

# CINDERELLA

*An adaptation of a classic fairy tale*

Written by  
**FAIZA MIRZA**



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## INTRODUCTION

Once upon a time there was a beautiful princess called Cinderella who lived in a beautiful Castle. Cinderella's Palace was spectacular and truly a sight for all to see, with spiral staircases and magnificent towers that reached the sky. The palace shone like a scintillating star from afar. Sparkling crystal and glass-like towers, heaving clouds, milky and diamond rivers and roads that looked like they were paved of gold. Cinderella's palace was truly extraordinary. On a moonlit night the palace was mesmerising to watch. People would visit her palace from faraway lands just to see how perfect and flawless Cinderella's exquisite abode looked like when the beautiful princess went to sleep. She was revered by the people, who said she was 'just like an angel'.

Cinderella lived with her kind and loving parents. Cinderella had every wish attended to by her palace servants, as her parents lavished attention on Cinderella. She danced with butterflies and kittens barefooted in her palace for hours and hours during Summer days, wearing the finest clothes and dresses and picking fresh flowers. The people of the palace were so happy with Cinderella, days and days passed and the happiness in their hearts simply never ceased. It truly was a form of heaven watching the young princess grow up in front of their eyes.

Nothing is perfect though, and this idyllic dream was soon coming to end. It seemed as though someone gave this simple heaven the 'evil eye' thinking it was high time for Cinderella to stop playing and to finally grow up. It truly is an awful moment when people believe that suffering is a form 'goodliness' or 'godliness' and that having a 'bad life' makes you good. Poor Cinderella 'got the evil eye' from a Puritanical society who came to the palace for a guided tour, and took photographs. It seems that Cinderella's golden heart just created jealousy within certain individuals and groups, who believed misery was the path to heaven. Cinderella didn't apologise for being beautiful, for menial things like being able to 'skip' and most of all Cinderella didn't apologise for being wealthy and full of happiness, and wasn't perverted by Satan in anyway shape or form. Anyway, they left the palace clenching their toes through their thick brown socks and Jesus sandals, unable to muster how they felt. They were secretly jealous and the final blow came when a palace servant resigned from his job, claiming the heavenly happiness was leaving the majestic palace and he no longer wanted to work or 'serve' at the palace anymore. He informed the palace that they had finally 'got the evil eye' and that the good old days were over. The sun set with a dimness that evening and Cinderella knew everything was over.

# *1*

## **Cinderella's Life Turned Upside Down**

Cinderella had her life turned upside down as both her parents passed away suddenly. They were quickly replaced with by an 'evil stepmother and her two evil stepdaughters'. Her new stepmother claimed she was 'like a mother to Cinderella' after marrying her deceased father before his untimely death. 'I don't believe you'. Cinderella sobbed, unable to believe that her father had a secret wife before his death.

Cinderella had to tend to chores and housework and live a life of a servant upon the request of her evil stepmother, who wanted Cinderella to have a life full of toil and struggle. Cinderella had her palace taken away from her after her parents had passed away by her evil stepmother, claiming to shocked onlookers and guardians that she would 'of course treat Cinderella like her own child'. They thought they'd imagined it. As soon as they left Cinderella in the care of her evil stepmother she quickly snatched away her rings, dresses, and jewellery and replaced them with rags. Cinderella had to obey her stepmother immediately as she took over her palace quickly replacing Cinderella with her two evil daughters.

Cinderella would face light beatings if chores weren't tended to. Her evil stepmother gleamed and smirked as Cinderella quickly complied with the new house rules, watching Cinderella 'claiming' her two wicked unshapely daughters were 'kind and beautiful', in order to keep the peace.

The stepsisters were not, they were fat, wretched and evil, enjoying Cinderella's downfall after her parents passing. 'Schadenfreude' was an everyday occurrence within their hearts they would say as they looked upon Cinderella. She 'deserved it' the hogs would snort. You wouldn't believe how 'intelligent' the two ugly sisters were, with a Master's degree in "Egypshun Studies" and "Women's Needlecraft" and 'Psycho-logy' spelt using the word 'Psycho'.

Cinderella's evil stepmother taught Cinderella to 'never raise her voice' and to 'ignore the sisters' taunts', purring sweetly at young Cinderella as she agreed to listen to 'every single thing' the evil stepmother wanted, as she knew Cinderella would be 'such a good girl'. She would introduce Cinderella to her family as a 'sweet and good girl', to her sisters' fury who complained every day about 'simple Cinderella' and how she 'couldn't be this simple'. The evil stepmother would patiently tend to her sewing, telling Cinderella to sit by her side and tend to 'any of my wishes', as her other daughters barked and barked with jealousy.



## 2

### **Cinderella and her Evil Stepmother and Stepsisters**

As the years passed Cinderella started to become unhappy. She hurriedly tended to all her stepmother's wishes, sustaining a happy atmosphere within her palace, which was now owned by Cinderella's stepmother and two stepsisters. She sobbed with heartache at night as she remembered her noble mother and father, who taught her to be kind and caring. She would often dream of her mother and father at night, who would give her a glass of milk and tuck her into her old silk pillows, tears seeping down Cinderella's cushions as she dreamt. Her father and mother would leave, assuring they would see her soon. One visit was never enough, she always wanted to talk to them for longer than they would visit, she would sob and cry in her dreams as they would drift off and fly off back to heaven. As the years passed she realised they would never return, and they had been replaced with her stepmother's constant scolding and her stepsisters' constant suspicion and speculation, about petty things like Cinderella's powdered complexion and how she stacked pots and pans. If the meat wasn't cooked properly the stepsisters would laugh and scoff at Cinderella, who

they claimed liked the taste of ‘raw meat’. They were experts in “Egypshun Studies” and just knew women have to cook everything properly.

‘Simple Cinderella’ they would call her, she likes to ‘forgive me’ they would laugh. She is just here to tend to all my wishes and commands, laughed the two stepsisters. They would often laugh at Cinderella’s looks too, claiming she was ugly and weak looking. She would gorge a chicken bone whilst Cinderella scrubbed the floors, prodding Cinderella with the recently eaten meat bone, saying she was too skinny and ugly to ‘ever get a man’, as she was planning to keep beautiful Cinderella as her slave, then claiming Cinderella was ugly again. Cinderella was taught by her evil stepmother to ‘always be nice to my daughters’ and Cinderella complied.

The evil sisters would laugh and laugh at Cinderella for hours, snorting and scoffing and mocking the beautiful princess. ‘She likes to be nice’ they would laugh. Eventually the two evil stepsisters got used to this, and began to invite friends and family to their ‘vicious circle’. The two stepsisters would invite their friends and ask Cinderella to wait upon their every wish and command, just like your ‘noble mother and father’ they would laugh as they would sarcastically raise a glass in his honour, and gorge more cooked meats,

cheese and fresh grapes with brie.

Cinderella's stepmother would smirk into her glass of champagne, and stare at the young woman, who still had a child within her. Cinderella would sob and weep in the kitchen quarters, and wish her parents would return, knowing what the evil stepmother meant about child rearing, knowing how the evil stepmother felt about the two stepsisters' sighing as they turned into animals at the mere sight of Cinderella, constantly jealous of the now secret princess.

'I just feel like a failure Cinderella, my daughters just aren't good enough for my own standards' purred the evil stepmother to Cinderella as constantly bickering and getting jealous was not something Cinderella's evil stepmother could tolerate within her 'daughters'. So she spoiled and rewarded their bad behaviour and made attempts to try and satiate their tempers. She bought them shoes, and music and clothes and watched Cinderella serve them as a slave. She trusted Cinderella, despite scolding her about not tending to chores and housework.

The evil stepsisters, could sense their mothers sense of disdain, and flushed around their mother and her purse, thinking that the money may run out, instead of realising the evil stepmother was

disappointed at how they had 'turned out'. They were suspicious constantly of Cinderella, keeping her at bay in case she asks for the evil stepmother's money. 'Simple Cinderella doesn't want any money?' they would ask, snatching away her piece of bread for the day. 'She wants to be nice I think' she would question and taunt and interrogate Cinderella for not wanting more than a piece of bread each day to sustain her housework. She would sob and cry as their jeering and taunting would continue throughout the night. Both stepsisters were jealous at what they called 'their mother's patience' with Cinderella.

Cinderella worked tirelessly in the home as the fighting got worse. 'You're nothing but a simple servant, Cinderella!' the evil stepsisters would bark daily at the princess. The oversized sisters would laugh and jeer at Cinderella as the evil stepmother bought them clothes, and the finest fabrics and parfums. They sneered at Cinderella as they saw their mothers gifts, reminding Cinderella that these gifts from their mother, were not for her. Tears rolled down Cinderella's eyes and she wished the dresses were hers. As the evil sisters' saw Cinderella's secret wish, they threw pots and pans and food on the floor, barking at Cinderella to pick up the mess. The stepmother smirked as she tended to her oversized daughters, who couldn't fit into their clothes without their mother's help and

special care. This made the stepsisters understand that it was imperative for their mother to choose their clothes, and both fat hogs would go shopping with mother or just simply wait for days as their clothes would arrive. 'Designed by MOTHER' read one of the stepsisters' oversized pink fluffy dresses, part of a new business deal where the evil stepmother got her daughters' dresses designed in return for some offences the evil stepmother claimed in the palace courts.

Cinderella couldn't believe how much effort the evil stepmother would spend on her ungrateful and rude daughters, gasping at her efforts. They are simply ugly inside, thought Cinderella, now naming them permanently as the ugly stepsisters. The evil stepmother knew at that moment what Cinderella thought of the two girls, calmly squeezing her fat and spotty daughter into an ornate silk organza dress. She coldly snipped some fabric from the dressmaker's treasure chest to make a belt to hold in her daughters fat. You will pay tomorrow Cinderella she thought, knowing fully well that Cinderella finally noticed what 'ugly hearts' both sisters had. I think I'll call them the 'ugly sisters', Cinderella thought to herself as she went to sleep once again upon rags which itched her milky pure skin all night long.

### 3

#### **The Stepmother and Stepsisters Become Fully Acquainted With Their New Home**

The wicked stepsisters began to get more demanding and asked for Cinderella to iron their clothes, and display them in their wardrobes. They began to beat her the more she complied, and then began telling their father to ‘deal with Cinderella’ after their mothers leniency, displaying the winning formula to him, which was nothing more than them getting away with abusing and hitting Cinderella. Unfortunately this struck a chord with most members of the family, thinking they were having a eureka moment. They would report to him for hours after imagined slights, and claim she needed to be ‘disciplined’. They complained to him about her cooking, claiming she couldn’t cook meat properly, claiming further that Cinderella enjoyed the taste of ‘raw meat’. His punishment would last for decades, and would be instrumented by his family and extended friends who began expecting the ‘same type of treatment’ from Cinderella. This type of shared threat was acceptable to the evil sisters and her mother, as it would keep Cinderella under control and keep her at bay.

# 4

## Cinderella and the Crystal Ball

The evil stepsisters and their mother would consult an oracle and ask to see Cinderella's future. They laughed and jeered at hearing that she would still be trapped in her own palace as a slave for them. They would then beat the oracle and his or her friends, knowing they were fully secure, and that even they couldn't run away from the palace. They then surpassed themselves, once again and promptly demanded a spell to worsen Cinderella's life. Cinderella found broken mirrors in her room, black threads, voodoo dolls and dead mice and rat blood, smeared all over the rags she would sleep upon. 'It is always sorted, we can always get it done Cinderella, your downfall that is, not the housework', they laughed and laughed at Cinderella's compliance for completing household chores.

One dark cloud invites another, and this would be the case for Cinderella as her trouble began to get worse. The evil stepsisters went to visit the oracle again, after giving her servants and new company a severe beating two nights before which would ensure grand treatment thought one of the evil stepsisters. Ugly stepsisters Cinderella would think

to herself, as they are horrid to me, and simply ugly inside their hearts to me and others. ‘The ugly sisters’ Cinderella would think to herself late at night, cold and alone weeping in the garden with no blanket and no one to turn to. Somehow they knew about the little name calling secret Cinderella was hiding. The two ‘ugly’ sisters went to visit an oracle again.

‘I can see a dark spirit around the girl...and a secret’,

‘Secret, what secret?’ the sisters scoffed

‘About you, she claims you are both one, and calls you both ‘the ugly sisters’.

‘What? She dare call me this? And name me the same as my sister, like we’re not important enough for separate names?’.

‘Yes..’, the oracle crouched on the floor knowing what would come next

‘Aaaaa.....I’m going to kill you Cinderella!’.

The evil stepmother vowed to watch over the young Cinderella, and check to see if she really was naming her daughters the ‘ugly sisters’ secretly. She couldn’t sense anything, and she continued with the tapestry work.

As time went by the evil stepmother's suspicious nature returned, curious again about Cinderella



and why she finally broke her own rules?

Cinderella was hoarding secretly ill thoughts about someone, not only that she had resorted to labelling someone with a secretly evil name. If she was to call my daughters the ugly sisters, as the oracle claims, and you know he is never wrong, who would she say this too, and why? What is she up to? I bet the little wretch is trying to get my palace and my money, the evil stepmother thought to herself.

She told one of her servants to prepare a feast, and asked him to invite the best magicians money can buy. The two ugly sisters glowed at the thought of another visit from yet another magician, and knew instantly that their caring mother would indulge them once again. They bought luxurious dresses and made covers for the sofa, all to make their stay all the more comfortable. The feasted and dined on fresh juicy quails, fruits and drinks, appetisers, freshly fried side dishes and homemade chutneys. Cinderella served up the fresh quails and served placed them on the table. Would you like to join us Cinderella? Asked the evil stepmother, Cinderella knew to say no, as is the etiquette on many dining tables, but here it was even more the case. This time though Cinderella's mouth didn't water at the sight of the lovely dishes, but instead she began serving the 'ugly sisters' knowing that she thought that the fresh grey looking little quails looked like little baked rats, perfect for the 'ugly sisters'.

Cinderella's evil stepmother knew instantly what the 'little wretch' was thinking and what she was trying to imply. She began to beat Cinderella in front of the guests, and as Cinderella fainted the guests quietly looked on. Cinderella woke in the cellars after the party was over, with half the guests peering over her. Cinderella's evil stepmother had a whip in her hand and informed her it would be a long night of interrogation, as we wanted to know 'what you meant today'. The two ugly sisters were comforted by two handsome magicians as they sobbed all night long at another slight suffered from Cinderella's 'evil heart'. Cinderella wished for the two handsome men to save her, they both coldly turned their backs on the young princess, instead preferring the company of the two ugly sisters who had all the money and as much as they wanted. Cinderella couldn't believe the excruciating pain of this night, and the cold realities of life. She had no choice but to accept her fate at the palace.

After the severity of the evil stepmother was over the two sisters spirits returned, laughing and mocking Cinderella again, and always eating delicacies she would 'definitely like', such as 'fresh roasted quails with chilli powder and fried sheep's brains'. Later on the evil stepmother and sisters lavish feast worked on the magicians, and

Cinderella the once beautiful princess grew ugly as the magicians' spells began to work. Cinderella's nose grew so large she began to look like a witch. She cried and cried as they began taunting the once beautiful princess, 'who likes to be nice' they would jest. They made masks, dolls, and even more spells to make her nose grow larger and larger, and created palace songs which seemed to be only written and sung by monkeys. They wanted to put a price on her 'nose' purring sweetly at her foul and 'ugly' daughters, claiming now that only Cinderella was ugly, and not her daughters. They all celebrated each night, eating quails and fried sheep's brain, kidneys and a variety of livered meats. Each night they would gorge on this food, to help the magicians cast a spell on Cinderella, and leave a broken mirror in her room, with a freshly casted spell.

## 5

### **Cinderella and the Moon, Stars and Sky**

Cinderella was truly alone, as the ugly stepsisters had now begun to fully manipulate the stepmother's judgement about Cinderella. She found peace at night, as she sobbed every night, she felt the precious light of the stars. They kept her company, or at least it felt that way. Every night an ivory light shone upon Cinderella's beautiful face, and Cinderella felt a sense of peace and contentment. She cried more as the ivory light shone and sparkled upon her face, sobbing as she felt she had no one. The night was pitch black sometimes, and Cinderella felt like the shining stars and moon were her only company. Cinderella yearned for peace, and for someone to care for her. She began to dream of love, as she spent countless nights alone in the garden and courtyard of her palace, as sometimes the evil sisters would lock her out of the house. Every night she saw the stars she wished for a handsome prince to come and save her. Cinderella may be close to getting her wish, because if you wish upon a star, your wildest dreams just may come true. That night Cinderella slept underneath the twinkling and scintillating stars that shone across the palace gardens, and dreamt that she met a beautiful young prince. A

soft dusting of moonlight and starlight illuminated Cinderella's old palace as the young girl dreamt of love. She dreamt she met an amazing prince and was falling deeply in love. In the dream she wore fine dresses and jewels and dreamed of holding his hand and dancing the night away with this prince. Her beauty was almost supernatural the night she dreamt of love. The early morning dew moistened the skin on her face and arms, giving her a dewy deep silver- ivory shine on a golden pearly face. Like magic the humidity in the air slowly curled her long lustrous hair into perfect curls, framing her alluring eyes and neck. An excitement filled the air, and a tear of happiness seeped down Cinderella's relieved face and cheeks as she dreamed and dreamed of love, leaving a golden tear track on her powdery cheekbones. Her hair looked draped on the silvery courtyard where Cinderella laid her head down to sleep. The ornamental ivy and tiger lilies seemed to grow around the young princess, diffusing a parfum around Cinderella. This was just within a few hours of Cinderella's lucid, luminous and incandescent dream. She dreamt that the handsome prince wanted to kiss her hand, as he tried to kiss her hand Cinderella awoke after dreaming about a mirror smashing into a million pieces, the same omen of bad luck cried Cinderella in her sleep! She became scared that the evil stepmother may try and snatch the handsome prince away from her, and give him to one of her two 'ugly daughters' instead, as she did with

everything, every day. She woke up screaming, urging the prince to understand that the 'two ugly sisters' were ugly at heart.

You couldn't pull the wool over the stepmother's eyes either, and once again all good things come to an end. The wicked stepmother was jealous that the palace was shining with light, she knew it was something to do with Cinderella, as she only emitted green and black gases above the palace, leaving a ghastly smell. Cinderella looked beautiful as she lay asleep in the palace garden. The moon was beaming on her face, and she saw that it was consoling her heart and keeping her company with moonlight for what seemed like hours. She may escape thought the wicked stepmother. 'It seems you haven't had a broken mirror sent to your room lately Cinderella' the evil stepmother was leering over the girl as she awoke from a beautiful dream that turned into a nightmare. She grabbed Cinderella by the hair and pulled her inside the palace, she took her into one of the beauty rooms for the 'ugly sisters', where a long mirror was perched against a silver chair. 'Just take a look at your nose, it's grown to make you look like a witch'. Cinderella's heart broken once again, as in replacement of a beautiful princess was the nose of a witch. Cinderella sobbed as the evil stepmother looked on, she'll never meet that handsome prince now, not even in her dreams.

## 6

### **The Grand Ball Starring the Prince, his Guests and the Demoiselle Diamond**

‘Give me that’ scoffed the ugly sister as one ugly sister snatched an invitation from the other. It was an official invite from the Prince to attend a royal ball underneath the beautiful stars.

The Prince has organised a grand ball and is looking for a special lady to accompany him for a ‘very special night of dancing and music’. Cinderella crouched as she heard the ugly sisters and her stepmother guffaw and jest with each other about the Prince’s invitation to this special night of dance. The Prince wants to meet the most beautiful woman in the world and for this ‘special’ lady the Prince will create the world’s finest ball. The Prince sent invites across the land in search of a beauty fit for the Demoiselle Diamond. The greatest ball would be held in the honour of the woman who wins the Demoiselle Diamond and she would be the one to win the Prince's heart.

Cinderella clutched her rags as she eavesdropped on the conversations within the palace walls, as she ‘knew’ this was definitely her. She overheard the ‘two ugly sisters’ screaming and passing wind and laughing at their next bout of ‘good luck’ it’s going to be me, I am the woman who will win the

Demoiselle Diamond the ugly sister stated like she was singing opera. 'I will win his heart to get the diamond, and make a grand necklace, the best in all the lands'.

We need dresses that will make us fit for a Prince! And robes, and jewels, and parfums and the finest heels for my delicate little feet (her feet were like little mini piglets, and she had to squeeze and squeeze for hours just to get into everyday sandals).

'Give me that cake, I need to keep my strength up', shouted the ugly sisters 'mother will have to squeeze me into that dress again'. Cinderella will get a whip again, it always burns calories and fat for me. As she laughed she grunted hahaha to herself.

Cinderella returned to her room. She felt disdained and upset so went to the garden tonight for her nightly kip.

'Good, I shouldn't have to ask' sniped the evil stepmother, 'you wretch' she sniped again at Cinderella.

'Tears welled down Cinderella's eyes tracing a silver line down her cheeks'.

As tears welled down her cheeks, she sat in a corner of the garden, 'where my guests can't see you' echoed the 'ugly sisters' in the quiet night sky.



# 7

## **Cinderella Wishes She Could Go to the Ball**

Cinderella lay down for her nightly sleep, which was only a few hours, as she had to awake in the morning and get fresh milk and boil it ready for the evil stepmother's tea.

This night was more restful for Cinderella, as a beautiful excitement filled her heart. She felt exhilarated and happy, and didn't even feel the pain of the cold palace air tonight. The air was warm and the stars icy, pure and white, glistening, sparkling and flashing little lights at the beautiful princess. The moon was crescent-shaped and sliced the cold night sky above the evil stepmothers cold and empty palace. It was unnerving and liberating for Cinderella to watch.

Cinderella thought about that special night throughout the day. She was in better spirits, which the evil stepmother and sisters wanted, as they didn't want Cinderella to sulk after a beating, as they were planning this as a regular occurrence. 'Good girls don't cry' she would snipe curtly at the long forgotten princess she would think.

Cinderella ignored her, she knew she was trying to reward abuse with one or two sweet words from her, she just wants me to stay in this cold palace as

a slave for her and her ‘ugly’ daughters. Cinderella was lucky she was even in my presence, thought the evil stepmother.

Cinderella wished upon a star that night. She dreamt of the Prince, and how handsome he may be. Was he a bachelor, was he single, was he looking to fall in love with someone? She just knew he was handsome, and dreamt of what he may look like, what he dressed like and how nice his aftershave would be. I wonder if he talks about love? And I wonder what he would be like to fall in love with? The stars began to glisten, it’s as if they could read my mind, she thought. Her heart screamed with excitement, and the stars mirrored the chimes of her elated and excited heart. Exhilarated at the thought she began to make a wish.

*I wish I could fall in love with the Prince, I wish I could get an invitation to go to the ball!*

The crescent moon sharply shone around the white slice of ice in the night sky. It signifies a new start she thought. Cinderella fell asleep under the gaze of a new moon and inky dark blue sky.

## Fancy Dress and the ‘Ugly Sisters’

‘Cinderella, prepare my tea and wake my two princesses. It’s an important day. Today we shall deal with the issue of what the two princesses shall wear to the Royal Prince’s Ball. Here is the list of guests today’ announced the evil stepmother to the palace.

Tailors, Magicians, the Witch Doctor, Shoemakers and other people were invited to spend a day with the evil stepmother and her daughters. ‘Anything they wish for’ stated the evil stepmother to her guests. ‘They have quite excessive demands madam, are you sure?’ The evil stepmother thought about it and suggested she would stay with both ‘princesses and chaperone their tastes and choices’. Both hags woke half awake and listened to mothers plans for the day. They snorted as ‘mother’ left the palace kitchens, ‘thought as much, we get everything we want’ both evil sisters finished their heavy breakfasts and a delectable slice of melon and changed into the clothes their mother had chosen for them. They laughed and flirted with the all-male guests ‘who were going to do everything for me, weren’t they? Oh what a night, so much luxury with the Prince, on his special night’. ‘He really is spoiling us I think!’.

'I heard he is looking for a wife, and has arranged a dance to decide who will be his special lady', hissed one of the 'ugly sisters'.

Cinderella's heart jumped and skipped a beat when she heard that the Prince's was looking for a special lady to dance with on this special moonlight night.

No expense was spared and the Ball was so important they were willing to pay for anything to ensure the Ball was perfect. The Prince's family invited dressmakers, chefs, and other palace entertainment staff from all the lands.

One woman paid 18 million dinars to create a necklace for the event, and a place where the Prince could personally single her out from all other women, and present her with the Demoiselle Diamond, she wanted the King to place the diamond on her necklace and fix it in personally at the party. She was spending a lot of money and wanted the king to 'understand this' and maybe recompense her expenses to attend the ball. The sister's scoffed at her lame attempts, furious that she had been 'mind reading' and stolen her ideas to impress the Prince and King. She suspected Cinderella for a short while, maybe she told her my 'idea and plan to win the Prince' then scoffed at the woman's necklace and laughed, self-assured that she thought of it first, and too lazy to fight back to get her necklace idea. Instead she glared at 'Cinderella' and asked to present her with a cake on a plate, and to just leave it on the table. The two

‘ugly sisters’ loved eating, and gorged all kinds of delicious palace foods. Cinderella always over-indulged them too, always sending an extra plate of side orders, complimenting the sumptuous delights eaten at the palace. Today was an extra, extra special day and the evil stepmother pulled out some of her best prayers, spells and cooking techniques to help garnish all the palace delights. She always prepared palace special events on a completely empty stomach, clean body and clean hair which she would scrape back off her face and tie into a bun or chignon. Another woman sent the Prince a present of 500,000 slave girls to attend to his new ‘queen’ which would be her of course. The ‘ugly’ sisters began to chortle and laugh, ‘we’ll never send you Cinderella, not even for a banquet fit for a King’. The Prince came to hear about the marriage offer and asked if she felt 500,000 slaves would be enough? He was disgusted at the thought, and send the invitation back, and claimed that he ‘has sufficient slaves himself’ and that there was a mistake when posting invitations. Cinderella swooned at the thought of him all night long, dreaming he would love her too. She tried to imagine how handsome and debonair he must be, and what type of bachelor he was. She wondered what type of clothes he liked wearing, and how he must smile. She wondered how he would make an entrance at the Ball, and how he would dance with the ladies present, disconcerted and dissatisfied with their beauty and their hearts. She dreamed of

going to the ball, and wondered what she would look like at the ball, and how she would make an entry. She wondered how she would get the Prince to notice her, and how she would react when he would ask her to dance. There would be an air of mystery around Cinderella, she thought to herself, and she would be demure and sweetly spoken. The rest of the women had so much money, and lands, and slaves. How could she ever possibly compete they would think to themselves? She thought the same too.

The 'ugly' sisters ball invitation was taken very seriously by the evil stepmother. She spent months negotiating the prices of dresses, fabrics, parfums and shoes. She would never agree to pay the set price, instead wanted him to haggle down the price so he would become a slave for her. Eventually you'll deliver these garments for free she would snipe. She wouldn't offer anything in return, just a comment about them being so inadequate that she shouldn't have to pay for anything.

The day of the grand ball arrived and the house was full of excitement. The 'ugly' sisters had visitors every day keeping them up to date about the ball, and the exhilaration his guests were feeling. The 'ugly' sisters knew the guest list off by heart, and had sent a little message to all her 'new sisters' and guffawed at how grand the ball would be for all of us rich girls! Is your witch coming, one asked. Witch, her..you must be joking! She is

nothing but an ugly little slave girl. Cinderella furred with embarrassment, remembering she had a big nose again and wondering what if the Prince heard this. She was already deeply in love with him and they hadn't even met yet. She had dreamt about his palace, the ball and his company every single night after she heard about the Grand Ball, and the Demoiselle Diamond. She dreamt of him swooning over her, and presenting her to the clapping guests as the only woman in the world who was worthy of the Demoiselle Diamond twirling her about in the palace dancing rooms. She would be wearing a fancy dress made of the finest fabrics in pinks, lilacs, silvers, and golds, silks, satins and taffeta dresses. She would be wearing the most beautiful ring in the world, the greatest diamond in the world. It was called the Demoiselle Diamond and was priceless, you couldn't put a price on it. The Prince was flabbergasted, and presented her with another Demoiselle Diamond necklace and realised they both matched. She would wear it and accept his offer gracefully, and she would become his wife, and rule the Prince's world.

Then she woke up from her daydream and began the chores for the day, which was organising the 'ugly' sisters clothes for the ball. They wanted mirrors adorned with softly draped fabric across the whole palace, so 'I can practice my best side', one sister grunted. The whole palace was full of

dressmakers, shoe fitters, seamstresses, and people associated with the drama of sending the 'ugly sisters' to the grand ball. The final touch was wearing their gold and jewels and finally some parfum. They left Cinderella alone in the palace as they attended the ball with their 'evil stepmother'. They had a carriage awaiting, with 400 horses. They certainly wanted to make a great impression, as they may even get to marry him after tonight. They scoffed and laughed at Cinderella and left the palace to go to the ball.



## 9

### **Cinderella meets the Fairy Godmother**

Cinderella squealed with delight as they left. She ran to all the dresses and shoes and was mesmerised. Dresses for the ball. She couldn't touch the dresses as she knew they would never allow them, but just looking at them was enough for Cinderella, she dreamed and dreamed of the royal prince, and how dashing he would be. She ran to the balcony and looked across the palace gardens. That would be a perfect spot to dream about him and ran down the palace stairs dreaming and dancing and spinning until she reached the palace gardens. There was an excitement and exuberance in the air, as everyone had been talking about the ball for an entire year. It certainly was a grand occasion.

I wish I could go to the ball she said. She looked to the sky, the clouds had a silver lining that night, they looked silvery and puffy white and powdered with glitter and fluff. It really was a beautiful night. The moon was beaming, bright and shiny. It was a full moon, with bundling white clouds. As darkness fell onto the palace gardens, Cinderella felt a bit tired so sat down and perched near the fountain, which was gushing with sprinkles of perfect water, looking and glistening like shiny,

white diamonds.

‘You’re as beautiful as the Demoiselle Diamond said a voice to Cinderella as she looked at her reflection in the pond near the fountain. Cinderella thought it was the moon speaking, or maybe a star? As she looked again to the sky, the moon was growing heavier with brightness and shining silver and even gold. A creamy golden puff began to form around the moon, and it began to shine like diamonds. Then a spiral of twinkling diamonds formed around the moon, which began travelling towards Cinderella in the palace gardens. It spiralled down towards Cinderella and looked like a fountain as it landed in the palace gardens. The puff of silvery, cream, golden smoke and diamonds formed a beautiful fairy, with a golden wand, a golden crown, a dress made out of gold, silver, and pink taffeta, with beautiful shoes.

‘Wow, who are you, you’re a beautiful fairy’

‘Not as beautiful as you Cinderella’

‘Me, I’m not beautiful, people say I have a big nose’

‘You are the most beautiful girl in all the lands, I know.... I am the Fairy Godmother’

‘Fairy Godmother?’

‘Yes, the Fairy Godmother, I’m the Fairy Godmother and I have heard all about you Cinderella’

‘Me?’

‘Yes, you Cinderella’

‘Really?’

‘Yes, you are Cinderella the beautiful princess, the most beautiful princess throughout the whole lands, everybody talks about your beauty and your beautiful heart’

‘The sisters taunt me, they knew I called them the ‘ugly sisters’ and then they cast spells on me and turned me into an ugly looking witch, I can’t bear even look at myself’ ..then sobbed

‘Oh, Cinderella, don’t cry...your so kind and patient and caring, as well as stunning, and beautiful...In fact you’re the most beautiful girl in the entire world...you’re beautiful’.

The Fairy Godmother turned into a puff of smoke and began flying around Cinderella, all the while swirling and twirling and spinning around her like a diamond chain, chinking and chiming. The Fairy Godmother began spinning out of control, whizzing in circles which seemed faster than the speed of light! Without faltering once, she began to perfectly spin these words into a beautiful song...you’re beautiful, beautiful, beautiful...Cinderella, Cinderella, Cinderella, Cinderella....she’s beautiful, she’s beautiful, she’s beautiful!

‘Oh fairy, you're so kind to me...no one cares about me, and they left me alone again, on the night of the ball..can you make my wishes come true and send me to the ball to meet the Prince?’.

Puff, and another puff of smoke filled the air! A puff of exquisite diamonds broke and the fairy returned,

she composed herself after feeling exhilarated and free! She began listening to what Cinderella was saying ...

‘Well, well, your wishes may come true tonight Cinderella, you’re the most beautiful princess of all the lands, and you say you’ve never had a dream come true? Tonight your wishes will come true Cinderella, I’ll prove to you dreams can come true.

‘Tonight?’

‘Yes, tonight I can make all your dreams come true. I am the Fairy Godmother, and you can ask for any wish you like’

‘I wish I could go to the ball’

‘Your wish is my command Cinderella, you shall go to the ball’

The Fairy Godmother pulled out an exquisite wand, gold, thin and nimble and shining with a blast and flash of light, which was followed by a million diamonds twinkling and creating another puff of pastel coloured smouldering smoke!

A carriage appeared with six beautiful horses, then she turned to Cinderella, and said ‘do you believe me now Cinderella?’;

‘Oh my god, yes, I believe you now’

‘Now let’s get you dressed, the issue of your nose? How would you feel if I shortened your long nose?’

‘Oh that would be amazing’

The Fairy Godmother struck her wand at the nose, and a light left the wand and into her nose, the

magic and diamonds worked around the nose until it disappeared, then the Fairy swished her glittery and magical wand at Cinderella and beckoned for a beautiful mirror to appear so Cinderella could see the change in appearance.

‘Take a look Cinderella, your ugly nose has vanished and been replaced with a beautiful new nose. Now do you believe me Cinderella?’

Cinderella gushed at the sight of her new nose which was aquiline and button-like.

You can’t go to the ball smelling like rags either can you Cinderella? You need to be crystal clean to go to the ball. A bath appeared as the fairy struck her magical wand. She struck her wand and beautiful water poured from the crystal fountain, looking as clean as crystals and as luxurious as cream and some kind of heavenly milk, it became warm and hot as the fairy tinkered with her magical crystal wand.

Cinderella was lifted into the soapy bath by the Fairy Godmother’s wand. As the Fairy Godmother placed Cinderella into the soapy bath 10,000 little fairies began scrubbing Cinderella clean, constantly scrubbing away dirt and washing it away by pouring her with clean water which appeared as disappeared into thin air.

And now the issue of parfum? A lady must always smell her best, especially for a ball as grand as this!

Aaaa! Splendid! We can see that you are now crystal clean! Next we will find you a parfum that

will match your dress, your jewels and make you good enough for the most sought after jewel in all the lands the Demoiselle Diamond!

One for the bath, one for the powder and another to spray as a finishing touch! These three special scents will blend with your skin to create a beautiful smell and become a signature scent, so everyone remembers your beauty at the ball. No one can imitate you after the Prince smells this! Only truly beautiful women know this Cinderella! The fairies got to work again, with millions of glass like fairies rushing to help Cinderella.

‘Some scented water for the lady I think!’. The Fairy Godmother struck her golden wand and with a blast of golden light filled up the bath with a million bubbles, and a beautiful scent, so Cinderella could smell beautiful.’.

‘Then something to soften the skin, some scented oils and creams?’. The water began to vanish, as the fairies creamed the oils and softeners into her crystal clean skin.

‘Then they began washing her hair with a iridescent liquid gold, which flashed as the fairies circled her hair’

A beautiful puff of lilac and dusty and fluorescent pink steam surrounded Cinderella and a beautiful scent from her bath permeated the already excited evening sky.

‘And some of the finest powders money can buy, and the best powder puff in all the lands too?’. A

million pink and gold powder puffs puffed powder around Cinderella as she began to look ready for the ball,

‘And some glitter and powdered gold and silver, so you shine at the ball Cinderella?’

The glassy and golden fairies puffed powder all around Cinderella, as she let them fall naturally on her clean smelling skin.

‘And the fluffiest robe money can buy to dry you off and keep you warm’

The fairies began to cream Cinderella’s nails with exquisite parfums and creams to make them shine.

‘You shall go to the ball, Cinderella!’, said the Fairy Godmother!

Cinderella was elated at the news and her new mirror image and swirled, and twirled, and twirled with excitement, holding her beautiful, exquisite and flashy dress.

Yes, Cinderella, I told you, you are the most beautiful girl in the land, with the most beautiful heart, said the Fairy Godmother!

As Cinderella glanced at her new nose, some diamonds and glitter began to spiral around her face, then they moved down her neck, and her rag dress. Suddenly a puff of silver, gold and pink fluffy smoke blasted Cinderella with a soft but beaming flash of light. Her rags tuned into riches as the most expensive dress in the world formed around Cinderella’s body as the old rags disappeared.

‘A dress? ....this is beautiful’

Cinderella twirled with excitement as she saw her reflection in the mirror. The dress was made out of the most exquisite fabrics, silks, satins and golden embroidery with silver shines, she had gloves, and earrings, a necklace, scarf and best of all a beautiful tiara.

‘This is all so beautiful, thank you so much Fairy Godmother, this is amazing’!

10,000 fairies lifted Cinderella and placed her feet into a foamy foot bath, cleaning her feet again so her shoes would look perfect. They dried them with warm magical air and powder puffed Cinderella's feet with gold, silver and pink glitter! Then they creamed her toes and nails, and then sparkled them! After another flash of light and burst of glitter, the mini fairies flew to her feet bringing the most beautiful heels made out of diamonds and crystals and gems. There was a little golden ribbon on the heels with a few tiny golden bows to adorn the shoes.

Each crystal was ornately placed, and shone and sparkled and Cinderella gazed upon the beautiful shoes. There was silver, white, ivory and glittery gold light flashing off the shoes with powdery pinks, lilacs and azure and peacock turquoise puffy clouds around the most beautiful shoes Cinderella had ever seen. In fact they were the most beautiful shoes anyone had ever seen. The shoes came down in a puff of smoky lilac cloud, which hovered around



the shoes, sprinkling fairy dust on the heels as the diamonds twinkled. It was the most breathtaking and exhilarating time of Cinderella's life, and she couldn't believe she was lucky enough to wear these crystal shoes on this night.

'I think you need something to recognise you with, a particular scent? This is the greatest parfum from all the lands'. The fairies sprayed a puff on her neck and wrists. She then sent millions of fairies to parfum her feet, and a puff of scent to parfum her beautiful crystal heels.

The Fairy Godmother asked for a pumpkin, and made it disappear into a puff of golden and pink fluffy smoke! A beautiful scent came from the puff of smoke and then a carriage appeared, with horses.

The Fairy Godmother told Cinderella about how exquisite her carriage was, and this was how she would make an entrance into the Grand Ball.

"Remember Cinderella, the magic will not last! At the stroke of midnight the magic will wear off! Make sure you leave the Grand Ball before the clock strikes 12!".

Cinderella got into the carriage and perched into her seat with her new dress, shoes, tiara and jewellery! She was excited and demure looking, so happy and over the moon at attending the ball. It was a dream come true already. The Fairy Godmother vanished into thin air as the carriage left the palace. Only the remains of a beautiful puff

of smoke was left, in lilacs, pinks, gold, silver and crystal gases, with the most beautiful scent she had ever smelt.

# 10

## **The Night of the Grand Ball Underneath the Stars**

The carriage arrived at the King's palace. Cinderella remembered the daydream of love she had about his son the young Prince immediately, already knowing she was deeply in love with him, she already knew. She wondered about making the first impression, and anticipated that moment, but was also equally nervous. She tried to sense where he would be at the party, and what the other women would be like? Would he prefer them, what if they were more beautiful? What if they made him feel the way she feels about him? She saw many princesses at the ball, and felt anxious that he may choose them instead of her and then became aghast as she saw the 'ugly sisters'. They didn't recognise Cinderella at all, and that helped Cinderella calm down, as she didn't think carefully about attending the ball. As she saw them at the ball, she realised if they had known it was her tonight they would have killed her. She quickly ran up the palace stairs and sat near a balcony overlooking his gardens. The King was addressing the guests at the party, and was showcasing the Demoiselle Diamond. The crowd gasped at the clarity and beauty of the diamond, it weighed a ton, and would be presented

to the woman worthy of the King's son's heart. She gasped at how brilliant its shine was, she could see it flashing from as high as the palace balconies, and felt it was made especially for her. Maybe the Fairy Godmother created it just for me? She then ran down the palace stairs to mingle with the crowd in the palace gardens, and to join the dance, and hopefully dance with the King or Prince on this special night beneath the stars.

# 11

## **Cinderella danced with the Prince at the Grand Ball**

The Prince was introduced to Cinderella and asked her to dance at the grand ball. He simply asked the crowd to part and held out his hand to Cinderella, hesitated for a short while, then held his hand and began dancing with him. She took the cue and began dancing with the young Prince and they danced and danced and danced the night away. Even the ‘ugly sisters didn’t recognise Cinderella, she looked so beautiful. She gleamed and almost floated into a waltz or a dance with the Prince, which was so spectacular and special that the crowd gasped as Cinderella moved her feet perfectly. Her hair shone like gold, and her eyes and skin looked like it was made out of glass or diamonds. She floated into a dream dance with the King, and the guests were extremely impressed. When she finished her dance she left abruptly, she could see the ‘ugly sisters’ and evil stepmother in the crowd, and wanted to be safe from their glare tonight. She ran back to the palace balconies, where she could safely watch the Prince’s reaction and reminisce about the greatest dance of her entire life at the greatest ball.

# 12

## **The Clock Strikes 12. Cinderella Leaves the Ball at the Stroke of Midnight**

She kept a low profile and knew she was safe from their 'suspicious' nature. The gardens were spacious and large, as the King talked and joked with guests. She watched the Prince talk to guests too and her heart skipped a beat. She began to swoon and swoon at his dashing and debonair looks, he truly was handsome and dashing. The Prince saw her glancing romantically at him after a small whirlwind romance and his eyes met hers. She was still shy and demure and couldn't meet his eyes, too shy to show him her feelings, she panicked and ran away, and hid behind the doorway, mesmerised by his looks but so shy she panicked and upset that she had let her feelings show. She ran down the stairs and panicked and tried to leave the party, she was so shy. He knows, he knows, he knows she whispered to herself. He saw me watching him...she ran down the stairs and panicked and ran into her carriage and left. As she ran down the palace stairs her dress flowed down the stairs above her shoes, looking like foaming waves of a sea, already full of love...effortlessly she ran down the stairs, almost in tears as she knew the witches magic was wearing off, and he may see my nose. The clock was about to

strike midnight and Cinderella could do nothing but remember the Fairy Godmother's specific warning to leave before midnight, as the magic would wear off, and the old Cinderella would return. She reeled at the thought of the Prince seeing her big nose, and was elated that for one night she didn't have to worry about her witch-like appearance. She wondered about witches, mirrored walls, mirrored hairbrushes and fairies. They say if you look into a mirrored brush at midnight on the 30th October the night before Halloween you can see the face of your soulmate. She wondered shyly if she had seen hers today, as the Prince had beguiled Cinderella, and she knew he felt the same way too. She realised she had dropped her shoe, took off the remaining shoe and ran to find refuge in the carriage.

The Prince knew she was leaving and ran to stop here and urge her to stay, he tried to talk to Cinderella and reassure her not to be shy. He ran through the halls checking each room, as he ran up the spiral palace staircase, all he found was a crystal diamond shoe with beautiful heels encased in a special puff of smouldering clouds and iridescent glitter. It seems it was part of the Fairy Godmother's magic as fairy dust surrounded the shoe. Cinderella left a trail of fairy dust behind her too. The Prince was overtaken with wonder and excitement about this girl. The beautiful woman wasn't there, only a beautiful shoe left in her place. He felt that the woman who left the show behind

was disappointed and hurt that the King didn't try hard enough to rescue her for some reason. The Prince's heart skipped a beat, and instantly knew this shoe belonged to the woman watching him on the balcony. He hadn't been introduced and didn't even find out her name. He wondered in front of his guests if this was the woman good enough for a Demoiselle Diamond and good enough to have a ball in her honour underneath these beautiful stars. He carefully clutched her shoe and asked if anyone found out her name. The scent was alluring and unequalled. No one knew who she was, this intrigued the Prince more as she was mysterious as well as magnetic. He knew then she would one day be his bride. He set his heart on her instantly.



# 13

## **The Prince Searched for the Mysterious Woman at the Grand Ball**

The Prince searched all the lands for the woman who fits the shoe

The Prince kept the lost shoe in his palace. In fact he asked the entire palace if they knew who the shoe belonged to. This made small talk about the shoe easy, and after a week, nobody could stop wondering who this beautiful shoe belonged to.

‘Well, this type of crystal slipper would definitely belong to a princess, in fact I think she would be a lady who goes horse riding’ said one of the palace servants.

‘Hmm..maybe’ said the Prince, ‘maybe she is an artist, this is a very beautiful shoe’

‘I think she owns a lot of land!’ said another slave

‘Hmm...I’m not sure about that’ said the Prince

‘Well I think she definitely lives in a palace, or at least deserves to live in one’ said one of the palace maids.

The Prince smiled at the maidservant, knowing her heart was full of human kindness. He gave the maidservant a few extra errands that week, which concluded that he was happy with what she said to him about the ‘woman who owned the shoe’. She

had an extra bonus that week, and lot's of new responsibilities as she was now promoted, and was allowed to speak to the Prince more. She knew the Prince had fallen deeply in love, he had a lighter step when he walked into the palace and was much more charming. He looked happier and at ease with himself, and was much kinder, caring and thoughtful.

‘He’s got it bad I think, people are always more kind and caring when they are in love with someone’.

The maid followed too, baking nicer cakes and sweeter recipes, with much more care and attention. As she gave them out to the palace the entire palace was much more calm, and felt nicer and sweeter. I feel like being nice to my children thought one of the palace guards, he took his children to the park to play and bought everyone delicious ice creams. Everyone played and played for hours, and he didn’t stop the fun abruptly, he told his children you can play as long as you like. They felt over the moon.

The Prince was not satisfied with the palace guards answer, he thumped his fist at his desk and asked why this wasn’t possible. Well, I just can’t find the princess with the shoe. The King clapped his hands until a palace courtier arrived and quietly arranged something. A carriage arrived and they set off for a journey which would take months, and years. I will take this beautiful shoe to every single home, and check every lady rich or poor to find out who this

shoe belongs to. This is the shoe that holds my heart, and I have my mind set on this. Whoever fits the shoe perfectly, and I mean perfectly, like the woman I saw in the balcony will win my heart and the Demoiselle Diamond. Send a letter or telegram to every house in all the lands, detailing the beauty of the shoe, and how this beautiful shoe has impressed the young Prince, and also his father the King. The Prince claimed he saw a beautiful princess at the ball, and that as he approached her to speak to her she ran away, and instead of talking to him, left this beautiful shoe behind. I was so amazed by her clear crystal eyes, her clear glass like skin and beautiful golden hair that she ran away, thinking the Prince may have imagined her beauty. She ran away, thinking if he took a closer look or asked her to dance she wouldn't be able to meet his expectations, and panicked thinking it was better to leave an imprint in his mind, than to 'not live up to' his expectations.

Cinderella was back at home, and had to hide her exquisite beauty under her rags again, especially chosen by the evil stepmother and sewn by the evil stepmother herself. This kept the 'ugly sisters and evil stepmother and their gang' very, very, 'satisfied'. They couldn't cope with one second of normal life like me and you without laughing at her nose, complacent that it would stay there forever for them as a crutch. They led an evil and sinister

life, which sparked huge amounts of criticism, barbing, malicious threats, and most of all universal insults. They got through the problems their lifestyle would invite by upsetting Cinderella. The rest of the peers knew this and grimaced into their champagne flutes every time they saw them at posh parties knowing they were not aware of the problems their lifestyle would bring them. People would laugh loudly and unashamedly at the tyrants, knowing what a bunch of evil miscreants they all were. Everybody had a posh way of dancing, posh way of thinking, posh way of small talking, They didn't have any of this, apart from a memory of making Cinderella sob in tears. 'I don't know what it is, but the next town knows we are torturing Cinderella, she is a gold mine..' hissed the evil stepmother...'soon as we make her cry they notice us, always treat her badly' she once remembered the evil stepmother say once.

# 14

## The Prince Finds Cinderella's Palace

The Prince sent a message to the evil stepmother thanking them for attending the ball. He was very happy with his guests and claimed it was a perfect night underneath the stars. He told everyone within this message that someone had left a glass shoe at the ball, and that he wanted to meet that woman. Whoever that woman was rich or poor the Prince wanted to marry her and had set his heart upon this wish. No one knew who she was, and all had another game plan knowing the Prince and his men would visit their homes in search of the woman he danced with at the ball, and the one who mysteriously left behind her glass and diamond high heel. We will pretend it is our high heel, hissed the two evil stepsisters..

'Stupid Prince will fall for it' said the evil stepsister '

I bet he would I saw him charming the Barons daughter last night, after she slipped the address of The Earl of West private mansions, The Prince of Bahrain's biggest enemy'

'He'll do anything to snipe his enemies'

'Yes' oafed the other sister. They grunted back to sleep, and ate a roasted leg of lamb, like from Fred

Flintstone's house, freshly cooked and off the bone.

Cinderella was elated at the news, that he would search all the lands for the woman who could fit perfectly into the diamond encrusted high heel. She knew it would be her, he really loves me. He loved me in an instant, the way I fell in love with him. This is not an everyday occurrence. How can you love someone so instantly, guffawed the 'ugly sisters' as they shared a room that night to talk about the Prince's instant infatuation? Is that what you call it? What's that? Infatuation, is that love then? What, infatuation? 'Yes, it might be' said the ugly sister to the other. After an entire afternoon of eating, they both rested their feet on the walls, and talked about love, whatever happened both hags could rest assure that whoever he had fallen in love with, it definitely wouldn't be Cinderella.

Cinderella listened all night long, hiding her shining heart..it was all about me thought Cinderella, smiling sweetly to herself, laughing at the ugly sisters 'infatuation' with the ball. She was as exhilarated as the 'moon and the stars' on a pearly and silvery night knowing she was about to fall in love with the Prince. She couldn't sleep all night long due to the excitement ahead.

The Prince arrived at the palace with the shoe. He asked his servants to call the ladies of the palace

after speaking and charming the evil stepmother, after her persistent pestering and flirting! The evil stepmother made some teas and guarded her kitchen less today, always an open 'kitchen for guests'. The ugly evil stepmother wanted to parade the Prince in her stolen palace and pretend she was kind and considerate. She introduced her 'maidservant' as a kind and sweet young girl, who tends to all the chores upon my command. The Prince knew instantly she was an abusive and evil woman, and checked to see if Cinderella was safe, she immediately began to blush and tears welled up in her eyes. He understood there was more to the stepmother than meets the eye, and her comedy act was a scanning device for more victims.

They knew why he was here 'for us of course' snorted the ugly sisters. He asked the ugly sisters to try on the shoe. One ugly sister couldn't fit into the shoe at all, her feet were too small and way too wide, her toenails were big and inflexible, and the shoe had to be stretched with a shoe horn just to fit in her big toe. She claimed she didn't like the glass slippers anyway. The other ugly sister created a fanfare before the Prince claiming that she was definitely the one. As he bought the shoe forward she began to fan herself and laugh, laughing and laughing with the Prince, claiming she was the one and didn't need to try on the shoe. After ten minutes of squeezing past corns and out of shape boned feet, the Prince gave in, and realised this wasn't the one either, or so he made out, he was

relieved and aghast at the ugly sisters' claims. He wondered if they were any mirrors in the house, and wondered why they were so complacent about their ghastly appearance.

'She has me around to abuse' said Cinderella as she passed him a handkerchief

'I think you read my mind' said the Prince

'the mother has the whole thing set up' said Cinderella

'Well she has to bring up two ugly and oaf like daughters, and cover up her own mistakes too, she's quite evil?'

'Hmm.. I can't say, she has to be handled herself as well, it's that bad in the house, we always have to pretend she wins in the end too, just so all three don't notice they are a bunch of oafs.

'Would you like to try on the shoe? I think it would be nice to try, we're checking every woman in every household'

'Cinderella slipped off her sandals (the ones her evil mother again chose personally) and sat down on a chair' her heart skipping a beat as she knew she was talking to the Prince.

As soon as Cinderella tried on the shoe, the evil stepmother tried to break up their friendship. The Prince ignored the evil stepmother, she wasn't crafty as she thought she was, the Prince's friendship doesn't bond or break over people like that who don't really know how to be clever, and



mistake abuse as being shrewd.

The Prince's servants sat Cinderella down as he could tell she was shy and demure. He didn't give the same treatment to the ugly sisters squeezing the shoe in himself, as they were both 'special'. The Prince's servants held Cinderella's demure foot in his hand, and slipped on the diamond high heel. It was a perfect fit! It looked beautiful and reminded him of the woman at the ball. The Prince began to remember the beautiful puffy cloud of fairy dust surrounding the shoe. He looked closely at Cinderella and asked her if she was the beautiful princess at the ball, she replied 'yes'. He smiled at the princess and commented on her beautiful feet, they were as soft as milk, as pure as snow and small and unobtrusive, unlike girls with big feet who boast and show off. He fell in love with her instantly and told his servants to come and take a look. All felt the same, that the shoe and Cinderella were a perfect match. The King informed his father of the good news, that he had found the girl who left the glass shoe behind at the ball. What an entrance and exit into his life he thought. She came in beautifully and left the ball with so much poignancy and poise. He remembered her running down the stairs, down the hall in a beautiful dress and then down the street into a carriage. She was truly the one for him, and he knew he would fall in love with her forever, and of course they both lived happily ever after!

THE END

### *About the Author*



Faiza Mirza studied English and Psychology at M.P.W Private Independent College, Birmingham. She then received an unconditional offer to study BA Journalism at UAL and is now starting a BA in Magazine Journalism and Publishing at the London College of Communication, UAL with another unconditional offer.

Faiza worked as a Newsreader which coincided with IRN news, and worked with Philip Treacy at London Fashion Week 2001.

In her spare time she works as a writer, and has worked for publishing agency Fresh Media in Birmingham.

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