Once upon a time in a faraway land there lived a cobbler and his wife. They desperately wanted to have children, but however they tried, it was all in vain. These people lived in a little house next to a mansion, and one of their bedroom windows looked out over the wall of the adjoining property, into an enormous garden, where flowers and vegetables grew side by side in abundance. But nobody ever visited the garden, it was rumored that the owner of the house, an old woman, was in fact a terrible witch, who possessed terrible dark powers, and as a consequence everybody in the little town avoided contact with her.

But one fine morning, the cobbler’s wife was sitting at her window looking out over the garden, when she spotted a little bed full of wonderful radishes. The sight of these radishes filled her with a great desire to have some, and however much she tried during the course of the day to forget about it, the desire to eat these radishes would not go away. Days and days passed, and her inability to satisfy her desire made her quite ill, she could hardly eat anything if she could not have the radishes. One evening her husband remarked that she looked quite unwell, and wanted to know what it was that was ailing her. “Oh, it’s nothing, she said, I’m just feeling a little faint. It will pass,”

More days passed, and the cobbler watched his wife getting more and more ill. So he asked her again: “My dear wife, you must be honest with me, tell me what the matter is.”

She then confessed to her husband that she had developed an insatiable appetite for the radishes growing on the other side of the wall in the witches’ garden. The cobbler loved his wife very much, so he decided to set aside his worries about the witch, and made up his mind to get her some of those radishes, come what may. He waited till nightfall, then got out his ladder, and climbed over the wall. He rushed to the radishes bed as fast as his feet would carry him, and stuffed a few handfuls in his pockets, then scrambled back over the wall, into his own backyard. His heart was beating ferociously when he came back into the kitchen with his prize, and his wife cried with joy. She immediately set about preparing a salad with the fresh produce, and that night enjoyed the best sleep of her life.