

Cinderella Phenomenon

Writing Entry

1/2 Writer's Name, Fairess

1 Tbs. Discord ID: 175790742109814784

1 Character Name, Anneliese Dufour

1 tsp. Fairytale Curse: The Gingerbread Man

1025 Word Count

Curse Directions: Everything Anneliese bakes is enchanted, animating her pastries to cause all sorts of trouble. The only way to break the curse is for her to make a new, lifelong commitment with the true intention of going through with it.



“Take no prisoners! Fire at will!”

“Quick, brace the door!” My arms trembled as I turned to Cara, whose hair and dress were mangled by several different colors of frosting.

“Uhm, Anneliese? That’s the least of our problems.” Cara pointed to the display case for our pastries, which was even livelier than the kitchen we’d fled. The sugar cookie fairies belligerently hammered at the glass with their delicate hands, the strawberry pies rolled themselves like rams for a castle gate, and even the fritters had come to life, spitting out bits of apples and blueberries like little cannonballs.

“Watch out!” I dragged Cara out of the way just as a basket of rolls tumbled off the shelf beside us. They picked themselves up and started rolling in a frenzy around our feet...

Cara and I managed to lock up the bakery before we fled, and I haven’t dared to go back since.

I’m cursed, no doubt about it. I should have taken that witch more seriously when he came by last night. See, he’s the friend of the man I, well, you’ll hear people say ‘jilted,’ but it’s more complicated than that. I would have explained all this to the witch, but it’s a little hard not to stutter when that energy is crackling from his hands and he’s giving me the coldest, most wicked evil eye I’ve ever felt.

“It won’t hurt—at first. You’re mistaken, though, if you think you can get away with what you’ve done. No matter where you go or how fast you run, the Gingerbread Man curse will follow you.” It was chilling how softly he said that, like a wisp of frost crawling into my ear.

So now all my pastries are alive, and I’m pretty sure they’re not happy about being sold and eaten. Cara—she’s been my shop assistant ever since I started the bakery—says we should grab some rolling pins and take back the place, but I’m not sure it’s as easily solved as that.



Why? Let me explain; I made some tea at home to settle myself down, and the second I raised the cup to my lips—screaming! Horrible, high pitched screaming. Of course I'm shocked, and when I look down into the cup, it's boiling and steaming!

“Aaah, you monster! Stop!” Yes, that's what my own tea says to me now. I dropped the cup on the floor and the porcelain broke, leaving behind an ugly hiss from my tea before it... well, I think it 'died.' If the curse wasn't bad enough, I now have mixed feelings about the death of my chamomile brew.

Still, I'm fine... mostly. It's a bit of a conundrum as to how I'm going to keep running my bakery, but at least it turns out the food that others prepare for me isn't cursed. I'm not starving, and really, Cara makes excellent soup.

I am a little miserable, though, what with all this extra time to think about my former fiancé—I uh, I did mention my former fiancé is that witch's friend, right? It was my parents who introduced us; I should have refused them right then and there. I've only just started my own shop and all; why do I need to go and complicate things with some fellow just because his family is big in the same industry?

They're pushy, though—my parents—so before I knew it I was neck deep into a courtship. I should have called it off. It's just—you know how things get. One meeting after the next, things get steadily more serious, all these expectations crop up, then pop! A ring. What was I supposed to say with my parents and his parents and their friends and my friends all there for the miserable occasion?

Then the wedding, oh goodness, the wedding. It was a massive affair, bells, whistles and all. I remember the smell of it more distinctly than anything else, roses with a touch of sugar. I also remember feeling sick enough to pass out. So much was happening so quickly!

I didn't put on the dress. I was alone in a dressing room and terror grasped me like a noose. There was hardly enough strength in my legs to walk but I ran out of that place fast as I could. Didn't know where I was going, didn't think about anyone else. All I knew was that I didn't want the life I'd let myself



slip into and that I didn't know how to tell anyone. How could I? My fiancé, his family, my family, our friends and business acquaintances—they all expected me to say the simplest two words in the world and I couldn't so much as walk down the isle.

Even now, I still can't dwell on it. There's all these letters at home and I can't read them because my hands start trembling just from picking one up. My parents visited to talk or yell and I closed the shop just to avoid them.

Run, run, as fast as you can, right?

It would have gone away on its own, eventually—all of this drama. But here I am, cursed to the point of all my own pastries hating me. I can't bake, can't make a living, can't talk to much anyone.

Ah, ah, I'm sorry—didn't mean to get carried away like that. Right now all I'm hoping for is that I don't end up getting eaten by a fox just like The Gingerbread Man. However this ending is supposed to go, the opposite of fear and selfishness is bravery and magnanimity, so the answer's got to be in there somewhere, right?

You've listened to me this long, anyway. What am I supposed to do?

