We Rumble: Some things really are more important than family...

Amanda Hawkins

MaaaAh—you can’t do this! You totally turned me into a grown-up lady, just like you—but I’m a boy!

A boy? Goodness, why would you say that? You’ve got a lovely pair of breasts, don’t you? And that gorgeous long hair—and a magic garden between your legs that no one could ever mistake for male. A nasty little boy? Nonsense! You’re a woman, Cassandra. Just like me.

Yeah, sure, I am now. After you waved that fairy wand of yours and zapped me and then I turned into your kid sister. So what am I supposed to do now? Ten minutes ago I was just a 15-year-old boy in junior high... now I look more like my crazy-hot Math teacher.

It’s not a fairy wand, Cass. It’s a magic wand—just like yours. I know you’re still coming into your witchy powers, but c’mon. Get with the programme. We’re going to need you in the coven sooner than later. Time is short.

What the hell—you’re a witch? And I’m a witch too? Jeez, why would you do this to me? Isn’t being your son more important than being your sister? Wasn’t I good enough as a guy? What on earth is going on here anyhow?

Ooooh... all of a sudden I know stuff. A witch can’t cast a spell that erases someone’s mind; that’s why I remember who I used to be. But... a witch can cast a spell that makes everyone else on the whole planet forget that I ever existed, and that includes you too... which is why you don’t remember ever having a son. Am I getting warm?

Well, duh. I’m starting to worry about you, sis. I’ve heard about witches going a little nuts when they get their powers... I hope that didn’t happen here. There’s a big witch-fight next week; our coven up against those beetches from Wildwood by the Mountain. We’re under-manned, so it’s all hands on deck to man the wands. We need you—and your sorcery.

My sorcery... yes... I do seem to know a little magic. More than a little, actually. I feel feminine devilry and black magic pulsing through my body. It feels rather nice, I must say. This might be a step up from being a dumb old boy. Is it a done deal? Am I legally a woman? Do I have a driver’s license? Where’s my purse?

That’s the stuff. Come meet the coven. In six days, we rumble.