

Gretel: (Heavy German accent encouraged)

(Talking to her brother Hansel) Ya! I've been moody lately. It's... our mother. You see, our mother died before we were born. I am haunted, Hansel... Haunted by her memory. I am worried, too. I overheard our wicked stepmother saying she was going to take us into the woods and leave us to be eaten by wolves. I say we go into the woods ourselves. Here we are in the dark and scary woods alone. Something's not right. I feel so strange, Hansel. What's that?! It's a house... made out of candy...