

Wereheart

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srry bout the spelling

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wereheart

The night was black
whence there came two creatures carrying a bulging sack
they were arguing about the prize
when one of them cried
lift off lift off into the sky
as they rose into the night
they discovered with great delight
the bag began to glow
leading them through the dense snow
they found their hut
the snow all around them covered in soot
their brooms lowered to the ground
when they heard a great great sound
of a werewolves scream
where the trees parted with steam
they dropped off their sack and bounded into the woods
for protective reasons they covered their faces with their hoods
they found the scene of the crime
they always seem to arrive at the wrong time
they saw a creature in the snow
its fur was covered with blood black as coal
the two witches knew this wasn't right
there must have been a fight
as the creature looked into their eyes
with its last breath it dies
they start to look around
to see what caused the struggle
a black figure started running to bound
as it ran it chuckled
"I've seen way too much
in my hand a wereheart I clutch
now you must die
now to you I must bid you goodbye"
as the witches clutched each other's dresses
which were rather nicely tailored I must confess
they saw a flash of light
that deprived them of their sight
but when they came about
the fire and steam had gone out

but in front of them they saw
a wonderous thing in which they awed
it had long silver hair wich went down to its waiste
a beautiful sent so strong they could almost taste
he was dressed all in white
and soon they knew standing before them was the light
but the dark creature pounced screaming with rage
then the light one moved his hand in a spell colored sage
the creature pushed forward with all his power
the poor witches thaught it was there final hour
but as the creature charged the light charged too
then both of them were gone it just vanished into the dark blue
in the place of the creatures there seemed to be a tree
one side of it black and the other silver and free
they climbed to the top but wat did they find
the clothes of the two wizards that had been left behind
they each took a robe one black one white
they put them over their own what a wonderful sight
one had the power of the black wizard the other of the silver
and now when ever they casted spells on each other the forces acted as a filter
then they realized that the two of them have always been best friends
they laughed as the vowed to never argue again