

The Witch of Wychwood.
Easter 1966.

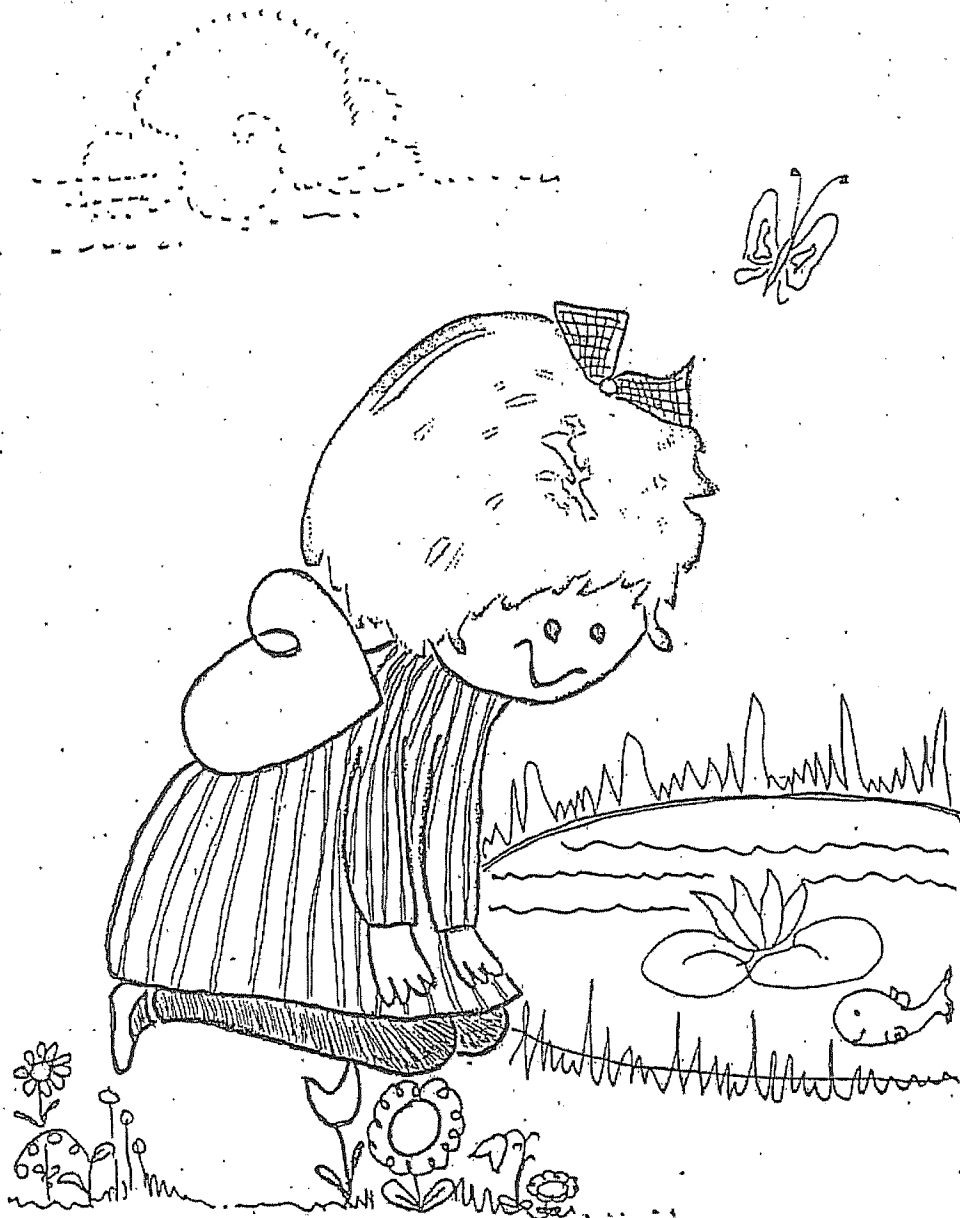
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"This is where I want to live", she thought. "I have a city all around me with lots of lovely people in it. I have woods and gardens, and a little stream. This pond is a big enough lake for such a little witch as I, and oh joy! there is even a waterfall whose roar could never be big enough to frighten me."

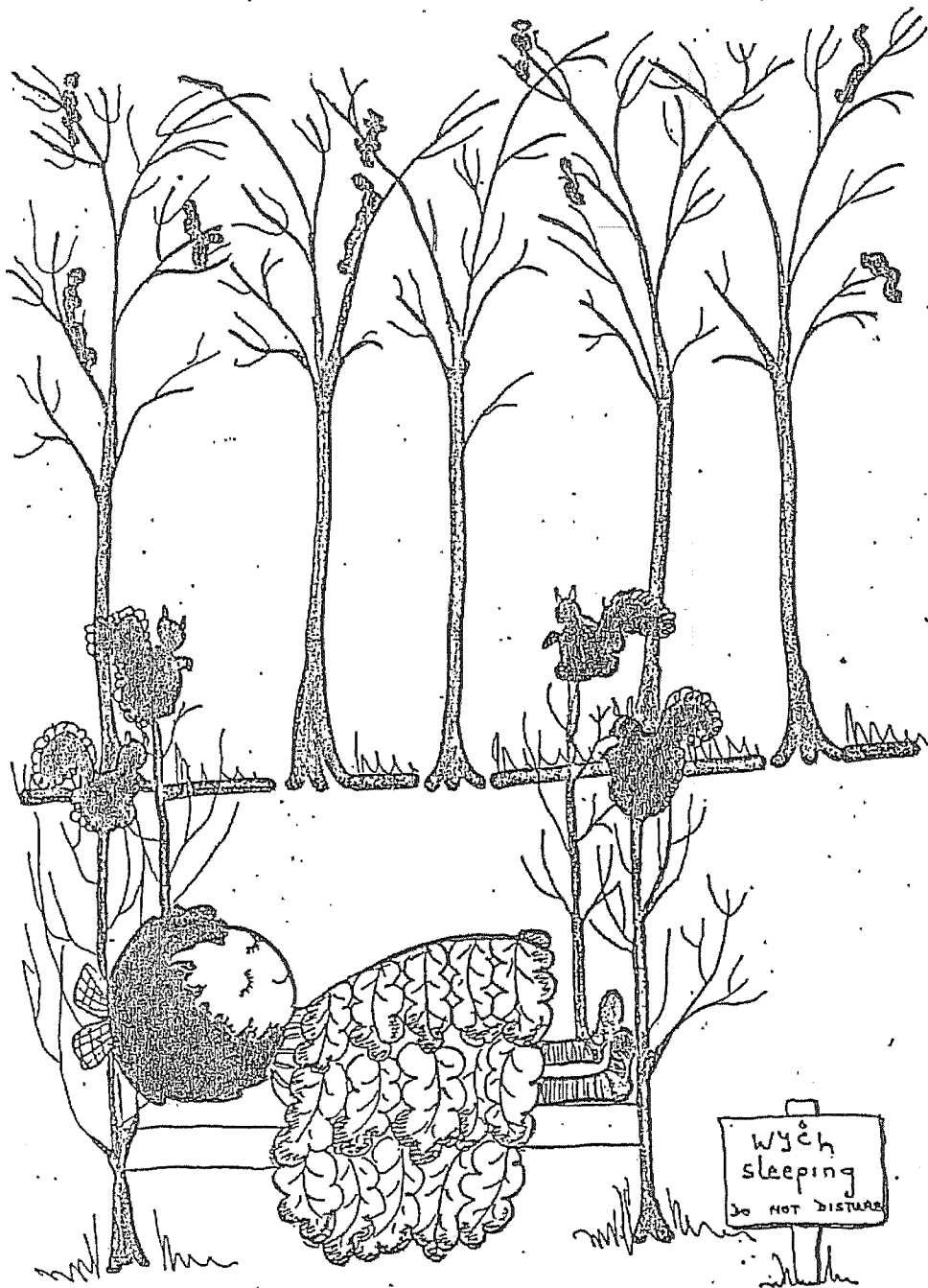
She blew a kiss to all of it, and flew home as soon as her wings were dry, to see the Guardian of the spirits.

"Well", said he, "have you made up your mind? Which witch would you be?"

"Oh yes," she cried, and her words tumbled out as joyfully as the little waterfall from Wychwood Pond in springtime. "I know now which witch is which, and which witch I'll be. The Witch of Wychwood would be the witch for me."



by Eleanor Woodside & Janet Barnes.



floated back on a lovely summer day to become the Witch of Wychwood Park. She is very happy there. In summer she sleeps behind the little waterfall whose lazy gurgle lulls her to sleep, and in winter, when its voice is still, she has a warm bedroom deep in a pile of dry oak leaves. But she does not sleep very long--she has so much to do. She helps the robins build their nests and warns the baby birds when cats are out. She helps stiff-legged turtle out of the pond onto a sunny log and learns all the games the children play. And all year long she helps forgetful squirrels find the nuts they buried so carelessly.

She has just one fault. She missed a year at school, and has never learned how to spell "witch". To this day, when she writes her name, she always spells it with a "y", like this: "THE WYCH OF WYCHWOOD."

THE END.