

But that day, for the first
time, I chose the quick
way. I wanted to be home
in case Dad came back.







After a short while I saw a boy.

“Do you want to buy a nice milky moo-cow?” he asked.

“No,” I said. (Why would I want a cow?)

“I’ll swap it for that sweet fruity-cake in your basket,” he said.

“No, it’s for my poorly grandma,” I said, and walked on.

“I’m poorly,” I heard him saying, “I’m poorly...”





As I went further into the forest I met a girl with golden hair.

“What a sweet little basket,” she said. “What’s in it?”

“A cake for my grandma. She’s poorly.”

“*I’d* like a lovely cake like that,” she said.

I walked on and could hear her saying, “But it’s a lovely little cake, *I’d* like one like that...”



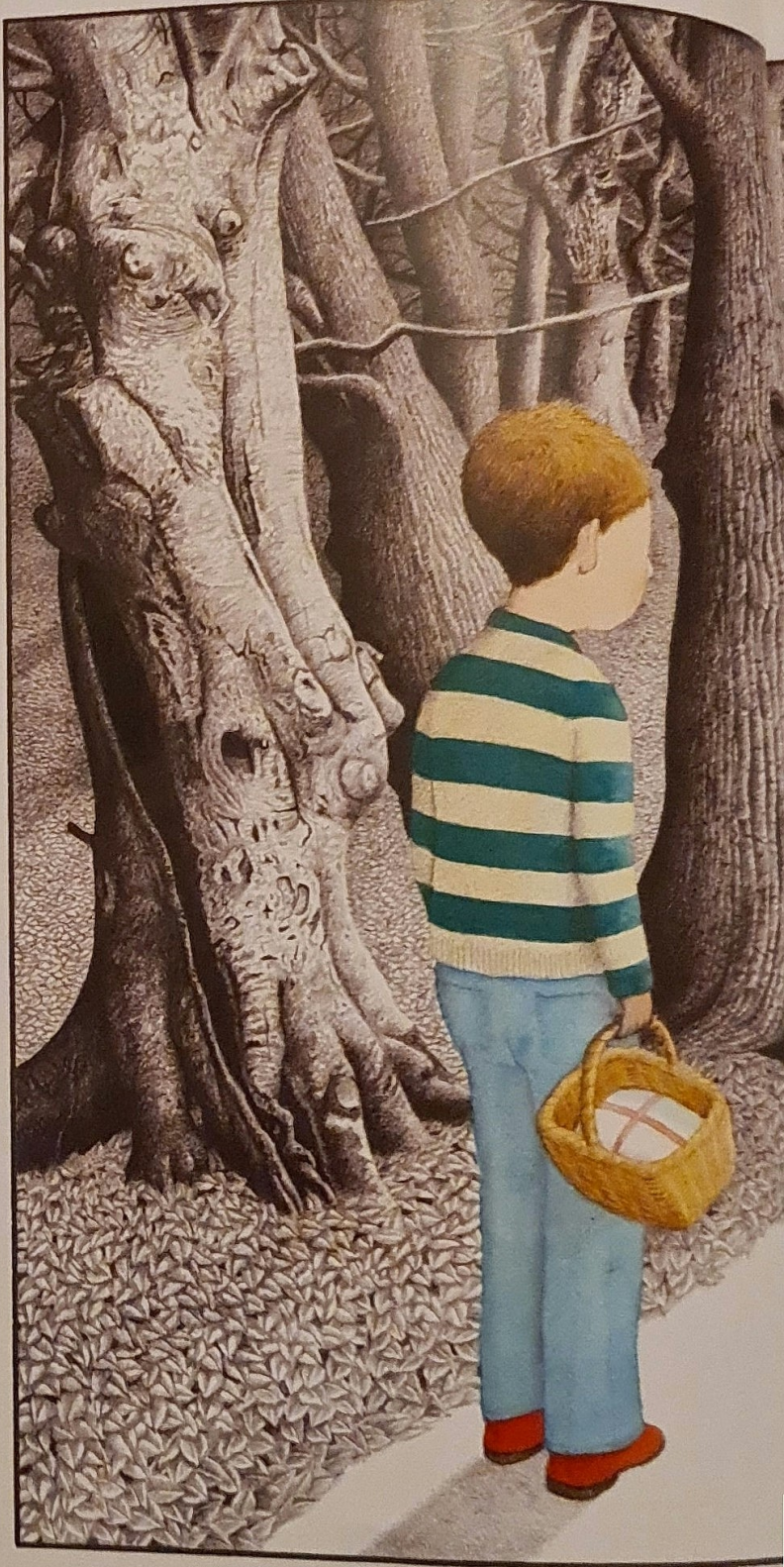
The forest was becoming darker and colder, and I saw two other children huddling by a fire.

“Have you seen our dad and mum?” the boy asked.

“No, have you lost them?”

“They’re cutting wood in the forest somewhere,” said the girl, “but I wish they’d come back.”

As I walked on I could hear the dreadful sound of the girl crying, but what could I do?







I was getting very cold and wished that I'd brought a coat. Suddenly I saw one. It was nice and warm, but as soon as I put it on I began to feel scared. I felt that something was following me. I remembered a story that Grandma used to tell me about a bad wolf. I started to run, but I couldn't find the path. I ran and ran, deeper into the forest, but I was lost. Where was Grandma's house?





At last — there it was!



I knocked on the door and a voice called out, “Who’s there?” But it didn’t really sound like Grandma’s voice. “It’s me. I’ve brought a cake from Mum.”

I pushed the door open a little.

“Come in, dear,” the strange voice called.

I was terrified. I slowly crept in.

There in Grandma’s bed was ...