

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a vibrant blue dress with gold trim, is leaning over a stone well. She is holding a small white object, possibly a bone or a piece of wood, near the well's opening. The well has a large, moss-covered stone basin. The background is a dark, textured wall, possibly made of stone or brick. The overall mood is mysterious and historical.

*The* WITCHES  
*of the*  
BLUE WELL

PAULA BRACKSTON

*Author of *The Witch's Daughter**

A SHORT STORY PLUS BONUS MATERIALS

---

# **The Witches of the Blue Well**

**Paula Brackston**

**Thomas Dunne Books  
St. Martin's Griffin  
New York**



The author and publisher have provided this e-book to you for your personal use only. You may not make this e-book publicly available in any way. **Copyright infringement is against the law. If you believe the copy of this e-book you are reading infringes on the author's copyright, please notify the publisher at:**

[us.macmillanusa.com/piracy](http://us.macmillanusa.com/piracy).

---

## Contents

[Introduction: Thoughts on Writing \*The Winter Witch\*](#)

[The Witches of the Blue Well](#)

[Photographs](#)

[Excerpt from \*Welsh Folk Lore: a Collection of the Folk-Tales and Legends of North Wales\* by the Reverend Elias Owen](#)

[Excerpt from \*The Winter Witch\*](#)

---

## Introduction: Thoughts on Writing *The Winter Witch*

---

Dear Reader,

Have you ever thrown a coin into a wishing well? And as that silver disc spun through the air and plipped into the cool water, did you—however much you pretended not to—hold close a dear little hope that your wish might come true? If so, then you are part of a tradition of belief in the power of wells that is many centuries old.

Wales is peppered with wells that have been called “holy” because they were blessed or visited by a saintly person, but many of these, and many more besides, were considered to hold magical and transforming properties long before Christianity reached the shores of this dramatic country. Known rather frighteningly as cursing wells, these might have been elaborately excavated and walled constructions, or a simple spring bubbling forth from the hillside. Those wells that became renowned for their powers attained their own mythology, their own stories. A tale would spring up, born of some small incident, coincidence, or stroke of luck—good or ill. An ailing child would drink from the well and be returned to good health. A prosperous farmer would fall to ruin after carelessly washing his feet in the well pool. People saw an effect, they discerned a cause, and conclusions were drawn.

Of course, such power could not be left unguarded or unwielded. It was not uncommon for someone—often a lone, elderly woman with no family and no other means of support—to set themselves up as guardian of a well, harnessing the magic of the divine water. Even if they did not actually own it. These figures became known locally, and villagers and farmers would come to them asking for curses or cures to be made on their behalf. Such women—for most of them were female—kept their positions through a mixture of fear and respect. It was a dangerous post to take, for too much fear could start up cries of “witch!” and the consequences of that label are well documented.

I was drawn to the idea of the power of such a well continuing for hundreds of years, with legends surrounding it passed down from one generation to the next, their reputations growing and gaining more mystery with each passing decade. The region of Wales in which my book *The Winter Witch* is set is an open, wild place, with steep hills and high, bleak moorland. It is a place that breeds fierce people with fiercely argued views on life and fiercely held beliefs. It seemed to me to be exactly the sort of landscape that would breed witches. *Real* witches.

There is an innate human need to make sense of the seemingly inexplicable. People of all cultures have always striven to understand the mysterious workings of their world, and of themselves. As far as science provided answers it raised yet more questions, and however much it addressed “how?” it rarely seemed to give a satisfactory response to “why?” Belief filled in the gaps in knowledge. Whether founded in religion or superstition, the idea of some otherworldly force influencing, or even deciding, the fortunes of us all has been a powerful and enduring concept. And one that many have manipulated for their own purposes. Cursing wells gave that idea a tangible form. It gave those who would use their power a place and a material to work with.

I’ve explored these notions in this short story. You will also find here an extract from an essay by Reverend Elias Owen, written in 1887, detailing from a contemporary viewpoint the way wells and their powers were used. I wonder what the good reverend would have made of *The Witches of the Blue Well*?

—Paula Brackston

---

## The Witches of the Blue Well

---

That was the summer we watched a star fall from the heavens. Not everyone in the village saw it, but those of us who did knew that it meant something. Something important. The men were certain of foretold war, but Mam said men liked to speak of battles to show they weren't afraid. Gwynnie said it meant she would find her one true love, but then she was fifteen and beautiful, and wanted a husband. She told me I couldn't understand because I was only twelve.

Our grandmother was the one who really knew what that special star meant. "How can you tell, *Mamgi*?" I asked her, sitting by the hearth, legs curled beneath me, the rushes on the floor tickling my bare feet. The night-dark of the inside of our longhouse had shrunk the world to the reach of the uneven firelight. "How can you know what it means?"

She looked at me hard, and was silent for such a long time I thought she'd fallen asleep with her eyes open, as she sometimes did. She liked to tease me, but on this occasion her face was serious, her voice solemn.

"We are each of us born to a purpose on this Earth, Ceri. Your father is a farmer. Your mother raises her children. Your sister will marry well."

"And me?"

"You, *cariad*, well..." She leaned forward in the creaking hazel chair and spoke in a whisper, words meant for my ears and none other. "You have the magic blood in you."

I felt excitement flutter in my belly. At last she had spoken aloud what she had only ever hinted at before. There were suddenly so many questions I wanted to ask that I could not choose one to begin with.

"You are like me, Ceridwen," she went on. "Like your namesake of legend." She nodded slowly, acknowledging the obvious truth of this, but I did not know what she meant, not truly.

"But, *Mamgi*, if I'm magic, too, why don't I know what the star means?"

"You are young yet. Still more a child than a woman," she said with a shrug.

I frowned at this. I was tired of being the baby of the family, tired of Gwynnie being treated like a grown-up and me having to trail behind her in everything. "I'm old enough," I said. "Old enough to know things."

"Oh, are you now?" *Mamgi* narrowed her eyes at me, settling back in her chair again. "Tell me the truth, if you're so grown, you tell me what that star means."

I tossed my head, as if the matter was casual, but then, as I started to think, as I started to recall the bright flash tearing through the velvet heavens, with its tail of fire burning a rainbow's arc in gold above us, something inside me shifted. I felt a change within me. I was no longer guessing, no longer bringing my childish imagination to bear on the question. Instead, I experienced a certainty, a calm *knowing* of what it signified. And that knowledge was heavy and unhappy, so that I was chilled to my bones by it. I shivered and shuffled nearer the fire, but the cold inside me would not be driven out by its earthly heat. Still watching the flames lick the dwindling logs I gave *Mamgi* my answer.

"It means hunger and hardship. There will be bad weather, and the crops will fail, and the beasts will not thrive, so that people will fade away for lack of food. Sickness will come and claim those already weakened. Many will die." The words came out of my mouth, but it was as if I did not see them myself. Rather they came through me. I turned to my grandmother again, my eyes full of tears and my heart full of fear. "Oh, *Mamgi*! What can we do to stop it?"

She shook her head sadly. "There is nothing to be done, *cariad*."

"Then what is the point of knowing? What use is it if we cannot help anyone with what we know?"

“That is for you to work out, Ceri,” she said softly. “Now, sit still and let an old woman sleep.”

I can still see her dozing, the soft shadows from the fire lifting the years from her craggy face, her gentle snores accompanied by the crackling of the logs and the moaning of the lonely wind trying to find its way into the house.

Not twelve months later the terrible prophecy had come true. First there was drought. Then came the cold rain that washed away half a summer and most of the harvest with it. That winter the stores failed and wasted before our eyes and nothing Dada or any other farmer of the village could do would save them. The rain turned to ice and snow, and the old and frail among us could not keep out the cold with empty bellies and were soon in the frozen ground. Even *Mamgi*'s magic was no match for nature's cruelty. Before she died she tried to teach me what she could, but I was not yet a woman and the magic wouldn't come. How I shook my fist against the heavy tread of time! *Mamgi* did not give up. She told me to be patient, that she would help me, but she grew iller faster than I could grow older, and she was so frail toward the end.

By the grey spring that followed, cottages stood deserted and there were not enough people to work the fields. Exhaustion offered up its victims to any passing ailment so that even the strong and the young began to fall. Dada lasted longer than most, but died on Easter morning. The fight went out of Mam then, and she called us to her deathbed one cheerless afternoon in May.

“You must leave this place,” she told us, her breath ragged. “There is a wickedness here that will not stop till it has claimed every last child.”

“But, Mam.” Gwynnie could not keep the fear from her voice. “Where would we go? This is our home.” Poor Gwyneth was so very altered. Her golden hair had lost its luster. Her cheeks had lost their bloom. Even the periwinkle blue of her eyes seemed to have faded.

Mam shook her head, too weary to argue or to dress her words nicely, “If you stay, it will become your grave.”

Gwynnie began to cry. Mam turned to me, taking my hand in hers. “Look after your sister, Ceri. You know you are the younger, but it is you who are the stronger. Take her far away from here, somewhere bright and sunny where she can be beautiful again. One day she will be able to repay you. Now she needs your strength. Your special strength, *cariad*.”

And so we left. We buried Mam next to Dada, and said good-bye to the only place we had ever known. We took with us just a small bundle each, for we had no horse to carry any belongings. Gwynnie had all but given up before we left, taking no interest in what lay ahead of us, not so much asking where it was we were bound for. I told her, all the same.

“We shall travel west and make our way to the sea,” I declared, with a deal more confidence than I felt. I knew we could not go east, for that would take us into England. The mountains to the north would defeat us before a week's walking was done. And I had heard tales of the wild men who lived to the south, who were lawless and Godless and would lick their lips at the sight of two lost girls. All I knew about west was that if you continued far enough you would reach the ocean, and that it was full of fish for the taking, and we would not have to dig in the dark earth for turnips ever again, but could feast on all manner of wonderful food that the shining sea would give us.

We were fortunate, at least, to be making our way into the unknown in the summer months, so that the nights were warm enough to spend beneath the stars without chilling us, and the days were cheerily sunny. Even so, Gwynnie found our path arduous. She had spent so long without good food that even when I succeeded in snaring a rabbit or finding blackberries for us to eat she could only manage a mouthful or two. In the evenings we would sit by a little campfire and I would watch her staring into the flames and I knew I was losing her. For she had lost so much, so many people she loved and, there was no denying it, she had lost herself. She was no longer beautiful Gwynnie, faithful Gwynnie, Gwynnie who all the boys pined for. I could see she had already given up hope that she

would ever be that bonnie girl again. And if she wasn't her, then who was she? I tried to cheer her with thoughts of the future, thoughts of the sea, but nothing caught her interest.

"Oh, Ceri, what do we know of the sea?"

"I know it is full of fish," I told her.

"We don't have a boat, or even a net—how would we catch them?"

"I can catch trout in a stream; it cannot be so very different persuading fish from the seawater."

She simply sighed and shrugged and went back to gazing into the fire.

While we were traveling I did my best to try and summon the magic *Mamgi* had seen inside me. Only I could put it to use, to help Gwynnie, somehow. At night I would turn my face up to the heavens and close my eyes and bring all my will and mind to bear, but nothing happened. Not a leaf stirred, not a breeze got up, nor any sign at all that even the smallest drop of anything out of the ordinary was near.

We walked on for days that became weeks, until I stopped counting. What was the point in measuring things from a past that no longer existed? Instead, I took to asking people we met along the way how many days' journey there might be to the coast, so that I was counting toward something instead of away from it.

And as I walked I felt myself change. It was as if with each step I was moving further from being a child and closer to being an adult. One night, bathing my tired feet in a laughing stream, I was startled to see blood trickling down my leg. My own magic blood. What *Mamgi* told me she had been waiting for. The red droplets fell into the water, where they burst in a fleeting glimpse of pink before being washed away. The girl that set out from our village had gone and now a young woman stood in her place.

It was when we were fewer than five days short of our goal that Gwynnie started to cough badly, a deep rattle that shook her whole body. Four days off she had to keep pausing to catch her breath. We came upon a cottage and I knocked on the door to ask for bread, but the plump man looked down his broad nose at us and saw the state of us. Saw we were half starved. Saw my sister was sick. And he sent us away with the harsh words people use when they are afraid.

By the time we reached the top of the narrow valley beyond a high mountain pass I knew for certain I was watching my sister die. She had looked so poorly for so long that I had grown accustomed to the pallor of her skin, the pinched appearance of her features, the dark circles beneath her eyes, and the soft wheezing that accompanied each hard-won breath. But now there was something else. A subtle shift in the quality of her presence, as if her very soul were beginning to fade.

"Ceri, I can go no farther," she said, sitting heavily on a low stone wall to one side of the dirt trail.

"Don't fret, Gwynnie. We can rest here a while and press on tomorrow. When you are feeling better."

She shook her head. "No. I cannot go another mile. Another step. I shall stop here."

I wanted to argue with her. To grip her shoulders and shake her and tell her "Two more days! Only two more days' walking to the sea, Gwynnie, the beautiful shining sea!" But I knew it was of no use. It was cruel of fate, or God, or whatever it was to stop us so near to our salvation, but stop us it had, for she could not continue. She would never see the sunshine glinting off the bouncing waves of the ocean, nor taste the sweet food from the sea I had heard tell of. She would die by the side of the lonely road and all I could do was witness her passing and bury her body.

I heard the music of fresh water and found a little spring a short way from the path. I coaxed Gwynnie over to it and settled her down in the shade of the mossy bank behind it. As I fetched water from the pool in front of the spring I felt a curious vigor return to my weary limbs. I could smell on the faint aromas of wet mosses and damp ferns, but it was as if I was breathing in something potent. Something...wonderful. I took the few blankets and clothes out of our packs and made my sister



comfortable as I could before hurrying off to fetch firewood and set snares. I was becoming accustomed to our rootless, scavenging existence, and necessity had made a fair hunter of me. Within an hour I had a cheerful fire going, and rabbit with wild garlic and sage simmering in our old cooking pot. Though the food did not interest her, I believe the homeliness of our make-do outdoor hearth and the gentle tinkling of the spring soothed Gwynnie, so that she even managed to smile at my attempt to sweep stones from our little space.

“You might make someone a good wife after all, Ceri,” she told me.

“Huh!” I said. “Why would I want to run around after some man? I can look after myself.” And after all, hadn’t I proved that to be true?

We had just begun our meal when we were interrupted by the sound of uneven footsteps. I stood and peered into the gathering darkness to see an old woman emerge from the gloom. She was bent and weathered with age, and leaned heavily on a stick. Her pace was slow but, as she stepped forward in the firelight, I saw that her eyes were still quick and bright.

“Good evening to you, grandmother,” I said.

“What have we here?” Her voice was unpleasantly sharp and hoarse, as if she had spent a lifetime shouting and this was all the sound left her. “Two young maids all alone and far from home?” She moved closer still, stooping over Gwynnie to examine her more thoroughly, causing her to shrink away in fear.

“My sister is unwell,” I said.

“I have eyes to see that for myself, child.” She swung round suddenly and turned those eyes on me and now it was my turn to be afraid. There was such fire in them, such fearsome strength! It was all I could do not to take to my heels and run, but I could not desert Gwynnie. “Well then,” the old woman barked at me. “What have you done about it?”

“Forgive me... I don’t know what you mean?”

“You say your sister is ill, and you are right, so she is. Gravely ill. I asked you what you have done about it?”

“I... I have made her comfortable, built a fire, cooked her something to eat....”

“Yes... yes, I can see all that, too. Do you take me for a fool?”

“Why, no...”

“We will come to the matter of you helping yourself to *my* firewood, catching *my* rabbit, and drinking from *my* well presently....”

“*Your* well...?”

“For now, I want you to tell me what else it is you have done to cure your sister?”

“What else..?”

“Cease your echoing, child! It wearies me. If I wanted to hear every word I uttered repeated I could catch myself a jackdaw.”

Before I could speak again she prodded me hard in the ribs with her walking stick.

“What's the matter with you, *merched*? Don’t you love your sister?”

“I do love her, very much,” I insisted, finding a little anger at the suggestion I might not to give her courage.

“Well, then, why haven’t you used your magic to help her?”

I opened my mouth to form the word “magic” but stopped myself just in time. The old woman continued to study me with her bird-bright eyes, clearly waiting for a sensible response to what she considered a sensible question. And in that moment I was taken back to the way *Mamgi* would look at me. She had spoken so briefly of my magic blood, and we had been robbed of the time she needed to teach me, but she saw in me just what this old woman saw. There was no mistaking that look.

“I would if I was able,” I said as levelly as I could. “I don’t know how.”

She thought about this for a moment, seeming to weigh up possibilities in her mind. Behind her Gwynnie started up her harsh coughing and I went to her, putting my arm around her, feeling my head bruise at her suffering. I looked up at the old woman.

“Show me how to help her,” I begged. “Please, I’m sure you can if you have a mind to. Show me how to heal my sister. Before it is too late.”

“And what will you give me if I do?” she asked, folding her scrawny arms across her chest, leaning her weight through one elbow on her walking stick. It was only as the fire took hold of a fresh piece of an ash bough and the flames brightened that I noticed the stick was not actually touching the ground. Nor were the old woman’s rag-wrapped feet. She was, in fact, floating a short distance above the summer-dry earth, as casually and easily as if it were a thing everyone could do. My mouth dried, and I felt my head lighten, so that I struggled to keep my wits about me. This was no ordinary creature. This... creature... surely possessed real magic.

“You are welcome to our rabbit stew,” I offered.

“Ha! My rabbit, remember? Mind,” she sniffed the cooking pot, “it smells passably good. I might just take a bite.” So saying she picked up the wooden ladle and took the pot from the heat, setting herself down beside the fire. Without so much as offering us a mouthful, she greedily gobbled down the scalding stew, not pausing or looking up until she had eaten every last, herby drop. She dabbed her whiskery mouth with her skirt hem and sat back with a sigh. “That’s better,” she said. “You should never spell-cast when you are hungry. Do you know that, *merched*? Now, fetch me a cup of water from the well. Quickly, if you please.”

I felt my blood begin to boil. It wasn’t enough that the old witch should devour all our food, not leaving a spoonful for Gwynnie or me; now I must fetch her water! And yet I dared not show my anger. She was Gwyneth’s last hope, and I knew it.

I took the small wooden cup that was all we had by way of drinking vessels and filled it from the curiously blue, glossy water that bubbled out of the side of the hill and fell into the stone-ringed pool. This was not some deep hole in the ground requiring a bucket and rope. The mountain water spouted from the surface of the hillside at this very point, so that it naturally collected in the stone trough that had been constructed immediately below it. I cannot say whether it was fatigue or my inflamed imagination at that moment, but I recall hearing bells as I collected the water. High, distant, sweet chiming bells, the like of which I had never heard before. And once again my senses were freshened by the sweet air that seemed to bubble up from the water.

I returned to the old woman and handed her the cup. She took it from me, but instead of drinking as I had expected, she rose and stepped over to Gwynnie. With surprisingly fluid movements, she knelt beside her, lifted her chin, and bade her take a few sips. Next, she raised the cup and let a carefully judged amount trickle onto my sister’s upturned face. As the water fell, the crone set up an eerie chanting, the words of which were strange to me, and impossible to properly discern. She bathed Gwynnie’s hands in the remaining water, before standing once more. I saw that she had plucked a long, golden hair from Gwyneth’s head. With great care, and not a little ceremony, she took it to the well and held it high. Again she spoke in a tongue so curious and unknown it sent shivers through me, and as she raised her voice I heard the blessed bells once more, so that all the natural sounds of the night were shut out by their tolling and the crone’s chanting. All at once, she dropped the strand of hair into the water, and then set to spinning around, three times this way, three times that, three times this way again. She moved impossibly quickly for a person hobbled by such old, worn feet, but oh, how she did spin! To look at her was to feel dizzy. At last she stopped, a little out of breath. Without a word she picked up her walking stick, her movements stiff and halting once more, and turned her back on us, setting off along the path and into the night.

“Wait!” I called after her. “What should I do? You haven’t told me...what can I do?”

“Whatever your sister needs,” she called back.

~~Such an instruction seemed useless to me. I wanted to quiz her more but, with surprising swiftness~~ she was gone. Gwynnie had fallen into a deep sleep, but did not seem in anyway improved. What could the old woman have meant me to do? I knew no spells. And yet, she had seen something in me straightaway. I walked back to the well and stared into the pool, at a loss. I had to try. I could not stand and wait for the garbled words of a crone to cure my sister. Beneath the curious gaze of a barn owl crouched in a nearby rowan tree, with moonshadows slanting across the hillside, I stripped off my ragged clothes and climbed into the well pool. The shock of the cold water made me gasp and caused my teeth to start up chattering but, slowly, as I lowered my body into the water until it was completely submerged, I started to feel the healing power of the well. I felt the grime of miles rinsed from my skin. I felt the fatigue from climbing steep inclines and sleeping in stoney beds eased from my muscles. I felt the gnawing ache of hunger flushed from my stomach, and the heavy sadness of loss washed from my heart. I felt healed. I felt renewed. Strength coursed through my limbs. Clarity awakened my mind. Hope swelled my soul. These were wondrous waters indeed!

I climbed out, dressed myself, and hurried back to where Gwyneth lay dozing fitfully. I laid my cool hand on her feverish brow.

“You will be well, Gwynnie!” I told her, and I meant it with all my heart and soul. I closed my eyes and tried to recall the sound of the beautiful bells I had heard, and to bring to mind the strange words Old Mair had used. “You will be well!” I repeated. But I could hear the desperation in my own voice. When I opened my eyes and looked down, Gwynnie remained unchanged. Unhealed. Unhelped. I had achieved nothing.

I had just stoked the fire and wrapped Gwynnie in another blanket when more footsteps broke in on our quiet camp. These were heavy and determined, and our firelight revealed them as belonging to two men. The first was quite aged, his face wearing the weather of years, his hat covering sparse grey hair that bushed out in sideburns on his cheeks. The second was a young man, the grandson of the first, judging by the likeness between the two, and quite pleasant to look at. The older man held up the lantern he had with him and squinted down at us. I stood up, making myself appear as strong and as grown up as I could. Gwynnie was near asleep and only whimpered softly at the disturbance.

“We have business with Old Mair,” he said. “Where is she?”

There was something about his tone, about the set of his jaw and the planting of his booted feet that I did not care for.

“I don't know anyone of that name,” I told him. “We are passing through on our way to the coast.”

He peered down at Gwynnie, holding his lamp forward, so that its russet light found her dear face. The boy gasped. His grandparent merely frowned.

“The maid has a sickness. We don't want anyone bringing sickness here.”

“We will be on our way in the morning.”

He looked as if he did not believe me, and indeed, I knew myself to be a liar, for Gwynnie would not be well enough to travel in a few hours. Whatever magic the old woman thought she had worked, I could see no change in her yet.

“You keep away from the village, mind.” He took a step nearer. “We've troubles of our own without you bringing yours to our doorstep.”

For a minute I thought he might haul Gwyneth to her feet, weak as she was, and send us packing then and there. Whatever he had planned he was stopped by a large white owl that suddenly swooped low, flying between us and the men, pushing them back with its swift, unexpected movement.

“The child will do you no harm, Prosser.”

None of us had heard the old woman return, but there she was, appeared as if transported like a leaf on a breeze and set down behind the men. They wheeled about at the sound of her voice and took

step backward. It was clear to me then that the older man's bluster was born of fear.

"Well." Old Mair leaned crookedly on her stick, her head on one side, a small smile tugging at the corners of her thin lips. "Wasn't it me you wanted?"

The older man cleared his throat noisily. "You know why we've come," he told her. "My cattle are sick, and it is your doing. Your wickedness is making them ill and will ruin me if it is not stopped. The reddening of his face was evident even in the patchy light of our camp.

Old Mair threw back her head and laughed. It was not a petty sound, and the toothlessness of her mouth was not a pretty sight, but there was great strength in that laughter. And what puzzled me was that, in that instant, I envied her. Envied her that confidence, that lack of fear. It was as if she *knew* these men could not hurt her. She *knew*, frail and brittle as her bones must have been, that *she* was the strong one. *She* was the one who should be feared.

"And why would I want to bother with your scruffy beasts, Prosser?" she asked. "What makes you think I would waste my time in such a manner?"

"Evans the Bryn paid you to do it, I know he did. He's always been jealous of my herd. He wants me out of the valley so he can ask what he wants for his stock. He came to you, no use denying it. The man wagged a finger at her, though he had not courage enough to shake a fist. "You took his money and used that well of yours to curse my cattle, and I'm telling you, you have to make it stop, do you see? You have to lift the curse, right this minute, or..."

"... or *what*?" She stood firm, waiting for an answer.

The younger man looked from the old woman to his grandfather and back, sensing there might be a need for his youth and vigor, but having not the slightest idea of how he might use it. At that moment Gwynnie set up coughing again and I hurried to help her sit. The young man was clearly moved by the sight of her suffering and I could see he was torn between offering help and assisting his grandfather. Gwynnie opened her eyes and saw the handsome youngster looking down at her and, for the first time in weeks, I saw her eyes brighten, just the tiniest bit.

Prosser was stamping his foot in frustration. "*Duw*, woman, what will it take to make you see sense? My cattle are not the only ones sick, mind. If our stock start dying people will blame you. You will be driven out, well or no well. We'll not stand by and see our livelihoods brought to ruin by your wickedness."

"Get away with you!" Old Mair dismissed him with a wave of her stick. "Picking on a lonely old woman, for shame. If your beasts are ailing it will be because you are a poor stockman, and that's the only curse that's on them. I daresay that poor wife of yours suffers from the same tender care likewise."

Prosser snatched his hat from his head but thought better of arguing further. He yelled at his boys to follow, ignoring the young man's pleas that they do something for Gwynnie, and the two strode off down the hill path and out of sight.

"They will come back," I muttered. "They will come back in the morning, won't they?"

"Fools!" Old Mair spat onto the path and moved to sit near the fire. "They speak from fear and greed. Such things are what drives a man like Prosser."

"Is he well thought of? Will others follow him, do you think?"

Mair took a worn clay pipe from under her shawl and pulled a spill from the fire to light it. She was in no hurry to reply to me, but took her time working up a deal of puffing smoke and settling herself comfortably. When at last she spoke it was not to answer my question.

"You have been in the well, *merched*. Don't try to deny it." she pointed at me with her pipe. "I can see the change in you."

I sat down and folded my arms, too weary to mask my own frustration. "Then you see more than I do."

"You felt nothing?"

I hesitated. "What I felt has not altered what I am."

"Ha! You are as foolish as old Prosser if you think that!"

"I am not!"

"Then help your sister before it is too late."

"Do you think I have not tried?" I raised my arms and then let them fall back into my lap, the gesture giving away just how defeated I felt. "I *have* tried, but I cannot do anything to help her."

Old Mair sucked some more on her pipe for a few moments and then, wordlessly, leaned forward and put her hand into the fire. To my astonishment, she plucked a burning stick from the flames and held it up. She was not holding a cool, unburnt length of the wood, but had wrapped her hand around the burning branch, so that orange tongues of fire curled out between her fingers! Yet she appeared neither to burn nor to suffer pain. Then, casually, she tossed the stick back into the campfire.

"You do it," she told me, as if she were asking me to do nothing more difficult than pick up a spoon from a table.

I opened my mouth to protest at such an impossible task, but her expression silenced me. And somewhere, far, far off, I could hear that sweet celestial chiming once again. I leaned forward, my heart thudding as I reached out toward the fire. At first the heat felt unbearable, the closer my hand got to the flames, and I swear I could hear the hairs on my skin singe. But then, just as I thought I could stand the heat no longer, it ceased to reach me. I was able to pick up a blazing twig, just as Mair had done, flames licking my palm and engulfing my fingers, and yet I was not burned. I was not burned! I lifted the stick high, gazing at it, making myself see what I knew was proof, proof of what I *could* do. Of what *might* be possible.

And then the pain began. With a shriek I dropped the wood and leapt to my feet. My scorched skin was in agony. As I rushed to the well to thrust my hand into the water I could hear Mair laughing.

"My hand!" I gasped. "I don't see that my suffering is anything to laugh at," I snapped back at the maddening old woman.

"You will learn. You will get better at what it is you have to do, *merched*. You think such gifts come easy to a person?"

"Gifts? Curse, more like," I said, gradually feeling my breathing return to a more normal rhythm as the cool water soothed and eased the burn. And, amazingly, continued to soothe and ease the burn until it had stopped altogether. When at last I dared draw my hand from the pool and examine it I found not a mark. Nothing. My hand was as good as it had been before I took the stick from the fire.

"Look!" I cried, turning to show Mair. "Look at my hand..."

But she had gone.

That night I feared I would lose dear Gwyneth. She fought for each breath and sweat beaded her pale brow. I kept the fire going all through those long hours, but still she shivered, even as perspiration damped her clothes. It wasn't until dawn lifted night from the distant horizon that she slept peacefully. I stepped wearily over to the well and leaned over the low stone wall. My faithful reflection gazed back at me. If the old crone had any magic, she did not seem to have succeeded in using it on Gwynnie. Perhaps all she was capable of was parlor tricks and gibberish and playing on people's fears. She saw magic in me, but what use was it if I could not bring it forth? If it lay sleeping inside me it may as well not have been there, for it was at that moment I needed it. At that moment Gwyneth needed it.

I dipped my hand into the blue, silky water, disturbing my reflection so that it rippled and danced. To my astonishment, as I watched, instead of settling into a dark mirror of my face, the reflection reformed into someone quite different! The image that looked back at me was of a woman, full grown, with flowing black hair and dark, fierce eyes. She was not beautiful, but she was handsome and strong, and wonderful. I gasped, but this new reflection did not gasp, instead she whispered

Whispered words in that same foreign tongue that I had heard Old Mair use. And though I did not know the language, I somehow understood what the apparition was telling me. It was as though her words were not so much falling on my ear as being laid down directly onto my mind. And oh, what she told me! She told me that I was brave, and strong, and had nothing to fear. She told me that I would soon know my destiny, and that it was something marvelous. She told me that I need only have courage, and have faith in myself, in my own abilities, and that the magic waters of the well would work through me and me through them. If I only believed, all would be as I wanted it to be.

And then the wonderful face vanished, and I felt its loss keenly, snatching at the water as if to catch that bewitching woman and bring her back. But she had gone, and only my own careworn reflection peered up at me. I shook my head, wondering if my mind was tricking me for lack of sleep. Behind me Gwynnie slept on, but her breathing was uneven and thin, and I feared it was a slumber from which she might never awake.

What point is there in magic if we are afraid to use it?

By the time I returned to sit beside my dear sister, the sun had freed itself from the top of the easternmost hill and was sitting fatly in a clear sky. Still, Gwynnie did not stir. I lay down next to her and pulled her close to me, resisting the tears that threatened to fall.

“Oh, please wake up, Gwynnie!” I whispered into her hair. Her only response was the shallow wheezing breath that fought its way in and out of her frail body. At last I could be strong no longer and I gave way to weeping, holding her close, so that we were both soon soaked in salty tears. Exhausted, I fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

When I awoke the sun was high and the day warm. I sat up, drowsy and muddle-headed, to find Gwyneth was no longer in my arms. I turned in panic to see her sitting on the wall of the well, combing her hair. I rubbed my unreliable eyes, but it was true. There she sat, clean and bright, her hair having regained its shine, her skin glowing, clearly restored to good health.

“Gwynnie!” I cried, leaping to my feet and hurrying to embrace her. “You are well! You are cured!”

“I am hungry,” she said laughingly. “I thought you might sleep all day and I would have to find a rabbit myself.”

“The old woman,” I started to gabble, “Old Mair...her spells must have worked. She used the water from the blue well, and she...said words... And then *I* tried. I bathed in the well, and...’

“You have been sleeping in the sun too long,” Gwynnie shook her head. “I don’t know what you’re talking about. No old woman cured me with a spell.”

“Your sister is right.” We both jumped at the sound of Mair’s voice. Yet again she had appeared without so much as her soft footsteps to herald her arrival. “I did not cure her,” she went on, fixing me with her disturbing gaze. “’Twas you that did that, *merched*.”

“Me? But, no, I tried to help Gwynnie, but nothing happened.”

“Didn’t it? Are you certain about that?” she asked.

“You were the one who cast a spell.”

“I did, but your sister was sorely afflicted. My magic only kept her alive long enough for you to save her.”

“I tell you, I did nothing. I... I saw something, someone, in the well. I heard...words.” I hesitated, hoping for some explanation from Mair, to help me make sense of what I recalled, but none came. “And then I tried, I tried to use my magic to help Gwynnie, but it wouldn’t work. She would not wake up.”

“So what did you do next?”

“I lay down with her, and held her, and fell asleep.”

“*Before* you fell asleep.”

“Before...?”

Mair shook her head and tutted loudly. "Have you such a short memory, *merched*? You wept, didn't you? You wept, and your tears fell onto your sister, see?"

"You are telling me my tears hold magic?"

"Tears wept for love, true tears, mind, well, a witch has no stronger magic in her."

"Witch! Oh, no, don't call me that."

"You came here a girl with magic in you, just a *ferch hud*. Then the water saw you, and it took you in, and now you belong to it. Now you are a witch. Still a beginner, mind. But you'll get better with practice."

I was searching my mind, recalling the events of the early morning, the bells chiming, the wonderful face in the water, of my faltering efforts at magic, struggling to understand what she was saying, when into my thoughts came the sounds of horses and people on foot approaching. The next minute a small crowd came bustling along the path. At their head was farmer Prosser and his grandson, but this time they had brought a dozen or so villagers with them. The group gave off a whiff of anger and of fear. Old Mair stood firm beside us, walking stick in hand. Gwynnie sensed danger and slipped from the wall to stand with me.

"You're to come with us, Old Mair," Prosser said. "If you won't lift the curse from our cattle you will have to answer to the magistrate."

"I told you yesterday, Prosser, I've not cursed your cattle," said Mair.

"They sicken for no reason!" he was shouting now. "And there's others in the village whose stock are going the same way." At this there were cries of agreement from some of the villagers in the crowd.

It didn't seem right to me. Why should they all gang up on a lonely old woman like this? It wasn't fair they held her to blame. As far as I could tell, if she was capable of magic it was of the healing kind, the way she had done her best to help Gwyneth.

"You've no proof Mair has done anything wrong," I said as firmly as I could. "Leave her be."

Prosser turned his ugly face on me then. "What has this to do with you, girl? And why aren't you gone from here, like you said you would be, with your ailing sister?"

"She's not ailing no more, *Tadci*," his grandson pointed out. "Look at her now. Just look at her!"

All eyes fell on Gwynnie. She looked as if she had never had a day's illness in her life. In fact, I had never seen her look more lovely. There was a shocked cry from the back of the throng, and I recognized the man from the cottage whose door I had knocked on to ask for help a few days back.

"I saw them last Saturday! Came to my house, they did, asking for food, and that girl looked so poorly. She looked to have a disease. Sent them away, I did, for fear they would bring us all down with their affliction. Yet now she is cured."

"Tis magic!" shouted a stout woman.

"Tis the devil's work!" cried another, and the whole mob took up shouting and waving their fists, accusing first Mair and then me. I felt panic rising like bile inside me. Maybe it was Mair who healed Gwynnie, maybe it was me, maybe it was both of us—whatever the truth of it I couldn't see how either of us could stand up to such a fierce knot of hatred as stood in front of us.

Well then, I thought, if I *had* healed Gwyneth, perhaps I could heal Prosser's cattle. Quickly, before he could resist me, I stepped forward and snatched some cow hairs from the farmer's jacket. Leaning over the silky water of the well pool I scattered the hairs onto the surface, muttering a hopeful prayer that the beasts be cured and thrive. I tried to bring to mind and repeat some of the strange words I had heard Mair use. The coarse black strands spun faster and faster until they sank into the pool, swallowed up by the glossy blueness. I was aware of a pressure upon my ears, and could feel the beating of my heart echoing through me, and through the water. And all I could do was hope. Hope that I had done something. Something strong. Something good. Something magical. I straightened up

and looked Prosser squarely in the eye.

~~“Go home and see to your stock, Farmer Prosser,” I told him. “I promise you will find them well with sleek coats and bright eyes. If you do not find them so, you can come back and claim me for the magistrate.”~~

Then, calm as ever you like, Gwyneth stepped forward. One hand twirling her golden hair around her fingers, the other she stretched out toward farmer Prosser’s handsome grandson. “There is nothing to be afraid of here,” she told them. “Imagine, a big strong boy like you frightened of two young girls and a feeble old woman.” She smiled as she reached forward and took the youth’s hand in her own. The second she touched him his face lit up with delight, and he smiled broadly.

“Well, *Tadci*, she’s right. ’Tis silly of us...we should be glad to see a person in such good health. How could anyone so...lovely...do us any harm?”

There was a murmuring and a deal of fidgeting behind him as others shuffled forward for a better view. All who saw Gwynnie were enchanted by her, and I thought then that she was working her own special kind of magic. But the farmer was not to be so swiftly convinced that all was well. I sensed too, that he did not care to have the wind so quickly taken from his sails. Hadn’t he led the villagers here, striding unafraid in front of them? He would not be so easily robbed of his prize.

“Old Mair will come with us,” he insisted, holding up his hand to silence his son’s protest. “I shall not take my instructions from a ragamuffin girl. The crone will bide in the village jail till the magistrate arrives.”

“Or until your cattle are cured.” I stated the bargain there and then, baldly offering them what they wanted, but what they could not be seen to want. After all, they had come for Mair because of his curses, would it be right, would it be godly, to let her go because of a curse lifted by more magic? There was a chance they might throw me in their filthy little prison, too. But I doubted it. There was no reverend here to chastise them if they chose to let me come to their aid. Their fear of damnation was real, but it came second to their fear of a winter without food. Prosser did not give me an answer beyond a grunt, as he and a fellow villager stepped forward to take hold of Mair.

“You’ve no cause to put your hands on me,” she said. “Where is your proof? There is no case for me to answer, save your own bad stockmanship and foolish fear.”

“That’s for the magistrate to decide,” Prosser told her, nodding at the other men. She may have been old and brittle, but it took three of them to drag Mair away, and she could be heard protesting even when they were no longer in sight.

I watched them go, feeling helpless and weak. For an hour after they had disappeared along the stony path I paced this way and that, fretting about what I should do.

“We should leave,” Gwynnie said. “No good can come of going into the village. They will not listen to us, Ceri. We should be thankful I am well again. Make the best of it. Go on our way.”

But I knew I could not leave Mair to the mercy of the magistrate. What if my cure for Prosser’s cattle failed? I knew Gwynnie would have died without the old woman’s help.

“You are probably right,” I told my sister, choosing my words with care. “We should pack up our things and be gone. Even so,” I added slowly, as an afterthought, “it seems a pity for you not to set your eyes on Prosser’s grandson one last time. Strikes me he looked at you fondly.”

“Oh, do you believe so?” Without knowing she was doing it, Gwynnie began to twirl a lock of her golden hair around her finger.

“We could perhaps walk back as far as the farm. Maybe we could see him without getting in Prosser’s way. And I could see if the cattle are returned to good health.”

“And then we’d come away? We wouldn’t put ourselves in the way of trouble, Ceri, you promise?”

I promised, and we set out. On the way we asked directions of a shepherd, so that we found the place easily enough. The farmstead was on the edge of the village. Opposite it stood the church, and



inn, and a cluster of cottages. Set a short way off was the low stone building with a grille gate which served as the jail. I could just make out Old Mair's crooked shape behind the bars.

With a strong sense of purpose I pushed through the gate of the small garden in front of the farmhouse and strode up to Prosser's front door.

Gwynnie was horrified.

"Ceri! What are you doing? You said we would stay quiet and not be seen...."

I had not lifted the brass knocker when Prosser's gruff voice barked from the yard over the garden wall.

"What do you think you are doing, *merched*?" he bellowed.

At once I felt unequal to the task. This man might be foolish, but this was his home. He had the advantage here. What was to stop him bundling me across the road to join Mair?

"My cattle do no better," he went on.

"It may be too soon...." I tried, but he cut me off.

"I know what a dying beast looks like! The heifers are off their feet, sitting in the field with no interest even in food. And my prize black bull is not long for this world. Come. See for yourself how the curse is still on him." He waved us round to the yard gate and we followed him across the cobblestones. Gwynnie looked daggers at me, but I stayed strong. I had to. Prosser led us to a stable of stone walls, the door of which was open. Inside, it took a moment for my eyes to brighten in the gloom, and then the poor ailing beast was revealed. The pitiful creature lay flat, its great bulk reduced to nothing more than a huge mound of meat, his ribs rising and falling with great shudders, as if each breath might be his last.

"Does that look cured to you?" Prosser demanded, and I heard the break in his voice.

I knelt beside the animal and stroked his curly-haired head. His eyes were open but dull, and his nostrils emitted a foul stench. Where was my magic? Where was the healing I had sent? Was it all just wishful thinking? Was it all just vanity and hope? But then I reminded myself of Gwynnie's recovery. I must have had a hand in that, surely? Mair believed so. And hadn't I held that burning stick? And hadn't my scorched skin been healed in the well? I could try, then and there, once more. I knew that to be seen to try again, and to fail again, would make our situation even worse. To try was dangerous. But to try I must.

I closed my eyes. I summoned in my head a clear picture of the well, of the pool, of that wonderful face reflected and shining. I filled my mind with the words and sounds that had come to me then. I made myself believe. I made myself *know* that I could do it. The magic was in me, and I *could* use it. I must!

At last, quite exhausted from the effort of the attempt, I opened my eyes. The bull suddenly fidgeted, his eyes bulged, and his hooves flailed frantically and without purpose. He did not get up. He was not recovering. I was watching him die. Tears of fury and despair filled my eyes.

"Oh, you poor creature!" I whispered to him. "I am sorry." And as I spoke I fell to weeping and my tears dropped onto the dense black coat which covered the bull's brow. He lay still then, completely still, his chest no longer working like bellows, his eyes sightless.

Behind me, Prosser said what all of us knew. "He's done for."

I climbed unsteadily to my feet, not bothering to brush the fetid straw from my skirts. The stable was filled with such a heavy silence I wondered how any of us could stand beneath it. And then, just when all hope was lost, the bull's nose twitched. Twitched as if it were being tickled. Then one eye flicked as if bothered by flies. Then his tufty tail swished. And then, with one almighty movement, and with speed to shock us from our torpor, the great beast wriggled and lifted his head and hauled himself to his feet. We stared at him, and he stared back, before uttering a tremendous bellow that set us all back on our heels.

“Look at him now!” gasped Gwynnie. “Look at him.”

Farmer Prosser stepped forward, cautious and bemused. He pushed his hat back on his head and scratched his brow. He reached out a hand and the bull licked it, its thick pink tongue bigger even than the farmer’s broad fist.

“Well, *Duw*,” said Prosser. “He’s hungry. I do believe he’s hungry!”

Outside the stable, once we had all got over our amazement, I struck a proper bargain with the bewildered farmer. He would let Mair go, she could return with us to the well, and she would not be troubled more. And if ever his stock fell sick again he could call upon me for a cure. Prosser was so delighted to see his precious beast on its feet and returned to good health, I believe he would have agreed to just about anything. He fetched the key to the jail and released Mair, not stopping to talk to us further, he was in such a hurry to spread the word of the recovery of his bull.

We watched him go. Gwynnie slipped her arm through mine. Old Mair pointed at Prosser with his stick.

“He is a fortunate farmer indeed,” she said. “If t’were left to me I might have seen the silvers beggar’s beasts rot!” She gave a shriek of gleeful laughter, and it was hard not to join in.

\*\*\*

All of Prosser’s cattle were cured. So were the other livestock in the village. They fattened and thrived quicker than any had been seen to do before them. I did not need to weep upon them, for I had learned to *believe* in my magic. I had learned to have faith, in myself and in the power of the well. Doubt had held me back, and now belief propelled me forward to become what I was meant to be.

And Gwyneth completed her conquest of young Dafydd Prosser’s heart. The two were married, and the family was so prosperous Gwynnie had them build a fine farmhouse, just nearby the well, and she named it *Ffynnon Las*, after the blue of the water in the spring.

And I kept my promise. I used my magic as best I could to help the villagers, not just the farmer and their animals, but the people as well. Slowly, they started to come to me, to seek my help, and the help of the well. They came in all shapes and for all reasons—the barren wife, the lovelorn youth, the pain-wracked old man, the shepherd whose flock wasn’t doing well, the schoolmaster whose eyes were failing, the miller troubled by mice.

Nobody bothered Old Mair after that, and she was allowed to stay in her tiny croft above the well, taking coins for cures from travelers who pass by. And when all is quiet and there is no one to disturb us, we sit by the fire next to the water and speak of magic, and of how we will set our spells and wisdom down in a great book one day, a *grimoire*, so that other witches may learn from it. Other witches who settle here to be close to the magic water many years from now, long after I am gone.

I decided against going to live on the coast. Oh, I take trips, mind, with Gwyneth in her smart gig, so that we both get to see the shining sea, and eat fish fresh caught and tasting of the endless ocean. But I found where I belong. Mair showed me what I was capable of. It was she who had directed me to use the well, because she had seen in me the same spark of magic *Mamgi* had noticed all that long time before. And now I sit on the well wall looking at the fine stone house love built for Gwyneth, and I listen to those sweet bells chiming, and I feel the magic blood singing in my veins and, now I am grown, when I look at my reflection in the water I see that strong, wild woman looking back at me each and every time. For the well took in my past and showed me my future, and now I am becoming what I was always meant to be, a true and powerful witch of the Blue Well.

## From the Author's Camera

---

This is Ffynnon Maen-Du, in Brecon. Thought to be an ancient “cursing” well, known for accommodating the wishes of lovesick maidens, located not very far from my own home! It has a very ancient design, with an inscription made during a renovation dated 1754. There is a channel running from it to a pretty bathing pool with marsh marigolds and irises fringing its edges.





*The following is an excerpt from [Welsh Folk Lore: A Collection of the Folk-Tales and Legends of North Wales](#), written in 1886 by the Reverend Elias Owen, and taken from the collection of Project Gutenberg ([www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org)), where it is available in its entirety.*

## Witches and Conjurors

---

From and before the days of King Saul, to the present moment, witches have held dreaded sway over the affairs of man. Cruel laws have been promulgated against them, they have been murdered by credulous and infuriated mobs, they have lost their lives after legal trial, but still, witches have lived on through the dark days of ignorance, and even in these days of light and learning they have the votaries. There must be something in the human constitution peculiarly adapted to the exercise of witchcraft, or it could not have lived so long, nor could it have been so universal, as it undoubtedly is, unless men lent themselves willingly to its impositions.

It is curious to notice how good and enlightened men have clung to a belief in witchcraft. It is consequently, not to be wondered at that the common people placed faith in witches and conjurors when their superiors in learning professed a like faith.

I have often spoken to intelligent men, who did not scruple to confess that they believed in witches and conjurors, and they adduced instances to prove that their faith had a foundation in fact.

Almost up to our days, the farmer who lost anything valuable consulted a conjuror, and vowed vengeance on the culprit if it were not restored by such and such a time, and invariably the stolen property was returned to its owner before the specified period had expired. As detectives, the conjurors, therefore, occupied a well-defined and useful place in rural morality, and witches, too, were indirectly teachers of charity, for no farm wife would refuse refreshments to the destitute lest vengeance should overtake her. In this way the deserving beggar obtained needed assistance from motives of self-preservation from benefactors whose fears made them charitable.

But, if these benefits were derived from a false faith, the evils attending that faith were nevertheless most disastrous to the community at large, and many inhuman Acts were passed in various reigns to eradicate witchcraft. From the wording of these Acts it will be seen what witches were credited with doing.

An Act passed 33 Henry VIII. Adjudged all witchcraft and sorcery to be felony. A like Act was passed 1 James, c.12, and also in the reign of Philip and Mary. The following is an extract:

All persons who shall practise invocation, or conjuration, of wicked spirits, any witchcraft, enchantment, charm, or sorcery, whereby any person shall happen to be killed, or destroyed, shall, with their aiders, and abettors, be accounted felons, without benefit of clergy; and all persons practising any witchcraft, etc., whereby any persons shall happen to be wasted, or impaired, shall, with their counsellors, and aiders, suffer for the first offence one year's imprisonment and the pillory, and for the second the punishment of felony without the clergy.... If any person shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed, or reward any evil or wicked spirit, or *take up any dead man, woman, or child out of his, her, or their grave*; or the skin, bone, or any other part of any dead person to be employed in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment, etc., *he shall suffer death as a felon, without benefit of clergy.*

The law of James I. was repealed in George II's reign, but even then persons pretending to use witchcraft, tell fortunes, or discover stolen goods, by skill in the occult sciences, were to be punished by a year's imprisonment; and by an Act 5 George IV., c.83, any persons using any subtle art, means, or device, by palmistry, or otherwise, to deceive his Majesty's subjects, were to be deemed rogues and vagabonds, and to be punished with imprisonment and hard labour.

Acts of Parliament did not succeed in eradicating witchcraft. Its power has waned, but it still

exercises an influence, shadowy though it be, on certain minds, though in its grosser forms it has disappeared.

---

Formerly, ailments of all kinds, and misfortunes of every description, were ascribed to the malignant influence of some old decrepit female, and it was believed that nature's laws could be changed by these witches, that they could at will produce tempests to destroy the produce of the earth and strike with sickness those who had incurred their displeasure.

**Turn the page for a sneak peek of Paula Brackston's new novel:**

---

***The Winter Witch***

**on sale 1/29/2013**



- [download A Christmas Carol and Other Stories \(Modern Library\) here](#)
- [Spain for the sovereigns \[Isabella and Ferdinand Trilogy Book 2\] book](#)
- [read online Cooking with Chocolate: The Best Recipes and Tips from a Master Pastry Chef](#)
- [read online How Does One Cut a Triangle?](#)
  
- <http://metromekanik.com/ebooks/South-Park-and-Philosophy--Bigger--Longer--and-More-Penetrating--Popular-Culture-and-Philosophy-.pdf>
- <http://tuscalaural.com/library/The-Arts-Therapies--A-Revolution-in-Healthcare.pdf>
- <http://tuscalaural.com/library/Cooking-with-Chocolate--The-Best-Recipes-and-Tips-from-a-Master-Pastry-Chef.pdf>
- <http://thewun.org/?library/How-Does-One-Cut-a-Triangle-.pdf>