

# A Witchy Story That Is True!

In a village not far from here, (it could be Balderton or Farndon or even Coddington) there lived a woman we shall call 'Auld Lizzie'. Everyone believed that she was a witch. Whether she was or not, I can't say and leave you to make up your own mind, but this is what I heard. Auld Lizzie did not mind being called a witch because her neighbours also believed that a witch should be given all she asked for. This made life very easy for Auld Lizzie and she never went hungry or thirsty nor knew cold in the winter, for she could always ask for a crust of bread or a cup of water.

There was one farm in the village where the farmer's wife kept a fine dairy and she would always give Auld Lizzie a cup of buttermilk whenever she called.

One beautiful spring day the farmer's son married a girl from Nottingham and brought her home to live. She soon settled into her new life at the farm and did her chores well, she learnt the art of making butter and cheese quickly and all were pleased with her. However her husband and mother in law had forgotten to tell her about Auld Lizzie...the witch.

One day in the dairy, the old farmer's wife set the girl to churning the butter while she went to see to the chickens. Raising the dasher up and down over and over was hard work, but would be worth it in the end for the soft golden butter she would make. It was at this time that Auld Lizzie came to call for a cup of buttermilk. "We have none to spare today", said the girl crossly because she was hot and tired and this woman was interrupting her work. Auld Lizzie went on her way disappointed and thirsty. The farmer's wife soon returned from the chickens and asked how the butter was coming. "Very slowly", said the girl, "it just won't churn!". The day continued to pass and the girl continued to churn getting hotter and crosser. "I wonder why Auld Lizzie has not been by for her buttermilk?", said the old farmer's wife. "There was an old woman here this morning", said the girl. "She asked me for milk and I told her we had none to spare!". "How is the butter coming?", said the old farmer's wife. "It is still not mother, I have pounded this dasher till I can pound no more", the girl replied. "Then churn all you like you foolish girl. Auld Lizzie will not let it churn, for you have refused a witch her due".

So did Auld Lizzie cast a spell on the butter or was the girl from Nottingham just not very good at making butter? You decide!