



xoxo
Cindy



I'm teen

Cinderella

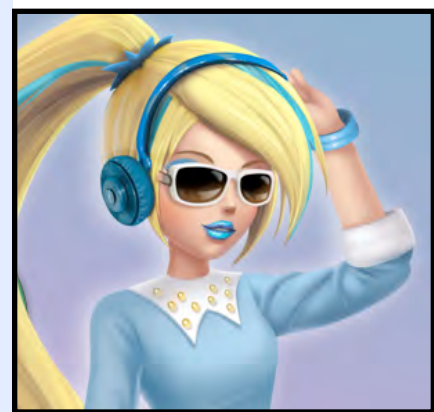
ONCE UPON A TIME...

...My best friends and I were teenagers in high school. No sparkly tiaras, no handsome princes, no castles to keep up. But OMG did we have fun! We attended Fairy Tale High, the top school for performing arts in all the fairy tale kingdoms. They call it "the place where dreams begin" and that's so true. We all worked really hard to get in, and our experiences there changed our lives forever. Here's my diary from those magical high school days.

KOKO
Cindy



CINDERELLA



Nickname: Cindy

Favorite color: Blue

Favorite hobby: Shopping for shoes, trying on shoes, organizing my "shoe closet." (Yes, my shoes have their own closet. Don't yours?)

Likes to: Dance, play guitar

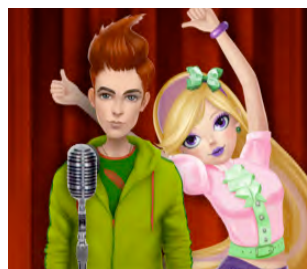
Biggest flaw: Perfectionist

Pet: Gerbils

Biggest Fear: If I had any, I sure wouldn't tell

School: Fairy Tale High

PHOTOS



POSTS



Cindy: OMG! The Werewolves are going to do a live, in-store performance at the Music Mega Store!



Snow: No way! When?



Cindy: Not sure – my friends at Glass Heels said it's a few weeks away. We...can't...miss...it!



Beauty: They are only the awesomest band ever!



Snow: Don't you just love the piano player? He's amazing.



Beauty: Of course you do. But hmmm...what'll I wear?



Cindy: Come visit me at Glass Heels – you know I work there for the employee discount, and I can share it with my friends.



Beauty: Of course you do. But hmmm...what'll I wear?



Diary



Sunday - the last day of summer vacation

Dear Diary,

I am so happy about the first day of school, I feel like I am going to burst. Fairy Tale High isn't like any old high school. It's "the school for people with promising talent" - at least that's what their website says. Here's what I know for sure -- I will get to take all sorts of awesome classes like music, acting, writing and my favorite, dance.

I'm so ready for the first day of school. I neatly arranged my bedroom desk with the pencils and pens sorted by color and size. I put dividers and loose-leaf paper into my three-ringed binder. I even called the school office to find out which text books we would be using for math, history and language so I could buy them ahead of time and make book covers so they would be all ready to go. 'Cuz you know after tomorrow I will be way too busy with more important stuff like meeting new friends and showing off my great dance moves.



My clothes are neatly laid out on the chair for tomorrow along with perfect First Day of School shoes – my new sparkly gold gladiator sandals. I have also picked out all my outfits for the entire week, with shoes and accessories to match. I love having everything organized – that way nothing can go wrong, right? I also packed my new cool blue backpack with tap shoes, jazz shoes, ballet slippers and sneakers – I want to be prepared!

Guess what? I also planned out the perfect First Day of School breakfast: blueberries, raspberries and honey. That was Mom's favorite. Since she passed away, I've really had to be in charge of myself. Dad is always traveling and my stepmother, Linda, doesn't really give two beans about me... at least not when Dad is gone. She always pretends to care in front of him.



But back to breakfast and berries. Mom was a dancer, like me. She used to say that berries were the healthiest food in the world and that the best way to eat fruit was on an empty stomach. "If you eat fruit by itself," Mom would say, "all the vitamins and goodness will go straight into your body and give you energy and strength." If you follow this one simple rule" she would tell me, "then you will always be healthy and fit." I like rules...well, my rules. They make things easy peasy.



(more)




Teen Cindy®



I picked the berries myself from the bramble behind the barn. My step-mother says I'm responsible for taking care of all the bushes, flowers and plants. I don't like getting dirt on my hands, so I have a special pair of gardening gloves. But I do like the berry bushes. My mom planted them, and when I pick berries I think about her. I picked enough berries for everyone, but my twin stepsisters Bethany and Bronwyn turn up their noses at everything I do and my stepmother doesn't eat breakfast. She just drinks coffee, coffee, coffee.

Ooh! I just looked at the clock and it is almost midnight. Way past my bedtime. I guess I forgot to put Go to sleep! on my calendar. That won't happen again!

Sweet dreams, Diary.

xoxo
Cindy



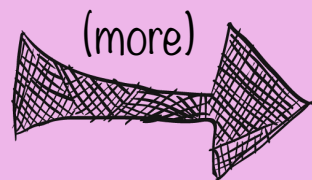
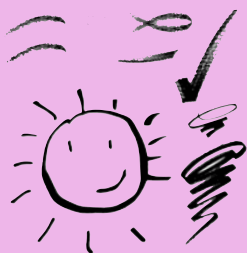
xoxo
Cindy

Monday - Freshman Year

Dear Diary,

So my brat stepsisters, Bethany and Bronwyn, tried to make my first day of school miserable. As usual! They snuck into my room while I was eating breakfast and took the hat and earrings I had planned to wear. It really threw me - I had picked out everything for the perfect look. I found other things to wear, but it was rotten thing for them to do.

By the time I got to school, I was so excited I'd forgotten all about my nasty step-sibs. My first class was a dance class - perfect! It was a jazz dance class. I've done some jazz dance before, so I felt like I could do my best in the class. The teacher said that we would be able to use all the moves we learned in his class on stage. And not just for dance performances. We'll also be able to use them for musical theater and, well, anything we want!





The most fun was when we all learned how to make “jazz hands” by holding our hands up on either side of the face and shaking them really fast.

Of course I made out my schedule for the week already. Tomorrow I have ballet, Wednesday I have tap, Thursday is modern dance, and Friday is ballet again. I might even sign up for a yoga class after school, but I don’t want to sign up for that until I’m really sure.

I also really like the Drama teacher, Mrs. Goose. I thought she was going to yell at me and Snow when we were chatting in the middle of class, but she just asked us to dramatize our private conversation under the spotlight on the small stage in the center of the room. She called it “theater in the round.” I call it fab fun! Most teachers wouldn’t do something like that. I think I’m going to like this school.

Snow and I are in almost all the same classes, which is more than a little awesome.

xoxo
Cindy



Tuesday - Freshman Year

Dear Diary,

This morning, after I had my breakfast, I gave my gerbils Nibble and Yums some berries, too. They usually take a nap after they eat, but this morning they kept scratching at the side of their tank and chattering their little heads off. It's almost as if they wanted to tell me something. I went over, lifted them out, and placed them on the desk.

Usually, they try to run all over the place, and I have to be careful they don't fall off my desk. But this morning it was different. Nibble scurried up my sleeve and nuzzled into the collar of my jacket, and Yums crawled into my pocket. I think they miss me when I'm at school. Too cute! I couldn't leave them behind, so I put them in their little travel case. It looks like a tote bag, so maybe no one will notice.

Nibble and Yums stayed quiet most of the day. I think they must've been bored. Maybe they won't want to go to school with me ever again. I, on the other hand, cannot wait to go to school again, every day!

xoxo
Cindy

Wednesday - Freshman Year

Dear Diary,

When I got home from school today, Bethany and Bronwyn were using Mom's old typewriter. They were totally mistreating it, slamming the keys and banging on it. All I could think about was, What if they broke it! I could feel my eyes getting watery. Everything that used to belong to my mother is very special to me. Dad lets me keep it in a special place in the attic. It's supposed to be my private space. But Bethany and Bronwyn don't care about that at all. Especially since Dad is away on a business trip and there's no one to look out for me.

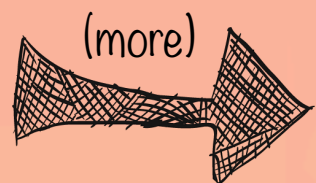
Thursday - Freshman Year



Dear Diary,

Today we had try-outs for the girls' gymnastics team. When I arrived, Beauty was there already. She was doing some impressive cartwheels on a big, blue mat. The mat was so giant that it almost covered half the gymnasium floor.

When she saw me, she came over and started patting down with a towel. I asked her where she learned to do such amazing cartwheels. We've known each other for ages, but I've never seen her do them before. She said, "Remember Mrs. Jellybean?" We both started to laugh. Mrs. Jolbien took care of Beauty and me when we were in Kindergarten and we called her Mrs. Jellybean, because we couldn't pronounce her real name. She thought it was funny, and one day we filled her teacup with jellybeans, which made her laugh.





At the try-outs, each of us got to pick a number from a bowl. When my number was called, I started on the uneven bars and I did my routine just as I'd practiced it. You know me, Diary, I'd rehearsed it about a thousand times. I finished with a perfect triple twist dismount and was climbing onto the balance beam when I heard the familiar scoffing of the evil twins. My jaw tightened and I could feel the hair on my upper arms stand straight. I knew I was getting red-faced and hoped the other kids would think it was from the physical exertion. Only I knew the truth. Sure they looked sweet and lovely, but they don't talk that way to me.

Why are my brat stepsisters so mean to me? All their snickering and taunts totally made me choke. I lost my concentration. I fell off the balance beam and landed hard on my bottom. Bethany and Bronwyn started cackling with foul delight: "Clumsy oafs don't make the team."

(more)



Beauty came over and helped me up. She took me by the elbow and led me to the side of the big, blue mat. "Don't let them get to you" she urged. "They're just jealous, because you're so light on your feet." She paused for a moment as I dusted myself off from the spill. "Well, you usually are!" We both burst into laughter. At least I can laugh at myself.

xoxo
Cindy



MY BESTIE BEAUTY

Friday - Freshman Year

Dear Diary,

Guess What? Only the best news ever! The Werewolves--the most fabulous rock band in the whole enchanted universe--is coming to town to do a concert! It's not for a bunch of weeks, which gives me plenty of time to plan out what I'm going to wear and everything else to make sure it's a perfect concert!

In other news...

I've been chosen to dance a solo in the first showcase of the school year. That's what they call the performances where students get to show what they can do and get experience being on a real stage in front of a real audience. Yippee! Beauty said freshman usually don't usually get solos. I guess practice makes perfect!

xoxo
Cindy





I asked this really cool kid Billy Grimm to write me a one-minute scene for Drama Class. He is totally talented. Best writer at Fairy Tale High. He wrote a scene where I play a wannabe Princess who dreams of attending a Royal Ball. Billy says its good to create scenes that draw from real life. So I told him about the time I wasn't invited to a Halloween Dance -- and my sisters were! (I can't believe i admitted that!)

Cindy xoxo



TELL ME YOUR SHOE
SIZE AND I CAN GET
YOU A DISCOUNT TOO!

DANCING SHOES
HERE WE COME!

DID YOU HEAR? MY
FAVORITE BAND THE
WEREWOLVES ARE
PLAYING A CONCERT HERE
IN TOWN IN JUST A FEW
SHORT WEEKS!

THIS CALLS FOR A
NEW PAIR OF SHOES!

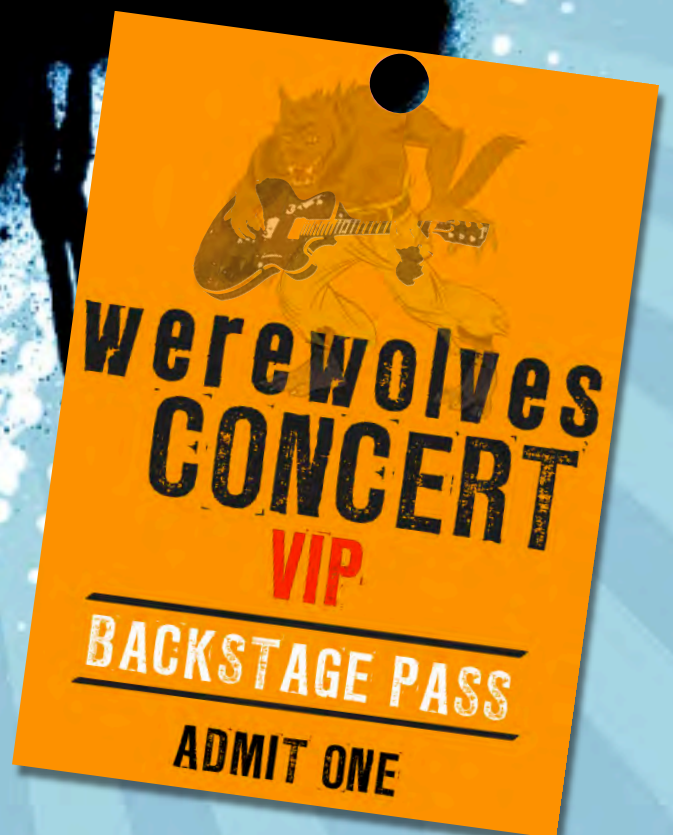
I WORK AT GLASS
HEELS SO I CAN GET
THE EMPLOYEE
DISCOUNT. THAT'S
PRETTY MUCH THE ONLY
REASON I WORK THERE.

WEREWOLVES LIVE IN CONCERT





WEREWOLVES





Some of the kids at Fairy Tale High





I gotta run to
class and then
rehearsal.
Please come
back!

TTYL...





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Written by Jenny Nissenson
Editorial: Susan Knopf

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