

**DEBORAH UNDERWOOD** is the author of the *New York Times* bestseller and one of Publishers Weekly's Best Books of 2010, *The Quiet Book*, and many others. When she's not writing, you might find her singing in a chamber choir, playing a ukulele (very badly), walking around in Golden Gate Park, baking vegan cookies, or petting any dogs, cats, pigs, or turkeys that happen to be nearby.

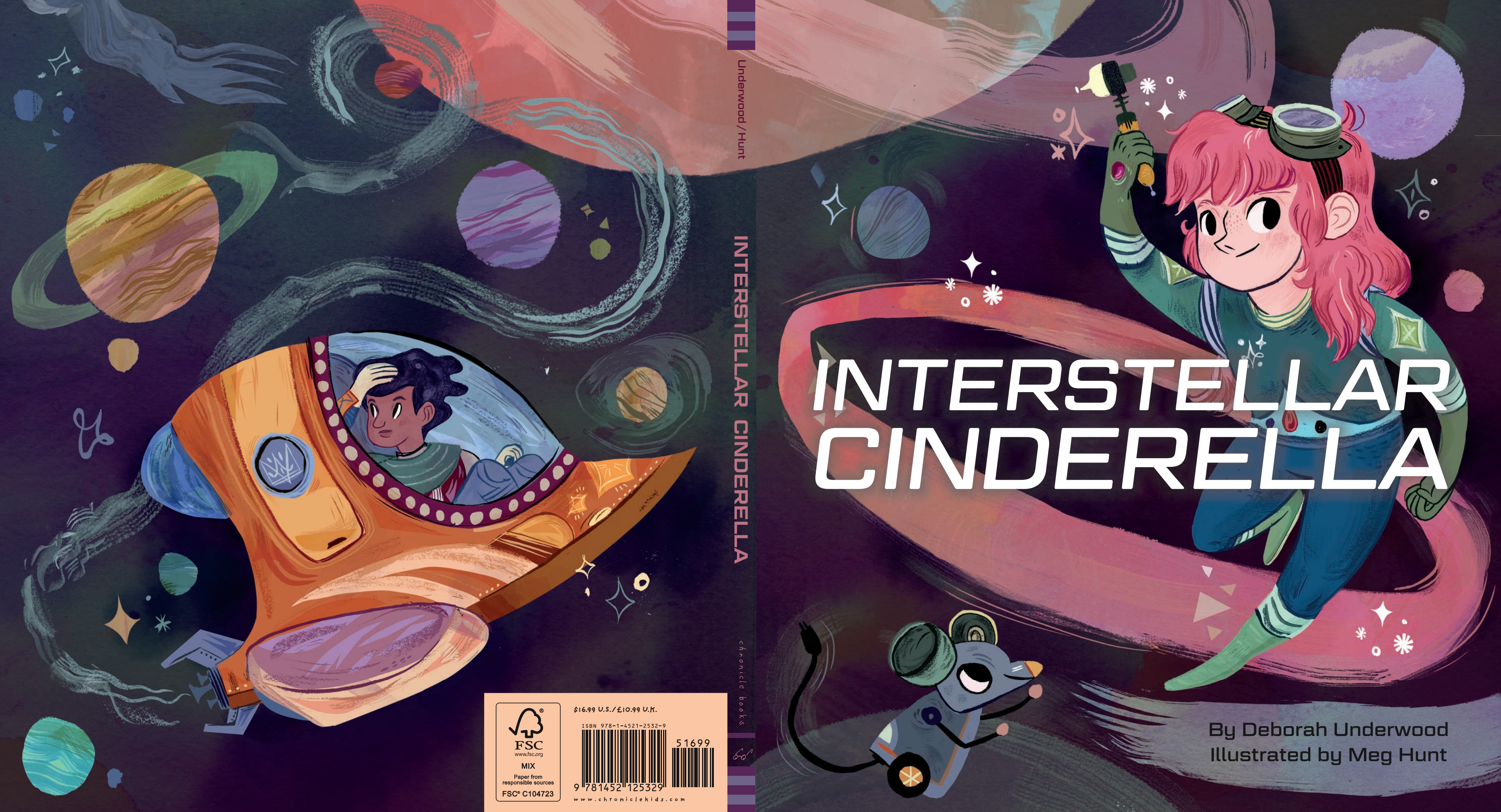
Find out more about Deborah at [www.deborahunderwoodbooks.com](http://www.deborahunderwoodbooks.com).

**MEG HUNT** is an illustrator, printmaker, educator, and all-around maker of things. Ever since she was little, she's been fascinated by the wonders of the universe and adventures big and small. She has worked for clients like Disney, DreamWorks Animation, Cartoon Network, Scholastic, Storey Publishing, Oxford University Press, and Plansponsor. Originally from a little seaside city in Connecticut, Meg now lives and works in Portland, Oregon. This is her first picture book.

Find out more about Meg at [www.meghunt.com](http://www.meghunt.com).



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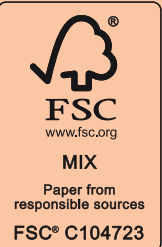
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INTERSTELLAR CINDERELLA

Chronicle books

# INTERSTELLAR CINDERELLA

By Deborah Underwood  
Illustrated by Meg Hunt



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Once upon a planetoid,  
amid her tools and sprockets,  
a girl named Cinderella dreamed  
of fixing fancy rockets.



With a little help from her fairy godrobot, Cinderella is going to the ball—but when the prince's ship has mechanical trouble, someone will have to zoom to the rescue! Readers will thank their lucky stars for this irrepressible fairy tale retelling, its independent heroine, and its stellar happy ending.



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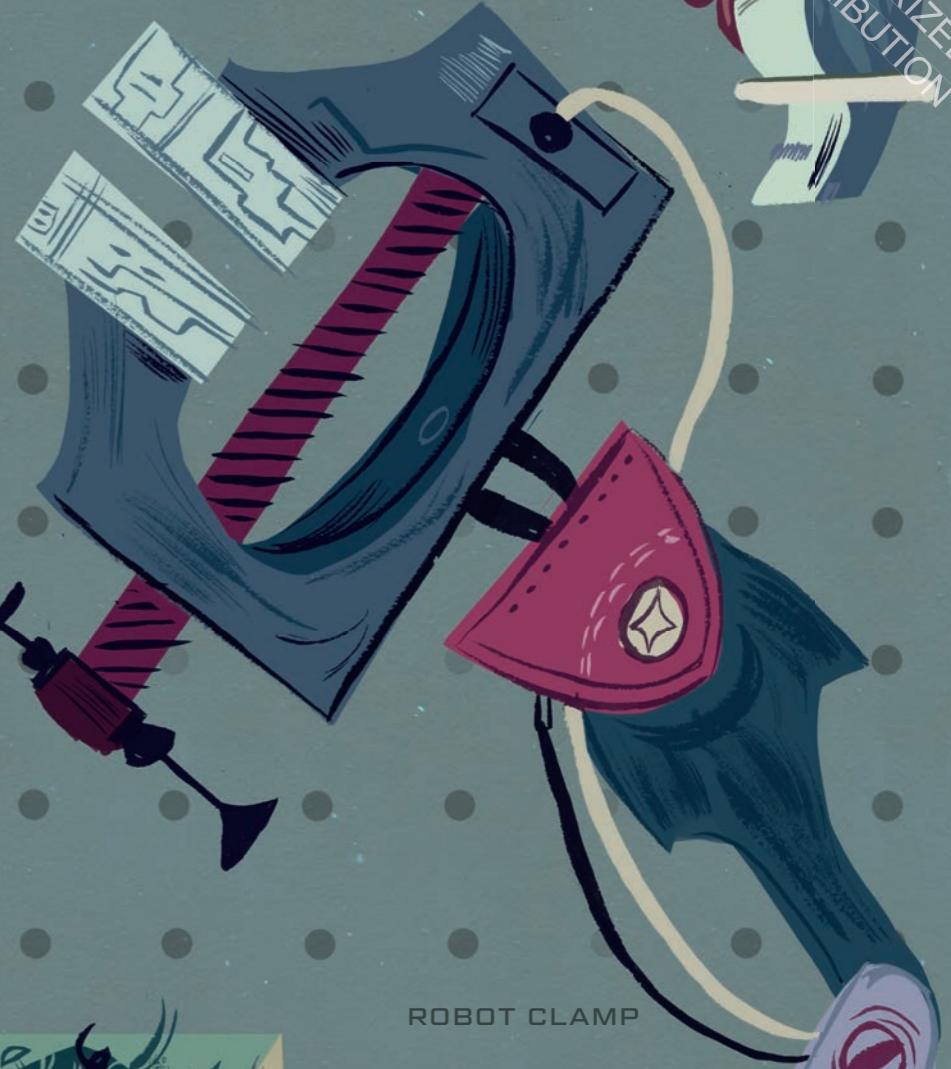
GALACTIC  
GOOGLES



MEGAMAG MALLET



ANTIMATTER  
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ROBOT CLAMP





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Once upon a planetoid,  
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She fixed the robot dishwashers  
and zoombrooms in her care,

but late each night she snuck away  
to study ship repair.



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One day her wicked stepsisters  
came dashing in, excited.  
“The Prince’s Royal Space Parade!  
Our family’s invited!”



“I wish that you could come, my dear.  
Alas, no room! Although . . .  
why don’t you fix that broken ship  
and fly it to the show?”

“My toolbox!” Cinderella cried.  
“We’re stranded here, I guess.”

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But Murgatroyd the mouse sent out  
a cosmic SOS.





“I’m here—your fairy godrobot!  
I’ll make you brand-new tools.


You’ll need a space suit, too, of course:  
Atomic blue! With jewels!

This power gem will speed your ship  
across the starry sky.  
It only lasts till midnight—  
after that, your ship won’t fly.”

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“Oh, thank you!” Cinderella said.  
She quickly fixed the rocket,  
then tucked the sonic socket wrench  
inside her space-suit pocket.



She zoomed past stars and nebulae,  
and parked beside a moon.

The space parade was glorious!  
Each starship made her swoon.

At last the royal ship approached.  
Her heart was filled with yearning.  
The ship of Cinderella's dreams!  
But heavens! What was burning?

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The prince's spaceship jerked and hissed  
and spewed a cloud of grit.  
The prince hopped out. "Oh blast! What now?  
My chief mechanic quit!"

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The prince invited her aboard.  
Last stop? Galactic Hall!  
He said, "I hope you'll join me  
for the Gravity-Free Ball."

But Interstellar Cinderella  
knew just what to do.  
She zipzapped with her socket wrench—  
the ship was good as new!





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“But wait!” the prince called after her.  
“Please tell me how to find—”

They talked for hours of rocket ships.  
The time went whizzing by.  
Then Cinderella saw the clock  
and said, “I have to fly!”

The girl was gone—but she had left  
her socket wrench behind.

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The prince sent a transmission  
to the farthest edge of space.  
“I’ll search the cosmos for her.  
How I wish I’d seen her face!”





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Their mother said, "Don't worry.  
He won't find her in this house!  
I've trapped her in the attic  
with that useless robot mouse."

"The prince's ship!" Grisilla screeched.  
Her sister squealed in fear.  
"The prince won't marry one of us  
if Cinderella's here!"



The prince's cargo door revealed  
a broken craft within.  
"The girl I seek can fix a ship.  
So—who'd like to begin?"

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He gave the sonic socket wrench  
to one, then to the other.  
Alas, they couldn't fix the ship  
(and neither could their mother).

Cinderella struggled,  
but the space rope held her tight,  
till Murgatroyd's robotic teeth  
cut through it with one bite.



"The ship! It's leaving! Wait—what's this?"  
She made a fast repair,



then strapped the rusty jet pack on  
and blasted through the air.

She landed right beside the prince.  
“That wrench is mine!” she cried.



She quickly fixed the ailing ship.  
The prince said, “Be my bride!”

She thought this over carefully.  
Her family watched in panic.



“I’m far too young for marriage,  
but I’ll be your chief mechanic!”

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Amid her fleet of sparkling ships,  
and friends both old and new,  
a joyful Cinderella cried,  
“My stars! Dreams do come true!”

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