

The Melting Witch's Dilemma

The Wicked Witch screamed, her voice mixed with the hiss of the water melting her. "Why is this happening to me?", she sobbed, slowly turning into a green puddle. "What do I need to do?"

Just then, two children, Leo and Ana, walked into the garden. They saw the witch melting and stopped to observe.

"Hey," Leo said to Ana, "is he sad?"

"It's a 'she', Leo. And yes, I think she is," Ana replied.

The witch tried to speak, but only a bubbling sound came from her mouth.

Leo looked at the witch and then at his sister. "Are you sad?"

Ana shrugged. "No. I guess not. We were warned to be careful with wicked witches. What about you, are you sad?"

"No," said Leo, "this is interesting. So, if she's sad and we're not... are we sad?"

"What is your problem?" the witch gurgled. "I am disappearing!"

Ana gave the witch a look. "I don't know what you are thinking," she told her, "but don't interrupt our conversation. We were told we had to be prepared for strange things."

The witch melted completely, her final bubble of anger bursting without anyone noticing.