

-Onerataxia

The ground was soft and wet. The air is crisp and cool. Everything smelled of sweet spring flowers. The forest was bright and colorful, and the new spring flowers were just starting to bloom into shades of pink, blue, and purple.

I looked around and saw a quaint little cottage with curly smoke reaching the sky. As I went closer I smelled sweet baked bread. The plants outside of the home were unkempt but beautiful all the same, delicate peonies peaked out of the bushes waking from their long nap.

I knocked on the small wooden door. There was no answer. I knocked again but still, no one answered, I slowly creaked the door open and found a small cozy sitting room with a small dining room around the corner. I gave one more look around and, after confirming that there was no one home I stepped in.

The dining room looked small but the number of sweets that were laid out across the small table was enough to fill a banquet hall. There were towers of small cakes the color of sugared cherries and tarts filled with the most beautiful golden cream. There were even trays that didn't fit on the table that sat on the ground and chairs or balancing on the window sill. The treats were all bright and the smell of it all made my stomach roll and groan for a bite. I reached for a small chocolate cupcake with sunshine yellow icing.

"I wouldn't eat that if I were you." hissed a smooth silky voice.

I turned around my heart thumping like a beater against a mixing bowl. The woman in front of me was an artificial kind of beautiful, her hair and eyebrows were too perfect and her lips were two shades too dark. She wore a dark raven-like gown that trailed behind her, it had a high collar and a low neckline that was dotted with gems on the hem.

“I-I’m sorry I didn’t think anyone was home,” I said as my heartbeat was like a wild horse’s hooves.

She curled her perfect red lips, “Oh child, what I mean is you don’t want that silly little cupcake when you can have this.”

She pulled a small delicate apple tart out of a pocket in her skirt. I accepted the pastry and inhaled a long waft of its heavenly aroma. The slices of apple made a beautiful swirling pattern on the surface that was dusted with sugar. The crust was soft and flaky.

“Go on, take a bite.” the woman said in a tone that made me feel that I could trust her.

Not being able to resist the urge, I bit into the tart and instantly regretted it. At first, the tart was an explosion of sweet flavors bursting in my mouth, the apples were tender and sweet, and underneath them was a sugary cream that made my mouth yearn for more. The crust was soft and melted in my mouth but as I let my taste buds explore the delectable flavors my mouth went dry, the tart disintegrated in my mouth and the world spun and my stomach went hollow.

I fell to the ground landing on a red velvet cake but I barely felt it. The woman looked down at me and only then did I see the jeweled crown sitting atop her jet-black hair.

“You stupid child, you should know, never to accept an apple from the Evil Queen. Calandra. Calandra. Calandra” she continued saying my name as my world faded to black. I started to hear it again. “Calandra, Calandra come on, it is time for breakfast. Get up!” I slowly opened my eyes.