

Mansel and Vretel
(Adaptation of Hansel and Gretel)
By: Sarah S.

Once upon a time there was a family that lived near the woods not close to anybody. There was a boy named Mansel, Mansel had brown eyes and brown hair with light colored skin. Then there was Vretal, Vretal looked a lot like Mansel only was a girl with messy, long hair that was never straight but always perfect. They had a mother and father. They both worked to make shoes.



This was at the time of the Great Depression and their materials and fabrics started to run low. The closest place that had their materials was not close at all. And plus, that place was not in good shape since they too were being affected by the Great Depression. They decided to send their kids down into town. The family was hungry and had little money. Really they were wishing for the kids to get lost so they did not have to share the money and food with the kids.

“Oh! We will die, there is not enough food and money to go around. At least we will make our lives a little longer if we have less people to give to.” The mother said only trying to think logically.

“What is the worst that could happen if we keep them though,” said the father who loved his kids.

“Think about it, I know you know it is our best chance at surviving.” The mother did not want to risk



her life because of a couple of children. Finally the father agreed and they started to make a map that led them to the unknown. But of course the kids were supposed to think that it led them to the city for

the shoe making supplies. The kids were listening to the conversation and knew what their mom had planned for them.

“This is not good!” Cried Vretal.

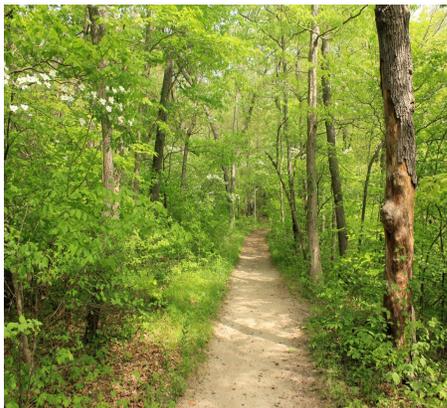
“Don’t worry, I’ll think of something.” Said Mansel. He ran outside and gathered some sticks and painted them yellow so he wouldn't forget which sticks were his.

The next day the mother gave them the map and they started to walk to the “town’s center”. Every few

steps Mansel would place a yellow colored stick every few steps. They were glad that there were lots of fallen branches from when they climb the trees outside of their house.



Eventually it became night and Mansel and Vretal started to get sleepy. They built a fire and went to sleep. When they got up the next morning Mansel started to look for his yellow sticks. He found something yellow and decided it was his sticks. He woke up Vretal and they were on their way back home. They walked for a good 15 minutes when they saw a



yellow house. As they got closer they noticed that it wasn't just yellow but it was gold.

“Look at the ground” said Mantel

“It's gold, not yellow sticks.”

“What should we do!” asked Vretal.

“Maybe someone lives there that can help us.”

“Ok.” So they went up to the house and started to sneak a few pieces of gold into their pockets and were about to knock on the door when a person with a big

hat, green eyes, and a big smug smile. The kids thought that she could even have been a witch.

“Oh! Come in there is more gold inside” cried the ugly old witch. Mansel was just about to run in when he heard another sound.

“Oh, don’t go to that house. I have food and gold!” The kids looked over to see who was talking to them. It also looked like a witch just uglier than the first one. They ran over to that house instead.

“In the background they heard the other witch yell “Hey! Those were my kids.”

“Not anymore. They prefer chocolate golden coins over your ruble!” Yelled the other back. And before you could blink one time, the two were arguing so loud they were so into their argument that they did not notice the kids taking all their gold and chocolate. Once the kids were done the witches’ houses were gone and so were the kids, heading home on a full stomach.



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When they arrived home only their dad was there. He told them that the wife went off to find a better job. The family was now happy and rich.

The End