was howling at
the fast-approaching ground ...

Here we take our leave, as Mary-Alice
plunges from the sky.
You may possibly have questions:
will she live, or will she die?

Will the cat become her friend?
Will Mary-Alice find a comb?
Will she ever make it back
to her beloved Landfill home?

Will her impact on the world be
all she'd dreamed, or just a splat?
Well, the next enthralling episode
will answer some of that.

To be continued ...

Thank you for reading

This has only been a sample;
did you think it fun, or vile?
My intention, when I'm writing,
is to leave you with a smile.

Should you wish to say hello
or ask a question, or whate'er
On my website is a contact page
and [this](#) will take you there :)

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