Do you think all Halloween stories should be that bright, scary and blood-breezing? Mine is quite romantic, simple and…mediocre.

The witch was sitting in her kitchen looking through a rejuvenation potion magazine. Her old ones were very out-of-date - you know, it can be quite difficult at times to keep up with the fashions when your are at the advanced age of 800 – things tend to slip your mind a bit more often than they do when you are young , like just 80 years old.

 However, before recent time the Witch hadn`t bothered about it that much. And neither would have you, if you also had possessed such distinctive interesting things as the last unicorn`s hoofs (ground and carefully dried in the full moon of the 1666), an phoenix`s liver (held carefully in the vial – still kept turning into ashes and reviving), a flask with the water from the fountain of youth, the necklace of the last Inca`s warrior (with the stains of blood, taken from his beheaded body), an Amazon`s arrow-head (found in the heart of a Roman), the Great Inquisitor`s cross (the witch had broken its chain for 3 times –each time just before being burnt), an African Wudu (10 times used already) and more and more others - let us keep it in secret : I have already told too much. So, you might ask me – why bother to hold all this antique nasty staff at home – very doubtful holiday souvenirs? Well, the most interesting thing about it for you(as you are unlikely to be a historian) might be the fact that our Witch can make up a very interesting potion from all that stuff.

 Let me cite a famous black magic self-instruction manual: « Creates a captivating cappuccino flavor with an almond after-taste; mild coffee with a hint of the Honey Meadow herbs». Makes a person insane enough to instantly sign a will in favour of the cook; after that he falls lifeless». Our witch was quite mediocre in making potions, and in fact, she could cook only two (except for a babies` blood extract – the source of your beauty for her whole life as she herself looked like a 60 year-old spinster even at the age of 18): the love potion and the one called The «Lavish. Mad. Dead».

Actually, she was the last woman of the richest, wittiest and most powerful men from the middle ages to the Cold war time. She didn`t bother that she sent them to the Hell a bit before their time came. But… *this case* was different. She felt sorry for her current victim whose cup of «coffee» was already standing on the table. He was polite, kind, young and a real gentleman – nothing similar to those before. After a short time after their first date she found herself looking for the witch fashion magazines (it didn`t help much with her 12th century beauty notions but still). He was too good to follow those others…

But then came the doorbell ring. It was him. Her heart started beating…just started beating: it had been silent for an hour – you know it had had a few more 750 years to work than they usually do. He brought her flowers and smiled irresistibly. Then they came to the dining room to drink some coffee. He paid her millions compliments and asked to bring some her sweet delicious pies (with dragon entrails but hush!). She took *his cup of coffee*, came out of the room, poured it out in the sink and dearly brought him her favourite pies.

There were two cups on the table, he gave her one with a happy smile. She was sipping it looking at him gently, but her mind was bringing her back to the time when she was a small pretty girl who loved picking up death-cups and toad`s roe when everything was beautiful and the air was filled with a blissful smell of Honey Meadow herbs and an almond after taste…Stop…what? Cappuccino? Mild coffee?**The** Almond after-taste? A horrible teddy-bear cup instead of her favourite cutie one with goblins?

 For a moment everything got clear but then she blacked out, and only remembered signing something and the Evil taking her right to the Hell. Well, she mustn`t be that bored there as it must be full of rich unmarried men, must she?

By the way, her *last man* was even more mediocre than her and could make only 1 potion. They might have been a good couple and they will – we just need to wait for another mediocrity.