



## Anne Pursell



**Name:** Anne Pursell

Perhaps Penicuik folk prayed it was over, after the three that were executed in September 1629... but in October, another woman was accused...Anne... We don't know if her case was related to the others. But surely she would have witnessed their fate, and so she ran. Perhaps she fled to Comiston or the Braid Hills. Is that why Lord Fairlie of Braid, who was the owner of these lands, was called to help?

Over in Edinburgh, voluntary Constables, and paid soldiers guarded the town. Midlothian had armed Watchmen...These men were out looking for her, but somehow Anne managed to fade into the night...It was coming into Winter and too cold to hide outdoors for long... did someone help her out?

*Ah am Anne Pursell,  
They called me witch.  
His word held more weight than mine.  
I fled tae kin, believin' the storm would pass.  
But parish folk forgot naethin'.  
Each night I woke, thinkin' the knock had come.  
Whether I stood trial or slipped away,  
fear made a ghost o' me long before death.  
Mind me, for silence swallowed my name.*

