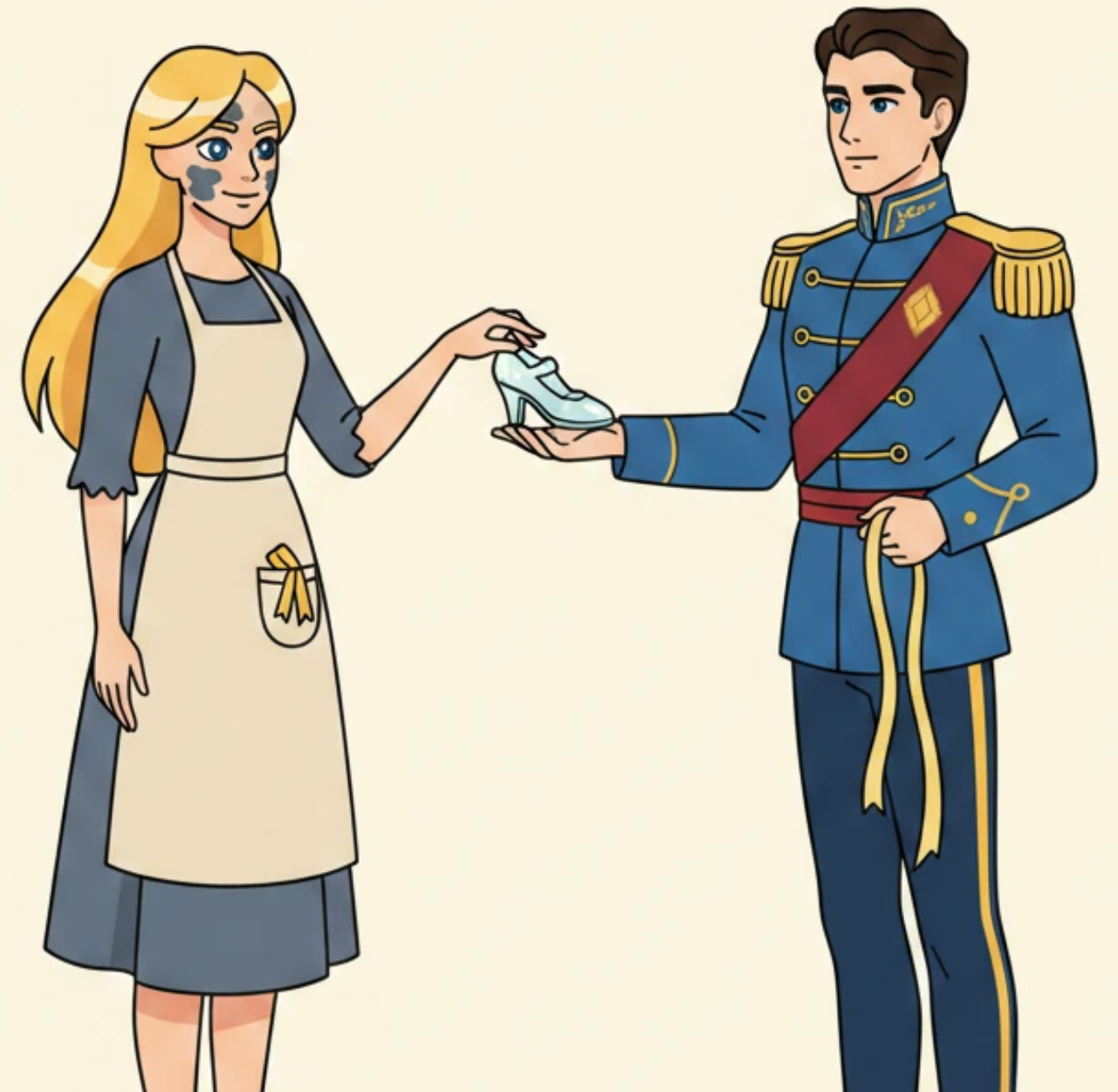


Ella & The Glass Slipper



Cinderella's Choice: The Tale of the
Glass Slipper Kept

dude

A Tale of Courage and Choice



As the clock towers began to chime midnight, Ella felt the magic start to flicker and fade. Instead of rushing down the palace stairs in a panic, she paused and took a deep breath, looking back at the Prince with a determined smile.



Ella carefully descended the grand marble staircase, holding her shimmering gown high to ensure her glass slippers stayed firmly on her feet. She was determined to leave the ball on her own terms, keeping her secrets and her shoes safe from the cobblestones.



At the bottom of the stairs, the Prince caught up to her, breathless and intrigued by her sudden departure. Ella reached up and untied a glowing silk ribbon from her hair, pressing it into his hand as a token of their conversation before disappearing into the night.



Back in her dusty attic, the magic finally dissolved and her gown turned back into tattered rags, but Ella felt a new sense of power. She tucked her glass slippers safely under a loose floorboard, a sparkling reminder that she was more than just a servant.



The Prince traveled through the kingdom, carrying the silk ribbon and asking every young woman about the dreams they held for the future. He wasn't looking for a foot that fit a shoe, but for the brilliant soul that matched the girl he had met at the ball.



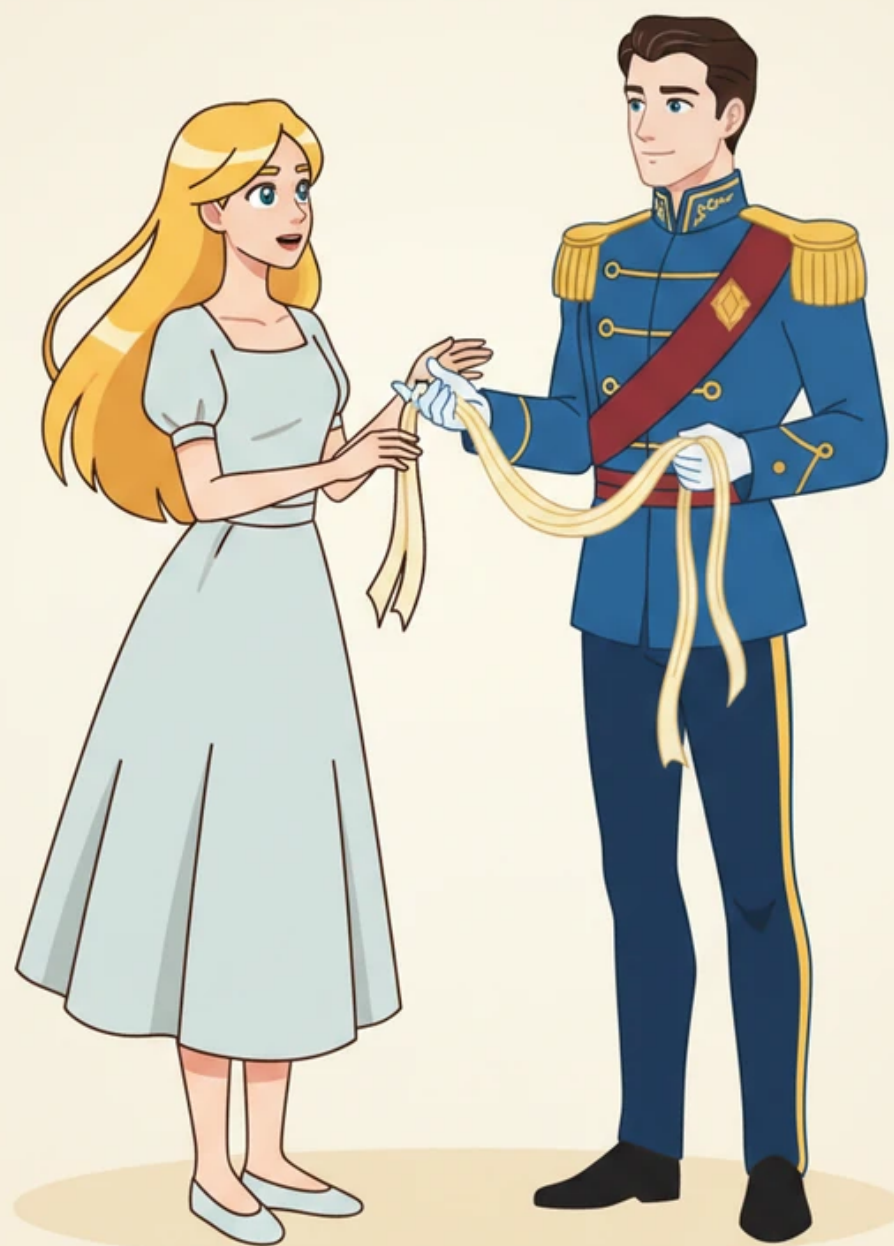
While her stepsisters fretted over their appearances and practiced their bows, Ella spent her days tending to a secret garden she had planted behind the manor. She grew vibrant flowers and healing herbs, finding joy in her own independence and creativity.



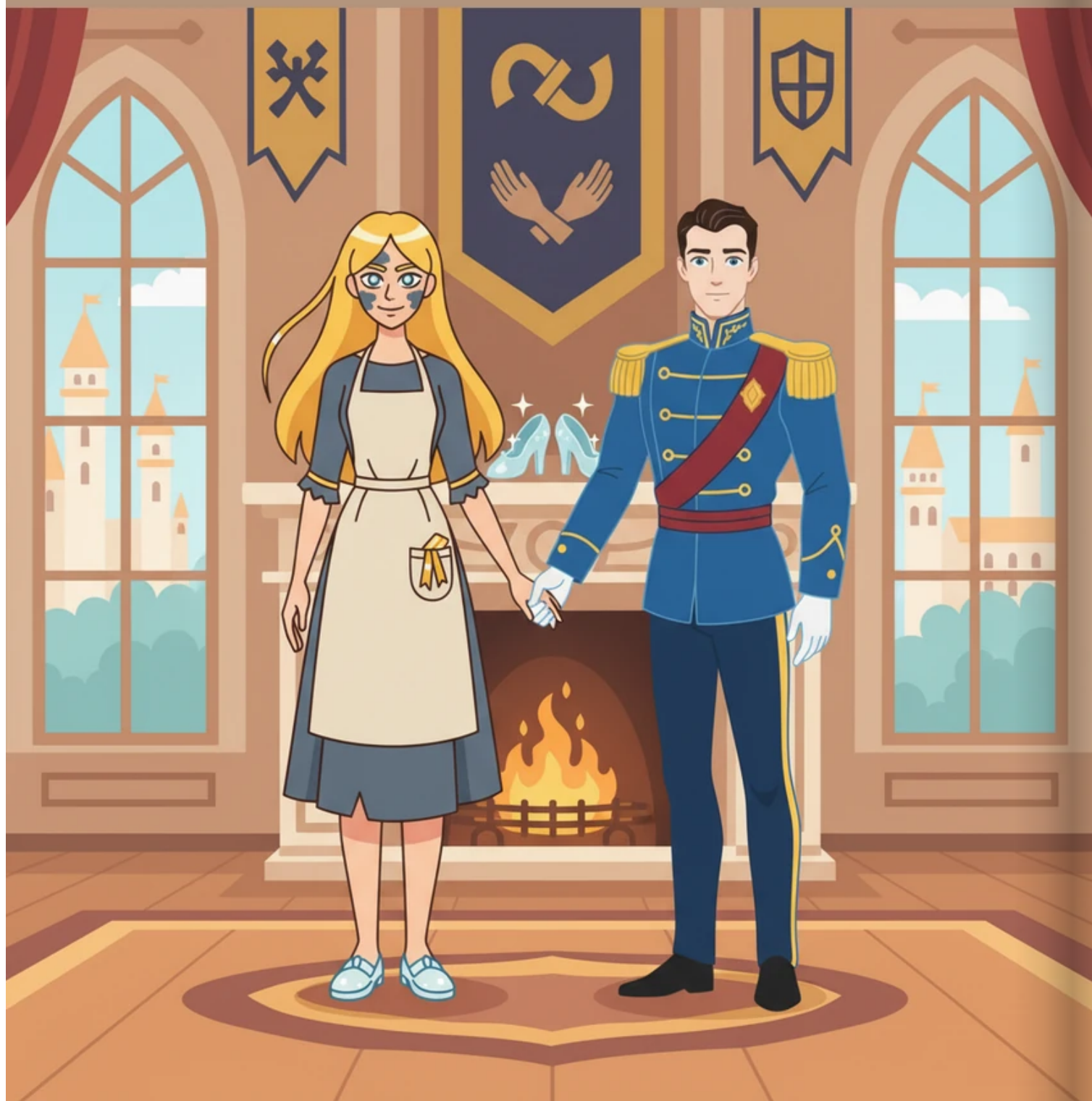
When the Royal Herald arrived at the house with the Prince, the stepmother tried to lock Ella away in the dark cellar. But Ella had already anticipated the move and stood tall in the doorway, refusing to be hidden or silenced any longer.



The Prince looked past the soot on Ella's face and the simple cloth of her apron, seeing the same spark in her eyes from the night of the ball. When she produced the matching silk ribbon from her pocket, the room filled with a soft, warm light that outshone any magic.



Instead of rushing immediately to the palace, Ella and the Prince sat in her garden and talked for hours about their hopes for the kingdom. They realized their bond was built on more than a single dance; it was built on mutual respect and shared dreams.



Ella and her Prince ruled the kingdom together, replacing old, restrictive traditions with new ones that celebrated kindness and bravery. She kept her glass slippers on a mantle as a symbol of the night she chose to walk her own path and keep her own shoes.