

# **Veritas de Salem**

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*A little Halloween story co-written with Sami-blye (eem\_evas...go check out her awesome art). A little late for Halloween, or early, however you see it, but that's ok...please read.*

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# 1 - Veritas de Salem

31 October 1692

In an age where God-fearin' Christians be lurkin' behind e'ry rock and tree, I find refuge in my forest here. 'Tis true I am a disciple of the night...I thrive in darkness; but it is not the realm of "shadow" that I speak of...Oh no. Tonight is All Hallows Eve....a night ta be especially wary, it is. Even more-so than these recent days here in Salem. I have heard rumors, on my occasional makes to market of a cause for concern. People cryin' "Witchcraft! Witchcraft!" through the streets. All this started by children...by children! People goin' on trial, they are. Most of 'em for acts they need'nst a formal court conviction for. Women, mostly. They just be arguin' with a man, and all of a sudden they find 'emselves convicted of witchcraft! Those village officials, they be havin' warrants for arrests, some of 'em to be hanged high! And for what? -- they ain't done nothin' wrong.

But O, them officials. Aye, they be searchin' the wrong areas, accusin' the wrong people, they be! A Dark Witch of Salem, I am, and an unjust world it is when all those innocents be hanged by their throats for my misdeeds. It be I who be bewitchin' them people, sendin' the spirits out after 'em. It be I who be havin' candle-lit rituals to enslave their minds. It be I who...

Wait. There be a knock at the door.

"Evenin' Ma'am," said a low sinister male voice that greeted me at my downstairs. His eyes burnin' with the lust of hangin' another witch. I knew my fate with just those two words. "Under the laws and regulations of the Common People of Salem Village, you are under arrest - charged of witchcraft. You will stand trial, under the penalty of death by hangin'. If ye be confessin' to the crime, you will be jailed, but live. If ye not be wishin' to confess, then ye be hanged by tomorrow's dawn."

I...I don't have long to finish this entry. My mind is all confused now and I don't be knowin' what ta do. Seven or eight men, dressed all in black suits came a'hollerin' into my house. They be downstairs now. They given me just enough time to get a few belongings.

Aye, I worry me time is drawin' near. I hear their footsteps a'comin' up the stairs now. I fear I must end this here, dear diary. I have but 24 hours to live and I...