

## SCENE 7

*The Common by the Witch's house. Pompitie arrives at last, entering from the left. The Witch is standing there beating a rug. Pompitie approaches reluctantly. He is very frightened and distressed.*

Wutch:           *(Seeing Pompitie)* Wha is this Ah wunner?

*(She beckons)* Cum here, Son! The'r naething ti be feart for.

*(Peering at him)* Govie Dick, if it's no Pompitie! This is a surprise veisit, Pompitie. Whitna unexpekkit pleisir!

*(Pompitie opens his mouth to speak, then closes it)*

Wha wul finnd for me the braw needle Ah selt til the Broun Ogre this mornin for ti mend his verra best dream? The needle he gaed an tint on the Gress Common----

*(The Needle goes prick-prick. Pompitie jumps about in pain)*

Pompitie:       Yow-ow-ow-wow---! Ye-ee—ow!

Wutch:           Whit ails ye, Pompitie? Ir ye giein me a bonnie wee sang? Ye keep lowpin about. Ye'r lyke a hen on a het girdil.

*(The Needle goes prick-prick again. Pompitie continues to jump about)*

Wutch:           Ye'r no wantin the duffie, ir ye? It's roond ahint i the stick houss.

Pompitie:       A-A-Ah im awricht the-nou, Wutch.

Needle:          Juist you say, "Here it is!"  
*(The Needle goes prick-prick)*

Pompitie:       Ye-ee-ow---!

Needle:          Say it!

Pompitie:       *(Desperately)* Here it is, Wutch! Here is yeir needle stickin in ma coat! Here it is Wutch! Here it is!

*(The tramp-tramp of the Ogre is heard in the distance)*

Wutch:           *(Peering at the Needle)* Is that it? Ai, ma auld een is no whit they war. They'r that bleirie whyles.

Michtie me, sae it is! That's it, richt aneuch. Whaur did ye finnd it?

Pompitie:       It wes stickin in a puddok stuil no ferr frae yeir houss.

Wutch: But Mercie, afore Ah can tak it oot yeir jaiket, Ah maun finnd a whyte feather an a green leaf.

*(At this, Pompitie gives a great leap of excitement)*

Pompitie: Here they ir, Wutch! Here they ir, baith, in ma bunnet an in ma jaiket! See, here they ir!

*(The Witch examines the feather and then the green leaf)*

Wutch: They'l dae the turn graund!

*(Then she grips the Needle and pulls it easily from Pompitie's coat. She is delighted)*

Is that no a braw needle?

Pompitie: *(Sighs with relief)* It's your needle, Wutch. Ah'm gled for ye ti hae it back.

Wutch: It wes rael guid o ye ti bring it back ti me, Pompitie. Ah tell ye whit it is, Pompitie, sum fowk wad juist hae keepit it ti thairsells, an never lat on.

Pompitie: Ah wesna gaun ti keep it. No me! Nae fears!

Wutch: Ah daursay no! the *Broun Ogre* wul be richt gled ti see it again, whitever. He's been sair missin his favorite dream, puir bodie.

Pompitie: Ah'm feart for him. Ye'l no tell him a haed it, wul ye?

Wutch: Ah'l no mention it, Pompitie!

*(Looking closely at him)* Losh, ye look that wabbitie, an worrit, an wabblie, an weepie, an waebegaen. Yeir face is aw begrutten! The Needle haesna been onie bather ti ye, haes it?

Pompitie: N-N-Na, n-nae bather, but Ah didna want ti keep it, kis it wesna mynes.

Wutch: Guid for you, Pompitie---! Guid for you---! Ye'r a guid lad. It's whyles a bit mischievius, an it lykes ti keep fowk richt, but it's a guid needle at hert. It lykes naething better nor ti dae fowk guid turns.

Pompitie: Daes it? Ah didna ken.

Wutch: Whyles it's inclyned ti gang owre the score wi weill-daein. It haes a strang sense o duty, ye see. Ah howp it haesna been up ti onie o its tricks?

Pompitie: N-N-Na, it didna dae oniething.

Wutch: Ah'm gled ti hear it.

Here, whit's that Ah see on yeir mou?

*(Pompitie puts his hand to his mouth)*

My, Ah can see whit ye haed for yeir denner!

Pompitie: Ah haena haen onie denner yit.

Wutch: *(Coyly)* It wes trekkil dumplin, wes it no?

Pompitie: Ah haed trekkil dumplin yestrein.

*(He wipes his mouth with his sleeve)*

Wutch: Dae ye never think ti gie yeir face a dicht?

Aweill, never heed!

As lang as ye enjoyed it---! That's the main thing!

*(Pompitie starts to move away)*

Haud on, Son! Ah hae a wee thing here for ye.

*(She takes a small piece of gray fluff from a pocket in her apron and sticks it in his shoe)*

You tak this, Pompitie, an it wul ease yeir dule!

Ah'm vext A haena a sweetie for ye ti souk.

Pompitie: Thank ye, Wutch! Thank ye!

*(The Witch groans and holds her thighs)*

Wutch: Ai, Pompitie, ma legs, ma auld legs---! Whyles they ir that waek an dwaible, Ah can haurlie ryse oot ma chair. Ah wush Ah coud rin aboot lyke you again.

Pompitie: But Wutch, can ye no gar yeirsell rin? It's easy. See---!

*(He tries to run himself, but soon gives up the attempt)*

Ah wad shaw ye, but Ah can haurlie walk masell the-day.

Ah daursay Ah wul can rin again the-morn.

Wutch: Rin---? Listen til him! It's as mukkil as Ah can dae thir days ti hirpil the length o the houss door.

Pompitie: Coud ye.....coud ye no cuist a spell on yeirsell?  
Coud ye no dae that, Wutch?

Wutch: Ai Pompitie, ma mannie, if ye onlie kent.

Pompitie: Coud ye no uise sum glaumerie for ti pit yeirsell richt?

Wutch: Glaumerie---? Whit div Ah ken about glaumerie? Ah dout, Pompitie,  
it's a new perr o legs Ah'm wantin!  
*(Pompitie turns from her door)*  
Ye soud cum an veisit me mair aften, Pompitie!  
Ah'm aw ma lane here, an Ah wearie whyles.  
Ah'm echtie year auld, ye ken – echtie year auld.  
It's a fair disgrace!  
Auld age disna cum its lane, Pompitie!  
Ah wearie whyles for young companie---  
For young fowk about me.

Pompitie: Div ye, Wutch? *(He looks astonished)*

Wutch: Ah wesna aye an auld wumman, Pompitie.  
Ye wadna ken nou, wad ye, at Ah wes aince a bonnie young lassie?  
Ah coud daff an link wi the best o thaim.

Pompitie: *(Wide-eyed)* Hae ye no aye been the wey ye ir nou?

Wutch: Deil a fears, Pompitie---! Gin ye coud see me the wey Ah wes whan  
Ah seivinteen year auld, Ah dout ye wad never ken me. But never  
heed, Pompitie. Ah hae haen ma day, an monie fowk haes haen waur  
lives nor me. Whyles Ah can git oot an hear the burds liltin an see the  
flouers.....an breathe the caller air.

Pompitie: Mistress, Ah'l hae ti gang hame nou.

Wutch: Sae ye wul, sae ye wul, but juist a meinit, Son. It's in ma mynd the'r a  
poke o taiblet on the drawers heid. Ir ye for a bit?  
  
*(Pompitie nods with interest. She enters the house and returns with a  
crumpled bag. Pompitie selects a substantial piece and pops it into his  
mouth)*

Pompitie: Thank ye, Wutch. That's grund taiblet. Coud Ah hae anither bit?  
Ye fairlie ken hou ti mak the guid taiblet.

Wutch: Pompitie, an Ah wes ti gie ye anither bit, Ah'd hae ti gie ye castor eyl, an ye michtna win hame wi a perr o clean breiks. Ye ken whit they aye say: "Bairns at gits taiblet gits eyl eftir".  
Ye wadna lyke that, wad ye?

Pompitie: Na! Nae fears---

Wutch: Ye can hae anither bit, the neist tyme ye cum ti see me.

*(Pompitie looks interested)*

Wutch: Awricht, Pompitie, Cheerio, Son!  
Cum back an see me again suin, an bring a frein wi ye!

Pompitie: Ah dinna ken---Ah'm no aften this wey.

Wutch: Ay, Ay, Ah maun be an awfu jaud. Naebodie wants ti veisit me.  
Naebodie kens whit it's lyke ti be left aw yeir lane wi nae companie  
but yeir maimories.

Pompitie: Ah didna want ti keep yeir needle kis it wesna mynes.

Wutch: Ah ken, Pompitie. Ah ken.

Pompitie: Ah'l awa than.

*(He flies away left for home. The Witch waves him goodbye, then goes into her house and shuts her door. The tramping of the Ogre is heard again and becomes louder an louder, and the Green Leaf whispers to Pompitie.)*

Green Leaf: Flie laich, Pompitie! Flie laich!

*(Pompitie flies low and then collapses exhausted in a heap. The Ogre is heard tramping past offstage, grumbling about his favorite dream on his way to the Witch's house.)*

Broun Ogre: *(From offstage)* Ochone, Ochone, Ah div wush Ah coud hae ma favorite dream back again. Ah'l kill him; sae Ah wul.  
Whaever haes taen ma Needle, Ah'L KILL HIM DEID!

*(Pompitie is terrified at hearing this and tries to fly twice without success, then struggles on wearily on foot and goes off left, moaning softly.)*

CURTAIN

