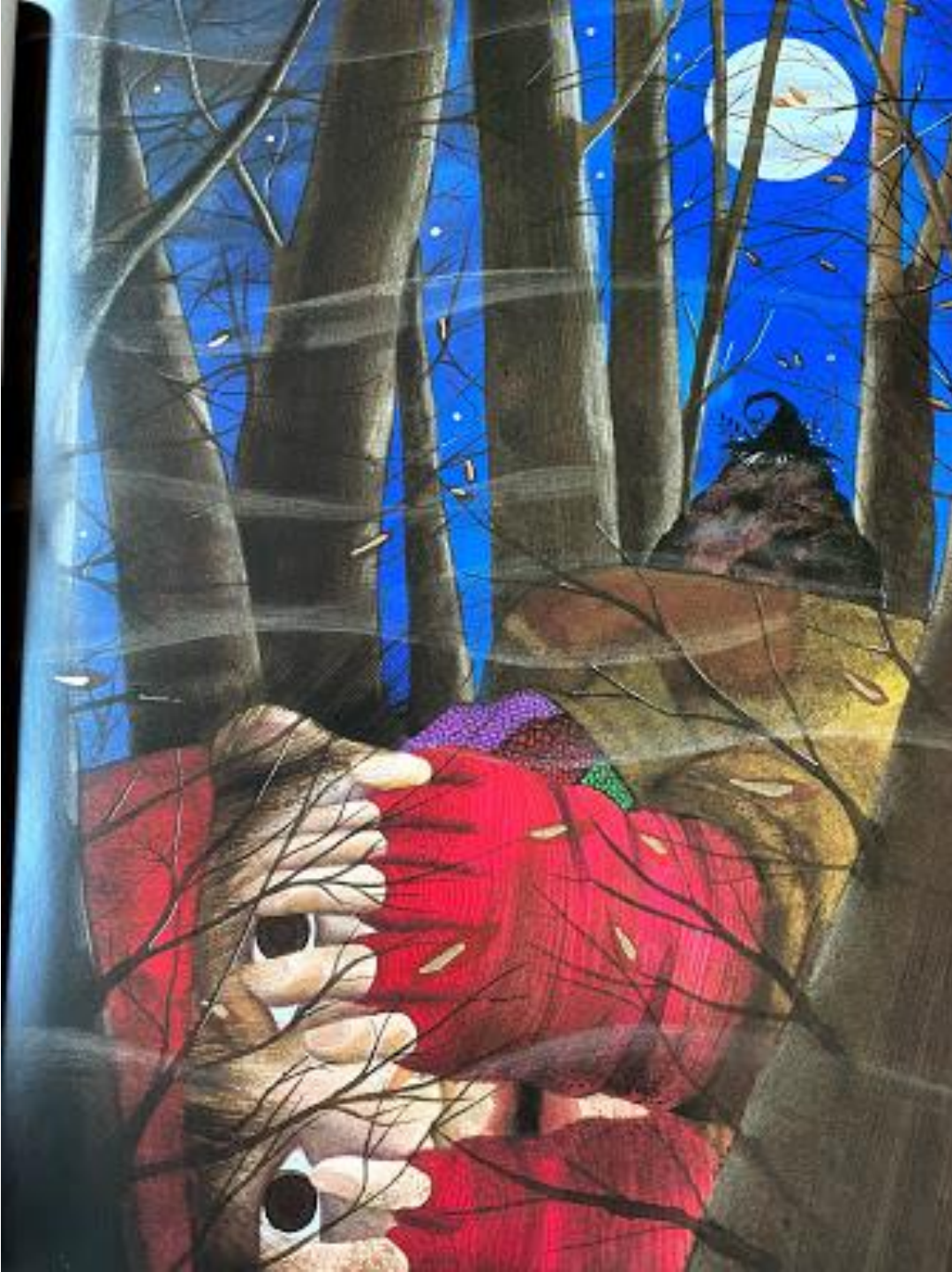




"I'm having this, my six-fingered dearie," she snarled. Then she spat at Jub again and hobbled rapidly away into the darkness and the fog. Jub lay there for a long time, terrified that the witch would return.

The fog began to lift and the moon turned the narrow path through the forest to a long silver finger. An owl's hoot questioned sadly. Jub got to her feet. The Happy Endings were lost! She turned and ran back down the path towards her home, scattering bitter tears into the cold black night.



As Jub ran sobbing through the forest, children in their beds were listening to their bedtime stories. But tonight there were to be no Happy Endings. Hansel and Gretel were trapped screaming in the Gingerbread House while the wicked witch made the oven hotter and hotter. Some of the children started to cry.

