

Finch Grey (Mia Bartel)

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Not What It Seems : A Cinderella Story

I thought I was lucky when the prince finally found me. I was glad I went to that ball that night, I was glad I lost my slipper. That's what I thought, that I was lucky. It wasn't luck. There's no happy ending for me, and I know there never will be.

I was ecstatic when I was finally able to try on that beautiful slipper that I had just worn hours ago. When it fits perfectly, a smile came across his lips, and he smiled too. The prince smiled, at me, and my heart fluttered. The servants immediately started packing my things, and we were out of that horrid house in an hour and a half. I wasn't able to take any of my animals, though I wish I had.

The carriage ride was short and quiet, no one spoke a word, which I found quite odd. By the time we arrived, the only thing I was told was that I was getting married right away, and I was so excited. I was rushed inside by servants and was whisked up staircase upon staircase until we arrived in a room. It was full of dresses and makeup and accessories, all shiny and beautiful. I was once again rushed into a room, which was adjoined to the dressing room. This one was full of bubbles and cleaning supplies. Before I knew it, I was being washed and scrubbed, then rinsed off and dried, then sitting in a chair picking out gowns. Everything was going so fast, I was assuming that's what they wanted that to happen, to make sure I didn't notice the small splotches of blood or the knife left on the floor. Maybe the noose outside was just some clothes drying.

After picking a dress and accessories, I sat in a chair and was prodded at. While I was being prettied up, I was given champagne and pills to "calm me down", I didn't notice what it was at the time. I had forgotten about the history of the prince's wives. Their deaths. Once

finished with their work, they slowly got me up and out the door to the reception. The walk was long, and my body didn't feel like my own, but I was able to make it with the help of the maids and helpers.

I arrived in one piece, and I finally met my soon-to-be husband. I sat down on a throne that was guarded by two sturdy knights. This was an act. They didn't want to keep me from dying, they would kill me soon after the wedding, but at the time in my drunken and hallucinated state, I didn't think. I didn't listen to my gut.

The last thing I remember was saying "I do" before we were trotted off to the prince's suite in the palace. This is when everything came back. The murder and mysterious deaths, the suicides and accidental drownings. That's when I knew. I knew I was dead the minute I realized I stepped into that room.

I ran before he even closed the door. The pills and alcohol had worn off and so had the excitement of getting married to the handsome Prince Charming. This castle was a death sentence, and I had to walk right into it. I ran and ran, only to be stopped. Stopped by the one and only Fairy Godmother. This is when it fell into place. Before I knew it, I was knocked down and all I could see was black. I couldn't see anything. I felt them rip me out of my wedding gown and replace it with a brow knit dress. This time they had precautions to stop my escape. Chains were in place and I felt dirt against my knees. The blindfold came off and I stared at the prince, who had a shovel in his hand. "Looks like you figured it out." He said, seemingly angry, "I was hoping you would last longer." Dirt started hitting my face and arms, and I slowly became amerced into the Earth. Slowly my breath faded and my vision fogged, all I could see now was my mother. She reached out to me, and I happily took her hand. But she didn't lead me away.

“It’s not your time,” she echoed, then I understood. I woke to the clamor of people around me and hope filled me at last.