

Mirror, Mirror (A Dark Retelling of the Queen)

1. Non-Romantic Term Of Endearment
2. Verb Past Tense
3. Part Of Body
4. Noun Plural
5. Verb Base Form
6. Verb Past Tense
7. Emotion
8. Adjective
9. Adjective
10. Verb Present Ends In Ing
11. Noun Plural
12. Noun Plural
13. Noun Plural
14. Emotion
15. Noun
16. Part Of Body
17. Noun

Mirror, Mirror (A Dark Retelling of the Queen)

Her stepdaughter Gwyneth's shoulder was out of place.

"Go to the mirror, _____non-romantic term of endearment," the queen managed between her own pained breaths. "

Mirror, can you help her?"

Gwyneth gasped as the mirror sparked with light and _____Verb Past Tense.

"You know the price...a sacrifice."

The queen plucked a pin from her hair and pricked Gwyn's _____Part of Body, then pushed it against the glass.

"Repeat after me: 'One of blood, I gladly give.'"

"One of blood, I gladly give."

"One of silver, that I can live," the mirror responded.

Gwyneth's mouth dropped open as her shoulder clicked into place painlessly, and she marveled. Still, fresh

_____Noun Plural streamed down her face. "But Mother, you're hurt too."

The queen could only _____Verb Base Form, unable to express how deeply she'd been hurt in the encounter.

More than a physical hurt. Betrayal by her true love, Gwyn's father. "Mirror?"

"Certain hurts are deeper than a simple bruise or broken hand," the mirror answered. "Certain hurts are deeper

still, and I can never make them heal."

The mirror had never said that before.

Terror coursed through the queen. She _____Verb Past Tense the edges of the mirror. "Please, I thought your

magic could heal anything."

"Very little heals the soul, the price is thus a heavy toll."

Eyes wide with _____emotion_____, her young and _____Adjective_____ stepdaughter wrapped her arms around the queen and stared at the _____Adjective_____ mirror. "Mother, what does that mean?"

Her concern echoed hollow in the queen's ears, for all she could hear was her own _____Verb Present ends in ING_____ heartbeat, thudding faster and louder every moment. She would do anything to save Gwyn from further pain. She slammed the mirror against the wall. "What is the toll?"

"Isolation is the only way, that is all I wish to say."

"Then do it. Whatever that means, do it," the queen cried.

"No...no...no..." The mirror's resistance reverberated through the room, shaking _____Noun Plural_____ from the candelabras. _____Noun Plural_____ fell from their pegs on the wall, and _____Noun Plural_____ scattered across the floor from the mantle.

_____emotion_____ overwhelmed her. Fury at her own pain, fury at her inability to protect Gwyn from evil, fury at the mirror's stubborn and unprecedented refusal.

"Do it!" she shrieked, retrieving a _____Noun_____ from the floor and bashing the glass. Shards flew everywhere, and thunder shattered the air.

In the stillness that followed, the silver shards at her feet began to shiver, then creep across the carpet, drawn to her. They crept up her _____Part of Body_____, slicing as they went, until she was covered in silver and _____Noun_____. Each shard pulsed with one last brilliant shine, then seeped into her like frostbite.

