

Rapunzel-the only one with no hair

(An Adaptation of Rapunzel)

By: Caroline C.

One day, in the shabbiest, most ancient of villas, there lived a girl named Rapunzel. Rapunzel was strange in many ways. Firstly she had no hair whatsoever; secondly she lived with two sisters, five brothers, and both pairs of her grandparents, ten parakeets, five cats, three dogs, four parrots, nine rattlesnakes, and a partridge in a pear tree. (Well, not the last bit) She lived a perfectly normal life.

Well, perfectly normal if you consider being the local hero who is a bald and a girl. Rapunzel was used to being called out on dangerous and pointless quests all of the time and having to come back in time to cook supper for everyone and everything.

One day, mid October, there was a troll, a goblin, a witch and a wizard who was not the brightest person that you could meet on the loose. This group caused Rapunzel's and neighboring villages a lot of chaos. Once the village elders decided that they had had enough of the group, they called for Rapunzel.

Once Rapunzel had been summoned and told what to do, she immediately tracked down the group of wrongdoers. She tried reasoning with them over all of the noise emitting from the goblin and the troll, that was a fail.

The witch was watching the goblin and troll with immense interest and cackling with glee. The wizard heard her, but he was too absent-minded to understand a word of what Rapunzel was

saying. So, instead of reasoning with all of the VERY annoying intruders, she settled with the more (or less) violent of paths. She drew her bow.

THWACK!!!! The witch had stumbled back into a mud pit (with several smelly pigs) because she was scared of being hit with a razor-sharp arrow. She blindly stumbled over to where the goblin was standing and promptly collapsed with exhaustion.

“**Boo.**” Rapunzel said. The intruders were terrorized. “**Bye, bye, sleepyheads.**” The intruders turned on their heels and ran off into the horizon. She lived happily ever after, well until she was called out on another dangerous task, to drive all book-lovers out of town.

See here, people who even relatively liked books were heavily disliked and sometimes even tormented by the townsfolk. Rapunzel set off on a journey that she knew that she wouldn't be back from in a long, long, long, long time. Longer than a couple of hours, longer than a couple of days, probably more like weeks, leading into months leading into possibly... years.

Rapunzel set off on this journey with only the most obvious essentials: an English dictionary (for when the time comes when she needs to understand what her prisoners are saying, just in case she happened to miss something), a Latin dictionary (just in case, you never know), a small meal, a tent (hey, you cannot blame a girl for not wanting to camp out FULLY under the stars, I don't), and a book (for show) and then she set off on a long, meandering, dark, scary trail.

Rapunzel traveled for days before she ran into the first prisoner, her first prisoner was a not-so-proper geek. His nose was fully enveloped in the book, his neck was bent over and he took no notice of Rapunzel. The strangest thing about him was not his appearance, but it was the smell he radiated. He looked like he did not shower, but he smelled like baby powder. It was one of Rapunzel's favorite scents. She leaned in closer to smell him better, and instantly she fell in love with his scent. It was like being with a newborn on a crisp October's night, just laying there, gazing up at

all of the constellations. She smelled apple cider, cinnamon, baby powder, mint, grass, leaves, and pure love.

The man standing next to Rapunzel finally looked up from his weathering book, noticing, for the first time that a girl was standing right next to him. Yet another shocking thing is that he did not blush, instead, he said in a thick Irish accent (Rapunzel always had wanted to date an Irishman) “Hello, there, I guess that I was to interested in my highly entertaining novel, Romeo and Juliet.” Rapunzel’s heart soared. She was in absolute awe. It was like her heaven all bottled up in a lanky redhead. “May I ask what your name is, young lady?” Rapunzel was not expecting this. She heavily blushed and in attempt to hide that she was blushing, she promptly replied, “My name is Rapunzel and what is your name?” Mr. Slice-of-heaven shortly replied, “My name is James, James O’Brian.” OMG, he was like heaven for Rapunzel. Being a daredevil, she asked him if h wanted to marry her. Just as every other story, this one ends in someone getting married. So normal.



THE END (or is it???)