

EXCERPT: Annabel Horton, Lost Witch of Salem

When I am not in the form of flesh, I live in the confines of shadow. The psychics of your dimension have said that I can be seen floating between the kiss of dusk and the evening moon. Yes, some of you can actually see me, though you are unaware of what I am. You usually ignore me because I vanish so quickly. I simply blend into the surface of your world and disappear, into objects, into trees, into the soft fur of a sleeping squirrel, into anything that will have me.

Before I begin my tale, you must know this: I can also blend into a human body. I can steal your flesh if I choose. But before you judge me, you must understand my loneliness. You have no idea how desperately I desire the physical senses you so cavalierly take for granted. But please, do not fear me. I will not harm the innocent. Hear me out before you cast any stones. There are secrets in my tale worth knowing.

The snap of my neck appears to have granted me immortality as a captured soul, doomed to live over and over again in stolen flesh and blood. Therefore, I take bodies in exchange for my freedom. I want you to understand that if I were to ever choose your flesh, I would mean you no harm. I would simply borrow the luxury of your language and take comfort in the pleasure of your warm, beating heart.

The process of my abduction is painless. You see, the earth holds time. When I consume a body all I do is absorb time. It is quite simple. My soul moves out of one perception and into another. Let me reassure you that though I can take any one of you, I prefer the flesh of those whom the devil favors, and I do not have to go very far to consume the devil's own.