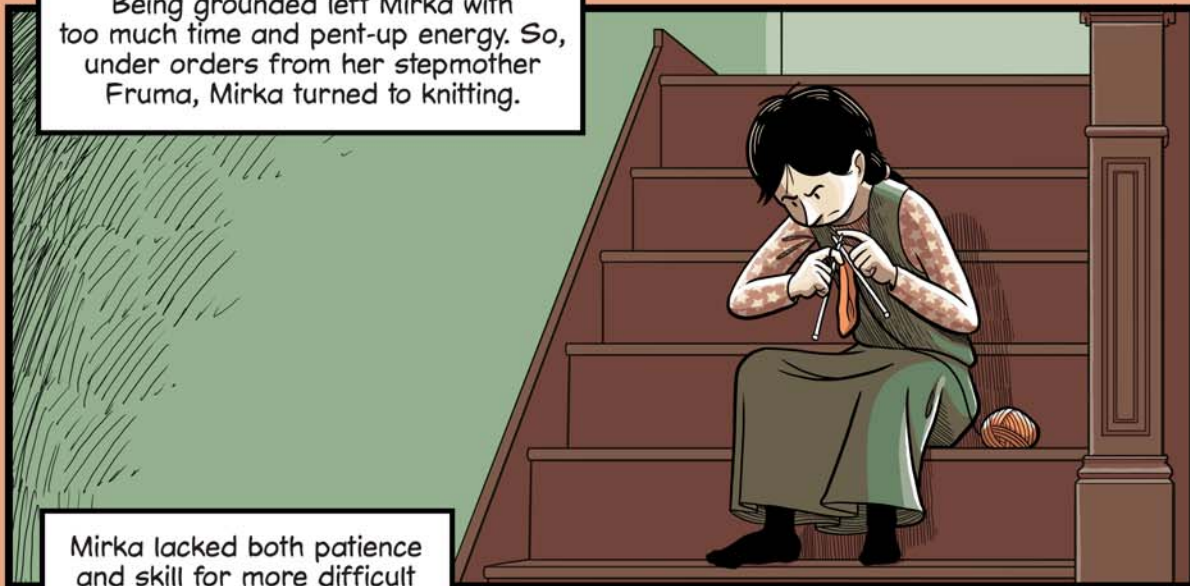


Being grounded left Mirka with too much time and pent-up energy. So, under orders from her stepmother Fruma, Mirka turned to knitting.



Mirka lacked both patience and skill for more difficult projects, so she only knitted one thing: berets.



But as it turns out, there is such a thing as too many berets.





I
SWEAR

Bli neder.



I WILL
NEVER
KNIT A
BERET
AGAIN!

Bli neder: But I'm not making an official vow before Hashem (God).

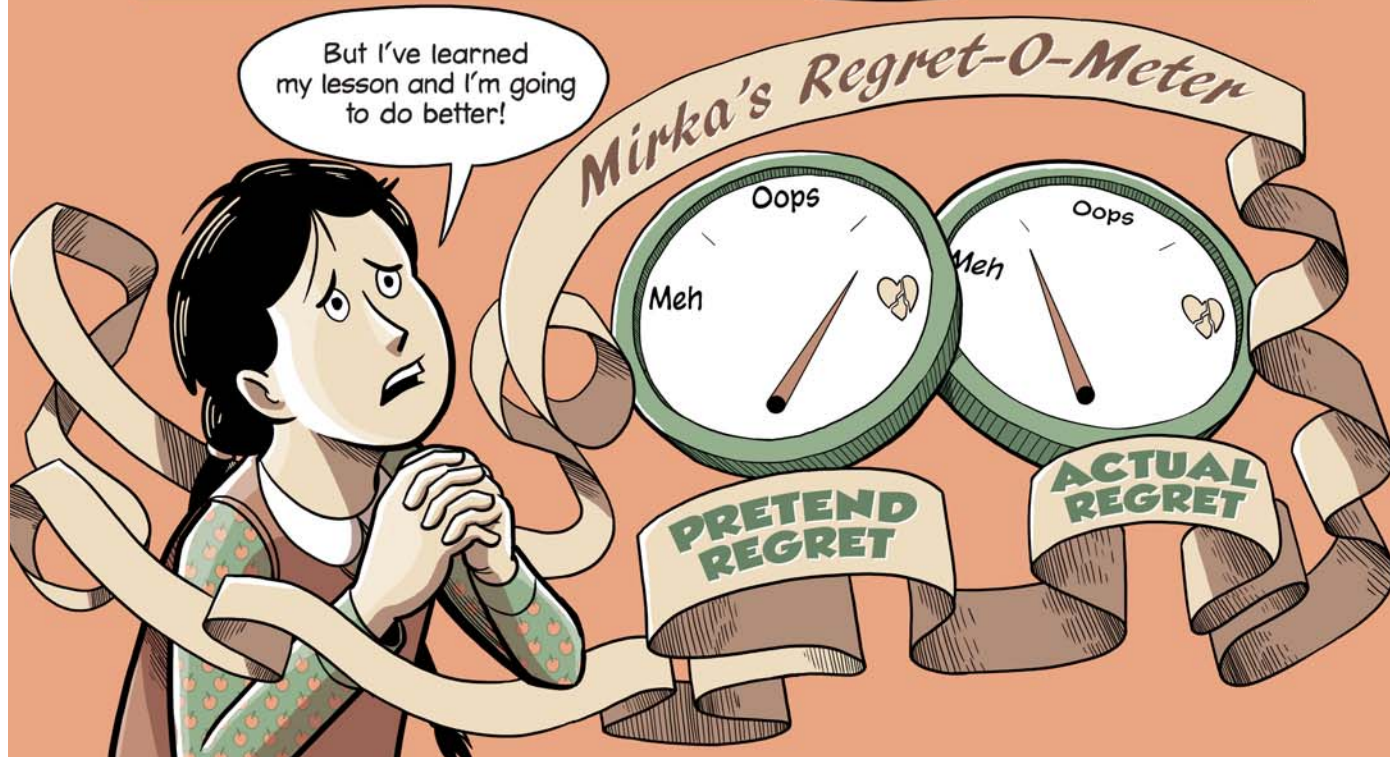
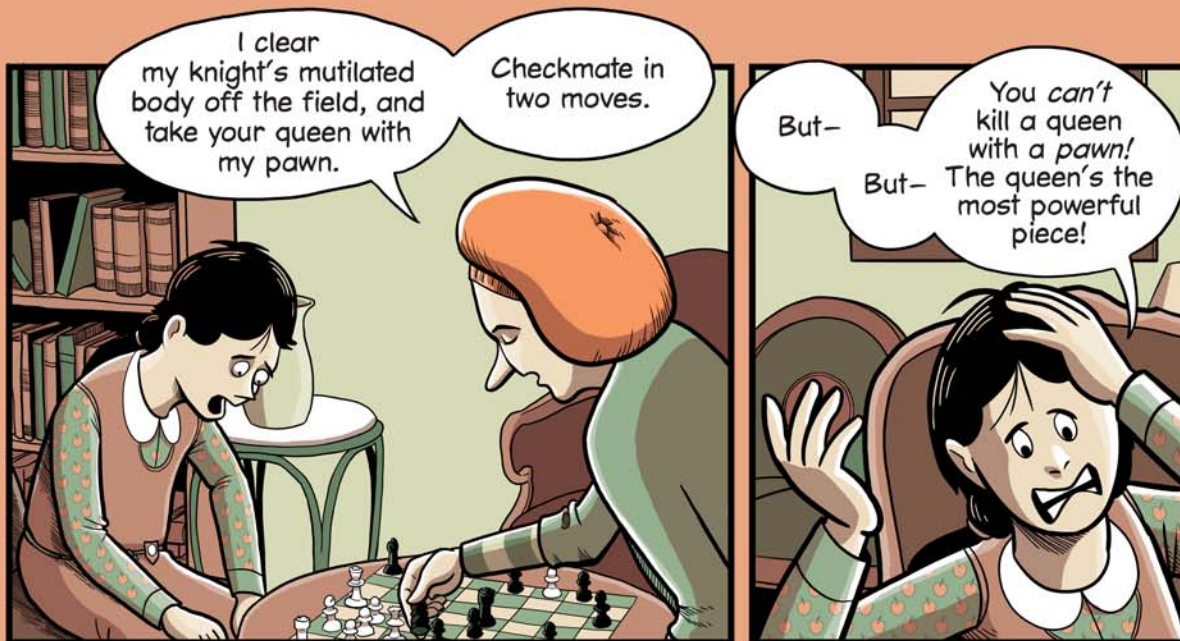


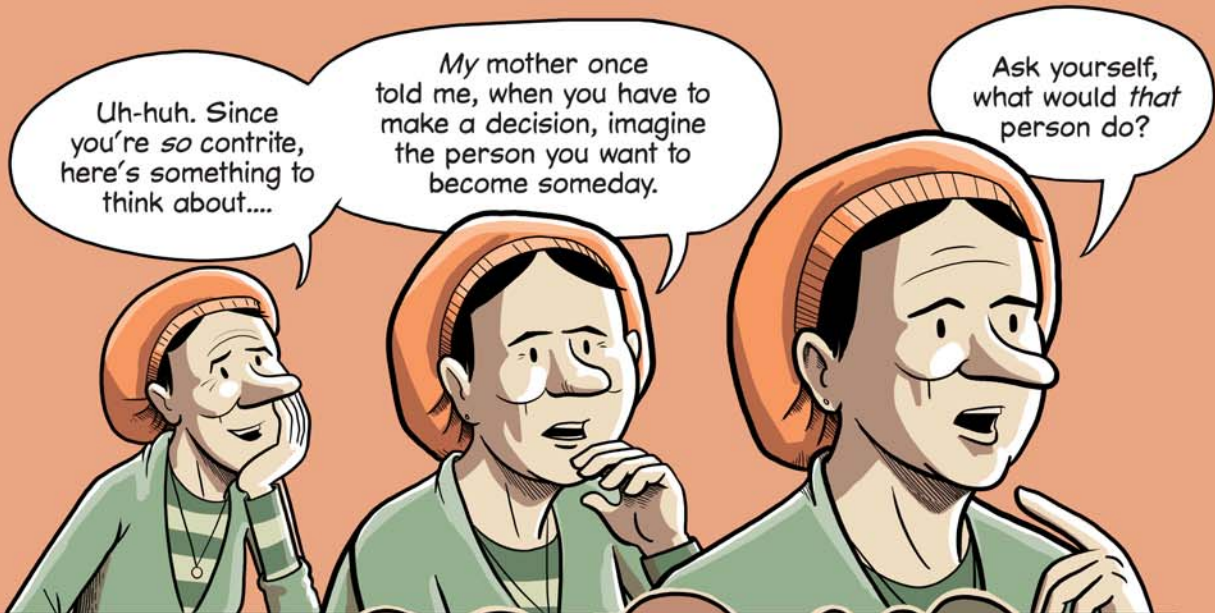


An hour later.











Outrunning bullies was simple, but visiting the troll was not. His lair was magically hidden.



A witch had given Mirka the bizarre directions. They had to be followed to the letter.

