FUNNY FAIRYTALES

Differentiated Passages

LEXILE®

RELUCTANT READERS

Funny Fairytales Name: _____ Date: _____

Answer the following questions. Underline the text evidence in the color indicated. If there is not a crayon next to the question, you will need to infer the answer. You should still look for text evidence to help you infer.

ople feel about glass slippers?

it's terrible to be a glass slipper.

it's wonderful to be a glass slipper.

t's an honor to be a glass slipper.

t's foolish to be a glass slipper.

red

orange

yellow

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COMPARE AND CONTRAST

Compare and contrast this funny new fairytale with the original fairytale that inspired it, Cinderella. Look for the similarities and differences between story elements.

SIMILARITIES: CINDERELLA AND W WANTS TO WEAR GL SLIPPERS?

810L

Name: _____ Date: _____

Who Wants to Wear Glass Slippers?

Everyone thinks being a glass slipper is so super wonderful.

"How extravagant you must feel every second of every day!" they say.

"You're ever so elegant and distinguished!" they say.

"My how you sparkle in the light like diamonds!" they say.

Well, I'm here to inform you that being a glass slipper isn't all fun and games. It's not like being a sneaker that can run and jump and kick a ball around a grassy field. It's not like being a tap shoe that can dance on a stage, making its own music. It's not like being a snow boot that can be surrounded in ice-cold snow and not feel a thing during a winter hike.

No. Quite the contrary, my friends. I feel everything. Everything.

When that fairy godmother used her magic and made me for that Cinderella girl who was always dirty from all the cleaning her wretched family made her do, I first thought, *Hey, look at me! I'm stunning and dazzling and the best shoe on the planet.*



I was right, of course. I *am* all those fabulous things and more. I mean, I'm a glass shoe, people. *A GLASS SHOE!* I'm delicate, dainty, and downright delightful.

2nd - 5th Grade

MagiCORE

FUNNY FAIRYTALE PASSAGES

2nd- 5th grade

Table of Contents

*This product includes 10 differentiated leveled passages in the 2nd-3rd and 4th-5th Grade Text Complexity Bands (the range for 2nd-3rd is 420-820 and 4th-5th grade is 740-1010). Each passage is available on three levels and comes with general comprehension questions, a skill-based activity, and a reading response activity.

This product line, Reluctant Readers, is designed to foster an interest in reading, even your most resistant readers. With interest based topics, these passages can help build excitement and investment around reading.

1. The Artist and the Paintbrush (470L, 780L, 950L)
2. Coyote and the Three Little Sheep (480L, 790L, 970L)
3. The Handsome Swan (430L, 770L, 970L)
4. Robot Red Riding Hood (480L, 830L, 990L)
5. Who Wants to Wear Glass Slippers? (460L, 810L, 980L)
6. No Apples, Please (460L, 800L, 930L)
7. A New Look (460L, 810L, 940L)
8. Jack and the Wonderful Tree (460L, 790L, 930L)
9. Callista and the Beasts (480L, 760L, 940L)
10. No More Tangles (470L, 800L, 970L)

ABOUT LEXILE LEVELS

MagiCore is a certified Lexile® Partner. These texts are officially measured and approved by Lexile and MetaMetrics® to ensure appropriate rigor and differentiation for students.

The Lexile Framework® for Reading measures are scientific, quantitative text levels. When the Lexile of a text is measured, specific, measurable attributes of the text are considered, including, but not limited to, word frequency, sentence length, and text cohesion. These are difficult attributes for humans to evaluate, so a computer measures them.

Common Core State Standards uses Lexile level bands as one measure of text complexity. Text complexity ranges ensure students are college and career ready by the end of 12th grade. Lexile measures help educators scaffold and differentiate instruction as well as monitor reading growth.

Grade Band	Lexile® Bands Aligned to Common Core Expectations
K-1	N/A
2-3	420L-820L
4-5	740L-1010L
6-8	925L-1185L

Keep in mind when using any leveled text that many students will need scaffolding and support to reach text at the high end of their grade band. According to Appendix A of the Common Core Standards, "It is important to recognize that scaffolding often is entirely appropriate. The expectation that scaffolding will occur with particularly challenging texts is built into the Standards' grade-by-grade text complexity expectations, for example. The general movement, however, should be toward decreasing scaffolding and increasing independence both within and across the text complexity bands defined in the Standards."

430L

Name: _____ Date: _____

The Handsome Swan

A sweet mother swan sat on her nest of six eggs down by the lake. She couldn't wait until they hatched so she could finally see her babies. She remembered being a young swan herself with her brothers and sisters. They'd been covered in soft, dingy gray down. They'd sported blackish bills. It had taken months for them to get their pretty white feathers. Once they had, the other birds watched them parade around the lake in all their beauty.

Finally, Mother Swan felt her eggs crack beneath her. "This is it!" She held her breath as her babies broke free of their shells one by one.

"One, two, three, four, five..." she counted. She nuzzled each baby close. "Where is Number Six?" She looked all around. Only five eggs had been cracked open and were empty in the nest. "Oh, no! One of my babies is missing!" She was so upset. She honked and she honked all night long.

Father Swan came over from the other side of the lake in the morning. He'd been meeting with the other male swans. "Did I hear you honking last night, my dear? What has made you so upset?" he asked Mother Swan. "I see the babies have hatched. Shouldn't we be celebrating?"



"We *should* be celebrating. One of our dear ones is missing, though." Mother Swan flapped a wing over the broken eggs in the nest.

"Missing?" Father Swan craned his long neck. He searched the nearby shore and water for any signs of their lost baby. "Surely, our little one is close. How far could an egg roll from the nest?"

©Julie Bachorz

That calmed Mother Swan some, but she was still worried about her lost baby.

"Get these ones into the water," Father Swan said. "I will search for the last member of our family." He nuzzled Mother Swan's neck. He then set off toward the tall reeds lining the lake. Ducks often made their nests among them. Father Swan hoped to get some help there.

He checked in with four duck families until he came across a mother duck. She was in the water with her ducklings. They swam in a line behind her.

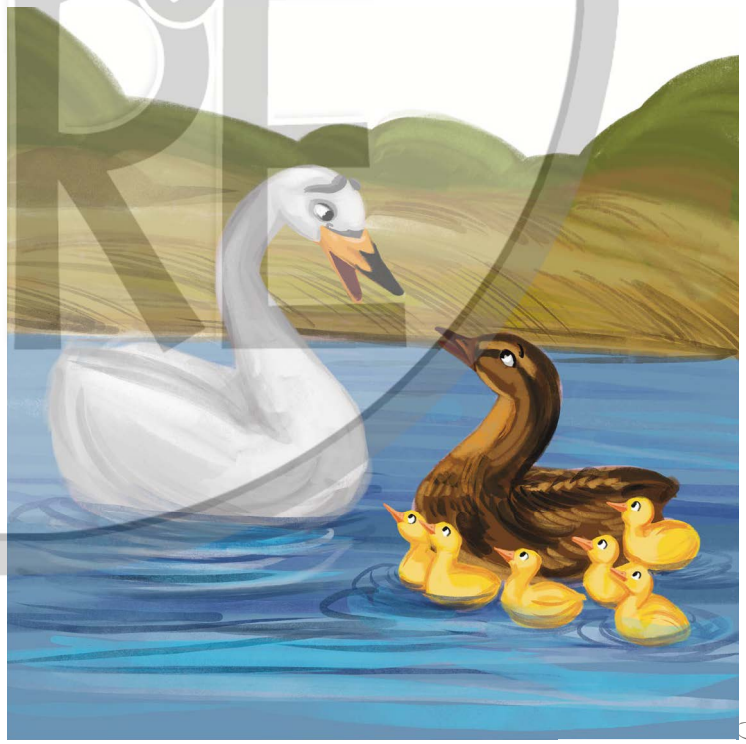
"Excuse me!" he yelled. "Might I have a word with you?"

Mother Duck shifted her direction. All her ducklings followed her path to the shore. "How may I help you?"

"Have you seen a grayish baby bird with a black bill?" Father Swan asked.

All the ducklings quacked at the same time. Mother Duck gave them a stern glare.

"I have. My ducklings did not make him feel welcome. He was so different. He took longer to hatch. He wasn't yellow like my babies. We thought he was ugly. They drove him away before I could stop him."



"How long has he been gone?" Father Swan asked. He was upset to have been this close to finding his son only to fail.

"Since yesterday afternoon." Mother Duck pointed a wing to the west. "He ran off in that direction."

Father Swan nodded. He gave the ducklings a disapproving look. He took off to the west. He came upon a farm. Father Swan questioned two ducks he found there.

©Julie Bachose

"Have you seen my son?" he asked.

"Funny-looking kid?" one duck asked.

The other duck preened his own feathers. "Nothing but a gray ball of fluff with a black bill? Sort of ugly?"

Father Swan bristled at these descriptions of his son. He nodded, though.

"Yeah, we saw him," the first duck said. "But that thunderstorm last night scared him off. He ran to the north."

Father Swan flew off in that direction. He soon came to a small hut in the woods. He knocked on the door with his bill. An old woman answered.

"More birds," the old woman grumbled. She squinted at him. "What do you want?"

"Have you seen my son?" Father Swan asked.

"I believe I did," the old woman said. "My tomcat and my hen told him to leave. They thought he was ugly. He didn't give me any eggs either." The old woman pointed a craggy finger out her hut's only window. "He went to the east."

Father Swan headed that way next. He searched and he searched. He couldn't find his lost son. The seasons changed. Soon the land was covered in snow. Father Swan had been gone from his family for many months. He had to get back to them.

He flew back toward Mother Swan. On his way, a flock of swans passed him. A smaller swan toward the back caught his attention. When their eyes met, Father Swan knew.

"Son?"

"Father?"

©Julie Bocharo

They both flew toward the lake below. They hit the water at the same time. They had a joyous reunion. They swam their way back to the rest of their family.

"You found him!" Mother Swan cried. She collected her lost son under her wing. She nuzzled him close. "Where have you been?"

"Where hasn't he been?" Father Swan poked their son in his now-white feathers. "He's had quite the adventure."

"Well, I'm just glad he's home," Mother Swan said. "And look at how handsome he is!"

Father Swan and Mother Swan hugged their baby swan - who wasn't so much a baby anymore. They all lived together happily at the lake.

©Julie Bochoso

770L

Name: _____ Date: _____

The Handsome Swan

Down by the lake, a sweet mother swan sat on her nest of six eggs. She couldn't wait until they hatched so she could finally see her babies. She remembered being a young swan herself with her siblings, covered in soft, dingy gray down and sporting a blackish bill. It had taken months and months for them to get their pretty white feathers. Once they had, the other birds watched them parade around the lake in all their beauty.

Finally, Mother Swan felt her eggs crack beneath her. "This is it!" She held her breath as her babies broke free of their shells one by one.

"One, two, three, four, five..." she counted, nuzzling each baby close. "Where is Number Six?" She looked all around, noting that only five eggs had been cracked open and were empty. "Oh, no! One of my precious babies is missing!" She was so upset that she honked and she honked all night long.

In the morning, Father Swan came over from the other side of the lake where he'd been meeting with the other male swans in the area about important swan business.



"Did I hear you honking last night, my dear? What has made you so distressed?" he asked Mother Swan. "I see the babies have hatched so shouldn't we be celebrating?"

"We *should* be celebrating, but one of our dear ones is missing. There are only five here when there should be six." Mother Swan flapped a wing over the broken eggs in the nest.

"Missing?" Father Swan craned his long neck, searching the nearby shore and water for any signs of their lost youngling. "Surely, our little one is close for how far could an egg roll from the nest?"

©Julie Bachose

That calmed Mother Swan some, but she was still worried about her lost baby.

"Get these ones into the water," Father Swan said, "and I will search for the last member of our family." He nuzzled Mother Swan's neck then set off toward the tall reeds lining the lake. Ducks often made their nests among them, and Father Swan hoped to get some help there.

He checked in with four duck families until he came across a mother duck in the water with her ducklings swimming in a line behind her.

"Excuse me!" he yelled. "Might I have a word with you?"

Mother Duck shifted her direction, all her ducklings following her path to the shore and waddling behind her. "How may I help you?"

"Have you seen a grayish baby bird with a black bill?" Father Swan asked.

All the ducklings quacked at the same time until Mother Duck gave them a stern glare then she turned sympathetic eyes to Father Swan.



"I have, but my ducklings did not make him feel welcome because he was so different. He took longer to hatch, wasn't yellow like my babies, and we thought he was ugly so they drove him away before I could stop him."

"How long has he been gone?" Father Swan asked, upset to have been this close to finding his son only to be unsuccessful.

©Julie Bochorse

"Since yesterday afternoon." Mother Duck pointed a wing to the west. "He ran off in that direction."

With a quick nod – and a disapproving look to the ducklings who had cast his son out – Father Swan took off to the west. He came upon a farm and questioned two ducks he found there.

"Have you seen my son?" he asked.

"Funny-looking kid?" one duck asked.

The other duck preened his own feathers. "Nothing but a gray ball of fluff with a black bill, sort of ugly?"

Father Swan bristled at these descriptions of his son, but he nodded if only to get information from these two rude ducks.

"Yeah, we saw him," the first duck said. "But that thunderstorm last night scared him off and he ran to the north."

Father Swan flew off in that direction, soon coming to a small hut in the woods. An old woman answered the door when he knocked with his bill.

"More birds," the old woman grumbled, squinting at him. "What do you want?"

"Have you seen my son?" Father Swan asked.

"I believe I did," the old woman said, "but my tomcat and my hen told him to leave. They didn't want to share space with such an ugly bird. Plus, he couldn't lay eggs for me." The old woman pointed a craggy finger out her hut's only window. "He went to the east."

©Julie Bochsoe

Father Swan headed that way next and he searched and he searched, but he couldn't find his lost son. The seasons changed and soon the land was covered in snow. Father Swan had been gone from his family for many months, and he had to get back to them.

Feeling defeated, he flew back toward Mother Swan. On his way, a flock of swans passed him. A smaller swan toward the back caught his attention. When their eyes met, Father Swan knew.

"Son?"

"Father?"

They both flew toward the lake below and hit the water at the same time. They had a joyous reunion and swam their way back to Mother Swan and the rest of their family.

"You found him!" Mother Swan cried, collecting her lost son under her wing and nuzzling him close. "Where have you been?"

"Where hasn't he been?" Father Swan poked their son in his now-white feathers. "He's had quite the adventure."

"Well, I'm just glad he's home," Mother Swan said. "And look at how handsome he is!"

Father Swan and Mother Swan hugged their baby swan - who wasn't so much a baby anymore - and they all lived together happily at the lake.

©Julie Bochsa

970L

Name: _____ Date: _____

The Handsome Swan

Down by the lake, a sweet mother swan incubated her six eggs in the nest. She could hardly stand the anticipation as she waited for them to hatch so she could finally see her beloved babies. She remembered being an awkward young swan herself with her siblings, covered in soft, dingy gray down and sporting a blackish bill. It had taken months and months for them to get their gorgeous white feathers and graceful adult bodies. Once they had, the other birds watched them parade around the lake in all their beauty like royalty.

Finally, Mother Swan felt her eggs wiggle and crack beneath her. "It's finally happening!" She held her breath as her babies emerged from their shells one by one and peeked up at her. She instantly loved them all.

"One, two, three, four, five..." she counted, nuzzling each baby close and checking them over carefully. "Where is Number Six?" She looked all around, noting that there were only five eggs that had been cracked open and were empty in the nest. The sixth egg she'd been sitting on was gone!

"Oh, no! One of my precious babies is missing!" She searched around the nest, but she couldn't stray too far with her five other new babies depending on her. She was so distraught that she honked and she honked all night long like a trumpet until her throat was sore. Knowing that something was wrong, her babies honked and honked all night long too, as if mourning their lost sibling.



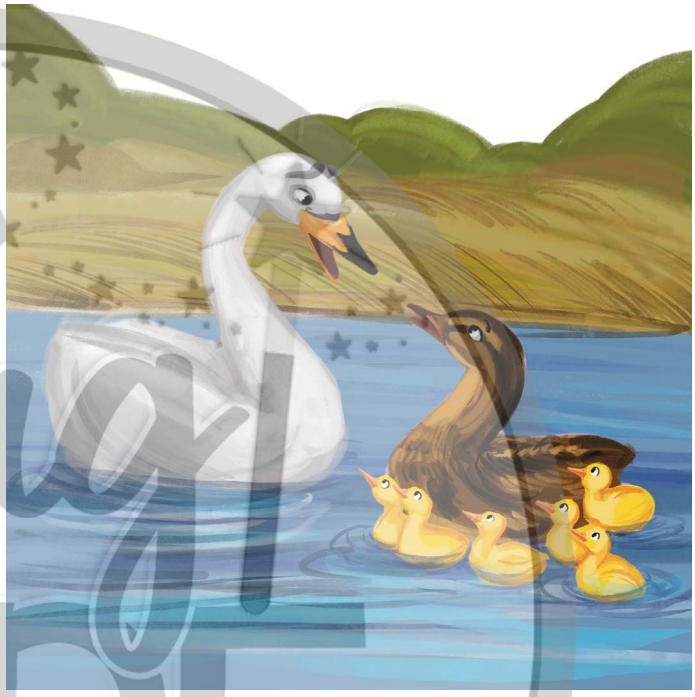
The next morning, Father Swan returned from the other side of the lake where he'd been having a conference with the male swans in the area about important swan business. "Did I hear you honking last night, my dear? What has made you so distressed?" he asked Mother Swan, a concerned tilt to his head. "I see the babies have hatched so shouldn't we be celebrating their births and the expansion of our wonderful family this season?"

"We *should* be celebrating, but one of our dear ones is missing, and I can't locate him anywhere." Mother Swan flapped a wing over the broken eggs in the nest. "I fear something terrible has happened to him out in the dangerous world."

©Bright Beginnings

"Missing?" After counting only five babies and knowing there had been six eggs, Father Swan craned his long neck, searching the nearby shore and water for any signs of their lost baby. "Surely, our little one is close by for how far could the sixth egg have rolled from our nest? He's probably hatched as well and just waiting for one of us to find him."

That calmed Mother Swan some, but she was still incredibly worried about her lost baby, and she begged Father Swan to scour the area to look for him.



"Of course, I will search for him. Get these little ones into the water and begin their swimming lessons," Father Swan said, indicating the five baby swans still with them, "and I will leave no stone unturned looking for the last member of our family." He nuzzled Mother Swan's neck then set off toward the tall reeds lining the lake. Ducks often made their nests among them, and Father Swan hoped to get some assistance there.

He interrogated four duck families until he encountered a mother duck in the water with her ducklings swimming in a perfect line behind her.

"Pardon me!" he yelled to her from the shore. "Might I have a word with you, Mother Duck?"

Mother Duck shifted her direction, all her ducklings following her path to the shore and waddling out behind her. They shook water from their tiny, yellow bodies, and Father Swan got choked up thinking about his son out in the world all by himself.

"Have you seen a grayish baby bird with a black bill?" Father Swan asked.

All the ducklings quacked at the same time until Mother Duck gave them a stern glare to quiet them. She turned sympathetic eyes to Father Swan, guilt clear on her face.

"I have seen such a baby bird. His egg somehow ended up in my nest, and he hatched just after my ducklings." She lowered her head. "Unfortunately, my children did not make him feel welcome because he was so different from them. He took longer to hatch, wasn't a pretty yellow like my babies, and we thought he was ugly. My ducklings drove him away before I could stop him from leaving."

©Julie Bachose

"How long has he been gone?" Father Swan asked, upset to have been this close to finding his son only to be unsuccessful.

"Since yesterday afternoon." Mother Duck pointed a wing to the west. "He ran off in that direction somewhere, and we haven't seen him since. My apologies."

With a quick nod – and a disapproving look to the ducklings who had so meanly cast his son out – Father Swan took off to the west, scanning the land below him as he traveled. Finally, he discovered a farm and questioned two ducks he found there.

"Have you seen my son?" he asked, desperate for any information that could help him in his search.

"Funny-looking kid?" one duck asked as he squished his webbed foot into a mud puddle.

The other duck preened his own feathers. "Nothing but a dull gray ball of fluff with a black bill, sort of ugly?"

Father Swan bristled at these awful descriptions of his son, but he nodded if only to speed up potentially getting a helpful tip from these two rude ducks.

"Yeah, we saw him, but that thunderstorm last night frightened him off, and he scurried to the north," the first duck said.

Father Swan soared in that direction, soon arriving at a minuscule hut deep in the woods that was nearly falling apart. An old witchy woman answered the door when he knocked impatiently with his bill.

"More pesky birds," the old woman grumbled, squinting as if she could barely see him. "What do you want?"

"Have you seen my son?" Father Swan asked, determined to bring his baby home to Mother Swan and the rest of his new family.

"I believe I did," the old woman said, "but my tomcat and my hen told him to leave because they didn't want to share space with such an ugly bird. Plus, he was no good for providing me with eggs, so I had no use for him." The old woman pointed a craggy finger out her hut's only window. "He went to the east."

©Julie Bochsa

Father Swan headed that way next, and he searched and he searched, but he couldn't find his lost son. The seasons changed, and soon the land was blanketed in snow. Father Swan had been gone from his family for many months, and he had to return to them even if it was without his son.

Feeling defeated, he flew back toward Mother Swan. On his way, a flock of swans passed overhead. A smaller swan, struggling to keep up, toward the back caught his attention, and when their eyes met, Father Swan knew.

"Son?"

"Father?"

They both flew toward the lake below and hit the water at the same time, creating ripples on the surface. They had a joyous first meeting and swam their way back to Mother Swan and the rest of their family.

"You found our precious son!" Mother Swan cried, collecting her lost baby under her wing and nuzzling him close. "Where have you been?"

"A better question is where hasn't he been?" Father Swan poked their son in his now-white feathers, relieved to have found him after so long. "He's had quite the adventure since hatching from his egg. He's traveled west, north, east, and finally south to get back to our lake and our family."

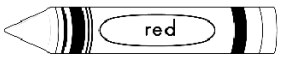
"Well, I'm just overjoyed that he's home with us now," Mother Swan said. "And look at what a handsome swan he is!"

Father Swan and Mother Swan hugged their baby swan - who wasn't so much a baby anymore - and they all lived together happily at the lake.

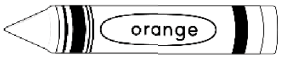
©Julie Bocheso

Funny Fairytales Name: _____ Date: _____

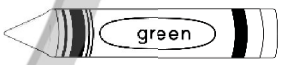
Answer the following questions. Underline the text evidence in the color indicated. If there is not a crayon next to the question, you will need to infer the answer. You should still look for text evidence to help you infer.

1. Why is Mother Swan upset after her eggs hatch in the nest? 

   a. One of her babies is missing.
   b. The nest has fallen apart.
   c. There is an extra egg in her nest.
   d. Her new babies are hungry.

2. According to the story, what do baby swans look like? 

3. Why does the duck family not want the baby swan to stay with them? 

4. "*The seasons changed. Soon the land was covered in snow.*" What do these sentences from the story tell you about Father Swan's search? 

5. How are Mother Swan's and Father Swan's reactions to the baby swan's appearance different than the duck family's? 

Swam Family	Similarities?	Duck Family

©Julie Bocheso

COMPARE AND CONTRAST

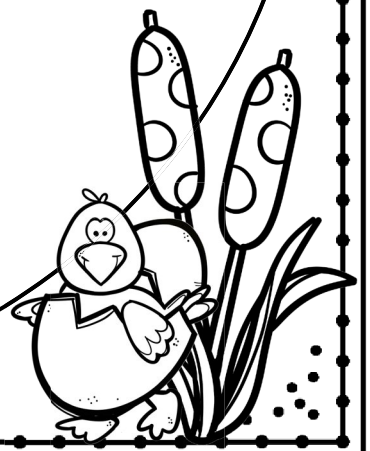
Compare and contrast this funny new fairytale with the original fairytale that inspired it, The Ugly Duckling. What similarities do you notice? What are the main differences?

©Pinch of Joy

THE HANDSOME SWAN

SIMILARTIES

THE UGLY DUCKLING



THE HANDSOME SWAN RESPONSE

One common feature of fairytales is that they have happy endings. Summarize the ending of The Handsome Swan. Does it have a happy ending? Give two reasons from the text to support your response. Write a short, different happy ending to this story.

©Julie Bachose

460L

Name: _____ Date: _____

No Apples, Please

A prince rode his horse through the woods of his kingdom. Something gleamed just beyond a small cottage he came upon. It caught his attention. He headed in that direction. The prince was shocked to find a woman with snow-white skin and rose-red lips lying asleep in a glass case. She was a lovely vision with the sun lighting her perfect face.

"You stay away from her," a voice warned.

The prince turned to find a dwarf behind him. The dwarf was no taller than the prince's waist. He held a stone hammer meant for mining. He also had a fierce look in his eyes.

The prince put his hands up. "I mean her no harm, friend. Nor do I wish to fight with you."

"That is wise." A second dwarf came out from the trees. He too had a stone hammer. "We do not wish to have that glass case covered in fingerprints."

"It is a hard case to keep clean." A third dwarf rose from behind a low bush.

More dwarves appeared. The prince counted seven in total. They were small, but they outnumbered him.



And what had they done to this beautiful woman? She appeared lifeless in the glass case.

The prince edged his way back toward his horse. "I shall leave you now. I will forget what I've seen here." He climbed onto his horse. He galloped back to his kingdom where he called together his guards.

©Julie Bochorse

"A maiden is in trouble in the woods," he explained. "She is being held by seven dwarves. She is still, as if life has left her. Her lips are red, though. I believe she can be saved. We must hurry."

The prince took off with the guards. Soon they were upon the dwarves' cottage. The guards arrested the seven dwarves. The prince broke the glass case. He scooped up the woman. She did not wake up. She draped over the saddle like a limp sack of potatoes.

The guards marched the seven dwarves in chains to the palace dungeon. The prince brought the woman to the castle's doctor.

"You are correct," the physician said to the prince. "This maiden is still alive. It will take me some time to figure out the source of the trouble."

"I will question the dwarves in the meantime." The prince went to the dungeon. "You there, with the sleepy eyes, come forward."



One of the dwarves approached the bars of the cell. He let out a huge yawn. He blinked tired eyes at the prince.

"What did you do to that woman?" the prince asked.

"I know only that she sleeps. I was not the cause of such a state," the sleepy dwarf said.

The prince called a dwarf who had his arms folded across his chest next. The dwarf had a stern tilt to his eyebrows. "You there, with the grumpy face, come forward."

©Julie Bocheso

The grumpy dwarf stomped over to the bars of the cell. He mumbled something the prince couldn't hear.

"What did you do to that woman?" the prince asked.

"I know only that she sleeps. I was not the cause of such a state," the grumpy dwarf said.

The prince asked the same of each dwarf. The dwarves all answered with the same reply. None of them knew what had happened to the maiden.

"Surely one of them is guilty of causing her current state," the prince told one of the guards. "Perhaps the physician has discovered a clue."

He found the physician looking deep into the woman's throat. "What evidence do you have?"

The physician did not reply. Instead, he gave the woman's stomach one solid pump with his hands just under her ribs. Some morsel flew from her mouth. It landed on the floor. It caused both the physician and the prince to run to it.

The physician pierced it with the tip of his surgeon's knife. He held it up to the light streaming in from the window.

"It is an apple slice, my lord." The physician tested the apple piece. "It is as I'd suspected. This apple is rare. It is grown only in the next kingdom from ours. It has been poisoned, too."

The prince took the apple from the physician. "One of the dwarves will admit to using this to harm the maiden." He took a step to head back to the dungeon. A loud gasp from the woman had him and the physician rushing to her side instead.

"Where am I?" she asked in a voice like music.

©Julie Bochese

"You are in my kingdom, in my family's palace," the prince replied. Her beauty almost made him forget how to speak. "I found you asleep in the woods with seven nasty dwarves. Fear not. They will be punished for what they did to you."

"Oh, but they didn't harm me!" she cried. "They saved me when my evil stepmother became jealous of me. I was then tricked. My stepmother came to me as an old woman. She gave me an apple. I fell asleep after taking a bite."

"That is because the apple got stuck in your throat, my lady. It was also poisoned," the physician said. "You could not breathe."

"Where are my dear, sweet dwarves?" she asked.

"In the dungeon," the prince replied.

"The dungeon!" She put her hands to her chest. "Oh, you must let them out at once!"

"I will do just that. I need room in the dungeon for your stepmother instead." He motioned to his guards. One took off to free the dwarves. The rest went to arrest the stepmother.

The dwarves bustled into the room a few moments later. They fussed over the maiden. They were relieved to see her alive once again.

"My apologies, dwarves," the prince said. "I wrongly accused you all."

"But you also saved Snow White!" a dwarf with a beaming smile and dimples in his cheeks said. "She would have stayed forever asleep without you."

"Then we must thank the good prince," Snow White said. "And invite him to dinner."

"I accept your invitation," the prince said, "as long as you do not serve any apples."

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800L

Name: _____ Date: _____

No Apples, Please

In a kingdom beyond the mountains, a prince rode his trusty stallion through the woods. Something gleaming just beyond a small cottage caught his attention. He headed in that direction and was shocked to find a woman with snow-white skin and rose-red lips lying asleep in a glass case upon a rock ledge. She was a lovely vision with the sun illuminating her perfect face.

"You stay away from her," a voice warned.

The prince turned to find a dwarf, no taller than the prince's waist, standing behind him. He held a stone hammer meant for mining and had a fierce look in his eyes.

With his hands up, the prince said, "I mean her no harm, friend. Nor do I wish to quarrel with you."

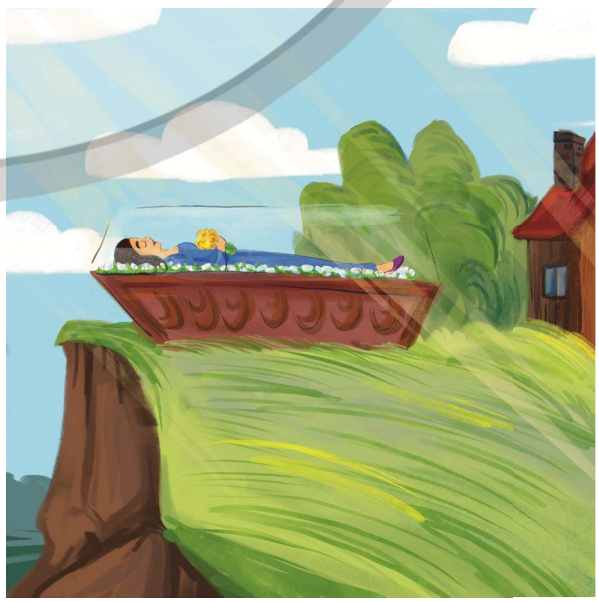
"That is wise," another voice said as a second dwarf emerged from the trees. He too had a stone hammer. "We do not wish to have that glass case covered in fingerprints."

"It is a dreadful case to keep clean," a third dwarf said as it rose from behind a low bush.

As the prince stood there, more dwarves revealed themselves, and he counted seven in total. Though the dwarves were small, the prince had no doubt they were capable of causing harm because they outnumbered him.

And what had they done to this beautiful woman who appeared lifeless in the glass case?

Hands still up, the prince edged his way back toward his horse. "I shall leave you now and forget what I've seen here." He climbed onto his horse and galloped back to his kingdom where he called together his guards.



©Julie Bocharov

"A maiden is in trouble in the woods," he explained. "She is being held by seven dwarves. She is still, as if life has left her, yet her lips are red, so I believe she can be revived. We must hurry."

The prince took off with the guards, and soon they were upon the dwarves' cottage. While the guards arrested the seven dwarves, the prince broke the glass case and scooped up the woman who did not wake up. She draped over the saddle like a limp sack of potatoes.

The guards marched the seven dwarves in chains to the palace dungeon while the prince brought the woman to the castle's physician.

"You are correct," the physician said to the prince. "This maiden is still alive, but it will take me some time to figure out the source of the trouble."

"I will interrogate the dwarves in the meantime." The prince made haste to the dungeon. "You there, with the sleepy eyes, come forward."



One of the dwarves approached the bars of the cell and let out a huge yawn. He blinked tired eyes at the prince.

"What do you know of that woman's situation? What did you do to her?" the prince demanded.

"I know only that she sleeps eternally, and that I was not the cause of such a state," the sleepy dwarf said.

Looking past him, the prince called a dwarf who had his arms folded across his chest and a stern tilt to his bushy eyebrows. "You there, with the grumpy expression, come forward."

The grumpy dwarf stomped over to the bars of the cell, mumbling something the prince couldn't hear.

©Julie Bachorz

"What do you know of that woman's situation? What did you do to her?" the prince asked.

"I know only that she sleeps eternally, and that I was not the cause of such a state," the grumpy dwarf said.

One by one, the prince asked the same of each dwarf. One by one, the dwarves all answered with the same reply. None of them knew what had happened to the maiden.

"Surely one of them is guilty of causing her current state," the prince told one of the guards. "Perhaps the physician has discovered a clue in his examination of this enchanted woman."

He found the physician looking deep into the woman's throat. "What evidence have you uncovered?"

The physician did not reply. Instead, he gave the woman's stomach one solid pump with his hands just under her ribs. Some morsel flew from her mouth and landed on the floor, causing both the physician and the prince to run to it.

The physician pierced it with the tip of his surgeon's knife and held it up to the light streaming in from the window.

"It is an apple slice, my lord." The physician performed a series of tests on the apple piece. "It is as I'd suspected. This apple is a rare variety, grown only in the next kingdom from ours, and it has been poisoned."

The prince swiped the specimen from the physician. "Surely when I show this to the dwarves, one of them will admit to acquiring the apple and using it to harm this maiden." He took a step to head back to the dungeon, but a loud gasp from the woman had him and the physician rushing to her side instead.

"Where am I?" she asked in a voice like music. She was even more radiant now that she was awake.

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"You are in my kingdom, in my family's palace," the prince replied, her beauty almost making him forget how to speak. "I found you asleep in the woods with seven nasty dwarves but fear not. They will be punished for what they did to you."

"Oh, but they didn't harm me!" she cried. "They saved me when my evil stepmother became jealous of me, but I was tricked. My stepmother came to me as an old woman and gave me an apple. I fell asleep after taking a bite."

"That is because the apple got stuck in your throat, my lady, and it was poisoned," the physician said. "You could not breathe."

"Where are my dear, sweet dwarves?" she asked.

"In the dungeon," the prince replied.

"The dungeon!" She put her hands to her chest. "Oh, you must let them out at once!"

"I will do just that for it seems I need room in the dungeon for your stepmother instead." He motioned to his guards, and one took off to free the dwarves. The rest went to arrest the stepmother.

A few moments later, the dwarves bustled into the room. They fussed over the maiden, relieved to see her animated once more.

"My apologies, dwarves," the prince said. "I wrongly accused you all."

"But you also saved Snow White!" a dwarf with a beaming smile and dimples in his cheeks said. "She would have stayed forever asleep without you."

"Then we must thank the good prince," Snow White said. "And invite him to dinner."

"I accept your invitation," the prince said, "as long as you do not serve any apples."

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930L

Name: _____ Date: _____

No Apples, Please

In a kingdom secluded beyond the mountains, a prince rode his trusty stallion through the woods. Something gleaming below the trees just beyond a small cottage caught his attention. He headed in that direction and was astonished to find a woman with snow-white skin and rose-red lips lying asleep in an elaborate glass case upon a rock ledge. She was a lovely vision with the sun illuminating her perfect face.

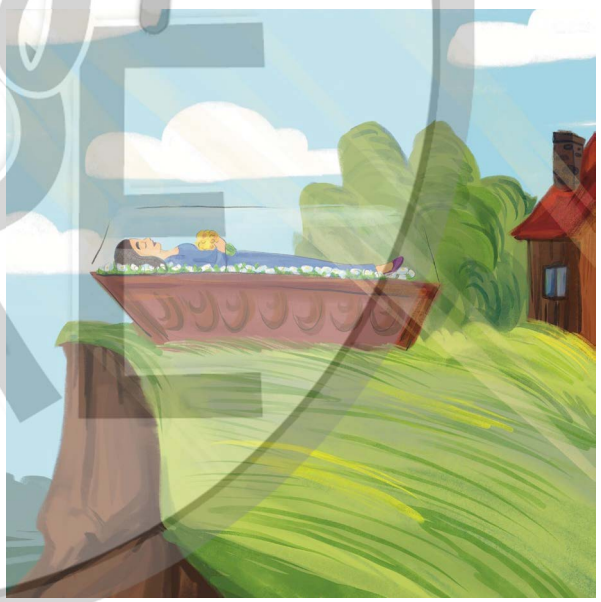
"You stay away from her," a gruff voice warned.

The prince turned to find a dwarf, no taller than the prince's waist, standing behind him with a stone hammer meant for mining and a fierce look in his eyes.

With his hands up, the prince said, "I mean her no harm, friend. Nor do I wish to quarrel with you today."

"That is wise," another voice said as a second dwarf emerged from the shadows of the trees. He too had a stone hammer and an unfriendly set to his shoulders. "We do not wish to have that glass case covered in fingerprints."

"It is a dreadful case to keep clean of streaks and smears," a third dwarf said as it rose from behind a low bush.



As the prince stood there, more dwarves revealed themselves, and he counted seven in total. Though the dwarves were small, the prince had no doubt they were capable of causing harm because they outnumbered him.

And what had they done to this beautiful woman who appeared lifeless in the glass case?

Hands still raised, the prince slowly edged his way back toward his waiting horse. "I shall leave you now and forget what I've seen here." He climbed onto his horse and galloped back to his kingdom where he called together his fearsome guards.

"A beautiful maiden is in trouble in the woods," he explained. "She is being held captive in a glass case by seven suspicious dwarves. She is still, as if the life has left her, yet her lips are as red as roses so I believe she can be revived, but we must hurry."

©Julie Bochorse

The prince took off with the guards, and soon they were upon the dwarves' cottage. While the guards arrested the seven dwarves, the prince broke the glass case and scooped up the woman who did not awaken. She draped over the saddle like a limp sack of potatoes and remained in that state for the ride to the prince's palace.

The guards marched the seven dwarves in chains to the palace dungeon while the prince delivered the woman to the castle's physician for an immediate examination.

"You are quite correct," the physician said to the prince. "This maiden is still alive, but it will take me some time to figure out the source of her odd condition."



"I will interrogate those devious dwarves in the meantime." The prince made haste to the dungeon, intent on finding the dwarf responsible for this horrible deed. "You there, with the sleepy eyes, come forward."

One of the dwarves approached the bars of the cell and let out a yawn while he blinked tired eyes at the prince.

"What do you know of that woman's situation? What did you do to her?" the prince demanded.

"I know only that she sleeps eternally, and that I was not the cause of such a state," the sleepy dwarf said.

Looking past him, the prince called another dwarf who had his arms folded across his chest and a stern tilt to his bushy eyebrows. "You there, with the grumpy expression, come forward."

The grumpy dwarf stomped over to the bars of the cell, mumbling something the prince couldn't decipher.

"What do you know of that woman's situation? What did you do to her?" the prince asked impatiently.

"I know only that she sleeps eternally, and that I was not the cause of such a state," the grumpy dwarf said.

©Julie Bochorse

One by one, the prince asked the same of each dwarf. One by one, the dwarves all answered with the same reply. None of them knew what had happened to the fair maiden.

"Surely one of them is guilty of causing her current state," the prince told one of the guards. "Perhaps the physician has discovered a clue in his examination of this enchanting woman."

He found the physician looking deep into the woman's throat. "What evidence have you uncovered?

The physician did not reply but instead gave the woman's stomach one solid pump with his hands just under her ribs. Some stray morsel spewed from her mouth like a cannonball and landed on the floor with a juicy splat, causing both the physician and the prince to run to it.

The physician pierced it with the tip of his surgeon's knife and held it up to the light streaming in from the window.

"It is an apple slice, my lord." The physician performed a series of tests on the apple piece. "It is as I'd suspected. This apple is an extremely rare variety, grown only in the next kingdom from ours, and it has been most certainly poisoned."

The prince swiped the specimen from the physician, his anger toward the dwarves increasing tenfold. "Surely when I show this to the dwarves, one of them will admit to acquiring the apple and using it to harm this unfortunate maiden." He took a step to head back to the dungeon, but a loud gasp from the woman had him and the physician rushing to her side instead.

"Where am I?" she asked in a voice like music. She was even more radiant now that she was awake.

"You are in my kingdom, in my family's palace," the prince replied, her beauty almost making him forget how to speak. "I found you asleep in the woods with seven nasty dwarves but fear not, for they will be punished for what they did to you."

"Oh, but they didn't harm me!" she cried. "They gave me refuge and saved me when my evil stepmother became jealous of me, but I was tricked. My stepmother came to me as an old woman and gave me an apple. I fell into a deep sleep after taking a single bite."

"That is because the apple got stuck in your throat, my lady, and it was poisoned," the physician said. "You could not breathe."

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"Where are my dear, sweet dwarves now?" she asked, her gaze searching around the room.

"In the dungeon," the prince replied.

"The dungeon!" She put her hands to her chest. "Oh, you must let them out at once, my lord!"

"I will do just that for it seems I need room in the dungeon for your stepmother instead." He motioned to his guards, and one took off to free the dwarves while the rest went to arrest the stepmother.

A few moments later, the dwarves bustled into the room and formed a ring around the maiden's bedside. They fussed over her, clearly relieved to see her animated once more.

"My sincere apologies, dwarves," the prince said. "I wrongly accused you all of harming this fair maiden."

"But you also saved Snow White!" a dwarf with a beaming smile and dimples in his cheeks said. "She would have stayed forever asleep without you bringing her to your castle."

"Then we must thank the good prince," Snow White said. "And invite him to dinner."

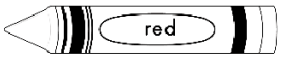
"I accept your invitation," the prince said, "as long as you do not serve any apples."

©Julie Bocharo

Funny Fairytales Name: _____ Date: _____

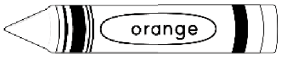
Answer the following questions. Underline the text evidence in the color indicated. If there is not a crayon next to the question, you will need to infer the answer. You should still look for text evidence to help you infer.

1. What does the prince find in the woods?



   a. an abandoned horse
   b. a magical lake
   c. a glass case
   d. a lost king

2. What clue makes the prince believe the maiden was still alive?



_____

_____

_____

3. Why does the prince suspect the dwarves have something to do with the maiden's condition?

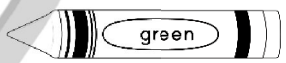


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_____

_____

4. How do the dwarves feel at the end of the story even though they were put in the dungeon? Why do they feel this way?



_____

_____

_____

5. What do the dwarves and the prince have in common?



_____

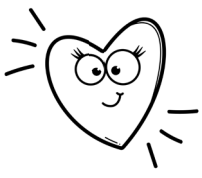
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©Julie Bockrow

COMPARE AND CONTRAST

Compare and contrast this funny new fairytale with the original fairytale that inspired it, Snow White and the Seven Dwarves. Look for the similarities and differences between the story elements.

	SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARVES	NO APPLES, PLEASE
MAIN CHARACTERS 		
SETTING 		
VILLAIN 		
PROBLEM 		
SOLUTION 		

©Julie Bachose

NO APPLES, PLEASE RESPONSE

There are several characters in "No Apples, Please," including the prince, the seven dwarves, Snow White, the physician, and the palace guards. Which of these characters would you like to be if you could join the story? Give **two** reasons why you chose that character. What would you have done differently in the story as that character?

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460L

Name: _____ Date: _____

A New Look

"Who's your next customer?" Esmerelda swept the hair from the last cut and style she'd done. She was half-owner of a salon called Prettily Ever After.

Her partner, Jesabelle, checked her schedule. "My next appointment is for Goldilocks."

"Wasn't she on the run from some bears?" Esmerelda dumped the hair clippings into the trashcan. She put the broom away.

"Isn't Goldilocks always on the run?" Jesabelle shook her head. "I keep telling her that she's got to quit nosing around in other people's houses. She just can't help herself, though. She's got to see who has the best porridge. She's curious about who has the best chairs." She waved a hand. "That girl needs to find a new hobby."

The bells above the salon's front door jingled. Both hairstylists stopped their conversation. A woman walked in. She swiftly closed the door behind her. She wore a knit hat. Dark sunglasses hid her eyes. A long raincoat covered her from neck to ankles.



Esmerelda and Jesabelle raised their eyebrows at each other.

Jesabelle said, "Hi, and welcome to Prettily Ever After. You usually need an appointment. You're in luck, though. My partner happens to be free."

Esmerelda glared at Jesabelle. It was true, though. Her next customer wasn't due in until later in the afternoon. Still, she didn't want to work with this strange woman.

©Julie Bochorse

The woman turned from where she'd been peeking through the blinds on one of the salon's front windows. "I do have an appointment, Jesabelle." She pulled down her sunglasses. "It's me. Goldilocks."

"Why in the world are you dressed like that?" Esmerelda asked.

Jesabelle blew out a long breath. "Someone is after you. You did it again, didn't you?"

"Someone is after me. It's not my fault this time," Goldilocks said. She took her sunglasses off all the way now. She pulled off her hat. Her golden curls spilled about her face and shoulders. "The three little pigs are after me, but I did not set foot in the third pig's brick house that survived the wolf attack. I swear it. I've quit going into homes that don't belong to me."

"Those three bears really scared you, didn't they?" Jesabelle patted her empty styling chair.

Goldilocks took off her raincoat before sitting. "You have no idea what it's like waking up from a truly perfect nap in the most perfect bed to see an entire bear family watching you."



"Creepy much?" Esmerelda rolled her eyes.

"Super creepy," Goldilocks agreed. "Anyway, those pig brothers think I messed up the brick house they're all living in now. It wasn't me. They don't believe me. They have been after me all week. That's why I'm here. I need you to take all this and completely change it up." She motioned to her hair.

"No more golden curls?" Jesabelle asked in disbelief. She fingered Goldilocks's beautiful long waves.

Goldilocks shook her head. "They're too noticeable. I need a good disguise if I'm going to keep those pigs from finding me."

©Julie Bochorse

"Pigs aren't as dangerous as bears, though," Esmerelda said. "Can't you ask another wolf to spook them into staying in their house?"

"Yeah, those pigs didn't leave the safety of their house for months after the incident," Jesabelle said.

"I looked for a wolf. They're all helping one of their own fend off some trouble. Something with a girl in a red hood, her grandmother, and a huntsman." Goldilocks waved a dismissive hand. She focused on herself in the mirror. "I'm sad to see my golden curls go. It's the only way for me to blend in if I want to stay in town, though."

Jesabelle squeezed Goldilocks's shoulder. "We definitely want you to stay in town. If you're absolutely positive that a change is what you want, we can make it happen."

Goldilocks gave herself another look in the mirror. She squared her shoulders and met Jesabelle's gaze. "I'm sure."

"This could actually be fun!" Esmerelda circled around the stylist chair. She put a hand to her jaw as she thought. "I say we go completely opposite of bouncy, golden curls."

Jesabelle smiled. She turned the chair away from the mirror so Goldilocks couldn't see into it. "I know just what to do."

For two hours, Jesabelle colored and washed. She cut and dried. She styled and spritzed. Esmerelda jumped in between her own customers to do makeup and nails. By the time the two stylists were done, Goldilocks had an entirely new look.

"Are you ready to see the results?" Jesabelle asked.

Goldilocks drew in a deep breath and nodded. She squeezed her eyes shut as Jesabelle slowly spun the chair to face the mirror.

"Open your eyes on three," Esmerelda said.

"One," Jesabelle said.

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"Two," Esmerelda said.

"Three," Goldilocks said. She opened her eyes and gasped.

In place of the golden-haired girl that usually stared back at Goldilocks in the mirror was a black-haired beauty. She had shoulder-length locks that hung straight like a curtain. Her usually plump, rosy cheeks had been contoured with makeup. They looked sharper and more mature. Dark eyeliner and thicker lashes rimmed Goldilocks's blue eyes. Her lips were a deep burgundy shade. They made her teeth nearly glow white. Her nails had been painted a dark purple.

Slowly, Goldilocks rose from the chair. She approached the mirror. "You did it! I look totally different!" She squealed in excitement. She then gave Jesabelle and Esmerelda big, tight hugs. "You girls are magical. Those pigs will never recognize me now. Thank you both so much."

"You're welcome," Jesabelle said. "We're glad you're happy with your new look, Gold–" She stopped talking. "I guess we shouldn't call you Goldilocks anymore. Not if you don't want anyone to know it's you. What do you want to be called instead?"

Goldilocks looked in the mirror for a long moment. She ran her hands through her soft, sleek hair.

"You can call me... Raven." She slinked over to where her hat, sunglasses, and long raincoat were piled on a couch in the salon's waiting area. She left the hat behind. She slipped on the raincoat, turning up its collar high on her neck. Finally, she slid on the sunglasses.

With a final look in the mirror, she grinned. She dropped some gold coins in Jesabelle's hand. She strolled out of the salon.

"Why do I feel as if we created a villain with that makeover?" Esmerelda said. They watched Raven walk through the town. Her raincoat billowed out behind her like a dark cape. A group of actual ravens cawed above her as if begging to serve her.

Jesabelle shrugged. "At least she's another happy Prettily Ever After customer."

©Julie Bocheno

810L

Name: _____ Date: _____

A New Look

"Who's your next customer?" Esmerelda swept the hair from the last cut and style she'd done at her salon, Prettily Ever After.

Her partner, Jesabelle, checked her schedule. "My next appointment is for Goldilocks."

"Wasn't she on the run from some bears or something?" Esmerelda dumped the hair clippings into the trashcan and put the broom away.

"Isn't Goldilocks always on the run from someone?" Jesabelle shook her head. "I keep telling her that she's got to quit nosing around in other people's houses, but she just can't help herself. She's got to see who has the best porridge, who has the best chairs, who has the best whatever." She waved a hand. "That girl needs to find a new hobby."

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Esmerelda and Jesabelle raised their eyebrows at each other before Jesabelle said, "Hi, and welcome to Prettily Ever After. We usually require appointments, but my partner happens to be free at the moment."

Esmerelda glared at Jesabelle, but it was true. Her next customer wasn't due in until later in the afternoon. Still, she didn't want to work with this strange woman.

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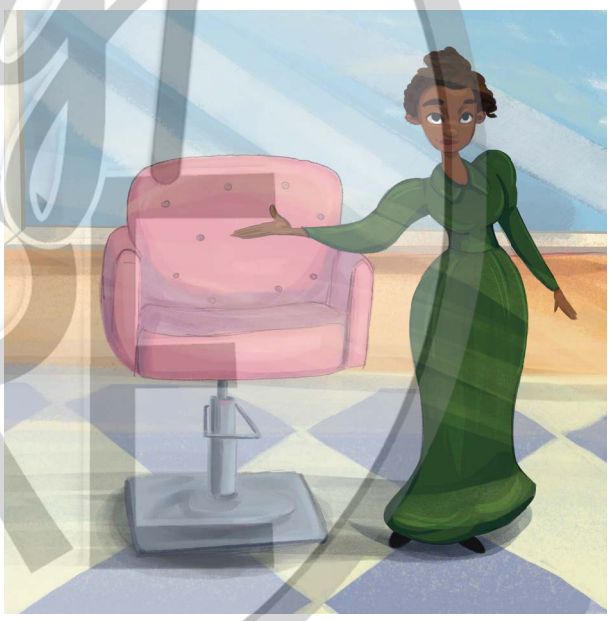
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"Those three bears really scared you, didn't they?" Jesabelle patted her empty styling chair, and Goldilocks took off her raincoat before sitting.

"You have no idea what it's like waking up from a truly perfect nap in the most perfect bed to see an entire bear family watching you."



"Creepy much?" Esmerelda rolled her eyes.

"Super creepy," Goldilocks agreed. "Anyway, those pig brothers think I messed up the brick house they're all living in now, but it wasn't me. They don't believe me and have been after me all week. That's why I'm here. I need you to take all this and completely change it up." She motioned to her hair.

"No more golden curls?" Jesabelle asked in disbelief as she fingered Goldilocks's beautiful long waves.

Goldilocks shook her head. "They're too noticeable, too identifiable. I need a good disguise if I'm going to keep those pigs from finding me."

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"Yeah, although that brick house stood up to the first wolf, those pigs didn't leave the safety of it for months after the incident," Jesabelle said.

"I looked for a wolf, but they're all helping one of their own fend off some trouble with a girl in a red hood, her grandmother, and a huntsman." Goldilocks waved a dismissive hand and then focused on herself in the mirror. "It pains me to get rid of my golden curls, but it's the only way for me to blend in if I want to stay in town."

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"Are you ready to see the transformation?" Jesabelle asked.

Goldilocks drew in a deep breath and nodded, but she squeezed her eyes shut as Jesabelle slowly rotated the chair to face the mirror.

"Open your eyes on three," Esmerelda said, clasping her hands together in anticipation.

"One," Jesabelle said.

"Two," Esmerelda said.

©Julie Bochorse

"Three," Goldilocks said as she opened her eyes and gasped.

In place of the golden-haired girl that usually stared back at Goldilocks in the mirror was a black-haired beauty with shoulder-length locks that hung straight like a curtain. Her usually plump, rosy cheeks had been contoured with makeup to look sharper and more mature. Dark eyeliner and thicker lashes rimmed Goldilocks's blue eyes, and her lips were a deep burgundy shade that made her teeth nearly glow white. Her nails had been painted a dark purple.

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Goldilocks considered herself in the mirror for a long moment, running her hands through her soft, sleek hair.

"You can call me... Raven." She slinked over to where her hat, sunglasses, and long raincoat were piled on a couch in the salon's waiting area. Leaving the hat behind, she slipped on the raincoat, turning up its collar high on her neck, and slid on the sunglasses.

With a final look in the mirror, she grinned and dropped some gold coins in Jesabelle's hand, and strolled out of the salon with a confidence neither hair stylist had ever seen on Goldilocks.

"Why do I feel as if we created a villain with that makeover?" Esmerelda said as they watched Raven walk through the town, her raincoat billowing out behind her like a dark cape and a group of actual ravens cawing above her as if begging to be her minions.

Jesabelle shrugged. "At least she's another happy Prettily Ever After customer."

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Name: _____ Date: _____

A New Look

"Who's your next customer this afternoon?" Esmerelda asked as she swept the hair from the last cut and style she'd done at her salon, Prettily Ever After.

Her partner, Jesabelle, checked her schedule, an index finger running along her planner. "My next appointment today is for Goldilocks."

"Wasn't she on the run from some bears or something?" Esmerelda dumped the hair clippings into the trashcan, put the broom away, and reorganized some supplies because a tidy salon was a successful salon. That was what her mother had always told her anyway.

"Isn't Goldilocks constantly on the run from someone?" Jesabelle shook her head as she folded some towels and stashed them above the sinks. "I keep telling her that she's got to quit nosing around in other people's houses, but she simply can't help herself. She's got to see who has the best porridge, who has the best chairs, who has the best whatever." She waved a hand as she came back toward Esmerelda. "That girl needs to find a new hobby if she wants to stop making all her neighbors mad at her."

The bells above the salon's front door jingled, and both hairstylists stopped their conversation when a woman walked in, swiftly closing the door behind her. She wore a knit hat, and dark sunglasses hid her eyes while a long raincoat covered her from neck to ankles.



Esmerelda and Jesabelle raised their eyebrows at each other before Jesabelle said, "Greetings and welcome to Prettily Ever After. We usually require appointments in advance, but my partner happens to be free at the moment."

Esmerelda glared at Jesabelle, but it was true. Her next customer wasn't due in until later in the afternoon. Still, she wasn't keen on working with this strange woman she didn't know.

The woman turned from where she'd been peeking through the blinds on one of the salon's front windows at the street outside. "I do have an appointment for today, Jesabelle." She pulled down her sunglasses. "It's me. Goldilocks."

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"Why in the world are you dressed like that?" Esmerelda asked, gesturing to Goldilocks's odd outfit.

Jesabelle blew out a long breath and put her hands on her hips. "Someone is after you because you did it again, didn't you? You snuck around someone's house even though you know it only leads to problems for you."

"Someone is after me, but it's not my fault this time," Goldilocks said, taking her sunglasses off all the way now and pulling off her hat to let her golden curls spill about her face and shoulders. "The three little pigs are after me, but I did not set foot in the third pig's brick house that survived the wolf attack. I swear it. Besides, I've quit going into homes that don't belong to me."



"Those three bears really scared you, didn't they?" Jesabelle patted her empty styling chair, and Goldilocks took off her raincoat before sitting.

"You have no idea what it's like waking up from a truly perfect nap in the most perfect bed to see an entire bear family watching you."

"Creepy much?" Esmerelda rolled her eyes, knowing she certainly wouldn't want to wake up from a nap that way.

"Super creepy," Goldilocks agreed. "Anyway, those pig brothers think I messed up the brick house they're all living in now, but it wasn't me. They don't believe me and have been after me all week so that's why I'm here. I need you to take all this and completely change it up." She motioned to her curly hair and made a snipping motion with her fingers.

"No more of these lovely golden curls?" Jesabelle asked in disbelief as she fingered Goldilocks's beautiful long waves.

Goldilocks shook her head, the curls bouncing around her face. "They're too noticeable, too identifiable. I need a top-notch disguise if I'm going to keep those pigs from tracking me down."

"Pigs aren't as dangerous as bears, though," Esmerelda said. "Can't you ask another wolf to spook them into staying in their house or something?"

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"Yeah, although that brick house stood up to the first wolf, those pigs didn't leave the safety of it for months after the incident because they were freaked," Jesabelle said.

"I looked for a wolf, but they're all assisting one of their own fend off some trouble with a girl in a red hood, her grandmother, and a huntsman." Goldilocks waved a dismissive hand and then focused on her reflection in the mirror. "It pains me to get rid of my golden curls, but it's the only way for me to blend in if I want to stay in town."

Jesabelle squeezed Goldilocks's shoulder. "We definitely want you to stay in town so if you're absolutely positive that a change is what you want, we can make it happen."

Goldilocks gave herself another look in the mirror then squared her shoulders and met Jesabelle's gaze. "I'm sure."

"This could actually be fun!" Esmerelda circled around the stylist chair, a hand to her jaw as she thought. "I say we go completely opposite of bouncy, golden curls."

Jesabelle smiled as she turned the chair away from the mirror so Goldilocks couldn't peer into it. "I know just what to do."

For two hours, Jesabelle colored and washed, cut and dried, styled and spritzed. Esmerelda jumped in between her own customers to do makeup and nails, and by the time the two stylists were done, Goldilocks had an entirely new appearance.

"Are you ready to see the transformation?" Jesabelle asked.

Goldilocks drew in a deep breath and nodded, but she squeezed her eyes shut as Jesabelle slowly rotated the chair to face the mirror.

"Open your eyes on three," Esmerelda said, clasping her hands together in anticipation.

"One," Jesabelle said.

"Two," Esmerelda said.

"Three," Goldilocks said as she opened her eyes and gasped.

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In place of the golden-haired girl that usually stared back at Goldilocks in the mirror was a black-haired beauty with shoulder-length locks that hung straight like a curtain. Her usually plump, rosy cheeks had been contoured with makeup to look sharper and more mature. Dark eyeliner and thicker lashes rimmed Goldilocks's blue eyes, and her lips were a deep burgundy shade that made her teeth nearly glow white. Her nails had been painted a dark purple.

Slowly, Goldilocks rose from the chair and approached the mirror. "You did it! I look totally different!" She squealed in excitement and gave Jesabelle and Esmerelda big, tight hugs. "You girls are magical, and those pigs will never recognize me now. Thank you both so much for helping me."

"Beauty is our job, but you're welcome," Jesabelle said. "We're glad you're happy with your new look, Gold–" She stopped abruptly and angled her head at Goldilocks. "I guess we shouldn't call you Goldilocks anymore if you don't want anyone to know it's you. What do you want to be called instead?"

Goldilocks considered herself in the mirror for a long moment, running her hands through her soft, sleek hair and checking out her makeup and nails.

"You can call me... Raven." She slinked over to where her hat, sunglasses, and long raincoat were piled on a small couch in the salon's waiting area. Leaving the hat behind, she slipped on the raincoat, turning up its collar high on her neck, and slid on the sunglasses.

With a final look in the mirror, she grinned, dropped some gold coins in Jesabelle's hand, and strolled out of the salon with a confidence neither hair stylist had ever seen on Goldilocks.

"Why do I feel as if we created a villain with that makeover?" Esmerelda said as they watched Raven saunter through the town, her raincoat billowing out behind her like a dark cape, and a group of actual ravens cawing above her as if begging to be her minions.

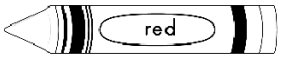
Jesabelle shrugged. "At least she's another happy Prettily Ever After customer."

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Funny Fairytales Name: _____ Date: _____

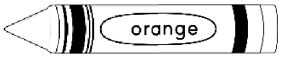
Answer the following questions. Underline the text evidence in the color indicated. If there is not a crayon next to the question, you will need to infer the answer. You should still look for text evidence to help you infer.

1. What is the setting of this story?



   a. a restaurant
   b. a salon
   c. a ballroom
   d. a house

2. What behavior does Goldilocks have that often gets her into trouble?



_____

_____

_____

3. Why is Goldilocks dressed in a hat, sunglasses, and a long raincoat?

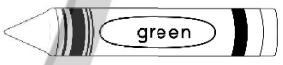


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4. When Jesabelle asks Goldilocks if she's ready to see her transformation, Goldilocks nods, but she also squeezes her eyes shut. What does this tell the reader about her feelings about seeing her new look?



_____

_____

_____

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5. Do you agree with Goldilocks changing her entire appearance to hide from the Three Little Pigs? Why or why not?



Agree or Disagree?	Why or Why not? Text Evidence
_____	



COMPARE AND CONTRAST

Compare and contrast this funny new fairytale with the original fairytale that inspired it, Goldilocks and the Three Bears. Look for the similarities and differences between the story elements.

SIMILARITIES: GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS AND A NEW LOOK	DIFFERENCES: GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS AND A NEW LOOK

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A NEW LOOK RESPONSE

In this story, Goldilocks takes on a new name to go with her new look. Why is "Raven" a good new name for Goldilocks? Suggest another name that would also be a good choice. Why is this name also appropriate for the character? Use details from the story to support your response.

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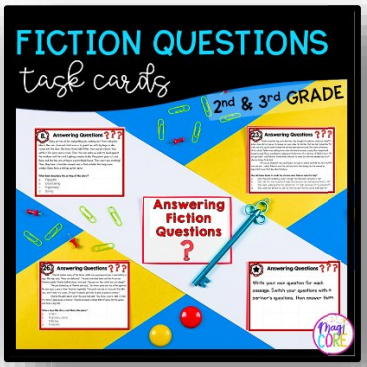
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