**Cinderella- By Roald Dahl**

**A Narrative Poem**

I guess you think you know this story.  
You don't. The real one's much more gory.  
The phoney one, the one you know,  
Was cooked up years and years ago,  
And made to sound all soft and sappy  
just to keep the children happy.  
Mind you, they got the first bit right,  
The bit where, in the dead of night,  
The Ugly Sisters, jewels and all,  
Departed for the Palace Ball,  
While darling little Cinderella  
Was locked up in a slimy cellar,  
Where rats who wanted things to eat,  
Began to nibble at her feet.  
  
She bellowed 'Help!' and 'Let me out!  
The Magic Fairy heard her shout.  
Appearing in a blaze of light,  
She said: 'My dear, are you all right?'  
'All right?' cried Cindy .'Can't you see  
'I feel as rotten as can be!'  
She beat her fist against the wall,  
And shouted, 'Get me to the Ball!  
'There is a Disco at the Palace!  
'The rest have gone and I am jealous!  
'I want a dress! I want a coach!  
'And earrings and a diamond brooch!  
'And silver slippers, two of those!  
'And lovely nylon panty hose!  
'Done up like that I'll guarantee  
'The handsome Prince will fall for me!'  
The Fairy said, 'Hang on a tick.'  
She gave her wand a mighty flick  
And quickly, in no time at all,  
Cindy was at the Palace Ball!  
  
It made the Ugly Sisters wince  
To see her dancing with the Prince.  
She held him very tight and pressed  
herself against his warm manly chest.  
The Prince himself was turned to pulp,  
All he could do was gasp and gulp.  
Ding-Dong! Midnight struck. She shouted,'Heck!  
I've got to run to save my neck!'  
The Prince cried, 'No! Alas! Alack!'  
He grabbed her dress to hold her back.  
As Cindy shouted, 'Let me go!'  
The dress was ripped from head to toe.  
  
She ran out in her underwear,  
And lost one slipper on the stair.  
The Prince was on it like a dart,  
He pressed it to his pounding heart,  
'The girl this slipper fits,' he cried,  
'Tomorrow morn shall be my bride!  
I'll visit every house in town  
'Until I've tracked the maiden down!'  
Then rather carelessly, I fear,  
He placed it on a crate of beer.  
  
At once, one of the Ugly Sisters,  
(The one whose face was a sea blotched blisters)  
Sneaked up and grabbed the dainty shoe,  
And quickly flushed it down the loo.  
Then in its place she calmly put  
The slipper from her own left foot.  
Ah ha, you see, the plot grows thicker,  
And Cindy's luck starts looking sicker.  
  
Next day, the Prince went charging down  
To knock on all the doors in town.  
In every house, the tension grew.  
Who was the owner of the shoe?  
The shoe was long and very wide.  
(A normal foot got lost inside.)  
Also it smelled a wee bit icky.  
(The owner's feet were hot and sticky.)  
Thousands of eager people came  
To try it on, but all in vain.  
Now came the Ugly Sisters' go.  
One tried it on. The Prince screamed, 'No!'  
But she screamed, 'Yes! It fits! Whoopee!  
'So now you've got to marry me!'  
The Prince went white from ear to ear.  
He muttered, 'Let me out of here.'  
'Oh no you don't! You made a vow!  
'There's no way you can back out now!'