



A Christmas story for you to savor:

By Marion Kuclo
special writer

DOLLY WITCH was a short, fat witch with a rather green complexion. She really wasn't very pretty, but then

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she really wasn't very ugly either (as witches go).

Dolly was a jolly witch. She laughed a lot, and when she laughed, she shook all over like a bowl of green jello.

Dolly had a nice little house, a friendly fat cat, and a really fine broom that could fly as fast and as high as any witch broom ever made.

Dolly was a happy witch, but there was one thing that she wanted very much. More than anything else in the whole world, Dolly wanted to fly with Santa on Christmas Eve and help him deliver presents to all the boys and girls.

Year after year Dolly wrote to Santa and offered her help, and year after year Santa wrote back and said, "No, thank you." Santa told Dolly that witches belonged to Halloween, not Christmas, and no way could she help him. Why, that would be as silly as Santa going out trick-or-treating.

One year Dolly Witch decided that she would prove to Santa that a witch could do something Christmasy and then maybe he would let her help him.

"Now, let's see, just what could I do?" thought Dolly. "Maybe I could knit him some mittens," she thought. "No, that would never do." (The last time Dolly tried to knit mittens, they each had five thumbs.)

She thought of singing Christmas carols. But no, that wouldn't do either. Dolly's voice resembled that of a bullfrog trying to sing soprano.

Then Dolly got a wonderful idea. Why hadn't she thought of it before? She would bake Santa a fruitcake! That's what she'd do. Dolly was a very unusual cook. Everyone said so, and all the other witches went wild over her delicious brews.

OF COURSE, DOLLY had never baked a fruitcake before, but it

couldn't be too hard. She would just get a good recipe and add her own special touches here and there, and it would surely be a success. So Dolly Witch found a recipe for fruitcake and she followed it very carefully: Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar and add three well beaten eggs.

Here Dolly Witch stopped for a minute — the book didn't say what kind of eggs to use. Should she use goose eggs, hawk eggs, or buzzard eggs? Turtle eggs were the hardest to come by, and most witches considered them a real delicacy. Dolly just happened to have some on hand, so she used those.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cherry juice . . . Dolly stopped again and thought a minute. She didn't have any cherry juice. What could she use instead? Why, raven's blood, of course! That was just the thing. Oh, this would be a special cake. Where it called for a little bit of this, Dolly threw in a bit of that.

Instead of raisins, she used yew berries; instead of pecans she used hickory nuts, and instead of pineapple, she used chopped earthworms. She added a little hassock, some thistle leaves, a pound of crabs' eyes, some snake root, and a few other of her favorite delicacies to the batter.

After the cake was baked, she glazed it all over with horehound and decorated it with ivy leaves and bright red holly. It was beautiful. Dolly wrapped it up in Christmas paper, and carrying it oh, so carefully, she climbed on her broom and flew up to the North Pole to deliver the cake to Santa.

SHE LANDED WITH a swish right into a snowbank, but luckily, the cake wasn't hurt a bit. Dolly

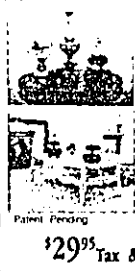
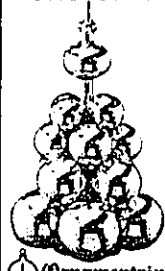


Witch was very proud as she jingled the sleigh bells that hung on Santa's door.

Santa Claus himself came to answer the door. He was quite surprised to see a witch standing there, but then he remembered all the letters he had received from Dolly Witch in the past. He greeted her in a friendly way, but he told her just what he had said in his letters. Witches, even green ones, belong to Halloween, not Christmas.

"But Santa," said Dolly, "I've baked you a Christmas fruitcake. I know when you eat it you'll see that witches can do Christmas-type

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