



The full moon is temporarily darkened by some indefinite shapes. It looks like a strange flock of crows, but its nature is actually another. Slowly, these gloomy figures descend towards the small clearing, protected by a circle of trees. Here, in the center, there is a small fire, which burns brightly: something colorful in that prevailing darkness. The figures, almost ghostly, are finally landed. They abandon their dark cloaks and reveal their identity: they are women of various ages, some beautiful, other with a horrible appearance. A single trait is common to all of them: the feet like a goat, which only appear on the evening, to show their real nature. The witches finally show themselves in all their power and they are ready for their dances around the fire in a swirl of robes without stopping until morning, when dawn announces the end. Then they go back to their flying brooms and return to their home, hidden by their quiet everyday life.
