Escape.

It was the oldest of tricks in the book that the witch had succumbed to, changing herself into a shrew as requested by the magician. She had been smoking cannabis and had fallen for it. Now she was regretting it. As soon as she had transformed herself the magician had grabbed her and pinned her to the floor and she was at the magician’s mercy. And he wasn’t showing any.

“Now, I’ve got you where I want you. Helpless,” and with that said the magician laughed.

The shrew opened its mouth and spoke, “Turn yourself into a wolf cub. I want to see you do something remarkable,” and added, “You’re a magician, after all, aren’t you?”

He wondered if her request was a trick but he couldn’t think of any situation that would lead to the old, wizened witch gaining the upper hand. He had her where he wanted her and that was that.

“Watch me you pitiful critter.”

The magician shrank and got on all fours and barked. When he saw the shrew on the floor his wolf nature overtook him and he pounced and took the shrew between its teeth and pulled the shrew from the floor and shook it. The pins flew out of the little critter just before he swallowed it in one gulp.

All the witch had to do was to taste flesh again which she did making the dog writhe in pain. The pain turned into agony as the witch grew and grew in the wolf cub’s body until she, by sheer force had ripped the wall of the stomach open, followed by the stretching and splitting of the pelt. The magician-cum-wolf was whimpering with its last breath as the witch took hold of the kitchen knife and skinned the pelt off the wolf. She washed the blood off the pelt at the well and left.

Once home the witch took a needle and some cat gut and sewed the pelt into a bag. The next day she went out looking for some ripe brambles but all the brambles she saw were green. She happened to rub her cub bag and wished that the brambles were ripe and juicy. When she looked at the bramble bush again some of them were indeed ripe. She wondered if it was indeed true that the cub bag had granted her a wish. She rubbed her cub bag and wished for some mushrooms for her supper. This time she heard a little wolf whimper come from within her bag. But as she took a few more steps she spied some perfect dinner plate sized mushrooms. She picked them and had a couple of good meals from them. She became very lazy and instead of depending on seasonal fruits of the forest she just wished for whatever vegetable or fruit she fancied and there it was within a few strides.

One day she was on her way to her sister’s cottage the other side of the forest. Half way through the forest she wished for some elder berries so she could make some elderberry wine with her sister. She rubbed her bag and requested the berries. There was the wolf cub whimper again. As she looked up at the elder tree she heard a wolf. She hadn’t heard a wolf for a long time and was frightened. She rubbed the bag again and asked for the wolf to stop howling. The wolf cub whimper came from the bag again. This time there were more wolf howls. She accidently rubbed her cub bag as if to comfort the cub. There were more howls from wolves and they were getting louder which meant that they were getting closer. She was very frightened now. She saw those green eyes peering out between trees and she was surrounded. The wolves were getting very close. One ran forward and the others followed.

The leader of the pack sprang at her and dug his teeth into her. The rest of the pack followed ripping off her clothes as they did so. The wolves tore off her skin and dug their teeth into her flesh. One wolf pounced at her throat and that was the last she knew about life.

The End.