

THE CROSSOVER

Violet Hill was by far the meanest but the richest and luckiest kid in Pine Street. She should have thought twice before earning that name.

Of course, All bullies have a sinister brain and Violet was a mastermind. Extremely gifted in drama, studies, sports (especially self-defence and martial arts) and every other art she tried, her life was perfect. Drama and good looks came in useful. She was very convincing and worked her charm like clockwork around teachers, parents, and every other adult. They all adored her. But left alone with kids, she turned from dream to deadly. Her karate helped her dominate and bully them, she had a particularly loud voice when she wanted to and that scared them even more. This metamorphosis was almost magical. Her wrath was particularly directed towards Alice Lockwood, who she considered as her competition.

Violet was a careful girl, but she forgot that it was once said, what goes around, comes around. the day everyone was waiting for. The day for Pine Street's Violet Hill to learn a lesson (awaited by friends and foe alike after all nobody really liked her even if they pretended to) had finally come after all these years of waiting, waiting, and waiting. And revenge was going to be bittersweet and unpredictable. It advanced in a way far beyond the explanation of any scientist.

The bitter wind stung everyone's faces that winter morning and the one to get affected the worst was the tiniest and most innocent puppy in all of Pine Street. Velvet. Her soft and shiny golden-brown fur was little protection against the harsh, bite of the draught and she struggled to keep her big brown eyes open. Even mean old Violet sometimes felt sorry for the poor thing on days with bad weather. Velvet was extremely weak, and was almost blown away with the wind this nasty day with its malicious weather.

The weather was vicious. Like Violet. Someone started a rumour that perhaps Violet was so mean her meanness became contagious and started affecting the weather. Many believed this and stayed as far as possible from Violet. Everyone avoided her wherever she went. A pretend friend overcame her fear and texted: "I DON'T WANNA BE YOUR FRIEND ANYMORE, YOU CONTAGIOUS THING! LOOK WHAT YOU HAVE DONE" to her. Violet forgot all that she had done and ready tears came to her eyes and she wept in misery and asked her self why she deserved this kind of a life.

That night, at midnight, precisely 12:00, 1 person and 1 puppy in Pine Street were awake and had the exact same thoughts running on in their

heads, “Nobody is awake, now I can sneak down to the wishing well, make a wish, work the magic, sneak back home and no one would notice a thing. Hehe.”

So precisely at 1:00am, the person reached the wishing well, wished that she was someone else and left at 1:05am as fast as her 2 legs could carry her.

And precisely at 1:06am the puppy reached Pine Street, wished she and her family had a better life, and left as fast as her four legs could carry her.

The person’s name was Violet Hill, and the puppy’s name was Velvet Valley. Ironic how their names were so alike, yet they were so different. Ironic that with such different characters, they could think the same thoughts. They were so close, yet so far. Funny how sometimes things just happen. Especially coincidences – but maybe this wasn’t just a coincidence...

The next morning, Velvet woke up late in the warmest, cosiest bed she had been in all her life. It had enormous fluffy pillows and delicate silk sheets, all a soft, glowing violet and the bed itself was snowy white. It was cushiony and squishy but had the perfect bounce. It was a bed meant for a queen. She lifted her elegant little head and opened her huge brown eyes wide only to witness the most beautiful bedroom in all creation. She was overwhelmed and wondered where she was.

Hopping out of bed, she trotted through the door. She barked joyously and ran around what seemed like the living room. Then she saw Violet Hill’s parents stagger sleepily of another door and say “Oh hey Velvet, you’re up early today girl!”

It suddenly dawned on Velvet that by wishing for a better life she had become the lovable pet of doting parents! It had all worked out just as she wanted it to! She wandered around the house, exploring every corner. It was white and violet everywhere, even the tiles in the swimming pool! It was like living in a dream. Velvet had never experienced anything like it. Velvet’s parents and siblings came out of another room and the little puppy was overjoyed. Everyone was calm, as if they had been here all their life. Only Velvet knew the truth and smiled secretly to herself.

Meanwhile, the puzzled girl in ragged clothes, who had wished for another life was walking along the slums near Pine Street. She had woken up in a wet, ancient and musty cave with spiders and mice everywhere. She didn’t understand. She had wanted another life, but something in which she could be number 1. The best. Where everyone would be dying to be her friend.

Not an ordinary girl living in the slums! Anyone who looked at her would turn up their nose and walk away.

Violet crumpled down and sobbed, sobbed and sobbed. She couldn't bear the thought of scavenging for food in the garbage bin. She wanted her old life back. And that's when she realised. Nobody would want her... all the people she had been mean to. She thought it was like taking a candy from a child. She remembered all the sad faces, and felt miserable, yet grateful that she had had such a good life until she wished for another one.

Both Violet and Velvet were oblivious to something. The wishing well housed a witch. A witch who knew the difference between good and bad. A witch who knew how to make lives better and worsen them, a witch who was a master of disguise and especially liked turning into a 12-year-old, school going girl at Pine high. A witch who went by the name of Alice Lockwood...