

Rapunzel - a tale about a girl with very long hair

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Once upon a time, I lived in a house fit for a queen. My garden was the most magnificent in all the land; a vibrant oasis surrounded by my neighbours dull colourless squalor. It was filled with lots of different flowers and vegetables. To protect my Eden, I surrounded it with an impressive fortification, complete with CCTV. Normally when someone puts up a boisterous barrier people stay out, but my nosy neighbours just didn't get the hint. They had one little window at the back of their house that veered over my garden. I didn't take the child, he brought it to me. In all honesty, I agreed to the deal more because I pitied his predicament than for true desire for an heir. But when she looked at me, I knew she would rather have me as a parent, than that cowardly cat. Before you get carried away, the tower did have stairs and a door. She just loved to be dramatic: ' Mother! Mother! Won't you try abseiling with me just once? If I Photoshop the pics, all of my Facebook friends will think you're climbing up with my hair!'The so-called ' Prince' must have been stalking her FB profile.

After searching for the tower, he obviously didn't have enough energy to look for the door and my little pumpkin couldn't resist the drama of the hair stunt. It's not even real hair; she bought it from eBay! She had already tweeted the code to the world so when he called, ' Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair!' it could have been anyone. " Will you marry me?" the prince asked. Rapunzel didn't even know this man and said, " Yes". I doubt she would have agreed if she knew the man's name was Bruce. I guess she is just a pretty face. His wife continued this guilty pleasure and demanded he continue to thief from me. Of course, his attempts were all captured on my CCTV and I caught him in the act. The spineless weasel couldn't admit it to

his wife but he was more scared of her hunger than my idea of justice. So in return for the endless supply of rampion, he offered me their first child. Having known the horrors of a crying newborn, believe me, I was doing him a favour. I told her not to marry him, but she wouldn't listen. You can't tell teenagers anything these days.

So I just went home to water my garden. I didn't bannish her to a desert or curse Bruce. That's just what Rapunzel claims to the in-laws so she gets more attention. Every day she would peer at the rampion, devouring it with her stare; her appetite ever-increasing. The stupid woman refused to eat anything until she got it, so her husband was assigned the task of clambering over the barricade to steal some. I am still not sure how he made it over...Of course I can't see the photos because all of a sudden her profile is private. She is blind to the fact that 77% of teen marriages fail these days. Of the divorcees, they almost exclusively come home to their mothers. I will be waiting in my favourite chair in the garden for inevitable returnAfter all.