

An illustration of a young boy with brown hair, wearing a brown jacket and dark pants, walking through a dark, dense forest. He is carrying a round cake with white frosting and a single red strawberry on top. The forest is filled with gnarled, dark trees and thick, swirling mist or smoke that obscures the path. In the background, a small clearing shows a squirrel and a few birds. The overall mood is mysterious and slightly ominous.

On the other side, he looked down at his gift. "At least I still have a layer of cake, ten candles, and the succulent strawberry," he said.

Holding the cake proudly before him, Jack continued on to the castle.

Before long he came to the forest. No birds chirped here. No squirrels chattered.

As if under a spell, the entire wood lay silent, sleeping. Only the wind seemed to whisper, "Beware! Beware!"

Pulling the cake closer, Jack pressed on.

The road grew narrower. The trees grew thicker. The light grew dimmer. Soon it was so dark that Jack couldn't see the cake in front of his face.

"Turn back!" the wind whispered. "Turn back!"

"I can't!" cried Jack. "I'm taking this cake to the princess."

And he reached into his pocket for a matchstick, struck it on his shoe, and lit one of the ten candles.