

## WITCH'S GLADE



*Witches are wise, cunning folk, clever with herbs  
and healing. The most skilled – known as Wielders –  
harness magic to cast spells and charms.*

*Notes on Witchcraft and Demonology by Dr Neil Fallon*



*The Glade, Wychwood Forest, three days later . . .*

Hazel Hooper strolled along the orchard path, whistling quietly and enjoying the sun on her back. Beams of light slanted through the trees, turning the floating cherry blossom into flakes of gold. It was a perfect summer's day in the Glade, the only home she had ever known.

She plucked an apple from her basket and took a huge bite, letting the juice dribble down her chin. *Just right for a pie*, she thought.

She froze, mid-munch, as something large and orange burst out on to the path in front of her. It was Ginger Tom, her mother's bad-tempered cat-familiar, with whom Hazel was in a perpetual state of war. Something small and furry dangled in his jaws.

'Tom!' Hazel shouted. 'What have you got there? Oh, you horrible creature – it's a poor little dormouse.'

Bursting with rage, she hurled her apple as hard as she



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could. It flew over Tom's head and exploded against a nearby tree, showering him with sticky pulp.

'Pick on something your own size,' she said as he dropped the mouse and disappeared yowling into the undergrowth.

Dropping her basket, Hazel picked up the limp dormouse as gently as she could and enfolded his shaking body in her hands. She closed her eyes, searching for a spark of magic and muttered a healing spell painstakingly memorized from her mother's books.

'*Magia-mus-sanaret*,' she whispered. As usual, nothing happened.

'Hold on, little mouse,' she said, pushing her disappointment aside. 'Ma will set you right.' She scampered out of the orchard into a well-tended vegetable garden. At the end of the path was a cottage with a sagging thatch roof and flowers rambling around the door. Hazel dashed breathlessly into the kitchen. 'Ma, look what I—'

A foul smell stopped her dead. Barely visible through a veil of greasy steam stood Hazel's mother, Hecate. She was



A possible picture of the house



Two possible pictures of the King's messenger, the Prince.





A possible picture of the mother



A possible picture of the girl



An alternative picture of the girl

## Your Challenge

Your job this week is to continue the story. In my story, the Prince has just arrived and will explain what is wrong with the king. The mother, who is a witch will create a potion for the king after the Prince has explained the problem. It will be the main character's job to go with the prince to save the king.

## Teacher Model (old)

Ariel Walker ran through the glade, which bordered her house, heading towards the small vegetable garden. Golden rays of sunshine created dancing patterns on the floor of the glade that caught Ariel's eye as she headed towards her home. Suddenly, her mother's cat-familiar James shot out of a bush with a small creature in his mouth. Ariel glared at the cat, who she had a less than pleasant relationship with, and the familiar returned her stare from ethereal blue eyes. The girl knelt down to pick up a nearby stick whilst never breaking eye contact with the spirit- animal. Suddenly, she began to wave the stick at the cat whilst at the same time running towards it. As she had planned, the cat dropped the small animal from its jaws and retreated into the undergrowth. Ariel grabbed the small creature, which turned out to be a dormouse, and rushed towards her home. She burst through the door, "Mum, look what Jam. . ." That was the first time she saw him. The Prince.

## Teacher model (this week)

The prince stood near the small window, which was at the side of the house near the beds. His eyes were locked on the bubbling cauldron in the centre of the room. "Dearest," said her mother, "The prince here has a most important job for us." Slowly, the prince turned around, his face a mix of pain and sadness. Then, he explained what had befallen the king. An evil sorcerer, who was called Olivion, had poisoned the king with the hope of seizing the throne for himself. As the prince spoke, even James, who had entered through the window, sat still and respectful as if he understood the severity of the situation. "Dearest, the Prince has asked me to make an antidote for the poison and as we speak it bubbles in the cauldron, when it is ready I would like you to accompany the prince and take it to the king," said her mother with a sad smile. I had no idea why she looked worried for me, who was I? Just a witch's daughter. That was, I didn't understand until the prince spoke again. "I'm afraid there is no guarantee we will make it to the king alive."