

REALLY, RAPUNZEL NEEDED A HAIRCUT!

The Story of
RAPUNZEL
as Told by
DAME GOTHEL

by
Jessica Gunderson

illustrated by
Denis Alonso



Let me tell you, it's lonely being a witch.
When folks find out what I am, they steer clear.
I have no friends at all. Not one. It's unfair, really.



A sweet girl with beautiful hair once lived with me. And I used to have a fantastic garden. (Neither the girl nor the plants cared one whit that I was a witch.) My flowers bloomed bright and tall. My radishes were to die for. But, sadly, I haven't seen the girl or my garden in a while. It all started when a neighbor tried to steal my radishes ...

Here's how it went:

"My wife is going to have a baby," my neighbor stammered.
"And she craves your radishes. She swears if she doesn't
get them, she'll just die!"





"OK," I said. "But what will you give me in return? I can get a pretty penny for these at the Farmers' Market, you know."

"But I have no money. Not a single dime!" he whined.

"Maybe I'll give you our baby? We can always have more, I guess."

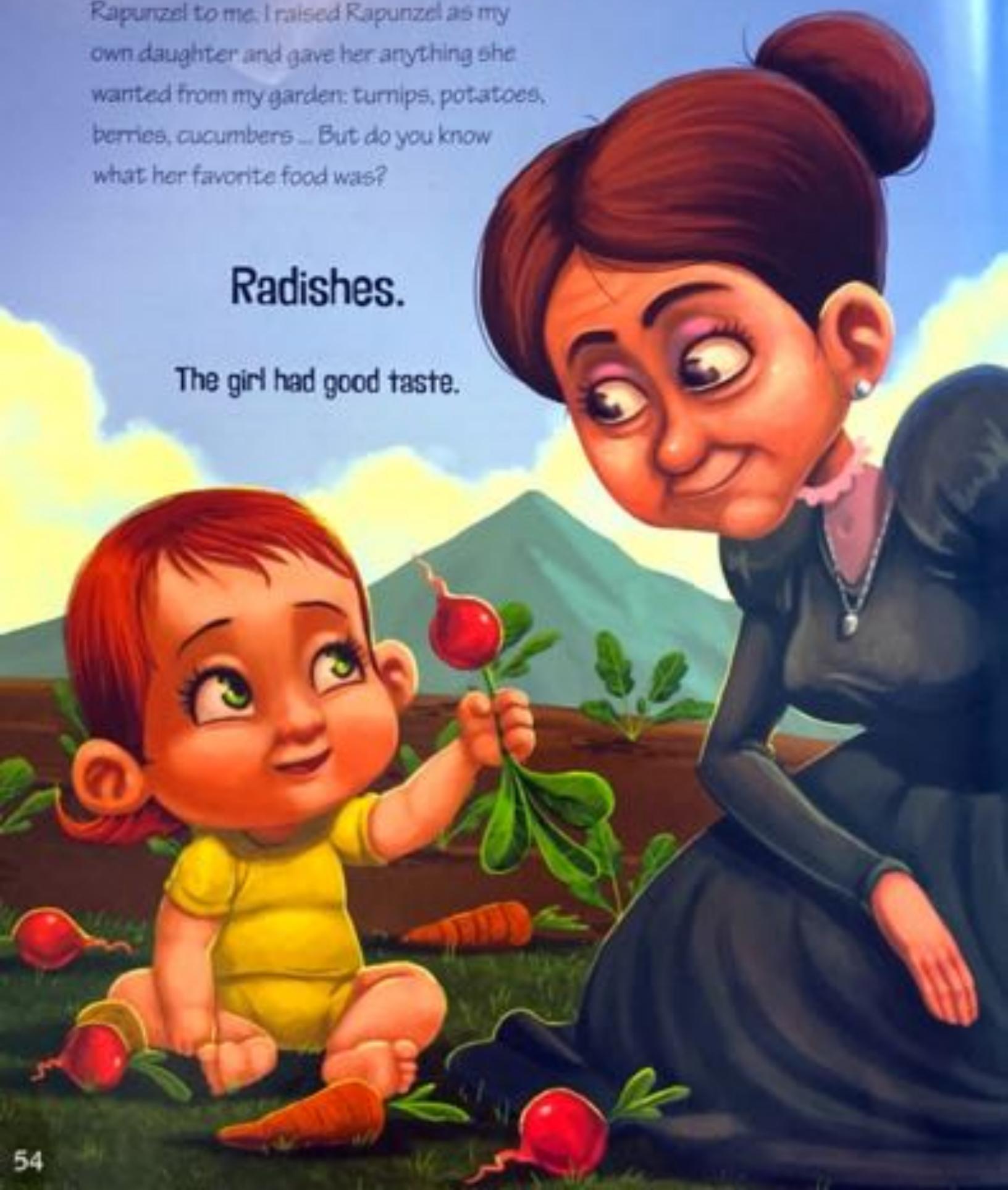
Of course I agreed. A baby would be better than gold! It would cure my loneliness!



When the time came, the man brought baby Rapunzel to me. I raised Rapunzel as my own daughter and gave her anything she wanted from my garden: turnips, potatoes, berries, cucumbers ... But do you know what her favorite food was?

Radishes.

The girl had good taste.



All those vegetables helped Rapunzel's hair grow long and red. She sang sweet songs as she helped me tend the garden.



The longer Rapunzel's hair grew, the more she loved it. She washed it and combed it and brushed it and braided it. And then she washed it again. You have no idea how much I spent on shampoo.



One day a group of neighbors gathered outside my garden. I heard them whispering. Plotting. Planning. This time, however, no one wanted to steal my radishes. Nope. They wanted to steal Rapunzel and use her hair for wigs!





So I did what any mother would do.
I locked the girl away in a tower.



**“Rapunzel,
let
down
your
hair!”**

I would call. And she
would lean out of the
window and wrap her
hair around a hook.
Then I'd climb up.



Every day without fail, I brought her vegetables from the garden. At first she seemed content. But one day she told me she was lonely. And if anyone knows how loneliness feels, it's me. "How can I help?" I asked.



A close-up illustration of Rapunzel from Disney's Tangled. She has long, flowing orange-red hair and green eyes. She is wearing a pink tunic over a red dress. Her expression is weary or sad. She is standing in a dark, stone-walled tower. A single lit candle hangs from the ceiling by a chain. Two bright windows are visible behind her, one on each side.

"Bring me every mirror you can find," Rapunzel said.

"Then I can keep myself company."

Hauling a load of mirrors to the tower wasn't my idea of fun, but I did it anyway. I spent a week gathering every mirror in the village. Then I lugged them, one by one, into the tower. Let me tell you, it was not an easy task for an old witch like me.



"Thanks!" Rapunzel said. "But I don't need the mirrors anymore. I met a handsome prince. He climbs up to visit me every day."

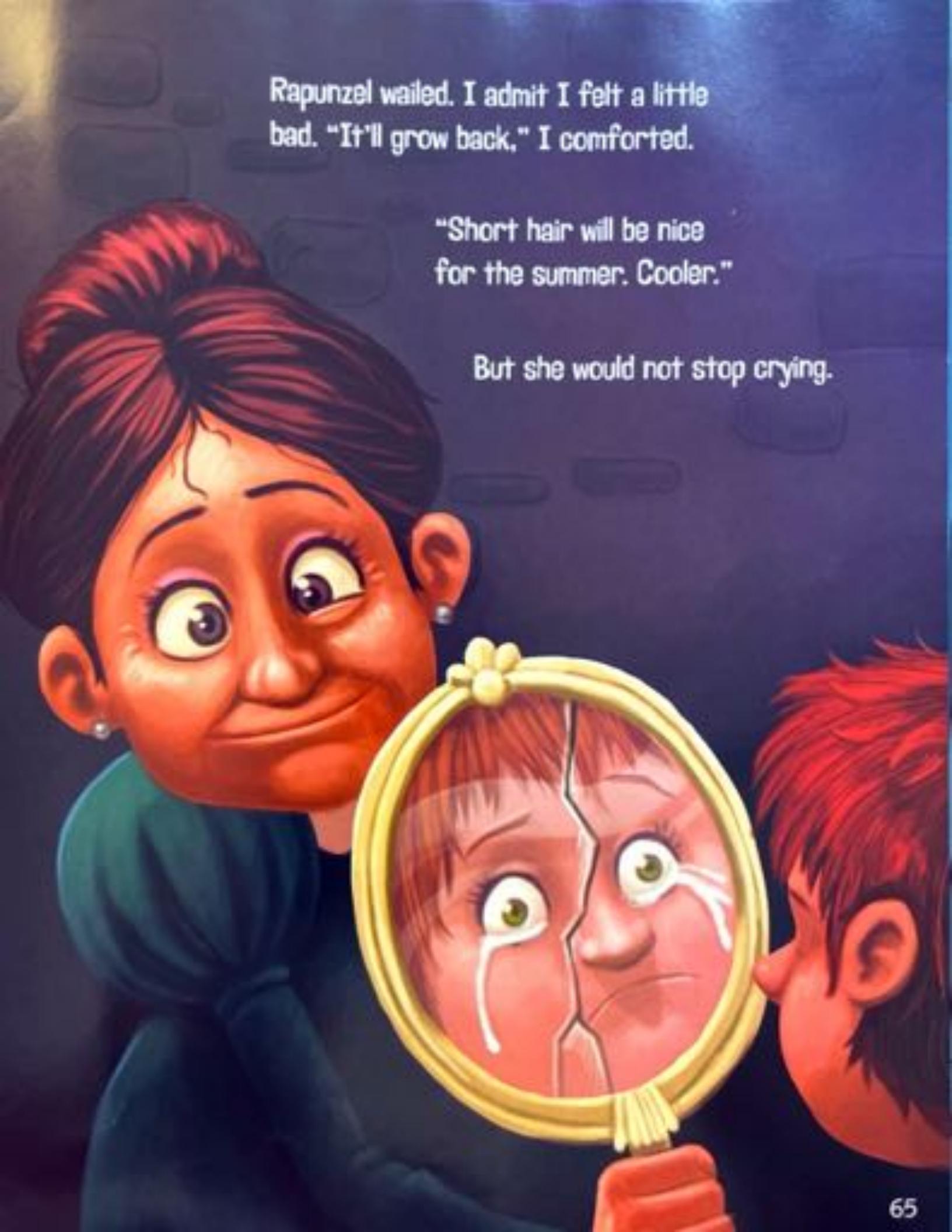


"What?" I roared, my voice rattling the windows
and shattering the mirrors.

"He's going to steal you away!"

I panicked. What could I do? How could I keep the
prince away? In a blink I grabbed Rapunzel's hair
and chopped it off. Clumps of it.



A close-up illustration of Rapunzel's face. She has long, wavy, reddish-brown hair pulled back in a ponytail. Her eyes are wide and expressive, looking directly at the viewer with a slightly worried or sad expression. She is holding a round, gold-framed hand mirror in front of her face, which reflects her own image. The background is dark and out of focus.

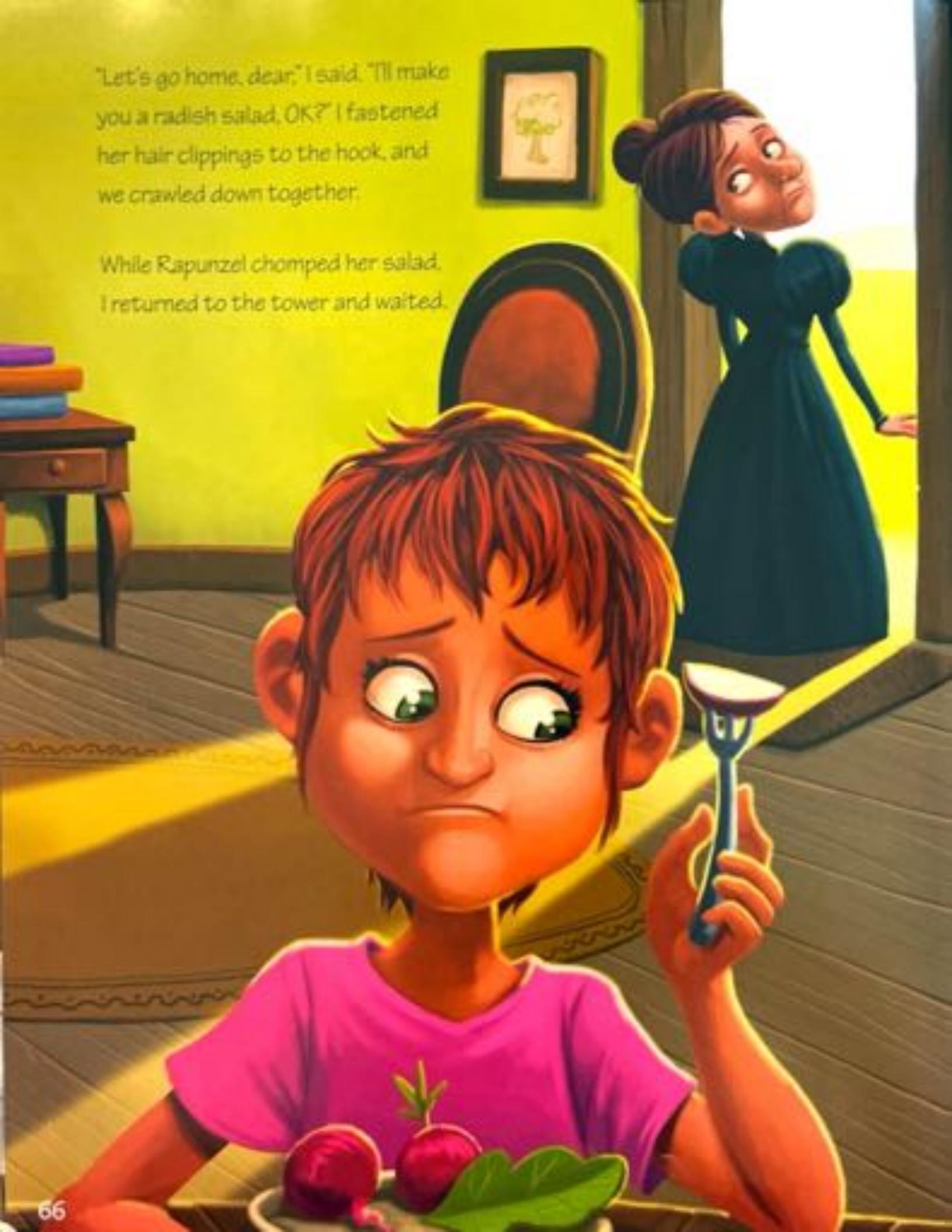
Rapunzel wailed. I admit I felt a little
bad. "It'll grow back," I comforted.

"Short hair will be nice
for the summer. Cooler."

But she would not stop crying.

"Let's go home, dear," I said. "I'll make you a radish salad, OK?" I fastened her hair clippings to the hook, and we crawled down together.

While Rapunzel chomped her salad, I returned to the tower and waited.



"Rapunzel! Let down your hair!"
the prince called.

I lowered Rapunzel's
hair, and the prince
climbed up.



A colorful illustration from a children's book. On the left, a woman with long brown hair tied back in a bun, wearing a green dress and a red necklace, points her finger towards a man on the right. She has a mischievous, slightly恶毒的 smile. The man on the right has dark hair and a shocked, wide-eyed expression, with his mouth open. They are outdoors with green hills in the background.

When the prince saw me, his eyes
widened. I gave him my most evil cackle.



I'd meant only to scare him a little, but he leaped out of the window and landed on some thorny bushes below. The poor boy staggered about, clutching his eyes. I was going to climb down and help him, but he did a terrible thing. He reached for Rapunzel's hair and yanked it from the hook. Then he ran away.





Since then I've been trapped in this tower.
I try to sing sweetly in hopes of rescue, but my
voice is sour. I try to grow my hair long, but my
split-ends keep breaking off. Drat those mirrors
for bringing me bad luck!

A little bird told me Rapunzel and her prince
got married. I'm sorry I missed the wedding.
It sounded lovely. Do you know what the bride
carried? A bouquet of radish roses!



THE
END