**The Enchanted Castle**

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A young maiden, beautiful and fair,

Had a suitor for whom she did not care.

His advances were constant and strong,

Her father missing, Belle followed before long.

Up the castle steps she fled.

In exchange for a life, she found herself wed

To a man who could only be called a beast,

The first thing he did was invite her to a feast.

Upset and distraught, she refused to come,

Instead sat up in her room to hum.

Then to her surprise, the dresser came alive,

And in her shock, Belle took a hard dive.

Into the cold she stumbled and fell,

As the wolves raced, hungry for Belle.

To her rescue then came the Beast,

And after a battle the wolves soon ceased.

Wounded and bleeding, the poor beast was hurt.

Belle, feeling kind, helped wipe off the dirt.

But waiting for them at the castle gate,

Gaston had come to seal the Beast's fate.

Warned about the Beast by the Father,

His goal in mind was to come save the daughter.

And so they clashed in a fearsome fight,

Both of them struggling with all of their might.

Up on the roof their battle was fought,

But in the end it was all for nought.

For Gaston was thrown from the roof to his death,

And the beast was drawing his very last breath.

Belle watched in horror as they both died,

Then went to her home, and on her bed cried.

Haunted by the memory, she never could forget,

The kindness of the Beast, and how they first met.