

Rapunzel: The Real Story
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Prologue

Once upon a time, there was a magnificent fairy princess. Her locks had a stunning honey golden aura. With wings of pure sparkling silver, she fluttered around the glade just outside of her palace. If you were extremely quiet, with footsteps lighter than a butterfly's caress, you might be able to catch a glimpse of her...

Wait a minute.

I'm telling the wrong story. This is not your candy-coated, sha-la-la fairy tale. What I'm about to tell you is the real story. This is what actually happened. This is the true story of *Rapunzel*.

Part 1

This story starts out in a palace, full of intricate aristocrats and ladies of the court. An enormous ball is taking place in honor of the first birthday of Princess *Rhiannon*. Yes, that is her name. Not Rapunzel. You could feel the bordering joy and pride of the happy parents, the king and queen of the Kingdom of Deimos. People were laughing, dancing, and pigging out to their hearts' content.

The king, Oberon, gestured for the orchestra to stop playing, and awaited for the audience to become mute. He stood before his loyal subjects and declared, "Thank you one and all for attending our beloved daughter's, Rhiannon's, first birthday. We applaud you for many gifts. Our kingdom has never been so alive until this day, the day our pride and joy has lived her first year."

The crowd applauded graciously, and just as he was about to propose a toast, a thundering crack was heard, and pieces of the stone ceiling began to collapse in onto the party guests. Chaos erupted among the dancers and dukes, and then a might roar was heard from above. Had heaven become angry? No, a dragon had.

Scales of pure jade with a tad shimmer of crimson red floated over the exhausted ceiling, his eyes shot with fresh blood color. His wings pumped gust of air that could erode mountains. The dragon's purpose here was not for tea and crumpets. He was a bit upset, in fact he loathed the Kingdom of Deimos, because for one thing he wasn't invited to the party, and secondly they hunted his family. So now it was payback time.

The dragon's eyes scanned over the mess that he had created. A sinister smirk crossed his features, as his irises landing upon his prey; the one thing King could not do without other than his wife and kingdom, his year old daughter, little Rhiannon.

Quick as a flying horse, otherwise known as a Pegasus, he snatched up the cradle, the baby pitifully sobbing. The parents attempted to jump for their child and failed miserably, the father winding up on his knees with his wife, Queen Tatiana, tripping over him and falling flat on her face. The dragon roared with laughter and set a fiery blaze across the night sky and took off for home.

The king and queen commanded their legion of vampire knights to go after the princess, for she was their only heir, and the queen could not bear any more children.

What would they do without their beloved daughter? Where is the dragon taking her? Why is he so angry? Why do my grandma's cookies taste so good? Why do I keep asking you all these questions?

Discover the answers to three out of five of these questions in the next part. Stay tuned.

Part 2

Within the crusty mountains which was just within the border of the kingdom, laid the dragon's lair. The princess Rhiannon, still crying, rocked violently back forth in the cradle beneath the dragon's claws. He floated above the moist ground within his territory before dropping her a few feet from the entrance of his cave. In the background, tiny coos of hunger echoed off the walls. The dragon had a family too. Who would have thought?

Surprisingly, Rhiannon stopped crying, long enough for the baby dragons to walk over to her cradle. They curiously stared into the crib before their features were distorted by hungry smiles.

Then their father trotted in, happy as a clam, because his revenge has succeeded and now his family will not go hungry, like killing two birds with one stone. His children chirped cheerfully at the sight of their courageous father. Rhiannon eyed her captors, unknowingly. Was this her fate, to be ground into gruel and devoured maniacal beasts? Or maybe even burnt to a crisp at 360 degrees Celsius?

But of course, she didn't ask herself these questions. She's an infant. But anyway, now she was about to be mashed into dragon chow.

At the same moment in time, a wizard who lived at the peak of the tallest mountain looked at his wrist-sundial checking the time of day. He had to be home before his meal was ruined from being set out too long. And his mother wouldn't be too happy if he came home late. Yes, he still lives with his mother.

However, far off in the distance he heard a faint cry of an infant. Was his mind playing tricks on him? It couldn't be. The elderly wizard hopped on his broom stick and took off into the skies. There was another cry, this one louder and more distressed. It was coming from the dragon's lair!