

## Magical Mystery Tor

Morgana Le Fay strode through the Glastonbury Festival goers in plain sight. Her Pre-Raphaelite copper curls and ivory profile drew admiring glances, but none guessed that she was a witch. No one looked close enough to see the fairies peeking from behind the flowers in her hair or saw the pixies camouflaged in the folds of her long silk kaftan and flowing velvet coat. As she swept through the site, members of her tiny entourage detached from her and streaked away disguised as flashes of sunlight reflected in the gold thread of her dress. Morgana was in holiday mood today and the havoc they wreaked would be mild.

Gridlock and Slipknot were despatched to the campervans and tents to let down tyres and loosen guy ropes. The twins, Gnat and Mozzie were swinging on the dream catchers and pricking passers-by with their tiny daggers. As Morgana walked past the silent disco she spotted Tressie knotting and tangling the hair of the dancers around their headphones. Sparks was heading towards a fuse box to switch wires, Topsy was in the beer tent spiking the drinks. Morgana admired the artistry of Lucy Sky-Diamond as she danced in front of a spaced-out hippie dazzled by her rainbow colours and miniature fireworks. Cupid was still asleep in her pocket. He would come out later to fire his arrows through those little foil packets. There would be many young women going home with more than they had bargained for.

At the side of the Pyramid stage Merlin Lockheed was being interviewed by the local radio station. He was bored with the questions about his meteoric rise to fame and his unique blend of punk rock and mysticism. His interviewer was enchanted by him. It didn't hurt that he was devilishly, darkly handsome, and a warlock. It had been a tedious day so far and he felt strangely unsettled. He put this down to the mystical influence of Glastonbury Tor and the confluence of ley lines, myths and the supernatural.

Out of the corner of his eye Merlin noticed a little black imp moving purposely towards the off switch on the recording equipment. He snatched at the air and caught the imp by the ear. Sparks squeaked in alarm. Instantly Morgana was there, her green eyes glittering fiercely. The air crackled with static electricity and lights flickered across the site. 'Oh Hello?' thought Cupid as he rubbed the sleep out of his eyes with his chubby fists, 'What's going on here?' He crept out of Morgana's pocket. Tressie was entwining copper hair with dark curls; Slipknot was entangling bootlaces and shoelaces; and Lucy Sky-Diamond was sprinkling love dust onto eyelashes as Topsy dripped a love potion onto lips. Cupid sighed. It wasn't the first time he'd wondered if he'd got caught in the wrong mythology. He would have words later with his fairy colleagues about job demarcation. 'Better finish the job properly,' he thought, letting loose two arrows from his golden bow.