

Rapunzel

The true story

Hello. I am the witch, in the story of Rapunzel. But here's the surprise: I'm also the queen. Yes, the queen, as in Rapunzel's mother. Well here's what really happened: One day I was just walking along the garden path when all of a sudden there was a bright flash of light, along with a faint sizzling sound. With it came an old, old woman, one that I had never seen before, and one that I wish I had never seen. She had a mop of dirty gray-blue hair on her head, and she wore a dress woven completely out of twigs. She stepped out of the light and pointed a crooked finger at my surprised face. "May you fall terribly ill and die" she hissed. Then she stepped back into the light and faded away. I was as confused as I was stricken, and that was when it hit me. I doubled over in pain, clutching my churning stomach. It felt terrible, along with the rest of my body. Next came the thoughts, the memories. They

flooded my mind and left no space for anything else. There was no space for breathing, or even moving. I lay there helplessly on the ground, clutching my stomach, and thinking, thinking of my husband, King Charming, thinking of the poor baby girl in my stomach, thinking of the old crone and what had just happened.

It was obviously magic, but it was a magic so deep, so strong, that even I, a non-magic user could feel it. Finally, there came the vision. One second everything was bright, colorful, near, even, and the next... the next second everything was black. It was enough to drive anyone crazy, and I ~~was~~ actually relieved when I finally passed out. When I woke up I found myself in my humungous bedroom, looking into the faces of many worried looking people; including my husband, Dave. Pain enveloped my stomach once again, and I blacked out. When I woke up again I felt weak with pain

and hunger, but when I looked at Dave's face I saw that he was smiling, beaming, grinning from ear to ear, and I looked down and there she was: Rapunzel. My heart

leapt with joy, and just like that, the curse lifted, and joy filled me once again. I leapt up from my bed,

(surprising many of the people clustered

around it) and danced, all the way from my bed to my door, then down the stairs

and to the kitchen, and I sang, shouted
"The baby is born! The baby is born!"

I know you might be surprised that I, a queen, would do this, but that is why

my people think I am an excellent

queen. Everyone cheered as I danced down the halls, and that night I

slept with peace, even with the flashes of lightning and the boom of thunder in the distance. This I should have noticed,

and the witch came back again at

midnight with another bright sizzling flash that awakened me. She pointed another

crooked finger at me, an expression of pure anger on her face and she shouted "Exchange!" Behind her lightning flashed and thunder boomed, and all of a sudden she started morphing into . . . me? Terrified, I took up baby Rapunzel and fled, but not before Dave saw me leave. I thought he would come running up to me and ask what was wrong, but instead he pointed a shaking, trembling finger at me and gasped, "Witch!" he whispered. At first I was confused, but then I looked down at my hands. They were crooked and bent, tipped with long, curvy fingernails that gleamed in the dull moonlight. "No," I whispered. "No," I said, louder this time. "No!" I wailed. Guards were coming in on either side of me now, and knowing that I had no other choice, I jumped. I jumped from the balcony of the seventh floor, and somehow I survived. I landed swiftly and took off running. Rapunzel gurgling happily in my hands. I did

not know where I was running, as the rain poured down on my face, but when I stopped for breath I looked up to find a gigantic tower looking down at me, and I knew that this

was where I would have to keep Rapunzel.

Now you're probably wondering how I got in, as I couldn't climb Rapunzel's

hair. Well the answer is more simple

than you think: I climbed a set of

stairs. I did lock her in, true; but I

only did it for her own safety. I

was afraid of what could happen if

the witch found Rapunzel. Now, this is

the part where Rapunzel grows up

and all that stuff but first let me

tell you one thing: I wasn't the ignorant

mother everyone portrayed me as. I

actually taught her how to read and

write, talk and draw, sing and dance. I only

left every once in a while to get

Rapunzel some food, and that was

simple, since Rapunzel and I were

both vegetarians. We lived happily

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in our little tower, until one day Flynn
came along. Rapunzel, like every
other normal person who finds a
stranger in their house, hit him in
the head, with a pot, and knocked
him unconscious. She then stuffed him
under the bed, but don't blame me
that I didn't find him. It's not
like I just go around looking
under the furniture. Anyways, when I
came home from picking berries
Rapunzel asked me if I could take
her to go see the lights on her
eighteenth birthday. Of course, I
said no. That was way too close to
the wretched witch for my liking.
I could tell she was upset. I was
upset too—at her. Couldn't she tell
that I was trying to help her? But
along with feeling upset I also felt
guilty. So, when she sent me to go
fetch some strawberries to make
jelly, I happily agreed. I opened the
trapdoor that led to the staircase and

descended down into it. I then closed the trapdoor behind me and locked it with a click! Then I descended down the long winding staircase to the ground. Once I was at the ground I took a deep breath of fresh air, and smiled. I loved the feel of the sun against my skin, the sound of the birds chirping happily, and of green, green grass. I then started walking towards the lush red strawberries, inhaling their scent as I got closer. Meanwhile, Rapunzel was up to mischief. She dragged the prince out from under the bed, and poured water on him to wake him up. She then asked him if he would accompany her to the lights on her eighteenth birthday - which was that day - and the prince reluctantly said yes. Then Rapunzel somehow got out of the castle (that was her little "secret") and made her way to the castle. I finished picking strawberries

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then, and I climbed back up the stairs into the tower. That's when I realized Rapunzel was gone. I darted down the staircase and ran towards the castle, for I knew that that was where Rapunzel was going: to see the lights. I ran swiftly through the grass and I soon saw her. But then I saw him. Flynn. They were talking and joking around on a rock, and that infuriated me. First Rapunzel escaped but now she was talking to another human?! What if this human was the witch? What if this human took her to see the witch? Without thinking I lunged from the bush I was watching them from and dragged them both to the tower, up the staircase, and through the trapdoor, where I tied them both up to the wall. I was very angry and disappointed at Rapunzel, but I also was relieved, so very relieved, and happy that she was alright. All of a sudden there

was a warm tingling sensation spreading through my body, and then the setting changed. Now I was sitting in my throne in my castle, next to my husband Dave. What?

Then that was when I looked down at my hands again. They were thin and slender, with long pink nails at the ends. We had switched back! I laughed, just a few short, tinkling laughs. I laughed again.

Then I erupted in laughter, slapping at the arms of my chairs like someone had just told a funny joke. Dave looked at me worriedly, at first, but then

he wrapped his arms around me and joined in on my laughing. I looked at the guards.

I could tell they were trying hard not to laugh. I waved at them and they all burst out laughing. Soon, almost everyone in the

kingdom was laughing. I enjoyed watching everyone happy. Tears of happiness streamed down my cheeks now, and pretty much everyone else's too. But while the rest of

the Kingdom was laughing happily.
Rapunzel and Flynn were in grave
danger. They were at the mercy of
the witch. "No!" The witch screamed.
"No!" She wailed, clawing at her hair.
She stared at her long crooked fingers
and muttered "We've switched," her
hands dropped loosely to her sides
and then she turned and looked at
Rapunzel and Flynn. The fire returned to
her eyes, and she walked towards the
Kitchen and turned her back on
Rapunzel and Flynn. They relaxed,
but just for one second, for when she
turned around again, in her hand
was a sharp, glistening... knife.
She smiled evilly, revealing her crooked,
yellow teeth. "Mother?" Rapunzel
whispered. And then the witch drew back
her arm, and hurled the knife straight
at... Flynn. "Flynn!" Rapunzel
screamed, but it was too late. The knife
impa led Flynn straight in the chest
and the witch cackled with glee. Tears

welled in Rapunzel's eyes and she screamed at the witch "You are no mother of mine!" she sobbed onto Flynn's chest. "You - you evil, heartless witch!" she roared, and this is the part of the story that the rapunzel comes in. Not Rapunzel as in my daughter, Rapunzel, Rapunzel, as in the plant. Earlier, Flynn had found a pretty flower on the side of the road and picked it and put it into her hair. It fell out of her hair now while she was sobbing, and it fell into the puddle of tears and blood on Flynn's chest. The water seeped into the deep gash on Flynn's chest and instantly healed him. Flynn blinked his eyes, once, twice, three times, and then sat up. Rapunzel stared in shock at Flynn, but then she got over the shock and wrapped her arms tightly around him. These emotions of pure joy and happiness proved too much for the witch.

You probably figured this out before, but let me tell you one thing: the witches weakness was joy and happiness. I

had experienced these emotions twice before, and twice the witch's spell had been released. But to be this close to two people radiating this much happiness was too much for the witch. She stumbled back, caught her foot on the windowsill, and fell to the earth, but when Rapunzel went to check on the witch, she was nowhere to be seen. Rapunzel and Flynn hurried out of the tower through the open trapdoor (they broke their chains with the knife) and ran towards the castle. Imediately, I scooped Rapunzel up in a great big hug and said "Welcome home daughter!" Flynn and Dave soon joined the hug and we lived happily ever after. Now, the true story was lost generations ago, but, well - now you're here to tell it!