

FAIRY TALE JOURNALS



This Journal Belongs to

GRETEL

A Hansel and Gretel
Fractured Fairy Tale

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SATURDAY



Greetings from Gretel

Greetings Journal,

This is Gretel here—Gretel von Treetz.

I'm trying out this journaling thing and getting used to writing down everything I see and think. Normally I just wander around and let my instincts guide me.

“Wanderer” is one way to describe me.

I'm at my best when I'm in nature.





I like the sun on my face, wind in my hair, and animal chatter all around. There's nothing better.

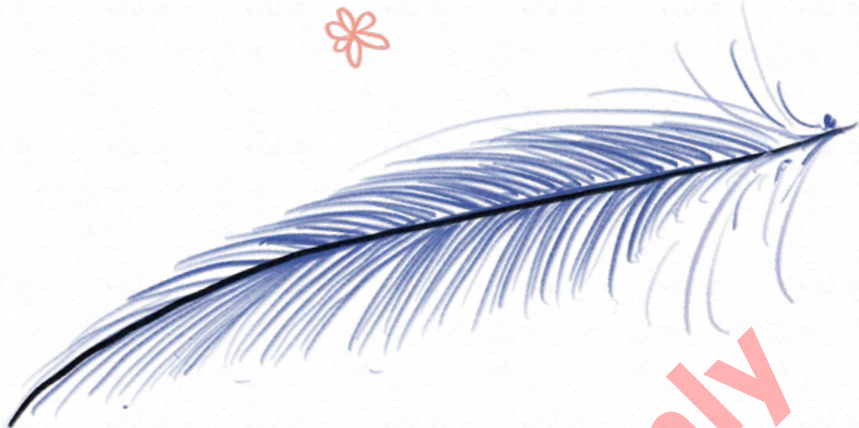


Every day I walk through the woods near our house. Every day I pick a different path to take. Why? Because it keeps things exciting. I **love** a challenge.

At first Mom and Dad were worried about me being out in the wild. It didn't help that I ran into some poison ivy during my first trip. (But it was a good lesson. I never let it happen again.) When I kept coming home in one piece, they relaxed. At least a little bit.

Hey! I just found a heron feather by the creek. This is shaping up to be a great afternoon, Journal.





Ugh, I spoke too soon. There's a horrible noise coming from the forest now. The birds are flying away. The flowers are drooping.

It can only mean one thing: The Tot Scouts are singing their troop song. And that can only mean one other thing: My icky brother, Hansel, is here.



Later,
Gretel



SATURDAY

→ part 2

My Brother Half



Hansel and I may be twins, but we couldn't be any more different if we tried. For one thing, Hansel is **ALWAYS** following the rules. He's in the Tot Scouts and he never leaves the house without his wilderness manual. I think he even sleeps with the book. "There's a procedure and a protocol for everything!" he always says. Whatever that means.



And he takes everything so seriously. He irons his uniform and shines his merit badges like he's going to the office with Dad. I don't think he's even walked barefoot through the woods before. That's **crazy**!

Hansel doesn't like my approach to nature. He calls me names like "tree frog" and "forest pixie." He says the only reason I make it out of the woods alive every day is pure, dumb luck. Hansel doesn't believe in "instincts." To him, instincts = making guesses.

In case you couldn't tell, Hansel has an answer for everything. I can't say anything without getting a red-hot opinion thrown back in my face.

