

One day the woman was standing at this window, and she saw a bed planted with the most beautiful Rapunzel. It looked so fresh and green that she longed for some. It was her greatest desire to eat some of the Rapunzel. This desire increased with every day, and not knowing how to get any, she became miserably ill.

Her husband was frightened, and asked her, "What ails you, dear wife?"

"Oh," she answered, "if I do not get some Rapunzel from the garden behind our house, I shall die."

The man, who loved her dearly, thought, "Before you let your wife die, you must get her some of the Rapunzel, whatever the cost."

So just as it was getting dark he climbed over the high wall into the sorceress's garden, hastily dug up a handful of Rapunzel, and took it to his wife. She immediately made a salad from it, which she devoured eagerly. It tasted so very good to her that by the next day her desire for more had grown threefold. If she were to have any peace, the man would have to climb into the garden once again.



The flower was given to the queen, she quickly recovered and gave birth to a beautiful baby girl who the need Rapunzel. While celebrations enveloped the kingdom, Gothel, the evil witch cried in



agony upon finding that her flower was stolen. She soon heard that the daughter of the king and queen was born with bright blond hair and contained the same healing powers her beloved flower had.