

Once upon a letter, delivered to you by Jersey Post.



Write a story as a letter, max 500 words.

1 Gingerbread Cottage

The Woods

Land of Fairytale

Dear Mrs The Witch,

I am writing to apologise for eating your house! My sister and I did not realise you lived there. We were just very hungry as we found ourselves lost in the woods. We are sorry that eating the delicious chocolate roof tiles has impacted on your water-proofing.

However, we would also like to inform you that



**Jersey
Post**
Delivering for you

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we are very unhappy with the way you treated us, therefore we have reported you to the police. So that you are not surprised by the accusations when they contact you, I outline our complaints below:

- Your words, such as, 'dirty, insignificant, numskulls' were very hurtful and caused us permanent emotional harm.
- Putting me in a cage has meant I am now traumatised and can never return to the zoo.
- The friction burns on my sister's knees, she sustained whilst you treated her as a maid and made her scrub the floor, are still not healed and require lots of medical attention.

It has become clear that you in fact built your house out of tasty looking meats, like my favourite gingerbread for your window frames, as a tactic in order to attract young, innocent children like me. Manipulating me into thinking you were welcoming us into your house and saying you would make us a huge meal shows your dark intentions.

I was unable to tell the police exactly where you as your henchmen (black crows) had eaten all the bread I left to track the way. However to help the police locate you, I gave them this description:

- 3"3'
- Purple, greasy hair (I forgot to mention the dandruff)
- Stick like nose
- Warts all over your face
- Yellow teeth
- And your breath probably is wreaking with garlic.

The police may not be the ones to find you as I have sent the slying monkeys, from Oz, to get you as they are unhappy with the way they were treated when you went by the name of The Wicked Witch of the West. The monkeys should arrive any moment now!

Worst regards and goodbye for ever,
Hansel

P.S. My sister could not help me write this as she was having treatment for her knees!