

## **The Witch of Trewey.**

An orphaned maid from a croft at Trewey  
Married in haste an older bully,  
Who took over her house and made her work  
When he his labours would often shirk.  
He drank all their cash in the Tinner's Arms  
And cursed when sacked from any farms.  
'Twas all his fault. He demanded more  
Than he deserved for work so poor.  
He beat and cursed and deprived his wife  
'Till she spied a way to a better life.  
Nine times she circled the Giant's Stone  
At midnight under a waning moon,  
And climbed the logan without it rocking  
Then she became something shocking.  
A witch with powers to change her shape  
To a monstrous creature, a jabbering ape,  
To frighten her man into sobriety,  
Though it would earn her notoriety.

Her man doubted what she claimed  
Though local witches had been named.  
One night he returned after drinking deep  
And roused her from her restful sleep.  
"Where's my dinner you lazy old hag?"  
"And money to buy it? There's none in my bag."

"Use your powers, get off to St Ives.  
You say you're a witch. I've  
Not seen a sign of your special gift.  
'Tis all a boast my respect to lift.  
Well tidn't going to work. I'll wait  
30 minutes and if no food on my plate  
I'll take my stick and break your pate."

She opened the door to light her way  
And before his eyes began to sway  
And shrink to the floor clothed in fur  
With beady eyes and pointed ear,  
Changed to a hare, she raced outside.  
The frightened man curled up to hide  
Seeing his future as something unplanned,  
Indeed he felt completely unmanned.

In half an hour the door crashed open  
And his wife stood tall with food laden.  
“You miserable man there’s your proof.  
Eat all you can, I’m mistress under this roof.  
Just don’t cross me or cause me to curse.  
You might lose your mind or even worse.”

She outlived her husband to a great age  
And learned more of witchcraft from a sage  
Who convened the witches at Zennor Tor  
To practise skills from their secret lore.

When she died the priest insisted  
That though his religion she resisted  
She should be buried in hallowed ground  
With hymns and bells, holy sounds.  
Six stout men he led to her croft  
To carry her coffin held aloft  
Along the route of the coffin path  
Daring to provoke the witch’s wrath.  
They set the casket down to rest  
But a hare leapt from the wooden chest.  
The men screamed aloud in shock  
And scattered to hide behind the rocks.  
Undaunted, the priest enlisted more  
To bring their burden to the church door.  
They kept outside the holy porch  
Determined her soul should not scorch  
In Hell below that awaited the evil  
Though she had sold it to the devil.  
As they lowered her box to the ground  
The clouds thundered a terrific sound  
And on its lid appeared a monster,  
Part goat, part pig, which grew bigger  
Until it floated above their eyes  
And melted into the darkened skies.

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