



Sweet Intentions

Justin Chung
Retold Fairy Tales

Us witches of old, we had quite the competition. Only homes of great beauty deserved our recognition. Old Martha made her house using diamonds galore, but couldn't afford to make even a second floor. Crazy Joanna tried to use flowers, but she couldn't keep them alive, even with her great powers. Young Anna used rainbows, oh how colorful it was! All the witches and leprechauns, she had us all so abuzz! So then they turned to me, asked me what I was planning. I knew I had to do something just as enchanting.

I thought to myself, how can I impress? How could I compete with a rainbow's fluoresce? The answer came to me as I baked an apple pie. I realized sweets were something no one could deny! What Anna had in color, I would make up in flavor. Only then would I win my fellow witches' favor.

So I began to bake and cook every waking hour. I went through at least a hundred bags of flour! But I knew it'd be worth it, I'd be the envy of all of the witches. Anna would see my house and have a fit in her britches! Ten months it took, but it felt like a century. My kitchen began to feel like a cruel penitentiary.

When I was finally done, my house had it all. Caramel sinks, an iced tea waterfall! From sugar pops, honeycombs, and candied apples, to tarts and cakes, and sweetened pies! Taffy lights and toffee glass, strawberry flooring and vanilla grass! Gingerbread houses and candy canes, lollipop faucets and licorice trains! It was a wonder to behold, I planned to show all the witches! But everything changed when came those two bitches.

Hansel and Gretel they called themselves, they ate out my garden, and cleared out my shelves! So angry was I, my eyes and ears burning with rage. I was half tempted to kill them and go on a murderous rampage. My

months of hard work, undone by two children unable to resist. In return for my house, I'd take away their right to exist! So I thought of a plan, a sinister idea! I'll feed them all candy til they got diarrhea!

I said, "Come children, come and eat!"

"The chocolate chair, come take a seat!"

I fed them and I fed them, till their stomachs were all bloated. Their lips were bright red and their fingers sugar coated! After two hours, I began to feel some pity. In a few days, their toilets won't be so pretty! I decided I should stop, but that was when it all began. They were sugar crazed! Began gibbering like a madman!

They screamed and they ran, accusing me of murder. Gretel was convinced that I was planning to kill her! They yelled something about my oven, said I tried to push them in! Cooking children in it, what good would that have been? The sugar was in their brains, it clouded their reality. They told themselves I was evil, that it was not just simple fantasy. They ran off before I could explain, they told the townsfolk that it was I who was insane! My home was half devoured, and my reputation in shambles. All because of some children, that came running from the brambles

But I am done rebuking rumors, fighting against their lies. Because of their slander, I've lost all my witch allies! The townsfolk curse me in their prayers, and stone my fragile walls. They've forced me to stay inside, never to leave my halls.

If they truly believe, I am the evil witch of the woods. Then fine! I will be the wolf to all the little riding hoods.

I will be the darkness in the forest that they accuse me of being. I will hunt them and eat them, as they panic and start fleeing.

Rather than candy, I will seek a house of bone. Perhaps only then, for your sins can you atone.

So Hansel and Gretel, I will live up to your tale. This forest will be your coffin, and I will be the nail.

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