

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.