The sport may have started quite harmlessly, possibly even within the hearing of Mrs Parris, with nothing more questionable than reminiscences of life in the Barbados imparted within Tituba's lawful moments of leisure. But there were presently occasions when, in the absence of the elder Parrises, Tituba yielded to the temptation to show the children tricks and spells, fragments of something like voodoo remembered from the Barbados. Once she started, Abigail, thirsting for excitement, must have egged her on to further revelation, conspiring with her to find occasion for the sport, and Betty became a timid accomplice.

Betty's reactions to these sessions are not on record—no more than anyone else's, for no one was ever to be wholly truthful about what went on in the parsonage kitchen. However, the child's painfully overdeveloped conscience could not have missed the scent of evil in these enterprises, and above all she knew the guilt of keeping a secret from her parents.

Yet Betty did not give Abigail and Tituba away, no matter how guilty and frightened she became. For one thing, daring Abigail had long ago become her leader in most private matters; for another, Betty was devoted to Tituba, whose special pet she was.

It is possible that history would never have heard of Abigail and Betty except as half-legible names on lichen-spattered stones had they kept Tituba to themselves. But that they could not do. Tituba's fascination was too powerful to be monopolized by two small girls. Thanks to her, the parsonage kitchen presently became a rendezvous for older girls in the neighbourhood.

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