



COVEN

The Scrolls of the Four Winds

Diane Wing

Praise for *Coven: The Scrolls of the Four Winds*

“I wanted to let you know how much I thoroughly enjoyed reading your book *Coven*. It was well thought-out with people, plots, etc. You ended the book terrifically! The insight and information from chapter 13 onward was unmistakably brilliant! Truly. Loved the ending... leaves the portal door open to another book... maybe? You really added dimension to the tale in more ways than one. Kudos!!! When I was at the meet-up, I told them I was reading your book and thought they all should buy a copy because it was that good. Hell, it is awesome!!! Thank you Diane for such a fascinating and delightful book! You did a fabulous job.”

—Linda S., Fox Chase, PA

“*Coven* was wonderful right to the very end and what surprised me most is that the whole time reading it, I was enjoying the story and failed to see that by the time I was through, I was actually learning valuable lessons, you tricky witch! I can’t wait for the next book, I’ll be running to the computer to get that as soon as it’s available. I told my husband that I could see this book as a movie, like the Harry Potter adventures.”

— Kelly Withers, Niverville, NY

“I finished your novel last night! I LOVED IT! It really took me to another world as I read it. Really! I found myself getting anxious for the heroines too, which is a commentary to your excellent character development. I really enjoyed the experience! ”

—Nila S., Dallas, TX

“I read your book in a day—couldn’t put it down! Loved the characters, the imagery, and the wealth of knowledge all wound into a spellbinding story. Congratulations! It is very, very well done!!”

—Suzanne K., Lower Merion, PA

“*Coven* was fabulous and hit many personal experiences head on. It is a relief and exciting to not feel alone in these.”

— Carrie Aitken, Broomall, PA

CŌVEN

SCROLLS OF THE FOUR WINDS

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COVEN: The Scrolls of the Four Winds
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Dedicated to all who believe

Also by Diane Wing:

The True Nature of Tarot: Your path to personal empowerment

Thorne Manor and other bizarre tales

Foreword

A Coven of Purpose and Integrity

I believe the “right” books come into our lives at the right time. Whatever you are reading, feel its energy and see how it corresponds to your own life. So it happened, and I am not in the least surprised now though it did take me by surprise at the time of happening, that Diane’s book came to me just a week before I myself had to deal with unwanted energies and loose ends in my own life. And yes, it was something way more than a box with photos from the times long gone.

Reading the book, I was reminded of the value of grounding and psychic protection; more than just reminded, I was taught how to do so, and taught in the very relaxing and conversational manner which is lacking, often, from the “ritual” of teaching. I learned basic principles of Magic: the energy you give out returns to you three times multiplied; the wisdom and answers are inside our own souls and we just need to get access to them and magic can help us clear that pathway along with the prayer; food and lifestyle alters our vibrations and much more.

Through the journeys and struggles through time, space, emotions, and energies of the four girlfriends who also are sisters in Spirit and Keepers of the Scrolls of the Four Winds, I was reminded of basic and simple truths that each of them was exposed to and shared with the rest of the world at the end of the book. For example, Alexis, through the Gateway of the Element of Water, received a message which contained the following part that I found to be very true for myself:

“Emotional reactions reflect issues that must be addressed within the self. Maintain power by controlling your own reactions. The actions of others cannot be controlled, but your reaction can be. You are responsible for your feelings. Being overly sensitive creates limitations. Approach life from a centered position and see the world with a more objective eye.”

Love, gratitude, friendship, discernment, sincerity, and bonds of physical dimension on the callings of our eternal Soul. You will find it

all in *Coven*, a book written with simplicity that draws your full attention to the luxury of the message, contained in between its pages.

By now you must be wondering if this book helped me to resolve that issue in my life I mentioned in the beginning... while this novel did not teach me the fine details, it did help me to learn that there is nothing to be afraid of if you know the rules, follow them, and approach life and all around you with love and gratitude for the lessons received. Diane Wing took the scary part of magic out and showed that there is nothing impossible for those with integrity, discernment, and a couple of other “right” tools, all guided by the loving soul, always in the search for ways to learn and grow. ...indeed, I might as well read a couple of other books about Magic :)

Victoria Evangelina Belyavskaya,
columnist for *Georgia Today*



Victoria
Amira
Earth

N

W
Alexis
Mina
Water

E
Cassandra
Iman
Air

S
Macy
Uzma
Fire

Prologue

Mesopotamia, City of Ur, 371 A.D.

Qadir stood defiant before the Council, awaiting their verdict. His floor-length black robe, belted at the waist, created a dark vortex amidst the white stone of the floor and walls. He felt no remorse for calling demons against his rival, Hamid, as they vied to be the Temple's next High Priest. Through this display of power, he showed the Council command of the underworld and his affinity to their patron, the moon god Nanna-Sin, who decreed the fate of the dead.

The crowd waited in silence to witness the judgment. In the balcony above them was Qadir's student, Amira. Strikingly beautiful with long black hair, her dark eyes watched her teacher's bold display of rebellion against the Council. Amira was flanked by her three sisters of magic, Uzma, Iman, and Mina, born of the same purpose as she. Their presence comforted her as she worried for the fate of her teacher. Qadir had taught her to conjure demons and dark spirits, and she wondered if the Council would persecute her as well.

Uzma felt the worry in Amira's energy field and held her hand, giving it a light squeeze to show her support. Mina and Iman beamed out a protective force field, encapsulating the four of them in light. They thought about how Amira must feel to have her teacher prosecuted before the community.

Qadir was always the most feared of temple priests by the citizens of Ur. His solitary habits cast suspicion on his activities; his dark aura accented by the deep lines on his face repelled most from wanting to be in his presence. Qadir's energy gave him an imposing countenance rather than his physical height, which was just average. Since being assigned to instruct Amira in the dark arts, she was the only one who entered his chamber.

The sanctuary was an underground room dedicated to magic in all its forms. Ritual tools were displayed on shelves around the room, including daggers with blades of all lengths and handles made from pearl, onyx, obsidian, and brass. Wands imbedded with multitudes of gemstones adorned one table, while a large cauldron stood steaming in

the center of the room. Smoking herbs and incense of all kinds were kept in a cabinet and used for spellcasting to conjure the desired spirits or to banish them. A large collection of magical spears and swords was securely housed in a locked case that stretched the length of the room. Books were everywhere, on shelves along the walls and strewn on tables, the tops of which were coated in the drippings of large candles, the room's only source of light.

Amira marveled at the secrets held within the chamber, but Qadir limited her lessons to the nature of the dark spirits, not allowing her to touch the magical implements locked in the large case. She was in awe of him, and his cruelty during the lessons was accepted as part of the necessary path to understand the shadowy nature of the spirits she called. A sharp slap of a whip to her leg, when she mispronounced difficult words in a spell, was not uncommon; chaining her to a chair as she read was a regular occurrence. She trusted him to do what was necessary to make her a disciplined student, adept at her craft. Watching the gentle teaching methods of those who instructed Iman, Mina, and Uzma made Amira feel as though the others were soft and incapable of the power she could wield as a result of the pain and torment Qadir included in her lessons. It hardened her over time and made her feel superior to the others.

Mina noticed how Amira flinched at her own mistakes if Qadir was nearby. She was saddened by how he controlled Amira and scarred her lovely, pale skin. Thankful for the kindness of her teacher, Hala, she was always attentive when being instructed about the moon phases and spell correspondences. Mina dreamt of helping others with her knowledge in addition to the special purpose for which they trained. Together, they were the Triad Witches, born to protect the Scrolls of the Four Winds. Mina took pride in her task and drew happiness from the friendship she shared with her sisters. Although each was born of different parents, they felt a bond that rivaled that of any blood relation.

Now as they waited for the verdict, the bond was used to support Amira in her time of need. Of late, Iman, Uzma, and Mina had noticed Amira growing distant, withdrawn from their usual lively interactions, and they were concerned that she was taking on the murky energy exuded by Qadir. Amira stood erect, her muscles tense with fear of losing her teacher. He had taught her to obey him, and she would do as he commanded to please him. Only he had the strength to direct her.

The High Priest presiding over the Council spoke: "Qadir, for your crimes against a fellow priest and against the laws of the Temple, you should be excommunicated from our midst. Because the Watchers have

selected you to educate Amira of the Triad Witches in a purpose that is essential to the welfare of all who live on this planet, we decree that you will continue to do so.”

Amira let out an audible breath. She had not realized that she stopped breathing when the High Priest began to speak.

“However,” the High Priest continued, “you are no longer eligible for an elevation in status within the temple nor within the community at large. Your duties are restricted to obligations dictated by The Watchers. No longer will you walk among the temple priests. No longer will you take meals with us. The exception to your solitude will be interactions with your student. Remove yourself from our presence.”

Qadir had not moved during the sentencing; his facial expression did not change. He said nothing as he turned and walked the stretch between onlookers, hands clasped casually behind his back. He did not look to either side. The Witches stood looking down from the balcony as he departed. Amira watched in amazement as his aura clouded over and grew darker than a moonless night. She understood the Council’s reluctance to go against The Watchers, yet they worried for Amira under the tutelage of one so evil and headstrong.

Iman hugged Amira to share her joy in retaining her teacher. She knew the bond they shared and felt Amira’s relief at his ability to continue her lessons. Iman was optimistic that whatever darkness Qadir exposed Amira to would be countered by her innate goodness and the support of her sisters. She believed that good would always triumph, so Iman focused on spreading light and happiness to all she came in contact with. Hope and faith were her weapons, and the hug she gave Amira was loaded with them.

Amira looked over Iman’s shoulder, watching Qadir walk from the room. She would give him some time, and then go to him. Part of her was pleased that she was his only human contact; part was anxious at the mood this would place him in. She pictured her blood running freely as he balanced his temper with the whip against her legs. Amira resolved to make sure her lessons were perfect, the recitation of complex spells performed without error. She would make him proud and forget about his intention to rise to power. She gave Iman an absent smile as she pushed her gently away. She did not take her eyes off the door Qadir exited and followed in the direction of his departure.

The others closed the gap left by Amira’s withdrawal, troubled by her strong affiliation to Qadir. They were aware of his abusive tactics and could not understand how a woman as strong and attractive as

Amira could allow such treatment. She certainly did not tolerate it from any other man. If a male in the community even looked at her the wrong way, she unleashed a venomous attack that would make his energy shrivel to nothing. They had seen the results of her power and so had many of the town dwellers. Word had quickly spread among the men to avoid Amira and resist her allure. Qadir held her in some kind of a trance that the others had not been able to break. But they would keep trying.

Amira ran out of the building to catch up with Qadir, her earlier decision to give him some time gone by the wayside. He heard her approach but did not pause or turn to acknowledge her. She ran up to him, panting from the exertion, and adopted his pace as she walked beside him. No words were exchanged for several minutes as Qadir continued his steady pace, hands behind his back. Amira was content to be in his presence and waited for him to be ready to speak.

He stopped and turning to face Amira, backhanded her across the face, the smile that had begun to creep to her lips obliterated in one stroke. The attack knocked her backwards, and she landed hard on her coccyx bone sending waves of nausea and pain up her spine. She looked up at him, tears welling in her eyes, wondering what had prompted him to strike her. His evil glare kept her seated on the ground, fearing to rub her cheek where his hand had made contact with her jaw. Without a word, he walked away.

From the doorway of the temple, the Triad Witches stood aghast at Qadir's assault on Amira. They approached her slowly, giving her time to gather her emotions. Iman and Uzma each took an arm to help her up. She did not look them in the eyes as she thanked them. She brushed herself off, wincing when she grazed the base of her spine.

Iman offered to heal the bruised areas, but the pain was not so much physical as emotional. Her injuries would worsen and become colorful by morning, but for now, she desired only to be alone with her aches. She again left the group behind to follow her teacher. It was a long walk to his chamber, and it would give her time to think of what she had done and how to make it up to him. When she arrived at the door to Qadir's sanctuary, she hesitated before knocking. Her fist was raised to rap on the door, and before she could strike it, he commanded her to enter.

She stood silently before him, the spot where he struck her beginning to swell and bruise.

"I see your loyalty overcomes common sense," he leered.

"My loyalty stands with you," she said, head held high.

“Does it? Now that I am confined to interact only with you, does that give you some sense of superiority over me?”

“Not at all. I feel privileged to be your student and pleased that the relationship is allowed to continue.”

“My allegiance is to no one but myself. I do not need you or anyone else in order to wield my power,” he said.

“I understand that you stay with me out of obligation on behalf of The Watchers. I would not expect one as powerful as you to take interest in me otherwise.”

He eyed her up and down. She felt him embrace her curves with his eyes. It was uncomfortable for her to be viewed in such a way, more so than when he exacted his brutal punishments. Had she not been his student, his interest in her would have taken a much different form.

“You will be of use to me one way or the other.”

Amira waited for him to explain, relieved that his plans included her.

“There are other roads to power. Authority bestowed by the High Priest and Council of the temple pales in comparison to that which could be attained from the spirits.”

Amira listened, her body erect, ignoring the pain in her face and buttocks.

“I have a plan to obtain the most powerful magical tools in existence,” Qadir declared, pointing his forefinger to the sky.

“What can I do to help?”

“You will be the primary ingredient in acquiring what I seek.”

“What tools do you seek, Qadir?” asked Amira, intrigued by his enthusiasm.

“The Scrolls of the Four Winds.”

New Hope, Pennsylvania, present day

The waxing moon was halfway to full. Victoria Perry had chosen New Hope for its quaint feel, artistic bent, and large pagan community. She was also drawn to this historic town in Pennsylvania because she sensed the presence of Iman, Mina, and Uzma, her ancient sisters. Together with Victoria, they were the Triad Witches, united in a common purpose. Their energetic imprint was unmistakable.

The vacant storefront on Main Street was central to sidewalk traffic; increasing the likelihood that they would find their way into her antique shop. While she would have preferred a building with a more Victorian feel, the colonial was spacious and perfect for her purposes. It had an adequate area to display antiques, a separate room in the back for meetings, and a basement for storage. An apartment upstairs allowed her to live above and work below. *As above so below*, she thought.

Her realtor, George Washburn, had been too friendly in his manner. He did not notice when Victoria bristled as he threw out one personal question after another. She did not like to reveal information about herself and resented his barrage of questions about where she came from, her last business, her age—of all things, the standard don't-ask-that-of-a-woman question. She was vague in her responses, as she answered—Italy, unique clothing, and “Now, Mr. Washburn, a lady doesn't reveal her age!” If she had told him the truth, he would not have believed her.

She could have told him her age in this lifetime, but it was best to act coy. She was only 35 this time around, and had spent most of those years coming back into her power and locating the others. As for her business in Benevento, in her last lifetime, she catered to the Strega, the local covens of Italian Witches, selling ritual supplies and clothing. Witches had occupied Benevento for several thousand years. A massive walnut tree was the gathering place of witches who worshipped the goddess Diana. When the Duke of Benevento converted to Christianity

in 662 A.D., he had their sacred tree cut down. Her customers remained steadfast in their beliefs despite their oppressive history and regularly practiced their craft, necessitating the replenishing of candles, herbs, and incense. Victoria looked back upon that time as one of profit and camaraderie. The witches of Benevento had treated her as one of their own. She had not felt a sense of belonging since being a part of the Triad Witches.

Victoria thanked the realtor, and the stars, as he handed her the keys at the settlement table. His insincere sales approach grated on her nerves. It was strenuous to hold her tongue and her power at bay as he rambled on and on. The transaction had ended on its own before she chose to put an end to it herself. She was glad to be rid of him and looked forward to setting up shop.

The boxes arrived that afternoon on time, as did the installer from the sign company. Over the centuries, Victoria had found that the moon in Sagittarius was a good time for completing chores. She directed the movers in placing her personal items upstairs and her wares downstairs. A daunting task was before her to get settled in her personal space, while creating an environment to ensnare her targets. Their energetic attachment to historic objects Victoria had saved from the distant past would lure them. There was much to do, and it was time to begin recruiting her team.

With the movers gone, Victoria stood in the center of what would be her meeting room, closed her eyes, and lifted her arms just below shoulder height, elbows bent with her palms up. Her feet were planted firmly on the floor, shoulder width apart. Qadir had taught her this stance to open communication with the spirits. Thoughts of him flashed through her mind. She looked around the room to ensure he had not joined her unexpectedly. Qadir had a way of lurking in the shadows, watching her without her knowledge. Sudden thoughts of him warned her of his presence. Satisfied that she was alone, she began her ritual. With a raised voice, she thanked the spirits for their assistance in acquiring the building and requested help in finding the appropriate members of her new group. A phantom breeze brushed through Victoria's long black hair and she smiled, knowing she had been heard.

Communicating with the spirits always made her hungry, so she set out to explore the local cuisine. New Hope had abundant culinary options, everything from casual fare to elegant dining. Victoria followed her intuition as she walked down Main Street. People strolled along the sidewalks. The unusual was commonplace in this town, so those she passed did not react to her appearance—statuesque with

long, flowing black hair, large, dark eyes, and high cheekbones, her body layered in black fabric that was form-fitting underneath and sheer and flowing on top. The tourists were dressed mostly in denim jeans and casual tops, but were accustomed to shop owners dressing in noteworthy outfits. Victoria fit right in.

Her internal radar called her to make a right onto Mechanic Street. A restaurant called *Esca* caught her eye and drew her to its door. She sensed that more than a good meal awaited her in this charming establishment. White clothed tables sat amidst the golden glow of the walls, punctuated with tiny light fixtures and dark wood chairs.

The hostess seated Victoria at a small table against the North wall and handed her a menu. *I always land in my direction of power*, she mused. Victoria's strong alignment with the North amplified her influence. The magical correspondences of this compass direction bestowed additional force to her already impressive powers. She recalled her ancient lessons taught by Qadir. He had emphasized midnight as her time of greatest power and that she was aligned with the element of Earth. She learned the deep esoteric meanings of these correspondences over time with Qadir's help.

Victoria watched the waiter approach her table. He was handsome and well-built, with dark hair and striking blue eyes. The tight black T-shirt fit snugly around his muscular arms and emphasized his slim waist. The strong jaw line and five o'clock shadow gave him casual good looks. His broad smile showed off his straight white teeth framed with generous lips. Victoria found herself slightly aroused as she noticed he was checking her out as well.

"My name is Ethan, and I'll be attending to your every need this evening." He paused and smiled, emphasizing the double entendre. "May I start you off with a beverage?" His eyes went from her cleavage to the ring finger of her left hand. He always made sure his conquests were single. No wedding band gave him the signal to plow ahead.

Victoria watched Ethan as he spoke. She opened herself to his auric field, taking in his energy to receive a vast store of knowledge about his nature. She was flooded with images of Ethan charming solitary female diners for large tips or a sexual rendezvous. His self-absorbed, overconfident nature was the perfect combination. Victoria found it easy to manipulate this type of male. Playing to his inflated ego would allow her to mold him any way she chose.

She smiled fetchingly at him. "A glass of Cabernet, please."

Ethan returned her look with his standard come-hither gaze, forged with the experience of dozens of similar encounters. He knew this

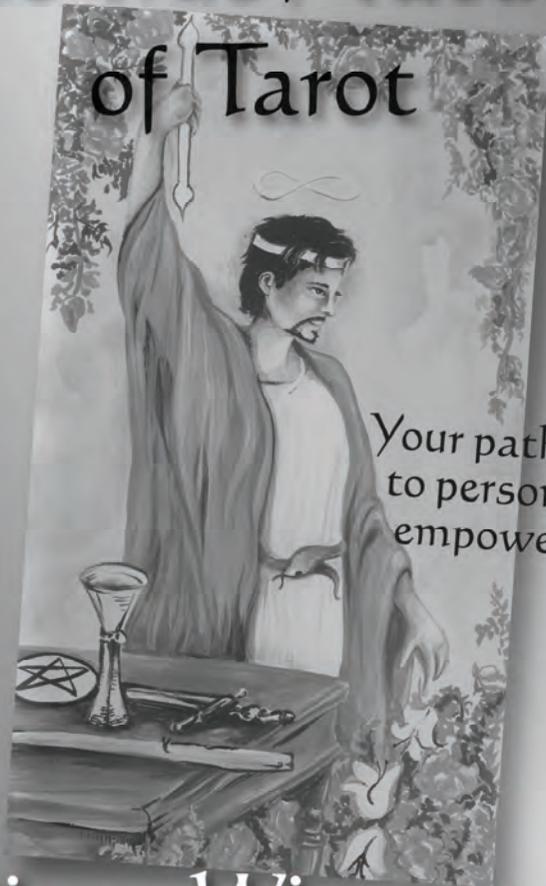
About the Author

Diane Wing, M.A., is an author, teacher, personal transformation guide, and intuitive consultant. She is the founder of Wing Academy of Unfoldment and has a Master's degree in clinical psychology. Diane has been providing valuable insights for the highest good of her clients for over 27 years.

Diane is also the author of the books *The True Nature of Tarot: Your Path to Personal Empowerment* and *Thorne Manor...and Other Bizarre Tales*, a collection of short fiction.

Diane works with her clients to find their Inner Magick and to empower them to create the life they really want. Her website is www.ForestWitch.com.

The True Nature of Tarot



Your path
to personal
empowerment

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Learn more at www.ForestWitch.com

FICTION : FANTASY – DARK/HORROR

Treachery Ignites an Otherworldly Battle Between Good and Evil

Centuries have passed since the Coven of the Triad Witches, once charged with protecting the Scrolls of the Four Winds, was betrayed and their memories cast into darkness. They have reincarnated together in many lifetimes, but this time, one of their own intends to wield the power of the Scrolls herself. Sisters in magic with ties more binding than blood, they must face a dangerous journey to rekindle ancient powers and fulfill their true destiny.



Readers Rave about *Coven*

“Love, gratitude, friendship, discernment, sincerity, and bonds of physical dimension on the callings of our eternal Soul. You will find it all in *Coven*.”

—Victoria Evangelina Belyanskaya

“The whole time reading it I was enjoying the story and failed to see that by the time I was through I was actually learning valuable lessons.”

—Kelly Withers

“WOW! Awesome read, wonderful visualizations, and true-to-life characters. It had me from beginning to end.”

—Annette Sadelson

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