

# A Princeless Tale

By Cecilia Abel

## Part One: The Plan

Three riders sped into a clearing on horseback. They came from three separate roads, each different from the last, just like the riders.

The first wore an emerald green cloak. They rode a black horse and had come from a dark forest path. The second wore a beige cloak that looked like it would fall apart at any moment. They rode a cream colored horse and had come from a field of wheat. The third wore a blue cloak with a white lace trim. They rode a brown horse with white spots, and had come from a gravel trail.

They all unmounted. Slipped feet touched the ground as they walked towards each other.

The one in the emerald cloak strode toward the others, keeping their hood low.

“Is that you?” a voice said to the riders. It was high and feminine.

“It is.” the one in the ratty cloak replied. “Snow? Rose?”

The one wearing emerald took her hood off. Her pale skin was as white as snow, her hair as black as ebony, her lips as red as blood. She wore her hair down with a red bow clipped on the side.

“Hello, Ella. It’s good to see you.” she said.

The one in the ratty cloak lowered her hood as well. She has short blonde hair, tied back with a rag. Her tan, peachy skin was covered in grime and ash, but her beauty rang out nonetheless. Her sky blue eyes were brighter than the actual sky.

She smiled and went to embrace her two friends. “I’ve missed you so. How have you all been?”

The one in blue finally took off her hood. She had shiny chestnut hair, tied in a braid. Her olive skin gleamed with youth, and her striking gray eyes shone with a mischievous light.

“Everything is... okay, I guess. How about the rest of you?” she asked.

“I’m afraid things are not the best at home.” the girl with the black hair replied sadly.

The one called Ella put her hand on her heart. “But Snow, why is that?” she asked.

Snow looked up and said, “The kingdom is falling apart. They’re calling my stepmother the ‘Evil Queen’. They think she’s a witch, because she’s so vain. People say she uses potions to make her young again. There are rumors of an uprising among the villages.”

Ella and the other woman gasped.

“But that’s not the worst of it.” Snow continued. “I snuck into my stepmother’s personal chambers to see if what the people say is true. I-I found many recipes for youth and beauty, but there was one that alarmed me.”

She lowered her head, tears welling in her eyes. “There was a recipe for a *poison apple*. And I’m afraid she’ll poison *me*.”

Snow started to cry, and her friends surrounded her. They hugged her and the brown haired one said, “Snow White, when you return, gather your supplies. Get your dagger, your coins, enough food to ration you for weeks. Run into the woods, and do not return.”

Snow looked up at her friend. “But Rose, she’ll track me! She wants to kill me because she thinks I’m *prettier than her*! And besides, her Huntsman is very loyal, and I don’t think I can out run him!”

Ella scoffed. “Snow, you’re the best fighter I know. And plus, you’ll get a head start.”

The complement reassured Snow, but her heart still felt heavy. “But how will I survive? I can’t live in the woods my whole life.”

“We’ll join you. I’ve always wanted to run away from my stepmother and stepsisters.” Ella said.

Rose perked up. “And I could just hand the kingdom over to my younger sister, Lela.”

Snow looked at her friends. “Speaking of your families, how are they doing?”

Ella rolled her eyes. “I won’t call my awful stepmother and sisters ‘family’. They just use me as free labor. Though, I guess it pays off, because now I have awesome upper body strength from cleaning every day since my father died.”

“I’m sorry to hear that you’ve become a maid.” Rose replied. “Though, I’m glad we’re leaving for the forest. For my safety and my kingdoms.”

Snow and Ella looked confused. “Why is that?” Snow asked.

Rose sighed. “I didn’t want to tell you, because I didn’t want to worry you. But I guess there’s no harm in it now. Tonight, I’m fated to prick my finger on a spindle (whatever that is), and sleep for 100 years.”

“But why is that?” Ella wondered out loud.

“When I was born, an evil fairy came to my kingdom.” Rose explained. “She was mad that my parents had left her off the guest list or something like that, so she cursed me to die on my 17th birthday.

“Luckily, another fairy, a good one this time, softened the curse so I would only fall asleep for 100 years, and I could be awakened by ‘True love’s kiss’. She said a prince would come for me and awaken me.”

Rose crossed her arms. “I’m never going to fall in love with a person I’ve never met. So yeah, I’m okay with running into the forest.”

From that moment on, all three of them forgot their troubles. They laughed and talked with each other as friends.

This afternoon had been what they had needed; an afternoon where they didn't have to worry about evil fairies, evil stepmothers, evil spells. An afternoon where all they had to do was care for each other.

As the three girls sat upon their steeds and said their goodbyes, they agreed to meet there at midnight in two days' time.

And so our princeless tale begins.

## Part Two: The Escape

Two days later, the girls met up at midnight in the clearing. They all looked a little different from when they had met up the two days ago.

Ella, for instance, no longer wore her ratty cloak from before. Now, she wore a blood red cloak, had no dirt or grime on her face, and her horse was a noble white. A bow was strapped on her back, and a quiver of an arrow hung on her belt.

Rose wore the same royal blue cloak, but the lace trim was gone, replaced by rips and tears. Her wonderful, long chestnut hair had been cut into a jagged pixie cut. A spear swung at her hip, and a blondish-brown dog sprinted at the side of her horse.

Snow wore her emerald cloak, a dagger at her waist, and a scar that started at her right temple, went over her right eye, and ended at her left jaw line. The girls looked at each other with amaze, wondering what had happened in the last couple days.

Finally, Rose broke the silence. "So... I've missed a lot."

There was another beat of silence, and then Snow burst into laughter. Ella joined her, and eventually Rose did, too.

"You think?" Snow said after they had caught their breath. "I mean, I've been living in the forest for two days, and I'm even impressed on how much has happened."

"Well, let's start there. You tell us about what has happened, then we'll tell you." Ella said. "Because *clearly*, we all have stories to tell."

"I'll start." said Snow. "Ok, so it all started after dinner two nights ago, the night we met up. I figured I could sneak away while everyone was sleeping. So I got all my supplies, and waited until the only footsteps outside were the guards and the servants. Then, I tied my sheets together and climbed out the window. I took my horse from the stables and rode out into the forest.

"Unfortunately, like I guessed, my stepmothers Huntsman saw me and chased me. He followed me for a while until he got annoyed and ambushed me. He knocked me off my horse by climbing a tree and jumping on top of me. Luckily, he twisted his ankle in the fall, but he was still standing. We battled until the sun started to rise in the east. I probably would have lost if it wasn't for the dwarves."

Ella and Rose cocked their heads. “*The dwarves?*”

Snow smiled. “Yep, dwarves. Twelve of them, actually. Apparently, they were looting some crashed carriage when they heard me cry out. I had done so because he had slashed me across the face with his hunting knife. That’s how I got my scar.” she pointed to the pale pink line on her face, which seemed to glow on her white skin in the moonlight.

“Anyway, they helped me defeat him and together, we made him retreat. I thanked them, and they let me stay in their hut for the following days. They helped make a plan to defeat my stepmother. So, during the night, we snuck into the palace and stole a recipe book, the one with the poison apple thing in it. I showed it to the people of the kingdom. They were outraged. They stormed the palace and threw the Evil Queen in jail. They rewarded me for helping unmask her. Then they found out the dwarves and I had been robbing all of their carriages. That’s how I got these.” Snow pointed to a knapsack on her hip. She shook it, and it jingled, filled to the brim with gold coins. “For doing good and not-so-good.”

Ella smirked. “Would’ve helped if I was there.”

Rose perked up. “Hey, Ella? What *did* happen to you?”

Ella blushed. “It’s a long story, but I’ll try to shorten it. The night we agreed to run away, a letter came. It was from the royal palace, announcing that there was to be a ball. And apparently, at that ball, the prince would choose his bride.”

“Obviously, my step sisters went bonkers. And obviously they forbid me to go. So *obviously*, that only made me want to go more.”

“But Ella, why would you want to go to a ball? You almost didn’t go to my Sweet Sixteen party because you thought you would have to wear a skirt!” Rose said.

Ella shrugged. “It’s just because I’ve always wanted to go to the palace. My father promised me he would take me someday, and now that he’s gone, this is my only chance.”

Snow put her hand on her friend's shoulder. “I know how you feel.” The two girls shared a smile.

Rose cleared her throat. “So, Ella, how’d you get to the palace, if your step family wouldn’t let you go?”

Ella smirked. “Actually, it was really simple. Since my step sisters always make me repair their dresses, I’ve learned to be a really good seamstress. So I just gathered a bunch of spare material and made a dress. It wasn’t the prettiest, but it was a dress. I put my leather jacket over it, just to make it look a bit cooler.”

“Wait, you keep saying ‘*was*’. What happened?” Snow wondered.

“Well, someone showed up. She called herself my ‘fairy godmother’. She thought I would have trouble going to the ball. I told her, ‘Do I look like I need help?’ I guess she wasn’t used to people being self sufficient. So she just gave me

some better shoes and a bus ticket. Oh, and she upgraded my dress.” Ella unclipped her cloak and put it to the side.

Her friends gasped. They had never seen a dress so beautiful.

The dress was a stunning white. The fabric almost seemed to glow in the light of the moon, and it had a short but poofy miniskirt that went to Ella’s knees. Her shoes were-

White Nike Air Force One’s?

Ella saw them look confused. She held her hands up. “Hey, the first pair of shoes she offered me were *glass heels*. They were so uncomfortable! Plus, when I tried them on, they kept slipping off. I like my sneakers better.”

Rose shrugged. “Alright, I agree, the Air Force One’s are better.”

“Yep. But this dress and shoes are more magical than I thought. Because they turn into any outfit I desire.” And as Snow and Rose watched, the dress turned into a simple white, long-sleeved shirt with black leggings. The Nikes turned into brown hiking boots.

“Ugh, I feel like a girly girl talking about clothes so much. Can I continue the story now?” her friends nodded. “Alright, so either way, I took the bus to the ball. It was amazing. I didn’t know food could be so fancy!” Ella gushed. “And I made a really good friend there, too. His name’s Chase.”

Snow started laughing. “Chase? As in *Prince Chase*?”

Ella blushed. “Yeah. I told him how we were going to run away. I made him promise he wouldn’t tell anymore, though. He understood. He said he wanted to go, but he was an only child, and couldn’t go. So instead, he said each month he would leave food and money in this very clearing. To help us survive. Also, he gave me these awesome bow and arrows.” she pointed to her weapons.

Rose nudged her friend. “Are you sure you don’t like him?”

Ella shoved her friend. “No, of course not!” But her smile said differently.

“Okay, okay. Enough of that. What happened to you, Rose?” Snow asked. “You look like you’ve been to war and back.”

Rose shrugged. “Not very different from what really happened.”

Snow’s eyes widened.

Rose looked at her friends. “As you guys know, my 17th birthday was two days ago.”

“Happy birthday!” Ella said.

Rose smiled at her friend’s silliness. “Thanks, but it wasn’t the best birthday ever. That was the birthday I was cursed to sleep. And I did.”

Snow and Ella looked worried.

“For about 7 hours or so.” Rose smirked.

“But I thought the curse was supposed to last for 100 years!” Ella exclaimed.

“So did I.” Rose picked up the dog that had been trotting at her side. “But this little bundle of fur saved me.”

“You see, the fairy who softened the curse originally said I could be awakened by true love, and that a prince would come for me.” Rose squeezed the dog lovingly. The dog licked her face, and she laughed. “I don’t know what love is truer than a dog’s love. He wanted to play with me, and I was sleeping. He did what he always does; he licked me awake.”

“But the spell said a prince needed to awaken you!” Ella said.

Rose laughed. “Look at his name tag.”

Snow and Ella leaned in. The name on the collar clearly read: **Prince**.

They all started laughing. Prince joined in and barked, his little yips echoing in the sky.

Once they had all caught their breath, Rose continued. “When I woke up, I knew I had to defeat that evil fairy. You can’t defeat a magic being without a magic weapon, so I took the spindle that I had accidentally scraped my elbow on (I know, not the most graceful way to get cursed), and fashioned it into a spear.” She took her spear off her belt and showed her friends. Sure enough, there it was, the silver spindle gleaming on top.

Rose went on with her story. “I left the room, with Prince at my side. There were so many enchanted vines growing and snaking their way around the castle! I had to fight a bunch of them. It wasn’t easy. I accidentally gave myself an impromptu haircut. I kind of like it now, though. When I finally found the evil fairy, we battled, weapon to spell. I finally vanquished her by stabbing her in the stomach.

“But do you know the truly awesome part of the whole thing?” she asked her friends. “When I defeated her, my spear *absorbed her magic, and so did I.*”

Ella and Snow gasped as purple mist surrounded the spear. When it cleared, the spear was no longer a spear.

Rose held a staff. The staff was beautiful, made from dark wood with an intricate design of briars winding around it, especially near the top. But the most stunning feature was the purple orb at the top. The orb seemed to have a storm inside of it, with small flashes of what looked like lightning appearing at random times.

Everyone was silent until Ella broke it. “*You’re an enchantress now?*”

“Ummmm...” Rose stammered.

“*That is the coolest thing ever!*” Ella exclaimed.

Rose smiled. “Thanks, Ella.” she twirled the staff around. “It *is* pretty cool.”

“Wait, so that staff can do magic, as long as you hold it?” Snow asked.

“Yep!”

“But how do you know?”

With a blank face, Rose pointed the staff at a nearby rock. The rock exploded with a purple light, and the horses reared.

“That’s how.” Rose said in a neutral tone.

“Alright.” Snow peeped.

Ella cleared her throat. “You guys, we should probably get going. The sun’s coming up.”

Sure enough, there was a small sliver of sunlight, attempting to break through the treetops.

They saddled up their horses. Snow checked her bag of coins and her dagger, Rose checked her staff and her dog, and Ella pulled out a locket from under her shirt. She opened it to a picture of Chase. She sighed and smiled.

The three riders nodded and smiled at each other. Today would mark the day of their freedom. So, with their hoods low and their spirits high, Snow White, Cinderella, and Sleeping Beauty rode into dawn's fresh light, the sky painted warm pinks and humble oranges, the clouds gold, and the princesses lived happily ever after.

Until next time, of course.