

GOLDILOCK'S REVENGE

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24 Hour Write

797 words

Grade 10

There it was, nestled in the deepest part of the everglade, the stupid ramshackle cottage that ruined my life. I stomped towards it, a sinister smile tugging at the corners of my lips as my crimson stilettos imbedded millions of holes into their dirt, knowing that they would take hours to fill. Although that was an added bonus, my true satisfaction would come from finally fulfilling the promise I made to myself, back when I was just a starving young orphan who was punished for trying to survive by eating a bowl of porridge.

That promise? Tearing that cottage down, brick by sickening, peach-coloured brick.

My heart filled with a strange emotion just at the thought of it, something that made me want to flash my pearly whites, but in a non-menacing way. Something that made me want to jump up and down, but in a different way than making the blood ooze out of the mouths and eyes of my fresh corpses. Something akin to what a schoolgirl might feel when school lets out, I suppose. How odd. I haven't felt this since—

I shook my head and cleared my thoughts. I don't need to think of them anymore. They're dead. Instead, I zeroed in on the door and marched straight towards it, chiding myself for wobbling on the cobblestone path. My hands closed around the steel knob, adrenaline pulsing, when my iPhone rang.

"Are you serious?" I growled, taking my hand off the steel knob to unzip my fanny pack and grab the offending object. The display flashed *Aladdin* and I rolled my eyes, anger flaring up inside me as I answered, "What. Do. You. Want?"

A honeyed voice replied, "Well sweetie, my tracker says you're in the Three Bear's everglade, when you're *supposed* to be in Italy punishing those drug dealers for giving Snow White's stepmom a bad apple."

I didn't reply.

"Oh hon, don't tell me my best international spy is thirsting for vengeance instead of doing her job. You're lucky I even gave you a chance with your reputation, Goldi—"

"Don't call me that!" I hissed, my fists balling, "You know it's *Mia*. I'm *Mia*."

Aladdin whistled slowly, followed by his hearty laugh which crackled when the connection wavered, "Okay, *Mia*, have your silly revenge. I'll even send along a lamp so you can get back to work faster. But you might want to use one of those wishes on some leniency for your mistake." He hung up, leaving me with nothing but rattled thoughts and a rusting copper teapot.

Aladdin. That asshole.

I shoved my phone back in the fanny pack, and picked up the haggard old pot. The cheap bronze paint had worn off on the sides from being rubbed, and the smell of it stained the air metallic. That artifact was the best he could do for his top spy? It wasn't even a real lamp!

Nevertheless, I took it with me and flung open the door.

I carefully stepped inside the house. Eleven years had elapsed between the night that changed my life and now, but everything was still eerily similar. It was still cozy with hardwood furnishings, clutter strewn everywhere, with the fireplace giving the space a rosy glow. I remembered why I made myself at home here, because it felt like *my* old home, before—

I needed to tear down that house, brick by brick. Brick. By. Brick. I gnashed my teeth together and strolled to the crumbling wall, trying to push out one of the bricks. The cement was too thick, so I tried the next one. The cement on brick number two was too thin, so I tried the next one. Once my fingertips brushed the stone, I knew it was *just* right. So I pushed until it plopped to the ground with an unsatisfying *plunk*.

Huh. Why wasn't I loving this?

I walked out of the house and decided that I would just complete what I came for and get back to work so Aladdin wouldn't be too mad. I rubbed the lamp until an old genie with a beard like Gandalf's popped out.

"Genie, loosen the cement on that cottage so it falls apart." I ordered.

And so the ramshackle cottage crumbled to the ground, but I felt nothing.

"Genie, set the remains of the cottage on fire." I commanded.

And so the beautiful wood furnishings burnt to ashes, but I felt nothing but guilt and shame for what I had done. I had done what someone else had done to *my* family. Maybe the rumours were true all along... I *am* the villain.

"Genie, please let the Three Bears know... I'm sorry." I whispered, tears stinging my eyes.

And so Goldilocks ran into the woods, never to be seen again.