

The Salem Leader
Educationally Speaking
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10/29/07

I'll be a son of a witch!

Alternate Title: The joys of being a witch

Or

I'd make a great witch

A few weeks ago a caller to the Town Crier identified herself as a witch. A week later someone else called to say had she been alive in colonial times she would have been burned at the stake. I think the second caller is being ridiculous because if he had been alive with the dinosaurs a dinosaur probably would have eaten him. But this didn't stop me from thinking about how neat it would be to a witch in modern times.

For example, if I were a witch I'd run by the nearest Target and pickup a broom right away. A really supped-up broom, too – one with the finest bristles and maybe some flame decals. Then I'd fly it all around town. I'd never have to worry about rush hour or road construction ever again. I might even throw frogs on the sides of the congested roads just to make people jealous of my commuting superiority.

Speaking of frogs, if someone ever ticked me off I'd just turn them into a frog for a few hours to teach them a lesson. I'd hunt down every person who ever cut me off while driving, called me a stupid name or eliminated me from a game of dodge ball and convert them into toads. In order to maintain a good reputation for fairness and justice I'd make sure to convert them back into humans.

Another solution to everyday problems would come at dinnertime. I can't count the number of times in a week that I have to visit the grocery store on my way home from work because I realized I was out of a particular item that I wanted for dinner. If I were a witch I could just throw a bunch of stuff in a bubbling cauldron on Sunday and I'd have enough food for the week. The only downside I can foresee is when I run out of "eye of newt". It's hard to find that ingredient at a Kroger.

The caller who claimed she was a witch seemed proud of her status. I can imagine witch conferences and witch conventions. That spells (no pun intended) added income for the host city. What an economic boon that'll be for America – and you can't deny the right of people to assemble and spend money. Burgeoning markets of magic and witchcraft stores will appear all over the place and create hundreds of new jobs and open the economy up to new markets around the world.

I'd be super productive, too. If I were a witch I could just make up some sort of potion or spell to get my work done in a fraction of the time. Instead of writing documentation and project manuals I'd be sitting back and drinking lemonade. My bosses would love me for getting hard, lengthy projects done in a matter of minutes instead of months. I'll get a raise and I'll finally be able to afford a new house for everyone in my family. You can't deny that people need housing and with all the new homes that would be popping up in Washington County the tax revenues generated will go straight to the county's coffers.

I don't know if witches live forever but if I were a witch I'd shoot to live at least until I'm 112. That way I can be one of the longest-living people ever without being a complete show off. If I lived to be 112 years old I'd have all sorts of great stories to tell my kids, grandkids and great grandkids. I could tell them about my first broom, my first wart and my first experience with potions. If I lived forever then I'd just sit around rocking back and forth in a rocking chair on my deck and instead of yelling at the neighborhood kids to get off my lawn I'd just make the grass come alive and throw them out of my yard.

The best time of the year would be on Halloween. I'd get all sorts of candy from the neighbors for having the best costume. I assume I'd be a typical witch with the green skin and all, and I've never met a witch on Halloween that bothered painting their skin green.

I imagine the caller who proclaimed she was a witch probably has the same thoughts that I've laid out here. If not, I'm sure I'll hear from plenty of people in the witch lobby about how horribly wrong I am and that I shouldn't make fun of hard-working witches. If there wasn't already a witch lobby in existence, I'm sure there is now just so they can tell me what a horrible witch I am.