

FAIRY TALE JOURNALS



← me!

This Journal Belongs to _____

Indi

A Cinderella Fractured Fairy Tale

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SATURDAY

Wedding Bells



This is my first journal. I'm going to write in it every night, starting with what happened today: **DAD GOT MARRIED!**

I'm super excited to have Leah as my stepmom. Now maybe people will stop calling me "poor little Indira Ella." Yeah, it stinks that my real mother died when I was a baby. But I always had Dad. And now I have Leah. Her daughters too.





Also, I'm not little. I'm eleven and taller than most girls in my class.



And for the thousandth time, people, call me Indi!

LOL. Sorry. Just had to get that out. Now back to the wedding.

It. Was. **AWESOME!** We had a giant tent with fairy lights and a big dance floor in our backyard. I helped decorate the tables with my little painted stones. Dad looked so handsome in his suit. (Not as handsome as when he wears his Navy uniform, though!) Leah looked great too. And I loved my dress  with its wide twirly skirt.



Missy and Nancy looked like princesses in their matching dresses. When I told them that, though, they rolled their eyes.

“Princesses are boring,” Missy said. “Knights have all the fun.” (At least, I think it was Missy, not Nancy. I still have trouble telling my identical twin stepsisters apart!)



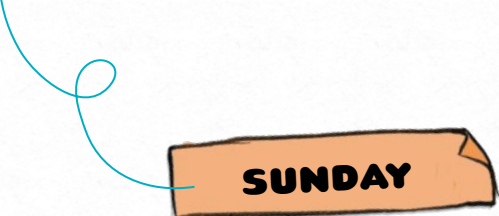
Anyway, the ceremony was great. The dancing part was even better. And the cake! **YUM!** Leah made it herself. The students who take her cooking classes are lucky to have her as their teacher.

But I'm even luckier because now Leah is my mom, and her daughters are my sisters. And sure, I'm still getting to know them. That'll be a whole lot easier now that we'll be living together.

I better get to sleep. Tomorrow is another big day. No, not big. **HUGE!**



Peace,
Indi



SUNDAY

Out with the Old



I'm hiding out in my new bedroom
above the garage because it's crazy
downstairs!

It started when a big moving van
backed into our driveway after breakfast.
Since then, movers have been bringing
Leah's and the twins' stuff in—and
taking Dad's and my stuff out.