

ADAPTATION OF CINDERELLA: CINDERELLE

by Maggie Beattie Roberts

Once upon a time, in the middle of New York City, there was a girl named Cinderelle who loved playing basketball. She was strong, athletic, and quick on her feet. She was the best basketball player in her neighborhood.

Cinderelle lived with two evil stepsisters and her evil stepmother. She spent most of her time watching her two evil stepsisters at cheerleading practice. Cinderelle's evil stepmother was an original New York Knicks cheerleader, so she lived and breathed cheerleading. All she wanted in the world was to have the evil stepsisters follow in her footsteps.

One Tuesday afternoon, Cinderelle was watching the NBA semifinals upstairs in her room. With thirty seconds left in the tied game, she heard a screech from down the hall. "CinderELLE!" her evil stepsisters called. "Grab my pom poms!" said one stepsister. "Grab my water bottle!" cried the other stepsister.

Cinderelle let out a big sigh. "Not now," she mumbled under her breath. But she knew she had no choice. Cheerleading practice was today and Cinderelle knew she had to videotape the stepsisters practice for her evil stepmother to watch on repeat later. "Be right there!" Cinderelle called back. She dropped the basketball she was bouncing, grabbed the pom poms and the water bottle, and headed down the hall.

Cinderelle walked in the room and saw her evil stepsisters and evil stepmother huddled together and reading the mail.

"What are you reading?" Cinderelle asked.

"Mama got invited to the NBA finals at Madison Square Garden!" the stepsisters exclaimed.

"It must be for VIPs," the stepmother said. "Very important people." She looked at Cinderelle. She looked at the stepsisters. "Well, it says I can bring two guests, so" her voice trailed off.

"Can we go, Mama?" said one stepsister. "Yes, pleeeeeeease?" said the other stepsister.

"Of course you can go, my special ones. We can watch the cheerleaders and see the routines you'll do some day!" the stepmother said.

Cinderelle's face got hot. She fought back tears. "How could she not invite

me?" she thought to herself. "I'm the biggest NBA fan there is!" she thought. "Plus, I know everything about basketball."

Before Cinderelle could say anything, the stepsisters rushed her out the door.

On Saturday night, the night of the NBA finals, Cinderelle helped her stepsisters get ready for the game. The stepsisters had bought brand new jerseys and sneakers to wear to the game. Cinderelle wished she had a new jersey and sneakers.

"Cinderelle!" the evil stepmother called. "The video camera is out of batteries! We need to record the cheerleading routines. Ride the subway to Target and pick us up more batteries. Go quickly! We'll need them before the game."

Cinderelle grabbed her subway card and headed out of the apartment. Once she caught the subway, she sat on the cold, plastic seats and began to cry.

Suddenly, the train stopped. "Stupid subway weekend construction," Cinderelle muttered, as tears rolled down her face.

The subway car began to glow. A woman dressed in sparkly blue appeared before Cinderelle's eyes.

"Cinderelle, I am your fairy godmother," the woman said softly. "Why are you crying?"

"My stepmother and stepsisters are going to the NBA finals without me! I love basketball more than anything! They are just going to watch the cheerleading routines. I wish I could see that game," Cinderelle said.

"Well, if that is your wish, I can help," the fairy godmother said. "Hold on tight!" She waved her magic wand. "Bippity Boppity Boo!"

All of a sudden, the dirty, old subway car turned into a shiny, new limousine. Then, the rats scurrying along the subway tracks turned into a limo driver and a door man. Cinderelle looked down and realized she was magically wearing a brand new Knicks jersey and brand new sneakers. Her subway card turned into a brand new basketball.

"Where to, my lady?" the limo driver with a hairy mustache said.

"Madison Square Garden, please!" Cinderelle exclaimed. She looked to thank her fairy godmother. "Oh, fairy godmother, thank you! A million times, thank you!"

The fairy godmother warned, "Cinderelle, the magic spell will wear off at midnight. The limo will turn back into a subway car, the drivers into rats, and your jersey and sneakers will turn back to your original clothes. Remember that and have a wonderful time!"

The game was almost over. It was close. The Knicks took their last time out. Cinderelle was excited and nervous. She stepped into the aisle and began bouncing her basketball to pass the time. She spun the basketball on her fingers. She bounced the ball in figure eights.

The crowd around her became quiet. People pointed at the Jumbotron screen. People whispered, "It's her! It's her!"

Cinderelle looked up. There saw herself on the Jumbotron! She could barely recognize herself in her new jersey and sneakers. "Ladies and gentleman, look at this young lady go! How about a round of applause?" the announcer said over the loudspeaker. "I think we've found our Super Fan!"

Cinderelle couldn't believe her ears. Super Fans won season tickets for the next NBA season! But then, her cell phone alarm when off. It was 11:55pm. She had to go before the magic spell wore off!

Cinderella ran out of Madison Square Garden so quickly that one of her sneakers came off.

The next day, the evil stepmother came into the room as the stepsisters told Cinderelle all about the game.

"Girls, quiet! I just got an email. The Knicks are trying to find the Super Fan from last night's game. They want to give her season tickets. The mystery fan left a sneaker behind. They are searching for the girl who perfectly fits the shoe. You better fit into that shoe!"

Just then, the door buzzer rang. The evil step sisters took turns trying to cram their feet into the sneaker. But they didn't fit.

"How about you?" the coach asked Cinderelle.

"Don't be silly," the stepmother scoffed. "She wasn't even there."

The coach replied, "Rule are rules, ma'am. Everyone in the apartment must have a chance."

Cinderelle sat down. She tried on the sneaker. It fit perfectly! The coach threw her a basketball. Cinderelle spun it on her fingers without thinking.

"We've found our Super Fan!" the coach exclaimed. The evil stepsisters and stepmother's jaw dropped. The coach handed Cinderelle an envelope of season tickets.

"Can't wait to see you next season," the coach said.

"Me, too!" Cinderelle replied, still spinning the basketball.

THE END.

ADAPTATION OF CINDERELLA: WINDERELLA

by Shana Frazin

Once upon a time, there lived a girl named Winderella. She lived and went to school with her mean stepsisters, Tiffany and Brittany, and her evil stepmother, who was the principal! Winderella was determined, hardworking, and loved competition. Well, what she really loved was to win. That's why she was called Winderella.

One bright spring morning, Winderella's teacher, Ms. Wand, bounced into the classroom and announced, "I've got great news! This Saturday is the annual Math Olympics competition. And, I think we've got some students who are good enough to place."

Winderella's hand shot into the air. "What time is the competition? What are the prizes? Who else will be competing?" Winderella's best friend, Jack, elbowed her in the side. "Ow! What was that for?" she asked.

"You can't compete in the Math Olympics, Winderella," whispered Jack.

"Why not?" asked Winderella turning around to face Jack. "Math is my best subject. I would surely win, win, win and then you'll see me grin, grin, grin!" chanted Winderella.

"I know you like winning more than anything, but it's not likely," Jack replied. "Need I remind you of who the principal of this school is?" Jack pointed to the portrait of Winderella's stepmother, also known as Dr. Tankerous.

One glance at her stepmother's photo and Winderella slumped in her chair. "She'll never let you participate," Jack said. Winderella slumped some more, she knew that if she asked to participate her evil stepmother would laugh and say, "Silly girl, you've got far too much work to do anything else!"

And that's exactly what did happen when later that evening when Winderella, after finishing all the cooking, cleaning, laundry, and homework asked, "Excuse me, Dr. Tankerous, may I join you, Brittany and Tiffany on Saturday at the Math Olympics?" Her evil stepmother laughed and said, "Oh no! You've got the clean the garage, the attic, and the basement this Saturday. You simply won't have the time."

In the days before the Math Olympics, Winderella helped prepare her mean stepsisters for the competition. She practiced multiplication facts with them, she reviewed formulas for perimeter and area, she practiced using measurement

tools. It was a colossal waste of time: the stepsisters were only interested in learning make-up and fashion.

Finally, it was Saturday, the day of the Math Olympics. "Have fun cleaning the garage," said Brittany as she headed out the door. "I hope no spiders get you," added Tiffany as she walked to the car. "I expect everything to be shiny and sparkly when we return," said Dr. Tankerous. Then they were gone.

"I expect everything to be shiny and sparkly," mimicked Winderella. Arg! she thought, I am so mad I could . . . I could . . . I could just scream! Winderella looked around the room. She spied an algebra textbook on the shelf. Hmm . . . she thought, if I can't participate in the Math Olympics, at least I can do some math. Maybe that will calm me down. Winderella pulled the book from the shelf and turned to page one. She tried to concentrate, but all she could think was, I wish I was at the Math Olympics. I wish I was at the Math Olympics. I wish I was

Poof! A huge cloud of smoke appeared and there was Ms. Wand. But instead of her usual teacher skirt and teacher sweater, she was wearing a black gown and all over the gown were numbers and equations and formulas in sparkly, shiny rhinestones.

"Goodness! What took you so long to wish?" asked Ms. Wand.

"What are you doing here? What are you talking about?" asked a confused Winderella.

"I haven't got time to explain," said Ms. Wand. "Let's figure out your transportation and a disguise and get you to the Math Olympics." And with that Ms. Wand waved her magic wand and turned the textbook into a skateboard.

"Cool!" exclaimed Winderella. Next she pointed her wand at Winderella and said, "Sorry but this must be done." Winderella felt a strange spinning motion all around her. When it stopped she looked down and instead of her usual jeans, t-shirt and high-top sneakers, she was wearing . . . a dress. "Please, no . . ." complained Winderella, "not a dress!"

"No one will believe it's you. That's why we have to go with this," explained Ms. Wand.

"Well," said Winderella, looking down at her pink patent leather Mary Janes, "Can't you at least change the shoes? How am I supposed to skateboard in these?"

"Oh, all right," and with one last wave of her wand black flats with rubber soles and rhinestone numbers and equations appeared.

"They're perfect," gushed Winderella, turning from side to side to admire her new shoes.

"Off you go. No time to waste," said Ms. Wand pushing Winderella and her skateboard out the door. "Oh! Don't forget the magic only lasts until 3:00 p.m. After that everything changes back."

Winderella arrived at the competition, registered (she was contestant number 49) and sat on the stage of the auditorium with all the other kids who were competing. She saw Jack a few seats away and waved at him. He tilted his head and looked sideways at Winderella, then shrugged his shoulders. Oh my goodness, thought Winderella, he has no idea it's me.

The Superintendent welcomed everyone to the Math Olympics and the competition began.

Winderella correctly answered every question she was asked. She won all fifteen rounds. Just one more round and until I win, win, win, then you'll see me grin, grin, grin, she thought.

"Contestant number 49, if you answer this question correctly you win the 2012 Math Olympics Gold Medal. Ready?"

Winderella nodded and took her place in front of the microphone. Just as the superintendent posed the question, the clock began to strike three o'clock. Winderella blurted the answer (correct, of course), grabbed her skateboard from under her chair and dashed out the door leaving one of her sparkly, shiny shoes behind.

"Congratulations, contestant 49 is the Math Olympian of 2012!" announced the Superintendent. He walked to the front of the stage, gold medal in hand. "Where is she?" he asked looking all around.

"That's her shoe," said some kid.

The Superintendent picked up the shoe and said, "I promise to find the mathematician who fits this shoe!"

On Monday, the superintendent and his assistants went to every classroom of every school. They went to room after room in school after school, no one's foot fit the sparkly, shiny shoe. The superintendent, his assistants and Dr. Tankerous walked into Ms. Wand's room. Everyone tried the shoe. It fit no one.

"What about you?" said the superintendent pointing to Winderella who was once again wearing jeans, a t-shirt and high-top sneakers.

"Not Winderella," said Dr. Tankerous. "She was at home, uh . . . uh . . . sick on Saturday."

"Come here young lady," said the superintendent.

Winderella walked to the front of the room, pulled off her high-top and placed the sparkly, shiny shoe on her foot.

"Why it's a perfect fit!" said the superintendent. Winderella once again felt a strange spinning motion all around her. She was contestant 49 once again.

The superintendent placed the gold medal around her neck. "Congratulations!"

Winderella touched the gold medal, her gold medal. "They don't call me WINDERella for nothing," she said with a BIG sparkly, shiny grin.