Twilight walked cautiously, remembering tales of Jenny Greenteeth; the marshy toad king. “My name is Mungo the marshy toad king. I hear your wish but I want your bling. The gift of flight I will bestow, But in exchange I want your indigo.” Twilight noticed the boggy waters next to her and whispered into her ear. “Find Mungo the toad near her...” As if by magic a beautiful short-eared owl raised her wing and pointed towards the distant volcano that was spluttering out fiery lava. Twilight knew now that her quest was laid down before her. From the jagged rocks out fiery lava. Twilight knew now that her quest was laid down before her. From the jagged rocks...

Twilight looked at the gleaming indigo feather under her left wing and stared at the ancient Celtic tribe that had once lived around Eycott Hill. Her mother had always told her that if you wanted something, you had to give something else in return... an offering! Twilight loved her indigo feather but loved the thought of flying even more, so she plucked the feather out and handed it to Mungo. Mungo’s green and yellow warty skin, turned a beautiful indigo colour and shiny blue-sapphire appeared on his crown... but still Twilight could not fly. Mungo turned towards her... “A walk on the ‘Wildside’ you now must make, Over the wall and down to a lake.” Jenny Greenteeth awaits, so do take care, Avoid her talons and evil stare... and with that Mungo was gone.

Near to Eycott Hill... Celtic tribes made offerings to the fairies that lived behind the waterfall falls of Fairy Knott and in exchange their wishes came true. What would you wish for at Eycott Hill and what would you offer in return?

In spring and summer Eycott Hill becomes a sea of rainbow colours. Rose-red friendly cockle and yellow rattle in the wildflower meadows, beautiful purple mountain heather flowers across the fell, spikes of yellow bog asphodel and blue-purple poms-poms of devil’s-bit scabious in the wetlands, oranges and yellows and greens and large red, blue tailed, and emerald damselflies in the air.

Eycott’s Wildside, a sight to behold, A place whose story has never been told... All seemed still, so Twilight started to hop across the marshy lake where Jenny Greenteeth lurked, under the islands of boggy grass and tufts of reeds... Suddenly the water started to swirl and a monstrous creature emerged... hair light, slim, seaweed, scaly skin dripping with green goo... she licked her sharp green teeth and moved towards Twilight...

As she stood on the edge of the crater she held Jenny Greenteeth’s long, green plait in the air... “Feasts and witches hear me now, I hold the broad from Jenny’s brow. My indigo and emerald I gave to you, Like nymph and sprite you turned and flew. Past marshes and gobins I journeyed far, Beautiful butterflies and pale bog star. I have bravely walked under moonlit sky, Now grant me my wish and LET ME FLY!”

The Raven of Eycott Hill
A family story trail around Eycott Hill
By Anja Phoenix

The Raven of Eycott Hill
Once upon a blue moon a raven was born at the very top of an ancient ash tree, on the windswept slopes of Eycott Hill. Her sleek feathers were as dark as emeralds. She was named Twilight because of the indigo blue feather under her left wing. She was a ravens brave. Delicate butterflies, grass waves, Peewit calls and snipe… and with that Mungo was gone.

Twilight carefully climbed down from the safety of her ancient ash tree and looked back up at her warm, cosseted home. She had not ventured down more than a few metres from her tree before and felt nervous and excited all at the same time. Twilight thought about the words the short-eared owl had whistled into her ear and started to walk towards the misty marshes beneath the ash tree. As she got closer she noticed little creatures moving amongst the mossy carpets... and some of them were wary! All she needed to do was make her wish and wait for a croak. Twilight looked out across the marsh and said her wish out loud...

“Take the emerald colour in my eye, But please in exchange help me to fly!” Jenny Greenteeth swelled the waters and charted a spell, a spell that could turn a beautiful emerald colour and as Twilight looked at her own reflection in the lake hers turned grey. Jenny Greenteeth pulled a long, green wet plait from her hair... “Now take this braid to the hill of fire, Whisper to the earth what you desire. Pass the rocks of fangs and fairies, Be sure to watch for beasts and fairies. Ringlets, orange-tips and yellow rattles... Are never far from the witches’ cache... So look for these colours and you’ll soon find it. Who’s do and where to go.” And with that Jenny disappeared into the murky waters.

The little raven froze with fear and dared not look into her eyes... “A little bird so tender and new, A perfect snack for me to chew. You wish to fly and cross my lake, But in exchange can what I take? Perhaps your eyes, so emerald green, You’ll give to Jenny the marshy queen. I’ll only take the colour you see, Then in exchange... I’ll set you free.” Twilight noticed the boggy waters moving and little plants coming alive all around her, snapping at her tail feathers..."