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A very short story about wicca and mabon.



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The incense smelt beautiful, as the smoke spiraled off the stick in delecate motions. Lavita breathed in deeply and relaxed. The deep scent of sage hung in the air. After a brief moment of deep relaxation and clarity, she slowly opened her eyes and cast the circle of protection around her. Smiling she lifted her head to the heavens and welcomed in the Spirits and the Goddess.

The Spirits danced merrily around her circle singing sweet songs of the passing seasons. Lavita breathed in once more and raised her hands up to the sky. The Spirits were now still and calm. The forest around her held its breath as she began to sing.

Her song began to weave its magick throughout the forest. The leaves began to turn orange and curl over as the winter crept forth.

Autumn was now well underway.

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