Cinderella is SO annoying!

You must have heard of me. The wicked stepmother? Not true. It’s just another one of Cinderella’s wild stories. The real story (the true story) began with some chatter and dust.

All I ever wanted was a husband and a mansion. I’d only met Cindy a few times before I married her father. She seemed normal then. On the day my darling daughters and I moved in, I had one foot on the front step when my dear husband kissed me goodbye and went off on business!

That was when Cindy’s antics began. She started wittering on about animals – mice, rabbits and bluebirds! Now I don’t mind a story. But soon the girl was talking all kinds of hokey-pokey. I just wanted to put away my bags. And that’s when I saw it: dust. I told the girls to get to work – the place needed a good cleaning. But Cindy just kept telling stories! She told stories in the dining room, in the parlour, in the kitchen and even in the garden. Whilst we did all the work!

One day, a letter arrived. It was an invitation to the king’s ball. The prince would surely fall in love with one of my darlings. Cindy begged and begged to go. And then – just like that – Cindy lost her voice. Imagine! It had to be from all that storytelling. Well, what could I do? I told Cindy she had to stay at home – for her health. She cried, of course. But the ball was no place for a sick girl. Sometimes, it’s so hard being a step mother.

At the ball, my darlings twirled; they whirled. But then some strange girl waltzed in – her gown was magnificent. The prince and the girl danced and pranced. My poor darlings were left prince-less.

A few days later, the prince made an announcement: a glass slipper had been left at the castle. The prince would marry the girl whose foot could fit into it perfectly. Our big chance! After visiting every other mansion, the prince arrived at our door. My darlings tried (and tried and tried) but the shoe wouldn’t fit. Poor old Cindy croaked out a plea to try. The shoe was a perfect fit! Cindy, in another whisper, said something about a pumpkin coach and added a fairy godmother. Please! There’s no such thing! But I still don’t know where she got those shoes…

A few days later, the prince married Cindy. Poor man. He had no idea what he was getting himself into. But we lived happily ever after!