

TANGLED

Sir Grant was a Knight. So brave, that he explored the forest where the evil sorceress lived in her squalid shack. Rumour said a young woman was held captive there, but Grant had no time for gossip and didn't believe it.

As he stood in a clearing listening to distant birdsong, he heard the captivating sound of a sad lament. The haunting melody drew him deeper into the forest as if by magnetism.

A beautiful Maiden appeared. Her hair trailed behind her like a long wedding veil. Not white and lacy, but a dark, dirty shroud infested with twigs and dirt. So tangled were her locks, that there were birds nesting in them. He quietly approached.

'Are you mourning this morning?' The startled maiden backed away but tripped over a tree root.

Grant offered his hand and helped her up. 'Name me your name?'

'I was named Dawn, the time I was born, but I'm called Rapunzel which I detest. I spend my days alone and am kept prisoner. If I try to escape, everyone will recognise me by my hair.'

'I spend my days alone too, as I have a habitual habit of repeating words.'

'That doesn't sound so bad, it sounds fun.'

'I have the ideal idea' declared Grant. 'I will come back tomorrow with my horse; he can take us two to my castle. We can shave off your hair and we can marry. We'll live happily together forever.'

'I will look awful with no hair.'

‘Without those knots you will absolutely **not** look ugly. Your beauty shines out from within, like a beacon on the darkest of nights. Don’t mourn, I will return in the morn and see you at dawn Dawn’

Dawn shed a silent tear, looked into his eyes and whispered ‘Goodnight good Knight’