

An old woman, in a red shawl, atop a dismembered tree trunk.

GRANNY. Witch grass and yarrow, mastic and nettle . . .

Brook the privy marks along your feet, my dear. There are men for whom a girl in white poulaines will not, and never will, beguile . . .

Not where these trees grow.

Men for whom your legs and toes, your rump and flews, savage ankle, muzzle, dock –
Watch the bracken with that bread, my dear!

Poor granny with her famished paunch won't last for long.

Wear your veil inside out, and crucifix the loaf, my dear. Some cherry on your lips will mark you out as more than meat.

And don't forget to bring the wine. Something red, to tie men's tongues and seize their feet.

They will swallow a half-grown girl for lunch.

But look! There!

A farmer's arse? Pissing a circle round a pile of clothes. Slender ribs and sloping back.
Hairy hands and mighty teeth. Feel the bristles grow beneath his tongue . . .

The breath of a wolf, my dear, will cook the rawest meat.

Sound of knocking.

What's that? A slut who eats her granny's teeth?

Sound of knocking.

Well, pull the peg and come on in.

Soft. No sound. See his yellow eyes alight in yours, and granny's blood on eager claws.

But what big eyes and tiny amber toes you have . . . what thick wine on tender saffron lips. All the better to throw your hose and bodice on the floor, my dear.

For by my teeth, the girl will truly taste the wolf.