

3.64 Children's Stories: The Witch

A witch?

I see an old woman, with lots of wrinkles.

And bulging eyes.

But not in her nightdress.

She wears filthy, dark-coloured clothes.

And tattered socks and worn-out shoes.

She wears fingerless gloves.

And has dirty claw-like fingernails.

She has long greasy hair,

a hooked nose and rotten teeth.

And she has a wart on her chin, with three long hairs.

And on her head she has a hat.

Not that sort of hat.

A witch's hat.

And she carries a witch's bag,

full of mysterious witch stuff.

And she has a magic wand,

with which she can transform herself.

And naturally she has a broomstick.

She flies on it when the moon is full.

I see... I see a little cottage.

My witch lives in that cottage.

In that cottage, a big cauldron of
magic potion is bubbling on the fire.

There are bats, and lots of furniture.
And there are cobwebs everywhere.

There are lots of big books and pots
of herbs and bottles of potions.

I see a cradle. I t's a cat's cradle.

And a witch's bed, a super-soft
witch's bed.

Once upon a time, deep in the darkest
wood, there lived a witch,

together with her cat and her toad.

And they lived happily ever after.