

# ~ Moving ~

## A Short Story by Mari Wells

The soft sound of weeping fills the empty rooms. The knot in my stomach tightens more. My right hand reaches out to ease their suffering, but it's useless. My index and middle finger rest on the white wall. A jolt of electricity moves through my hand up to my shoulder. My heart jumps into my throat, my breath's stuck.

Slowly I walk around the room, my fingers never leaving the wall, as I walk out of the room my eyes fill with tears. My fingers stay stuck to the apartment I've called home for so many years and I walk around each room. The knot in my stomach gets bigger once I return to my starting place.

I move back to the kitchen, the center of the small apartment. Sitting on the bare floor, I look around again. Bare walls, bare floors, these are my last moments here, both the apartment and I know it and we both wish it wasn't so. Inhaling deeply I center myself, my eyes close as I block out the faint cries. My shields come down, but not without a fight. I have to command them, wag my finger at them.

The crying becomes stronger, louder. This will be the hardest move I've ever had in all of my life. There are so many happy memories in this small apartment. Important moments have occurred here. This is the only home I've ever connected to in this way. I became a witch in this kitchen. This home survived my learning and grew along with me.

Tears roll down my cheeks as I open my eyes. "Someone else will come, they will love you too." The walls snuffle, and become cold. My hands wipe at my eyes. I can't let Mark see me this way. He would think it's about him. The walls stiffen a knock on the door, the knob twists.

"Are you still here?" Mark asks already knowing the answer.

He stays at the door waiting for me to reply or to invite him in. The air is cold and I know he feels the difference. My body tingles, as the apartment accepts and separates from me. My heart falls to the pit of my stomach and knots. I fight back the tears as I slowly walk to the door.

"Goodbye good friend," I whisper.  
I can barely hear the faint reply, "Goodbye dear one."

Mark holds me by the waist as we walk to his car. My knees are weak; the knot growing in my belly pushes itself against the walls of my body, trying to escape. I'm afraid I'm going to be sick. I move the air vents to blow in my face as soon as he turns the ignition. Burning starts in my hands, moving up my arms and across my shoulders. The cold air blows in my face calming my upset.

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My hands, my energy knows, what's needed of me next. A white ball forms between my hands, glowing, and shimmering. I look over at Mark. He doesn't see it.

"You'll need sometime alone," he says, but really, he's asking. I nod, afraid to open my mouth. The ball in my hands grows larger and heavier.

He pulls into the driveway and walks around the car to open my door. I take his hand and he leads me to my new home. A sly look comes to his face as he bends down and picks me up and carries me across the threshold.

"We're not married yet."

"That's the next step."

He stands me on my feet in the middle of the living room. The walls are silent, cautious. They feel my energy and don't know what to expect. Mark kisses me and turns to walk out the door.

My hands come together again cupping the glowing ball. It grows bigger; the iridescent coloring begins to spin. I take it in my right hand, and throw it at the wall. The wall fills with color; it seeps and crawls to the next wall, then the next. Soon the house is humming. I move to each door and window, drawing my symbols of protection.

The hum gets louder, as I move through the house. Faint greetings echo through the rooms. The knot in my belly eases, my heart returns to its proper place. I exit the back door and walk the perimeter of the property, whispering prayers of protection. Stopping and laying my hands on any trees nearby, introducing myself to the yard, and the spirits that live there.

As I return to the front door I turn to look around again, the invisible fence I just placed stands strong. The house welcomes me with a soft sigh. There's one last thing to do before Mark returns. I sit down on the floor and meditate; I allow images of happiness float through my mind.

"Home," I whisper repeatedly.

"Home," the walls chant.

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