Ringforts, Moats and Fairies

ODDS AND ENDS

by Madge Sugach

There was a whitehorn near the farm, and on one of the last nights of autumn it became common, things about the farm. It was just outside the town, and the people there were afraid to interfere with it because they knew what the whitehorns were. People said they would not forget the night it came and lived in the kitchen, and the children would not go to bed until they saw the whitehorn. It was a good sign if the whitehorn was there, but if it was not, people were sure something bad was going to happen.

I was a little girl when I first saw a whitehorn. My mother told me it was a way of the old folk, and that they knew what the whitehorns meant. She said they were like fairies, and that if you were good, they would come to your house and dance in the kitchen. If you were bad, they would come and take you away. My mother used to sing me a song about the whitehorns, and I used to think they were real fairies. But then I grew up and learned that they were just part of the way people used to think about things. Even though I don't believe in fairies now, I still think there is something special about a whitehorn.