

Hansel and Gretel The Truth Revealed

By : **Let Us Read**

Witches version of Hansel and Gretel

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HANSEL AND GRETEL

THE TRUTH REVEALED

Hansel and Gretel, tis a tale that has been told many times. You may believe you know what happened on that dark dreary day, when Hansel and Gretel defeated the magnificent and most powerful evil witch in all the world. The one who craved the souls of young innocent children â

IMPOSTRUS! I am that witch, the witch of the dead! Do not worry children; I am not here to eat your soul. I am here to finally reveal the truth about those ruthless, ungrateful rascals that tricked me one thousand years ago. On second thought maybe I am starving. Trust me, small souls are not the most satisfying taste in the world, but I digress. The only reason I am here is to reveal the truth behind the ***Tale of Hansel and Gretel***.

Listen well because I am still a witch so I am capable of doing many things, but for now I shall only give you the truth, I believe you deserve to hear the real version of the storyâmy version.

It all started one fine day, when two vicious children, Hansel and Gretel drove their own mother so crazy, it caused her to fake her death, change her name and move as far away from them as possible. After that, the childrenâs father remarried a strict, firm, and sneaky woman named Veronica. Their father could not lose another wife because of the evil doings of his children, so he and his new wife Veronica made a plan to get rid of the children. It was probably for the best, you may not believe me now but soon you will learn that Hansel and Gretel are not as sweet and innocent as they have been perceived to be all these years.

Hansel and Gretelâs father and step mother, prepared a plan to lose the children. The father would take the children into the woods, and promise to return with their favourite thing in the world, candy! While their father was busy working out his plan, Veronica would be packing their belongings, changing their own names, and finding the fastest way to get as far away from the children as possible.

One week later, the parentsâ plan worked. When the children finally realized their father was not returning, they decided to go deeper into the forest to search for food. Hansel and Gretel sighted a magnificent candy house, made of gumdrop windows, lollypop fences, gummy bear walls, licorice doors and a sour key keyhole. On the very top of the roof there was a bright sign that read â ***WITCHâS CANDY HOUSEâ***. The children ignored the sign and decided to enter my house. It was the most spectacular candy house in the entire world; every childâs dream house! Their taste buds tingled and their eyes glittered. It was too tempting to walk away from.

They entered the house by eating my doors and chomping on my chimney. By the time they were finished, my house was half eaten. Of course those greedy children didnât care. Do you know how much candy it takes to rebuild a candy house? It was â witch fullyâ dreadful!

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When I returned home, it was a horrible sight. I was trying to figure out who would do such a thing. That's when I saw two small, innocent children hiding behind my cotton candy bush. I can't be upset, they are just children, I thought to myself. If there was a candy house just sitting there with no one in sight, wouldn't you do the same thing? I probably wasn't thinking straight when I allowed the sweet children to stay here with me as my guests. They told me how they got lost in the woods, they seemed so precious and neglected, so I thoughtfully invited them in.

I was so excited; I had never had guests before. I didn't even know how to greet guests, since no one has ever come to this part of the forest to see a wicked witch. As they came in I immediately insulted them by commenting on their horrifying clothes and their pasty skin; unlike my beautiful green skin with oozing warts all over it. Then I quickly locked them in a perfectly comfortable cage, filled with a wonderful variety of freshly caught bugs as a midnight snack, since too many sweets isn't healthy!

The next morning I woke Hansel and Gretel at 3:00am, a perfectly good hour to start the day but all they did was whine and complain. "Not a very good first impression" I thought to myself. For breakfast I cooked my favourite meal, eyeball oatmeal with a hint of candy cane. You won't believe how much they complained again. However, I did not question their behavior after all they are just hideous humans.

Next, I planned out a fun day of activities. First, we would play sports the "witch way". The first sport we played was **WITCHBALL**. You throw yourself into a net of candy without breaking any, if you succeed you get bonus points but if you do not, you would be turned into a pesky fly. After, my visitors and I enjoyed my favourite activity, broom cleaning. We had to see who could clean the most with the broom before it attacked us. Then we raced to the moon on broomsticks, the first one there without dying won a bag of candy for dinner. I thought that was fair. Lastly, the children had to go through the Maze of Despair. It was such a fun maze filled with all kinds of wonderful booby traps, unless of course you fell into the black hole and was lost forever, but that rarely happens, usually the worst thing that happens is a kid ends up in a body cast and is hardly breathing. No real danger there! Ah yes, good times! It was a fun day, when we got back home I shoved them back into their cage and gave them more healthy bugs as a bedtime snack.

Sadly, the next morning everything went wrong. When I went to wake up the children at 3:00am, I was shocked to see that they were gone. My heart hurt! I mean it really hurt, I think I was having a heart attack. I was devastated, I had been so good to them and they just left without even saying thank you or goodbye. I wondered why they would leave me. I wished they would come back. Suddenly my wish came true, and then I wished I had never made that wish.

It was too late, by then Hansel had taken the key to the cage and Gretel pushed me in. I heard a sound like my oven but I was so happy to see them that I did not give it a second thought. I figured that since they almost gave me a heart attack when they left, maybe they were making me breakfast. I was so wrong; Hansel was turning on the oven for a very different reason. Instead of making me breakfast, I was their breakfast! Gretel was tying me up so I couldn't move or do anything to stop them. They counted to three then threw me in. At first I thought this was a game because I could hear a song but it was not song at all, it was actually a countdown to cook me and then feed me to the attacking vicious broom. Those devious little ingrates, they actually baked me into a giant apple pie. I finally realized, they had never really liked me, they used me; they only liked my tasty candy house.

That would be the last time I make a house out of candy. I learned my lesson, to never trust any children who love candy. Now you know the truth about those greedy little devils, Hansel and Gretel.

You won't believe what happened next; Hansel and Gretel turned my house into their own personal museum and became rich. To make matters even worse, they told everyone how they defeated the nasty evil witch who wanted to eat them and became heroes for getting rid of me once and for all!

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Luckily, the broomstick wasn't a big fan of witch flavoured apple pie and shoved me into a cupboard instead. At first, I was insulted by this; I thought I would have tasted delicious! But I digress, I have been hiding in a cupboard for the last 1000 years and now I have finally appeared to tell you my side of the story of the Tale Truth of Hansel and Gretel. Come visit me soon unless you're a kid who loves candy.

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