# CINDERELLA

## The Graphic Novel

retold by Beth Bracken

illustrated by Jeffrey Stewart Timmins

STONE ARCH *Fairy Tale*

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Summary: Cinderella's wicked stepmother won't let her go to the ball. But with a little help from a Fairy Godmother, she'll be getting there in style. There's just one catch. At midnight, her magical gown will turn back into dirty old rags.

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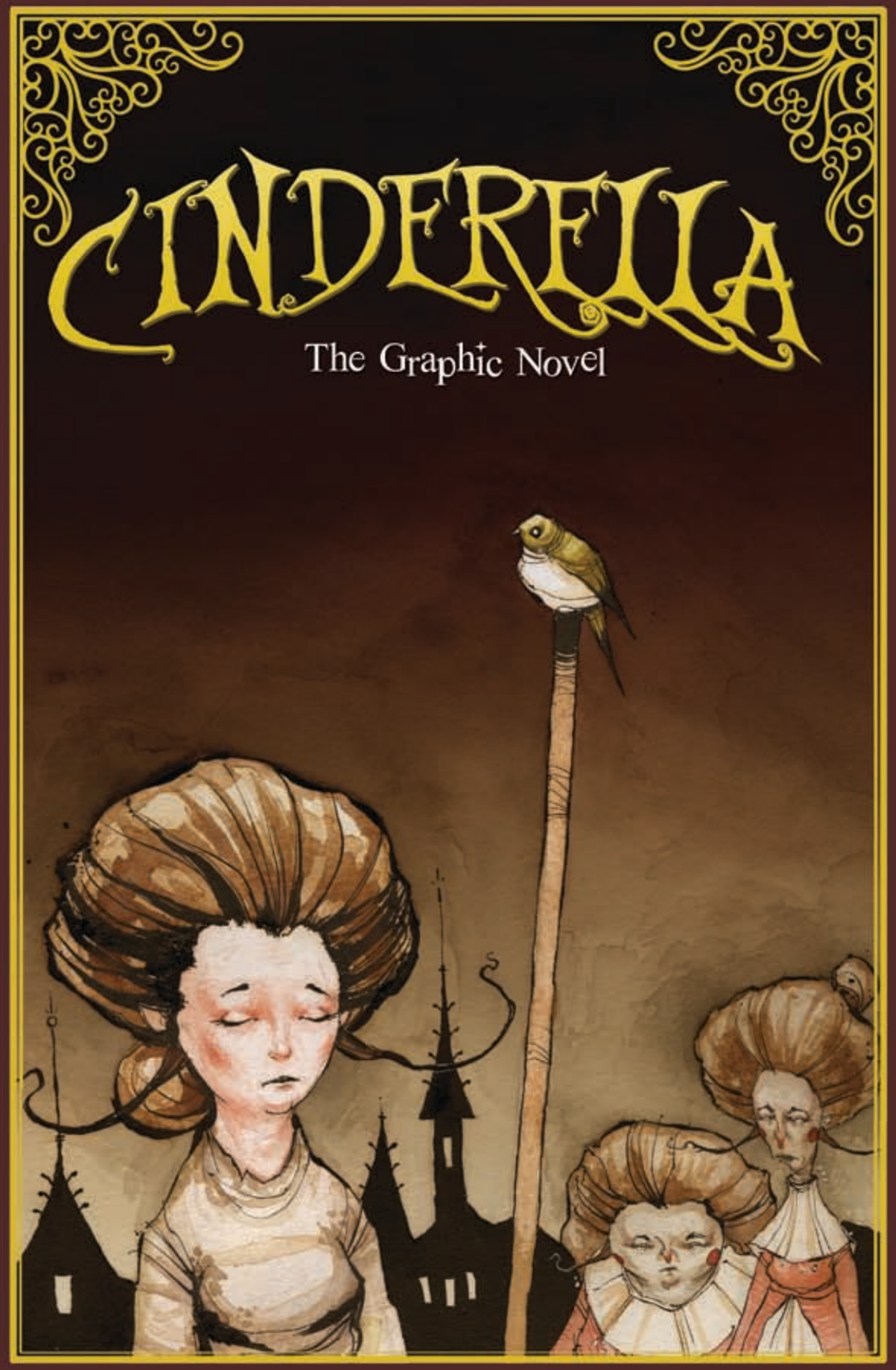

# CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE EVIL STEPMOTHER

THE EVIL STEPSISTERS

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER

THE PRINCE

THE FATHER

CINDERELLA

Once upon a time, a heart was broken . . .

Be good, my darling. Take care of your father and yourself. I love you.

Oh, Mother!

Ella tried to keep her mother's wishes, but couldn't stop feeling sad.



Every day, she went to her mother's grave and wept.

Winter came, and the snow spread a white sheet over the grave, but Ella's sadness continued.

By early spring, Ella's father had found another wife.

The woman had two daughters. They were beautiful, but they had vile hearts.

You ladies will share a room with my daughter. She'll help you feel at home here.

Isn't that right, Ella?

Yes, Father.

The two stepsisters soon made Ella's life miserable.

Ooh! This dress is beautiful! You don't mind if I have it, do you?

Of course she doesn't! She won't need any of these nice clothes anymore.



From morning until night, Ella obeyed her stepsisters.

You missed a spot!

When you're finished, clean out the hearth.

You wouldn't want to sleep in cinders.

You're so filthy! I'm going to call you Cinderella!

Ha! That's a good name for that disgusting girl.

One day . . .

I'm going to the city. What should I bring home for you, daughters?

Dresses! As many as you can fit into your carriage!

Jewels! As many as you can fit into your pockets!

And you, Cinderella? What will you have?

Father, bring me the first twig that knocks against your hat on your way home.

Several miserable days later . . .

Jewels and gowns for my two newest daughters. And a hazel twig for my dear Cinderella.

Thank you, Father.

A twig!

What a foolish girl! Whatever will she do with such a gift?



Cinderella planted the twig on her mother's grave. She cried so much that her tears fell on the twig and watered it.

Soon, the twig became a handsome tree, budding with leaves and home to many kind birds.

Still, it could not cure Cinderella's sadness.

Then one day, a messenger arrived at the house . . .

Hear ye! Hear ye! The king has issued a proclamation!

A ball in his son's honor will take place in three days.

Every young woman is invited, and the prince will choose a bride!

Oh, my!

Did you hear that girls? You better find something to wear.

I will wear my red velvet dress with French lace trimming!

And I will wear my gold flowered cloak and my diamond necklace!



The messenger said that every young woman is invited. May I go, Stepmother?

Covered in dust and dirt?

The prince would be ashamed to see you.

Please! I promise I'll work twice as hard until the day of the ball.

Okay. I have a deal for you. Do you see this dish of seeds?

If you can pick all of them out of the ashes, you can come to the ball with us.

But that's impossible!

Then I'm afraid you're not going anywhere!

Cinderella rushed outside . . .

Tame pigeons, turtledoves, all you birds beneath the sky . . .

Come and help me!

WHOOSHH

The birds! They're picking the seeds out of the ashes!



Moments later . . .

Look, Stepmother! I have done what you asked!

!

Now may I go to the ball?

But Cinderella, you still have nothing to wear. The prince would only laugh at you.

Please, Stepmother! I'll do anything.

No! And that is the end of it.

At last, the day of the ball arrived.

Good-bye, Cinderella! If you get bored, I have plenty of laundry in my room!

Me too! Hahaha!

Oh, Mother, I wish I could go to the ball.

I wish I could go!

But you can, my dear.



Who . . . who are you?!

I am your godmother.

But where did you come from?

There's no time to explain. You wish to go to the ball, don't you?

Yes!

Then I will help you. First, run into the garden and find me a pumpkin.

A short time later . . .

Will this do?

We shall see.