


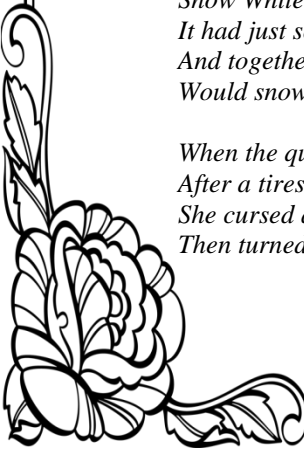
*Mirror mirror on the wall,
who's the fairest of them all?"
With a knowing glint in her eye,
the queen then waited for a reply,
"I'm afraid she'll suffer for what I say" the mirror hazarded,
"but I will share the truth either way,
this young fair maiden is a sight,
sweet and true named Snow White."
There escaped from the queen a startled gasp,
recovered from which in a thin, seething rasp,
"this fair maiden-we must surely meet,
upon her beauty I will feast.
I plan for an assassin to seek her this very night,
no more will there be one who responds to the call of 'snow white.'"
With a gathering of cloaks and a malicious grin,
the queen summoned another to commit this horrid sin,*

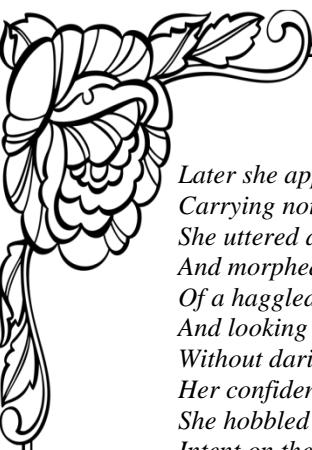
*The assassin crept soundlessly under the canopy of leaves,
which seemed to stretch endlessly as the ever present trees,
this was the moment when he would sight her for the first time,
and think these very words, 'she must be mine'
he swept her to the shadows and whispered in her ear,
"a very cruel someone, had planned for me to take you here"
"but want as I may this cannot be true,
I do not have it within me to murder on as fair as you"
With bambi brown eyes and a fearful gaze,
Snow white managed to reply in her sudden haze,
"why would someone want this-an early grave,
And why did they not think I was too fair to save?"*

*The assassin eagerly rushed to explain,
But snow white found his words slightly lame,
For she was not always sweet and true,
Of the jealous queen she already knew,
This was the step sister of a close friend Cinderella,
Who, she had been warned, was cheated out of a certain fella,
She had forever bubbled with unvented wrath,
For as cinders was the dainty butterfly, she was the ugly moth,
So she had beautified her hair, face and body,
And transformed into, well, something less shoddy,
Cinders had fled after hearing the story,
Of pretty princess' whose demise had been gory,
However snow white had stayed, she was heavily criticised,
And with the help of the girls a plan was devised,*

*Cinders, Rupunzel and Red Riding Hood,
Predicted the queen would try as hard as she could,
To inflict suffering on those more blessed than herself,
And would act with nothing less than silent stealth,
Belle, Jasmine, and Sleeping Beauty advised,
To keep friends and quick wit close by her side,
Snow White had befriended 7 dwarves on demand,
It had just so happened they were close at hand,
And together they plotted as the princess' hurried away,
Would snow white regret her decision to stay?*

*When the queen was notified by the talking mirror on the wall,
After a tiresome saga of 'whose the fairest of them all?'
She cursed and raged for four long hours,
Then turned on her heel and decisively took to her towers,*





*Later she appeared at the foot of the stairs,
Carrying nothing but spindly grey hairs,
She uttered a spell she had avoided for years,
And morphed into a vision which may even bring tears,
Of a haggled old women living beyond her time,
And looking as one without a single dime,
Without daring to glimpse her reflection,
Her confidence came with the impossibility of detection,
She hobbled out of the room and into the carmine night,
Intent on the murder of poor sweet snow white,*

*She cast the innocent nocturnal creature's away,
Little did she know they had been awaiting this day,
And stood a role in the plan of the princess' whom,
Had no intelligence some would irrationally assume,
A particularly great deer galloped gracefully away,
To alert snow white without further delay,
Opposing this agility the queen struggled towards,
The large silver ribbon of moss coloured moors,
Behind which she knew to be a quaint little home,
Of 7 dwarves and snow white who she hoped to catch alone,
Without an ounce of knowledge of what she had in store,
The disguised bitter queen knocked thrice on the door,*

*On the leading dwarves signal snow white greeted the queen,
Excusing herself for being 'awfully mean',
For leaving the women so long in the cold,
From here on and after a string of rehearsed lies were told,
It started with the re arranging of the features into a fake smile,
Then an unnecessary tour estate agent style,
A pause in the play which was so faultlessly planned,
The queen stood with a basket of apples protruding from a hidden withered hand,
Inside information allowed snow white not to stall,
This came from the betrayal of the mirror on the wall,*

*Snow white pondered the variety of apples at length,
Then selected one with unwavering strength,
She made a show of pressing the fruit to her lip,
Then took a shapely bite out of its very tip,
She swallowed and still she continued to stand,
Threw the apple away with a sigh and slight flick of her hand,
"it had the taste of a rustic nail,
Or perhaps the tang of a plan destined to fail?"
"you're talking mirror isn't a friend as you thought,
Else after witnessing this surely you attention he would have sought,
In your silly little paddy you failed to see,
The hooded young girl who was working for me,
As she planted a plain apple amongst the rest
A large browning bruise covering its crest",
As the queens features flitted through fear,
Snow white indicated saying 'right here',
"and now the truth will surely shine,
And help you to realise it's the hard way, or mine?"*

*The moral of the story is as such
True love conquering all-it's for a soft touch,
Who needs a man when you have good friends?
And now two words to finish, the end.*

Maddison Davies – 90S

