

The Step Mother and Cinderella

I marry for wealth not love. I am approaching my fourth marriage after three failed ones. Some people would be devastated and lose hope but not me. I'm smart, I know that love never wins and that the only important thing in this world is how much money your husband has, and although it is true money doesn't buy happiness, it sure improves your mindset. You see, ever since my third divorce became final last week, it has become very clear to me that without wealth (and an equally wealthy husband) I have nothing. Well, except my daughters but that hardly counts. It was as I was pondering all of this while taking a long stroll in the park that I came across a merchant. He very obviously had money, I could tell all of this by the clothes he wore and the confidence he displayed. As I took all this in, it became excruciatingly clear that we would be together for a short time. Following that realization I went up to introduce myself, a week later we had picked a date for our wedding.

The only catch was that he had a daughter. An awful, wretched, worthless girl. I vowed she would never out-shine me or my children. Therefore, I devised a simple plan. She would serve as our servant, working away the days and never having time to make her father proud. I called upon my girls to help me carry out my plan. They were simply informed that they were to make their "step-sister's" life miserable. Of course, they were more than happy to oblige, as they had also seen that she was far prettier, more talented, and more charitable than they were. The plan worked perfectly. Everyday little Cinderella would come home and go straight to her chores. The silly child thought that if she finished she would have time for herself. Little did she know, I was fully content to pile the work on her until she collapsed of exhaustion.

Then one day a public announcement came telling the world that there would be a ball held in the honor of the Prince. All the young ladies of the kingdom were invited. I tried as hard as I could to keep Cinderella from finding out, but despite my best intentions she did. When she asked if she could go I had to tell her that she couldn't unless she finished the work I gave her. Clearly I came up with the longest list of the most difficult and disgusting jobs imaginable. I under-estimated her though. She finished all the jobs before my lovely daughters had left the house. I was forced to let her attend. She quickly ran to her room to get ready. I chuckled knowing she had no frivolous clothes to wear and no ride to the ball. Somehow though, a half hour later, she was gone. I'll never know quite what she wore or how she got there, if she even did. The girls told me they didn't even see her there. They did mention though that there was some gorgeous girl that danced with the Prince but had to leave before midnight. She even left her shoe behind; it couldn't be Cinderella because she would never do something as careless as that.

Taking all of this into consideration, I was not surprised when a duke showed up at my house with a single glass shoe. He announced that he was to have every girl in the kingdom try on the shoe and the one it fit would be the prince's bride. Naturally I knew it had to be one of my two children. Although surprisingly, when they tried on the shoe it was too small. I thought to myself "No one has feet that small, well no one except Cinderella." That's when it occurred to me that the girl at the ball was Cinderella! I had to make sure that she didn't find out that the Duke was here with her shoe! I ran upstairs to lock her into her room. I breathed a sigh of relief now that silly girl won't ruin everything. Somehow she opened the door and ran downstairs just as the Duke was

leaving. He said he had to have every girl try it on so Cinderella sat down and my worst nightmares came true. The shoe fit! Everything after that is kind of a blur. I think I fainted, but I vaguely remember the Duke rushing Cinderella out of the house and wedding plans being made.

A few weeks later Cinderella and the Prince were wed. I lost not only my servant that day but also my pride. Who would have known that a common girl with nothing to her name would become a Princess? It is unnerving to think that we live in a twisted world where dreams do come true.