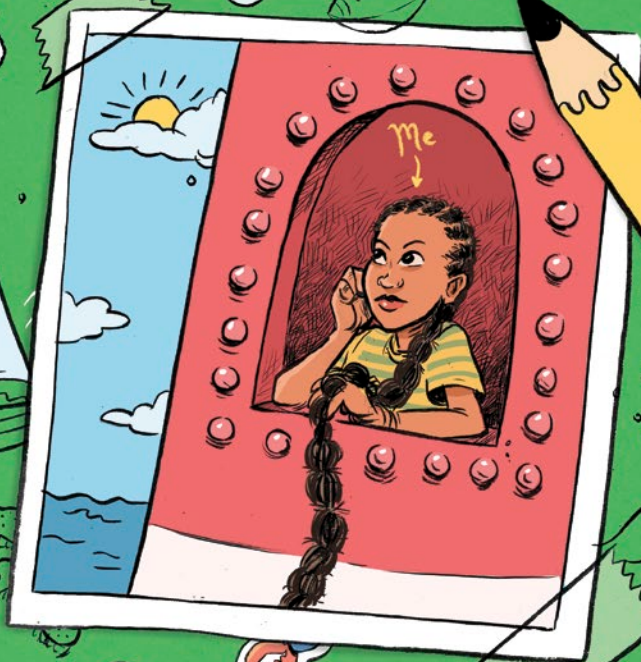


# FAIRY TALE JOURNALS



This Journal Belongs to  
*Rapunzel*

A Rapunzel Fractured Fairy Tale

by Stephanie True Peters

illustrated by  
Danesh Mohiuddin





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SATURDAY



# Here's Me



There once was a girl who lived in  
a lighthouse in the middle of an  
island. The sea and beds of clams  
surrounded the island. The clams were  
the most delicious in all the world.

At least, that's what the girl was  
told. She'd never been allowed to  
eat one.



Anyway, she had lived in the lighthouse for as long as she could remember. And for as long as she could remember, she had been lonely and bored!



That girl is me, **Rapunzel**. I'm not supposed to write about myself. Gurgle makes that very clear whenever she gives me a new journal.

"Write down every time you check the light," she reminds me, "and when you see boats or sea monsters. Nothing more!"

I've filled lots of journals with that stuff. This time, I am going to write about me.



I'm eleven years old. Gurgle brought me here when I was a baby. I don't know why or where I was before here.

I do know I can't leave. The only way in or out is by climbing my long, long braid. Gurgle does that when she visits.

I can't climb my own braid. I'd have to cut it off first. But there's nothing sharp enough here to do that. Well, there is one thing: Gurgle's claw. But she woke up when I tried using it. She got really mad. That was zero fun, so I haven't tried again.

Even if I could get down, I can't leave the island. I don't have a boat.



Even if I did have a boat, I don't know how to use one. I'd probably fall overboard. Then the sea **MONSTERS** that Gurgle warned me about would get me. That would be zero fun too.

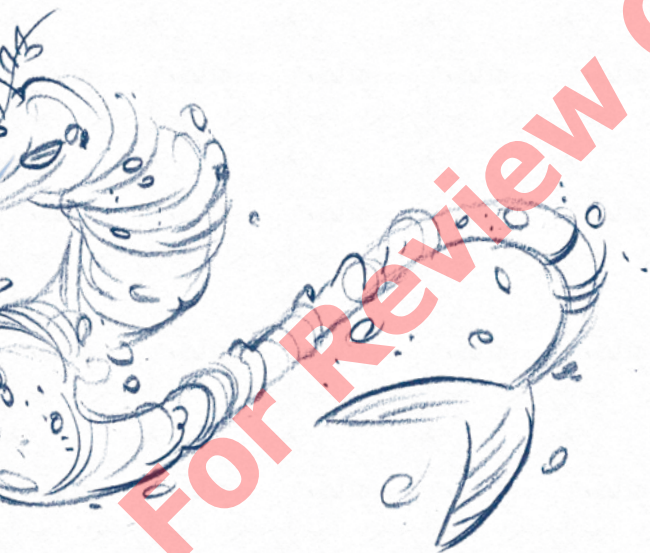


I can't sail off in someone else's boat either. No one ever lands here. The light in the lighthouse signals *Danger ahead!* So, sailors stay away from the island.

That's exactly what Gurgle wants them to do. "They'll steal my clams if they come here," she says. "We don't want that."



I guess we don't. So, I keep the light lit. And I stay lonely and bored.



Peace,  
Rapunzel