

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. Hmmm . . . 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.