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extracts from

How the Library (Not the Prince) Saved Rapunzel

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To my brilliant, book-loving friend - Claire Edmeston
W.M.

To all my family and friends
R.A.

JANETTA OTTER-BARRY BOOKS

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How the Library (NOT the Prince) Saved Rapunzel



FRANCES LINCOLN
CHILDREN'S BOOKS

On the sixteenth floor of a tall tower block
sat Rapunzel, quite idle, whilst growing her locks.

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, please let down your hair,"

called the milkman from down on the bottom stair.
"The lift is not working, the stairs are too steep,
my asthma is bad and my heart is too weak."

But Rapunzel just sat.
She didn't move.
She had nowhere to go.
She had nothing to prove.

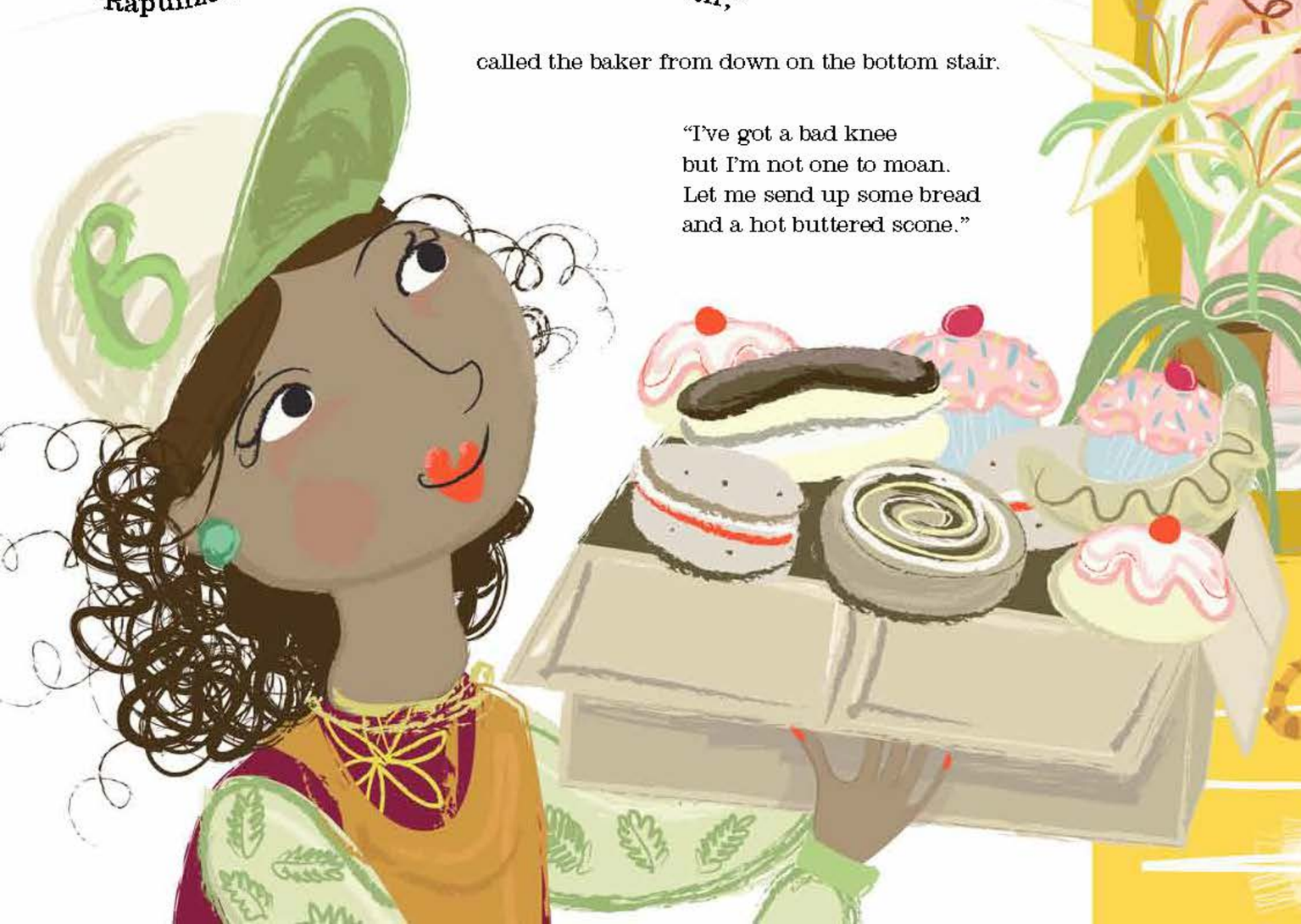
She just looked at the sky
and she dreamed up a dream,
whilst the milkman went off
in his float to sell cream.

When the sun was full blaze, just after lunch,
the baker came round selling warm things to munch.

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, please let down your hair,"

called the baker from down on the bottom stair.

"I've got a bad knee
but I'm not one to moan.
Let me send up some bread
and a hot buttered scone."





But Rapunzel just sat.
She didn't flinch.
She wouldn't move – not even an inch.
Not a sound was uttered.
Not a word was said.
So the baker went back to her shop to sell bread.

Now Rapunzel has changed, and it makes her wince
to think that she used to just wait for a prince –
that she used to just sit, that she didn't move –
with nowhere to go and nothing to prove!

For NOW she reads three books every night
under the beam of her bedside light.

She can tell you the distance to the moon.
She can do Scottish dancing and
play the bassoon.

She can speak in four languages, skip and play chess,
she can knit tiny egg cups and cross-stitch a dress.
She knows the difference between crows and rooks –

and all because of ...