

Grabbing their collars she pulled them inside  
“Who are you?” they shouted and then they cried.

“I’m just an old woman without any money  
And you eat my walls and you think it’s funny?  
And now I am feeling quite peckish myself  
But sadly, for you, there’s no food on my shelf.”

Reader, can you see what’s happening here?  
Carry on with my tale and all will become clear.

The fire is lit as she gets out her fork  
“Come on my dears, you’ll taste just like pork.”  
With a hop and a skip she gave a big shove  
And the oven closed round them as tight as a glove.  
“O goody!” she cried, “roast children for tea!  
I will eat well tonight, o lucky me!!!”

