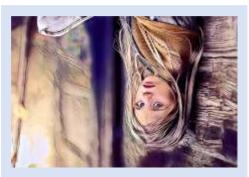
rabbit, which she held close to her like never separated herself from her rag seemed teartul and trightened. She languor. She never smiled and always which had turned into a kind of sickly children of her age except her sadness distinguished her from the other ten years old and nothing would have Maritza was a beautiful child of about



rides!

in a dark room that she closed on her. She opened a door and threw Maritza

through the door. place where daylight only filtered and Maritza found herself in a dark Cric, crac! The lock was pressed twice

the witch had locked her ... escape from this black hole in which She was calm, thinking of how to

the kidnapping. who had probably been trightened by She was thinking about her two triends

reserves good surprises! going to happen. Life sometimes She was tar from knowing what was

> branch and was watching the house everything as he flitted from branch to was that Rosi had been tollowing eternal youth... What she didn't know cauldron and preparing a potion of and was heating water in a large old woman's kitchen... She had lit a fire dark, loud noises could be heard in the And while Maritza was moping in the

lemes edt lle tnegilletni with interest... Red throat maybe... but





And very quickly, Maritza found herself in known ground... Rosi twirled around her and shouted with joy. In the bend of a bush, they saw Cerb who was still crying all the tears of his body... When he saw his friends, he started a series of antics that the whole forest still remembers: it was his way of showing his joy. And the witch? She could not prepare her magic potion and she died in atrocious suffering!



strangely resisted the traps of life...

except for Maritza, the youngest, who malnutrition, deprivation and disease,

them had died in intancy from

sides: they had had five children. All of

Ils mort medt no nellet bed enutroteiM

ravaged his household and his whole

lamented all the miseries that had

"luot... And the old "goutsoul"

These poor people had not had any

people being able to change the

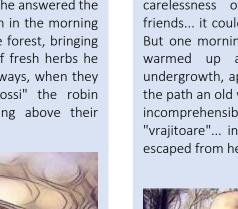
accidents of life without these poor

And the lack of money added to the

course of their history.

...vlimet





Maritza had called "Cerb" her friend the young deer... and he answered the call of his name when in the morning she visited him in the forest, bringing him the big armful of fresh herbs he was fond of... And always, when they played together, "Rossi" the robin would come and sing above their

And so life went on in the deep carelessness of Maritza and her friends... it could have lasted forever! But one morning, when the sun had warmed up a little the fogged undergrowth, appeared at the end of the path an old woman who mumbled incomprehensible words... It was a "vrajitoare"... in other words a witch escaped from hell !

So she had taken the habit of walking alone in the nearby forest and, by dint of going there, she had befriended a young fawn, also lonely since a nasty hunter had taken his mother's life... Both of them multiplied their games under the branches, sometimes running, sometimes doing antics that running, sometimes doing antics that





And the witch took Maritza by the hand, firmly and by squeezing her harder than it was necessary while leaving in the opposite direction by the

....γew

Maritza was in a second state, not knowing to her, and she was obediently accompanying the witch who was walking with big strides...

> With the tip of her beak, Rosi managed to slip the key under the door of Maritza's prison, who was surprised to see this object arrive... She took it and work. The door opened in a sinister creaking, by chance masked by the noise of the pans that agitated the witch. And the two friends fled, witch. And the two friends fled,







She was sad because she felt so alone... She would have liked so much to have friends and friends with whom she could play, shout, run, smell the flowers, play with the water... But there was no one! The nearest house was at least two hours away... and still it was only inhabited by an old couple without children...

By dint of advancing, turning and advancing again, the witch who always held Maritza by the hand had arrived at a kind of clearing at the end of which stood a miserable hovel...

That lasted a good moment, turning to the right or to the left at every crossroads. Maritza who however knew well the forest was completely lost and did not know any more where she was! Taking advantage of the fact that the witch was consulting her secret grimoire, Rosi slipped through a small hole in the wall and saw, on a corner of the table, the key to the dungeon where Maritza was... With a flick of his wing, behind the back of the busy witch, he landed near the key and grabbed it. It was a little heavy for him but he was valiant. He took his flight and, without making noise, left the infernal kitchen to approach Maritza.

approach Maritza.

