He had fially found her. The princss had been stoen away from em suddnly by a fairy who cast a terrible curse on her. The cure to this curse was almost imossibe to find and many times the brave king hd come close to up hope.

1

The ph led him deep into the forest, past whispering trees and sweet song birds that heralded his coming. A gilded, glass coffin lay in the cetre of a clearing. As he approached, he could see her sweet through the opaque glass, gently dreaming. He got off his horse ad approached, the cure, a magicalflowr in hand. He stped forward, his boots sinking into soft mss as the perfumed scent of the forest hit him. Lifting te lid, he laid the flower, its golden petals gleaming, onto And waited.

2

3

“Darling,” he whisered, “it’s time to wake up.”

Her angelic face, framed in the golden halo of her hair, remained impassive. He bent dwn, pressing his lips to her cool forehead and feeling his eyes wake sting.

4

“Please princess,” he beged, “Please wake up.” The gilded coffin faded to crisp white shets, the forest to the stark walls of the hosptal room. The sweet smll was the acrid scent of cheicals used to clean the floors and the gentle bird song became the slw beep of the heart monitor.

He sat crouhed over her bedside, holding her cold had in a death grip, ees red from crying all niht. His little girl lay still on the bed, her usually plump cheek sallow and the glow lost frm her skin. Her beautiful, golden hair ws all gone now and she wore a cap to keep her head wam. She was conected to moe wires and tubes than he thought posible for such a tiny human being. Her eyes remained closed, trapped in her drea world forever. “Please,” he cried, “Plese wake up!” ‘Why can’t you wrie a happy story, Daddy?’

5

 “Pul? Paul!” the voice was comig to him from far away, slowly dragging him out of the dream, “Honey, wake up!” His eyes opened bleaily. Someone had opeed the curtains and window, leting the sunshine leak in. A mess of paper covered the floor and his wife was peering down at him, her gaze worried. “You need soe water,” she said sotly, coaxingly, “And some food. Come on, love.”

6

She tred to pull him up, but he griped her by the arm, gaze searching. She looked so muh like their little princess, with the same golden hair and sweet face. There were bas under her eyes, betraying how tred and sad she was, a mirror of his own face. His heart clenced painfully.

7