

The Queen's one thousand knights couldn't keep Prince Phillippe from Eloise.

So, by lakeside, the Queen cursed Eloise to disappear with potion. While Eloise drank, the Queen said, "Royalty is beauty. You haven't cherry-plump lips, nor a petite waist. You're unworthy of my son."

Entranced, Eloise peered into the lake. The Queen chanted:

*"Reveal a hag in perfect reflections,
Impose a prisoner of imperfections."*

Horrified, before her eyes, poor Eloise disfigured. Revolted by her hideous image, she hid away in her cottage. As each day passed, her horrid self-loathing ballooned.

Every morning, Phillippe, unwilling to lose her, laid a mirror on her front porch and said:

*"Sweet Eloise, how I wish you
Saw your beauty just as I do."*

But as yesterday, and tomorrow, she screamed, "Go away!" Then whispered, "I beg you."

When her porch bore one hundred mirrors, Phillippe glimpsed Eloise in the window, his jaw agape.

But Eloise hid, for his stricken silence proved her unworthiness.

She plumped and rouged her lips with poisonous berries, and corsets squeezed plum bruises into her ribs.

Again:

*"Sweet Eloise, how I wish you
Saw your beauty just as I do."*

Again, she screamed, "Go away!" Then whispered, "I beg you."

When her porch bore one thousand mirrors, Eloise smashed them all, tormented and enraged.

Glistening shards broke the curse with imperfect reflections.

Sweet Eloise fell to her knees. "I'm no longer ugly!" She wept.

"I don't understand," Phillippe said befuddled. "You're just as beautiful as yesterday, and each day before."