

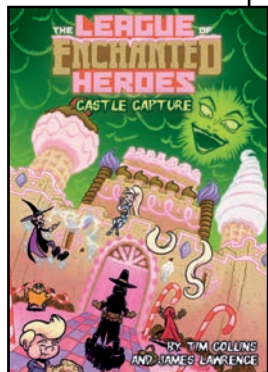
CHAPTER ONE

THE CAKE PATH

Jack sped through the East Forest, glancing above the trees for the witch. They had been chasing her ever since she'd swooped down and stolen Hansel's catapult.

The ground felt soft under Jack's feet. He looked down, expecting to see a swamp.

Instead he saw purple and pink squares of sponge cake.



Jack glanced in the mirror.

Instead of the forest behind him, he could see a gloomy stone room lined with glass jars.

At once, he knew this was the home of the witch who'd left the treasure chest.

This is where he had to go. He had to find the witch and serve her.

The witch was his friend. The others were against him. All of them.



CHAPTER THREE DRAGON ATTACK

Tom Thumb jumped onto the dragon's neck and beat his fists against it.

It roared and blasted out another jet of fire.

"You're not going to win a wrestling match with a dragon," shouted Red Riding Hood. "You'll only make it angrier!"

"Got any better ideas?" asked Tom Thumb.



CHAPTER ONE

THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST

Jack raced after the giant.

The creature had attacked a village in the East Forest that morning and they had been chasing him ever since.

He had led them into a dark, distant part of the woods. Jack thought he had been there before, but he could not remember when.

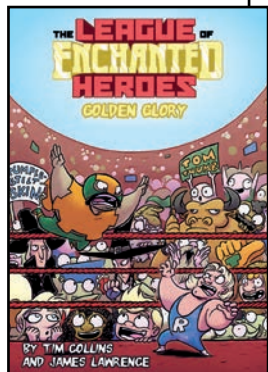


CHAPTER ONE

THE ANOTHERLAND OLYMPICS

Jack watched the runners speed across the track. The smallest one was pulling away from the rest. His long golden hair swept out behind him as he dashed over the finish line.

“And the winner of the 400 metres race is... Rumpelstiltskin,” boomed the announcer.



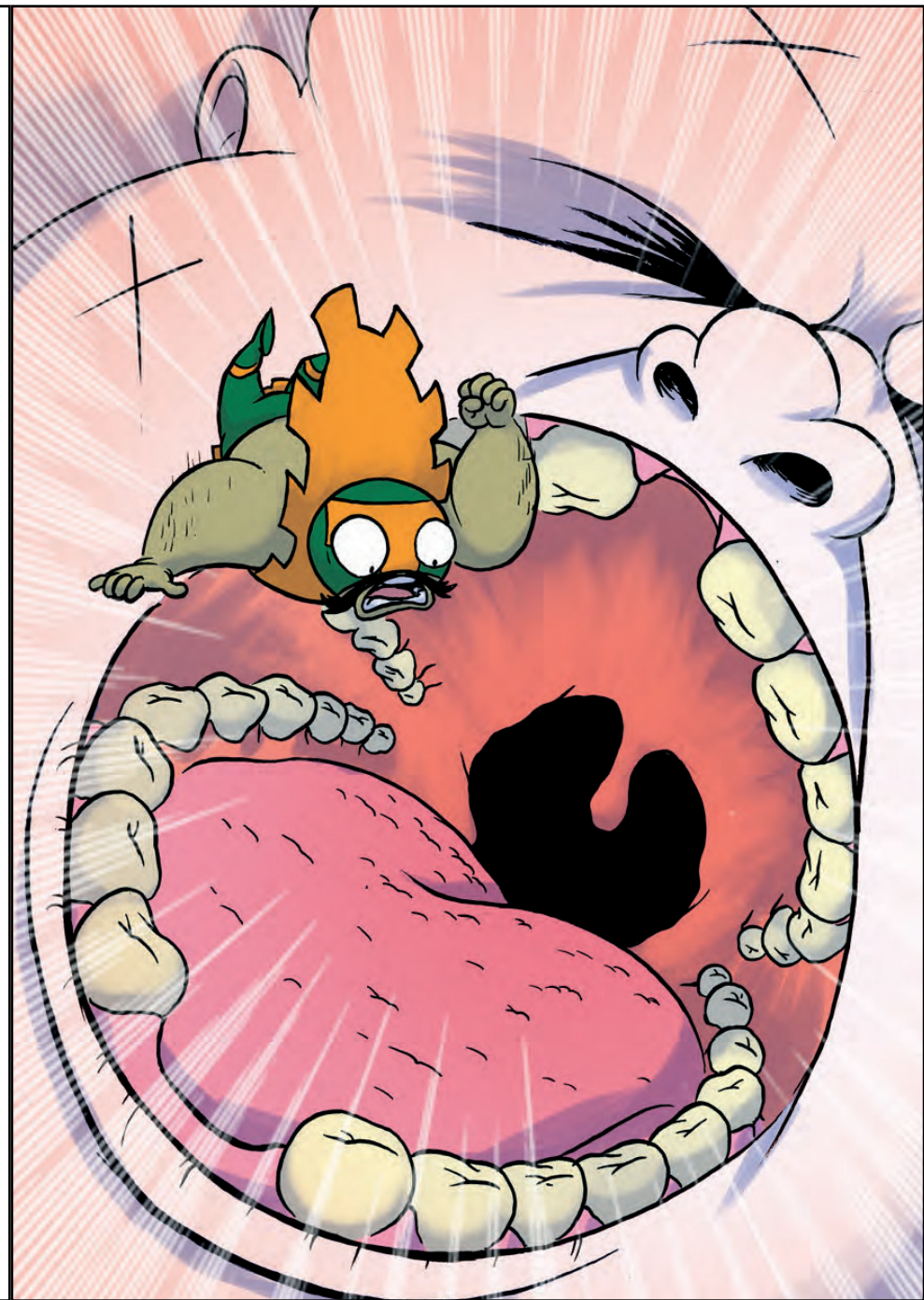
Tom Thumb launched himself through the air, aiming for the giant's nose.

At the same time, Hansel fired a gobstopper into the monster's ear.

The giant let out a loud cry, opening his mouth wide.

"No, no, no!" shouted Tom Thumb.

He fell down into the monster's throat, with his arms and legs flapping wildly.



CHAPTER ONE

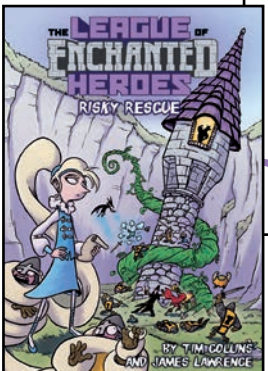
THE MESSAGE FROM THE TOWER

Tom Thumb grabbed the scroll from the forest floor and read it out loud.

“Help! I am being held captive in the East Plains tower. If you rescue me, I’ll give you the greatest reward of all.”

He tossed it back to the ground.

“It’s a scam,” he said. “We’ll go there and get robbed by a bunch of orcs.”



Jack rushed into the clearing, holding the whistle in his trembling hands.

He tried to blow it, but it made no sound.
He tried again. Still nothing.

He crouched down and tapped it on the ground.
Maybe there was something lodged inside.

Jack looked up again. In the few seconds he'd been examining the whistle, the werewolves had completely surrounded him.

"Uh-oh," he said.

Now he remembered where he'd seen the whistle before. It was a dog whistle, which could only be heard by animals.

