

Bathgate Hills Competition: The Witch of Bathgate Hills

Our story begins in a little, hidden house in a narrow forest. In this house there lived a young witch named Blair Frawley. Now she wasn't your stereotypical witch, she wasn't old, ugly, or evil, in fact she was the opposite. She had olive skin and short curly hair like cinnamon, she walked with confidence and always was giggling or had a smile on her face. She had freckled skin and rosy cheeks. She wore gold rimmed, circular glasses and cloths sewed together as robes. she used to live with her mother who never ever let her leave, but her mother had just died a year ago.

The house Blair lived in was not shabby, it was a cottage with burgundy and lemon walls in a Tudor style build, with a small walled garden out front. Apart from the garden, everywhere else around the house was covered in trees, vines, all sorts of overgrown plants. The interior of the house, however, was magically filled with herbs and scattered books. There was a small upstairs which only had two rooms one Blairs room and other was her late mother's bedroom. In Blairs room there was a lot of books everywhere random things in jars and bed covered in millions of mismatched blankets and stuffed animals but her favorite thing in her room was her cherry wood desk.

Blair loved her house, but she longed for something else. She wanted to explore the outside world to see what was so bad that she had to be kept away from it and now that her mother was gone, she could leave so as soon as she had this thought she started rummaging around her house for a rope. When she found a rope, she dashed to her front door and started climbing up the wall. When she got to the top she leaped off and came to a hard thud on the ground which bruised her knee. It wasn't long until she reached a path which led down a forest hill, she slowly walked down taking in the air and wildlife all the different sounds and smells. She was starting to wonder why her mother had kept her away from the real world when she got to the bottom of the hill and made it to a street of houses. At the end of the street was a café. She walked into the café and ordered a coffee with sugar. when She started using magic to pour and stir the sugar and everyone in the café started glaring at her, some dirty looks, some in awe. Then the owner came along and shooed her out saying not to come back but Blair kept coming back each day and the town started to accept her, she even made some friends. she finally felt part of something. This just shows that you should always accept someone different from you.