



A Backwards Fairytale

D.a. Mandel

Action/adventure, Humor, Retold Fairy Tales

Once upon a time, there was a young and innocent Arabian princess named Raechachi.

WE INTERRUPT THIS FAIRYTALE FOR A VERY IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

This just in: It is the year 1989. There aren't any more happy endings – people die. The princess is not always rescued from the evil queen or villain by Prince Charming. We are in the 20th century now. There are such things as the ERA and women's lib.

WE NOW RETURN YOU TO YOUR IRREGULAR FAIRYTALE.

She was a smart girl, though, and lifted weights. She was on her way to becoming the female weight-lifting champion of the world. Not only this, she was an expert fencer.

One day, she received a letter from five Iranian terrorists who had taken her boyfriend, Prince (and soon to be King) Harning as hostage. They demanded twenty zillion notes or they would kill him.

Raechachi was not going to stand for it. Prince Harning's parents were going to send the money with a special ink on it so they could locate the villains and retrieve their money. The ink would be found with a special magical detector the court magician could make, and only he could detect the ink. Raechachi decided that she would be the one to hand over the twenty zillion notes to stall for time, and then go save her Prince.

The day came when the money was supposed to be delivered. Raechachi followed all the instructions, but the kidnappers decided they wanted still more money before they would return Prince Harning unharmed. The

really made Princess Raechachi fumed.

She had located the hideout of the kidnappers (an abandoned castle) with the help of her magician, and set out right away to save her prince in distress. She got on her horse and rode out to save her love.

On the way there, a bridge that connected two cliffs had fallen. The only way to save Prince Harning in time was to cross that bridge, but it was only connected to the other cliff. The ropes weren't connected to the cliff that she was on. The bridge was in the valley between the cliffs, and no one would be able to fix it until next month when the kingdom's traveling handymen would come there.

Raechachi took matters into her own hands. She went to her saddle bags and pulled out all of the ropes. She connected them all to a large metal hook-like thing she used for climbing mountains. She threw down the rope and hook to the fallen bridge.

Soon she had caught the bridge on the hook and prepared to reel it in. Since Raechachi could lift five hundred pounds, she could fix the bridge with a little help. She put on her gloves, picked up her makeshift fishing line, and tied it to the horn on her stallion's saddle. She and the horse pulled. In about twenty minutes the bridge was in place.

The princess secured the bridge, then walked across it to the other side. But, little did she know her adventures had just begun.

About two miles away from the hideout, the horse decided he was tired. Raechachi tried and tried to get him to move. She couldn't go fast enough without her horse. After a few minutes struggling with the stallion, he moved. Raechachi mounted him again and set off once more to release her beloved prince from the bonds of the abductors.

After all that had happened in the past few hours, things seemed to be running smoothly, but the princess knew that it was too good to be true.

So when the guard to the kidnapper's hideout jumped on Raechachi's stallion, she was ready. Instead of panicking, she elbowed him off her horse. She galloped the rest of the way to the door of the castle and jumped off her horse, tying the reins her special way so that she, and only she, could unknot them.

The door was locked. She was just about to pick the lock with a hairpin, but that guard had caught up with her. He was armed with a sword. He didn't know that the princess was an expert – no, a champion – at fencing.

Raechachi caught sight of him and grabbed one of the decorative swords hanging on the door. From there, it was a battle to the death. As just about everyone knows, in fairytales the good side always triumphs over the bad. So, of course, Raechachi won. She stabbed the guard with the sword, and came out with a chipped nail.

She picked the lock before anyone could come and look for the guard. In five seconds, she found the room her beloved prince was locked in. He had his own plans of escape: a very strong sheet ladder that would go out the window and down the castle wall. Raechachi and her fiancé climbed down the ladder and onto the ground. It was dark outside, with a brightly glowing moon and a sky full of stars.

As soon as she untied her stallion, Raechachi and Prince Harning rode off into the night on her white stallion.

The End?

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