

The Setting for THE WITCH STORY

**Enhancement, elaboration and further
development by**

Carmen Sánchez Sadek, Ph.D.

From “The Old Lady and the Eye

Page 57

“He arrived there of an evening, tired and hungry, and found a room in the home of an old woman who took in borders.”

Edward arrived there in the evening. The night was whirring and breathing, alive. The moon hung low, casting long shadows. He was tired and hungry. He needed a place to rest and found it in the home of an old woman who took in borders.

The old lady’s house was a Gothically creepy house with broken windows, strangling vines and eerie gargoyles half buried in the dirt. Even bats were afraid to fly over it. In the moonlight of the evening of his arrival, the house was especially sinister. Who knows what was lurking in the shadows?

Edward approached the house on the far side of the gate. Truth be told, Edward was scared but he forged ahead anyway. He curved around the tall bushes that

hid the front door. Anything could jump out of them. He stepped on the porch. The porch boards squeal and creak, but he continued on. A cat screamed out from a broken wicker rocker.

Catching his breath, Edward reached the front door. The doorknob was ancient brass, two projections that looked like horns. Edward extended his hand reaching closer and closer before he finally rang the door bell.

Impossibly fast, the door opened revealing an old woman with a patch over her left eye. She looked like she had been dead for years, but too stubborn to lie down.

Edward remembered –because it was common knowledge—that most towns of a certain size have a witch, if only to eat misbehaving children and the occasional puppy who wanders into her yard. Witches use those bones to cast spells and curses that make the land infertile. Edward also remembered that of all the witches in Alabama there was one who was the most feared for she had one glass eye, which was said to contain mystical powers.

The Old Woman stepped out of the shadows, flipping up her eye patch. The Old Woman smiled a little, a crooked grin of broken teeth. Still standing next to the Old Woman, Edward smiled. He rented a room from her where he slept for three days and three nights. Edward helped the Old Woman back inside the house.