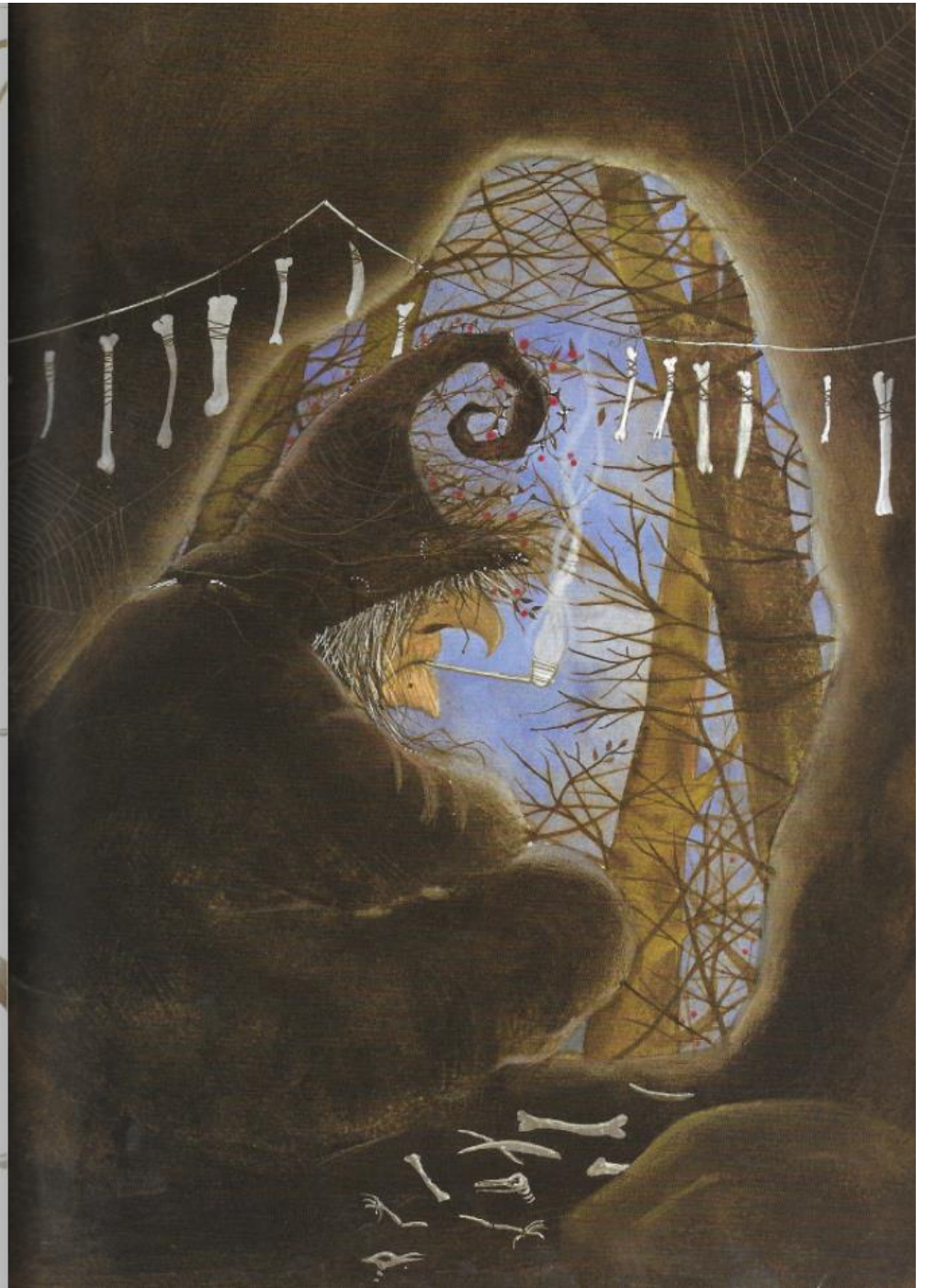
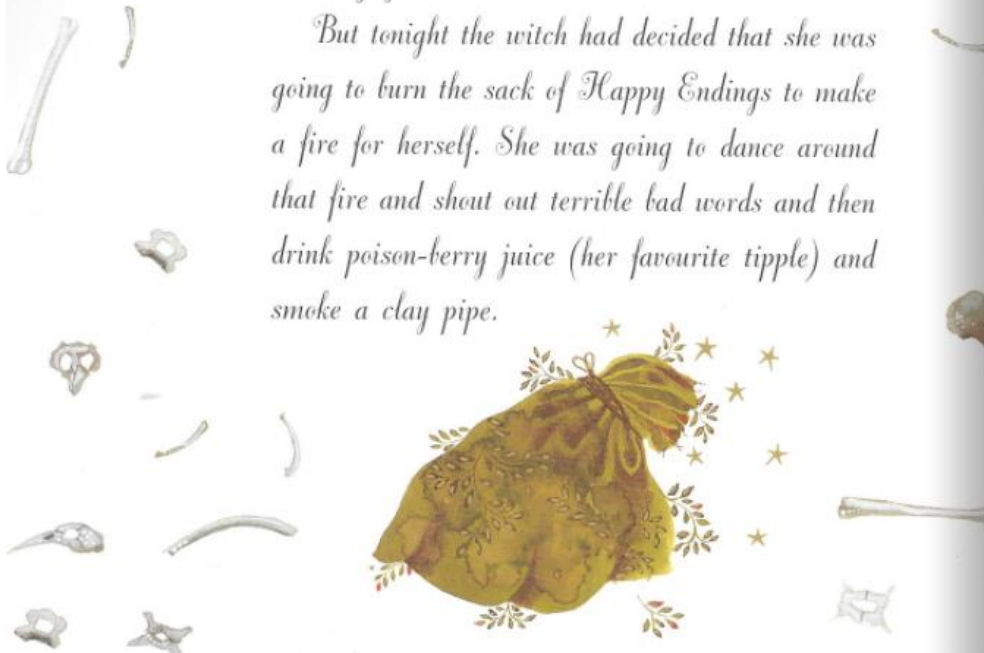





The witch lived in the trunk of a dead tree in the darkest, thorniest part of the forest. When she had first opened the sack of Happy Endings she had been furious. They were worthless to a witch. They were boring and stupid. She had flung the sack into the corner of her lair and gone out again to bite the head off any small bird she could catch and crunch its beak between her long yellow teeth.

But tonight the witch had decided that she was going to burn the sack of Happy Endings to make a fire for herself. She was going to dance around that fire and shout out terrible bad words and then drink poison-berry juice (her favourite tippie) and smoke a clay pipe.





Several decorative feathers of various colors (green, brown, grey) are scattered across the top left and top center of the page.

*So she lugged the sack outside, added a few dried leaves and twigs, then squatted down and began to rub two sticks together to make a spark to light the fire. Her straggly white hair hung in front of her walnut face as she did so. Before long the rapid movement of her witchy hands had made a spark. Then another. And another. The witch leaned over and, still rubbing, went to start the fire.*

*As she did so, a spark leapt from the stick and jumped on to a lock of her frizzy old hair. There was a dreadful burny hairy smell, and whumph! The bad old woman's hair was on fire. She shrieked horribly and stood up, beating at her head with her hands. But the flames jumped on to the sleeves of her old black frock and dyed them orange.*

