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My name is Alice. Normally, I'm just another girl living in the city, but my true identity is a witch. Well, not the kind of witch that eats people's heart for her eternal youth. I'm a good witch, and it is my job and duty to help people.

Like this guy, Tom, whom I'd been watching for a long time. Tom is a good guy. He got straight A's throughout high school, and was even the leader of the basketball team. But somehow he often showed a disregard of rules and manners, even disrespect to other people. Once I saw him on the MRT, and found him sitting on the priority seats, which were supposed

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to be for people in need only. What was more outrageous is that, when an old man came in, struggling to keep his balance, Tom just pretended to be using his phone and ignored the poor old mister completely. It was unbelievable. "I must help Tom know that he was doing wrong," I thought.

So the next day, I caught him on the basketball court. In the dark shadows I whispered the evil spell, "Pedes malatiosa!" Instantly he fell to the ground, holding his right foot painfully. Now he would experience what it's like to be in need.

In the evening, he took the MRT home as usual, except this time he could hardly walk even with the stick. He desperately sought for a seat, but this time, it was occupied by me. "Uhh... Excuse me," he said, "You know you're seating on the priority seats, don't you?" Harshly I replied, "So what? You did not yield your seat to the old guy yesterday; why should I yield mine?" Embarrassment quickly blushed up his face. "Okay... I'm sorry. I know I was wrong now..." Seeing him understanding so soon, I whispered the good spell, "Pedes salvatiosa!" And his foot was well again. "Don't forget what you learned today," I said, and quickly disappeared into the crowd. I hoped he would become a better person. But for me, it's time to look for my next subject and make a better world.