

Cinderella's foot was too big for the glass slipper. Some of the children started to howl. Snow White died when she bit the poisonous apple and she stayed dead for ever. Some of the children started to scream. The Big Bad Wolf gobbled up Little Red Riding Hood and enjoyed every red mouthful. Some of the children had hysterics. On and on the parents of the children read and worse and worse the stories became. Soon the night was filled with the awful sound of frightened or disappointed children weeping and wailing in their beds.





Deep in her hole in the forest Jub heard the noise that the children made. Her heart was as sore as toothache. All night long the children cried or asked for the light to be left on or refused to sleep on their own or wet the bed. Jub rocked back and forth in her hole, moaning with sorrow. When dawn came it grew quieter, and poor exhausted Jub fell fast asleep.

As she slept, she dreamed of

