



. . . When they awoke the night was pitch black.
“We are lost!” Gretel whispered. “Oh, where is the track?”
Till she saw in the moonlight, that shimmered so pale,
All the little white stones in a silvery trail.
“Come,” Hansel said, and they set off once more,
Tracing the stones . . .

. . . to their own front door.
Yet the next day the mother said, “Husband, it’s tough,
But those children must go; we have not got enough.
Can’t you see that our food’s very nearly run out?
If we keep both those children we’ll starve, without doubt.”
“Never mind,” Hansel whispered, “those stones are so good
That we’ll find our way home again, back through the wood.”
Then he slipped out of bed to fetch more of them, but . . .
He found that the door was locked tight shut.
“Oh, what shall we do?” Gretel wailed in dismay,
But Hansel said, “Shush now, we will find a way.”



Now they didn't have stones, but they *did* have some bread,
 So Hansel made pebbles of breadcrumbs, instead.
 "Gretel," he whispered, "if we just follow these,
 We will find our way home through the thickest of trees."

Once again they were left till the pale moon shone.
 "Let's go home," Hansel yawned, but . . .
 The breadcrumbs were gone!
 "Oh, the birds!" Gretel cried. "They have eaten it all!
 Hansel, what shall we do? We're so young and so small!"
 For miles they trudged onwards, weary and sore,
 Till Gretel sobbed, "Oh! I can't walk any more!"
 But just at that moment they came to a lake
 And Hansel cried, "Look! There's a house, made from . . .

cake!"

