



The Cauldron



It had been a long journey, and Nabu was excited. She had toiled and worked throughout her childhood so much that she barely had any childhood at all. Nevertheless, her journey was not futile as she had risen the ranks. She had moved from being a rookie witch to a sophomore mistress, and soon she would have her very own cauldron. When a witch got their cauldron, they could traverse worlds unimaginable and concoct the most intriguing potions.

In Nabu's opinion, the best perk to being a senior magic woman was that she could finally interact and possibly help the citizens of her home. People often came to the witches confused, alone or looking for advice. No matter how much bad press some naughty civilians would try to give the witches, individuals would always find their way back to them.

The gossip from these naughty people would range from warning children that the witches would eat them to making people believe they were truly monsters underneath. The most intriguing of these was that their cauldron was the source of their strength.

The witches cauldron was a large brown or black or whatever unique colour one preferred metallic contraption that aided the witches to be creative with spells.

The beautiful thing about the pot was that despite its ability to change the consistency of potions for the greater good and connect with other witches at will if it feels its owner needs help, it never did so without consent.

Maybe there was undoubtedly some truth to the rumours flying about, but those pots were far from evil. They could be portable, mobile and helpful. They were a witch's best friend. If Nabu were going to be one of the greatest, she would hold on tightly to her new companion.

It was, after all, not just a pot.

