

## Cinderella

“You missed a spot, Princess!” teased the dweebs.

“Oh! Of course, sisters! My apologies!”

I said I was sorry.

I was not actually sorry.

I scrubbed the grime, the slime, the slop.

The dweebs threw me the mop.

I had to duck.

Oh look! More muck!

I rubbed off the grime. More filth. More slime.

Yuck.

On the floor I found a dime!

“Gimme! It’s mine!” one of the dweebs whined.

“Fine.”

They headed to the ball

in grand dresses and flaunted.

“Do I still have to clean tonight?” I asked.

“Well, it’s what your Daddy would have wanted!”

My sisters are bossy and mean

But I won’t argue with them.

I won’t cause a scene.

I ran to the garden alone.

Wepted, whimpered, sighed.

A fairy godmother appeared before my very eyes.

Brought me a surprise!

Now I could finally have what should have always been mine,  
what I’ve been dreaming of and wishing for all of my life.

So I cleaned up real nicely,

Lookin’ fierce, lookin’ icy,

Went to the ball, met a guy, got all feisty.

He was rich;

What we wore looked quite pricey.

I clung to him tightly

‘til he started to like me.

I knew this was something we should start doing nightly.

The clock struck twelve,

And an artful grin I wore.  
I frolicked, fled, screwed him up in the head,  
Dropped a slipper to the floor,  
And left him wanting more.  
Then I entered my carriage.

One week later the guy  
was searching all through the town  
to ask for *my* hand in marriage.