## Page 3

One iay ar the wioked fueen
 ite pase tine of lasing uith ?e:
 hapenod to ghoree ory $\therefore$ "en
 Fing innocenty jnto ne Grento Mon I've rot harid thent the ruecn (who br the way : ated Snow thite massionatel. far come unknom reason o..opossibly her bells) "She's in for tit now:
cuickly conning her iisht skirt and fixing her French twist she ran down the tower steps and
into the courtyard.
"Demn those spilet heès!" she thought as she picked herself up。
ineanthic Snow thite had unfortunately Iost, (?) her way in the forest.
"Oh, what wili I do nos?"she thought. I must he back br 11:30 and I haven't the faintert idea rhich way to go!"

Spung a lict+ amic thr trras (h-- this time it $\because z$ trarinion cork and unsuituring late for
(cont. nase to, be in the rooss

