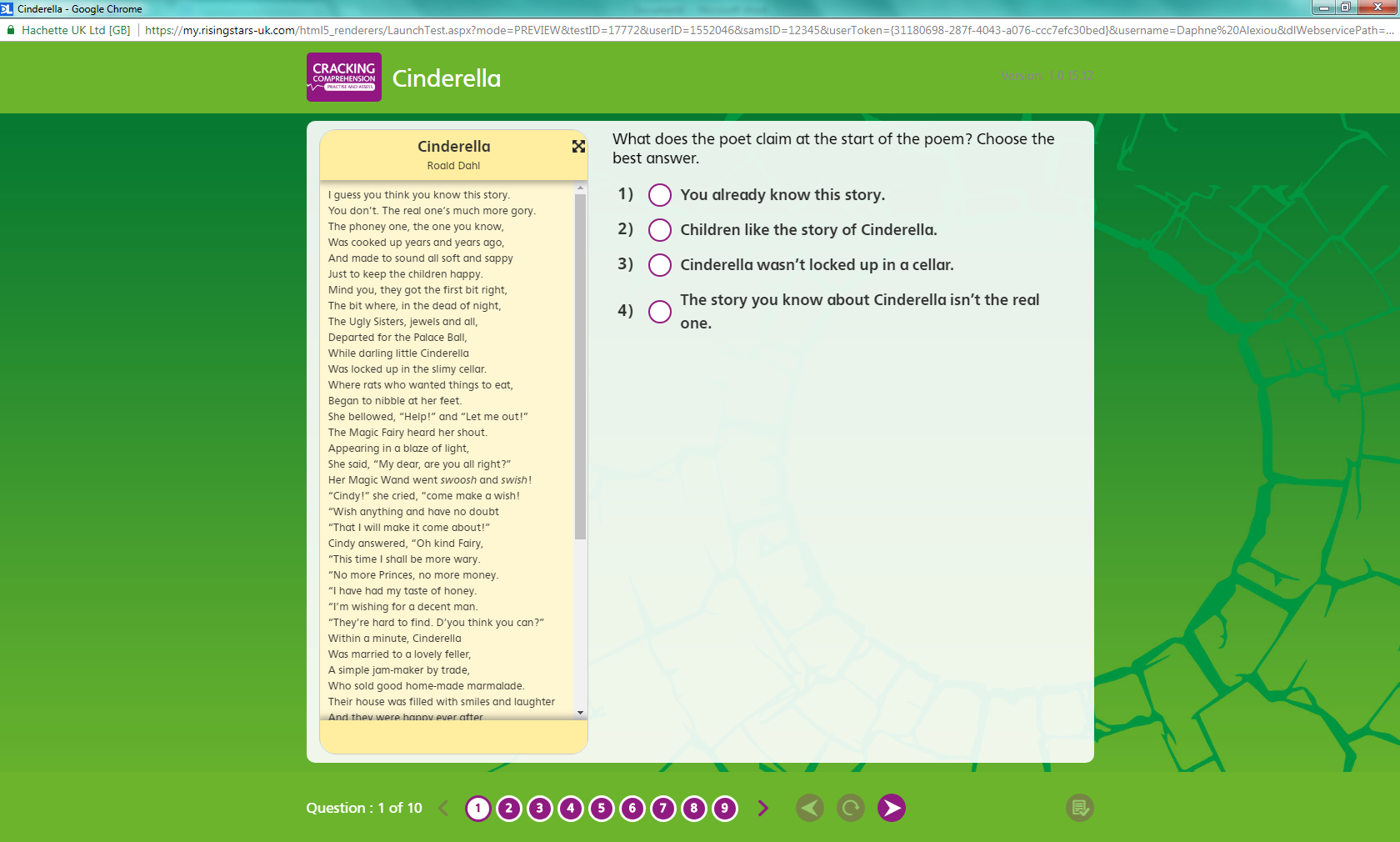
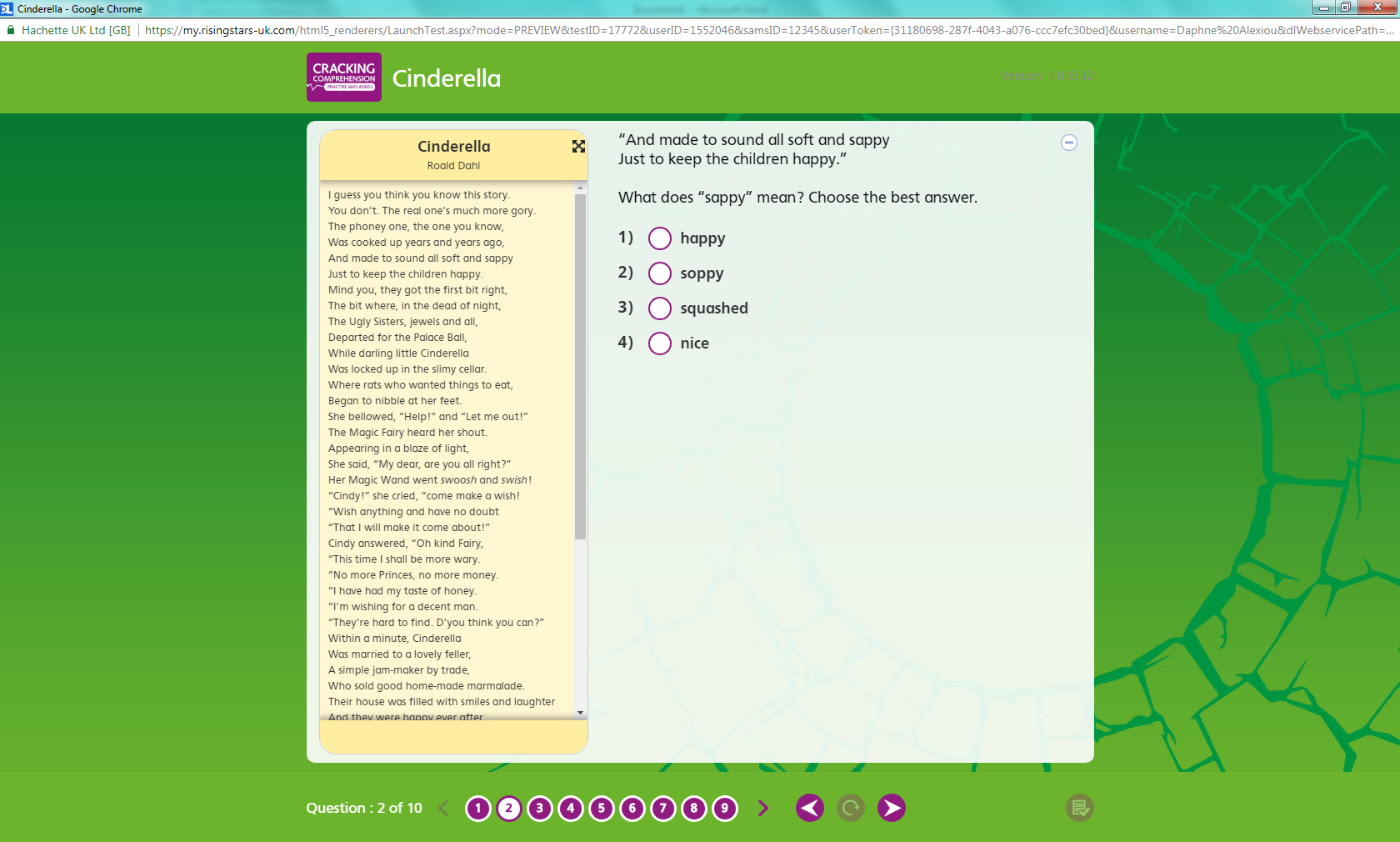
**Cinderella**

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 the 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?”   
Her Magic Wand went *swoosh* and *swish*!  
“Cindy!” she cried, “come make a wish!  
“Wish anything and have no doubt   
“That I will make it come about!”  
Cindy answered, “Oh kind Fairy,  
“This time I shall be more wary.  
“No more Princes, no more money.  
“I have had my taste of honey.  
“I’m wishing for a decent man.  
“They’re hard to find. D’you think you can?”   
Within a minute, Cinderella   
Was married to a lovely feller,  
A simple jam-maker by trade,  
Who sold good home-made marmalade.  
Their house was filled with smiles and laughter   
And they were happy ever after.

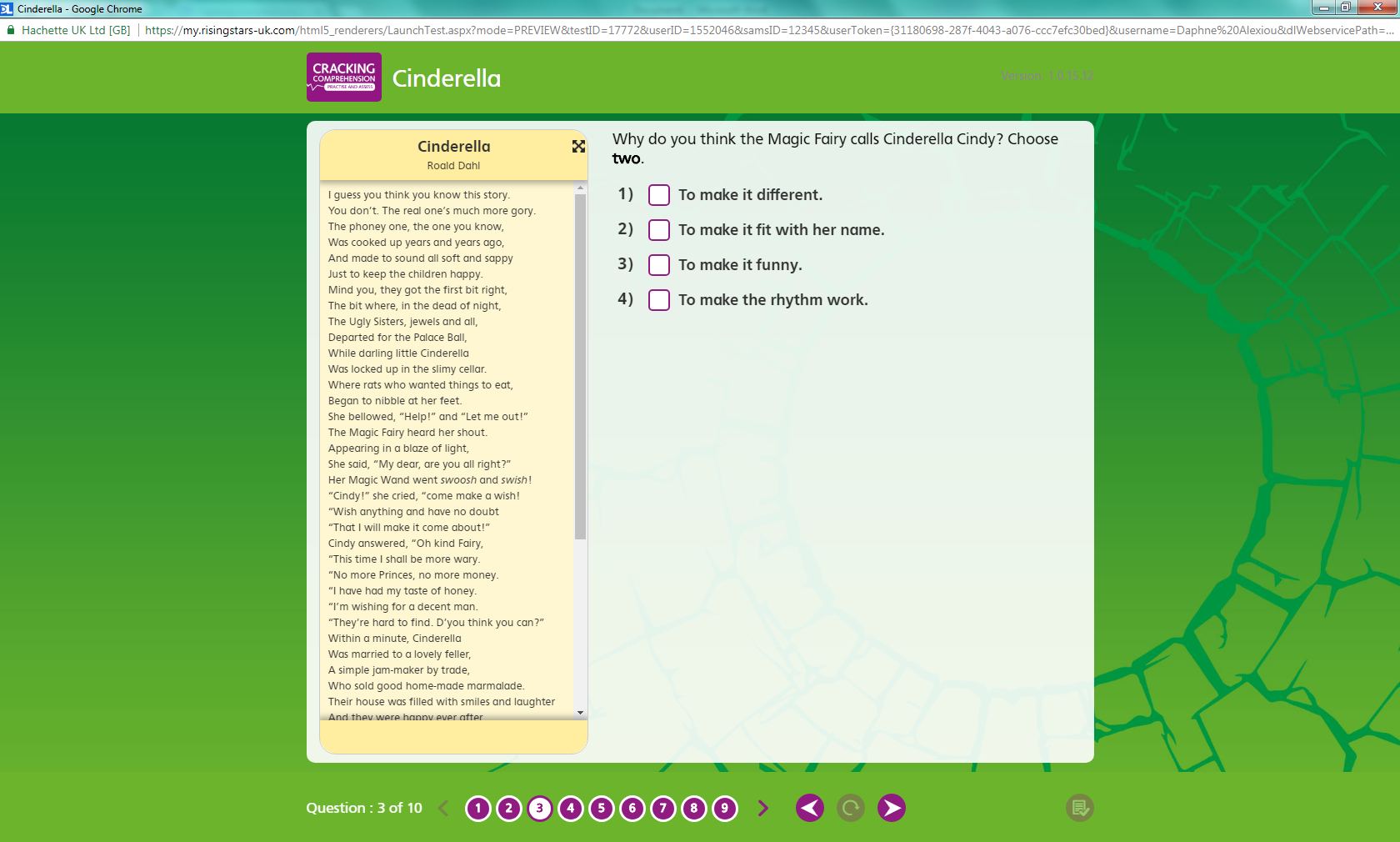
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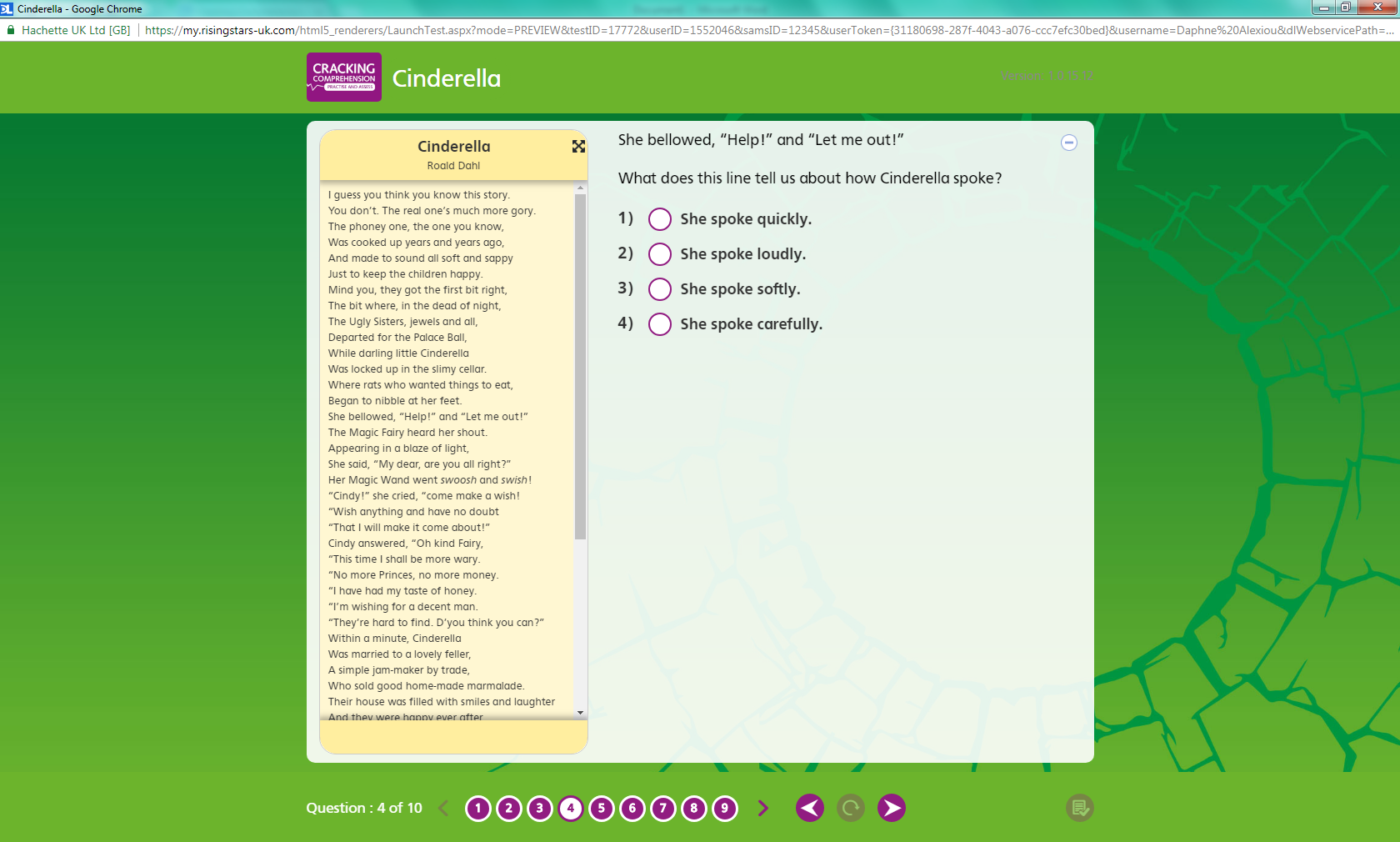
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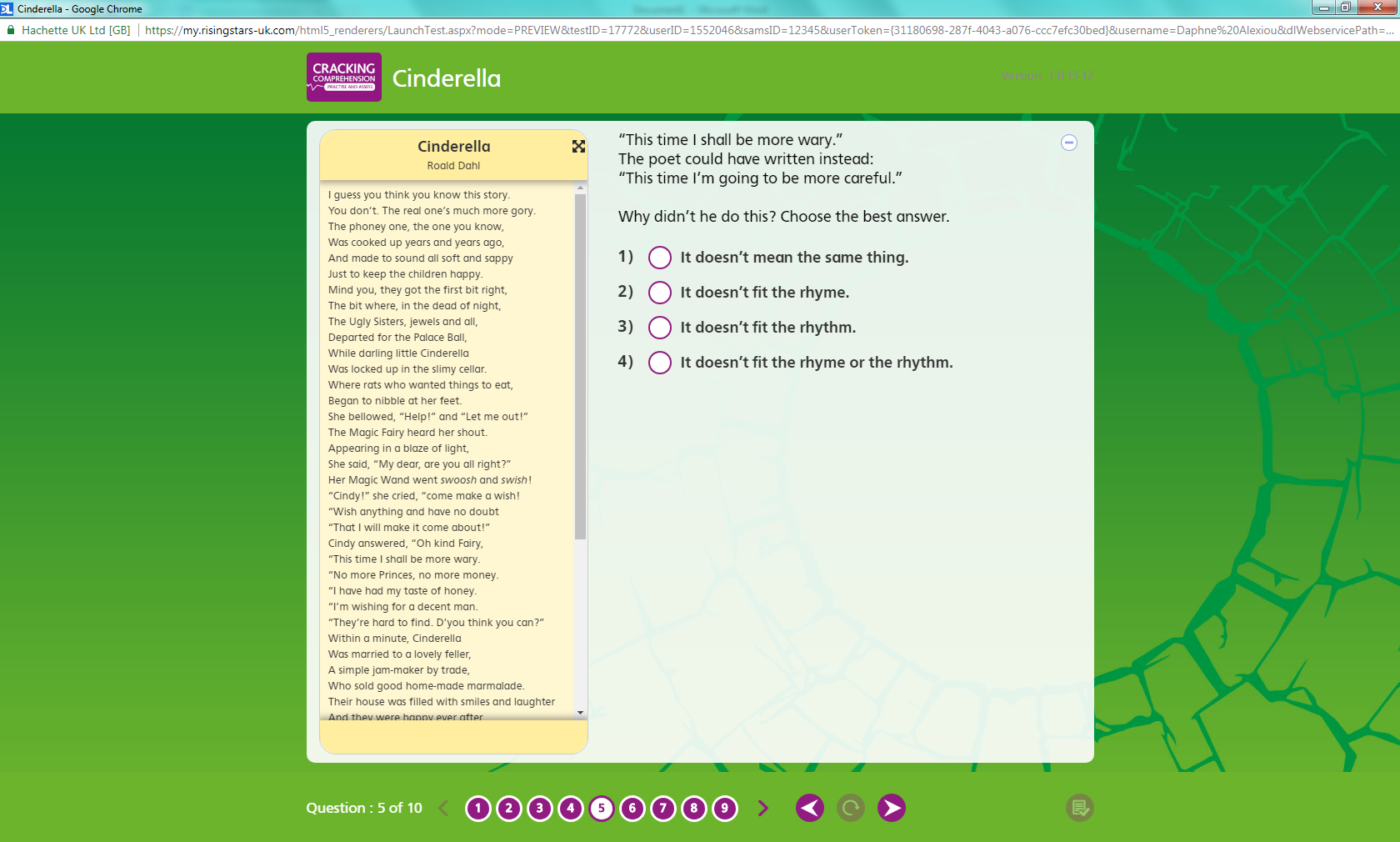
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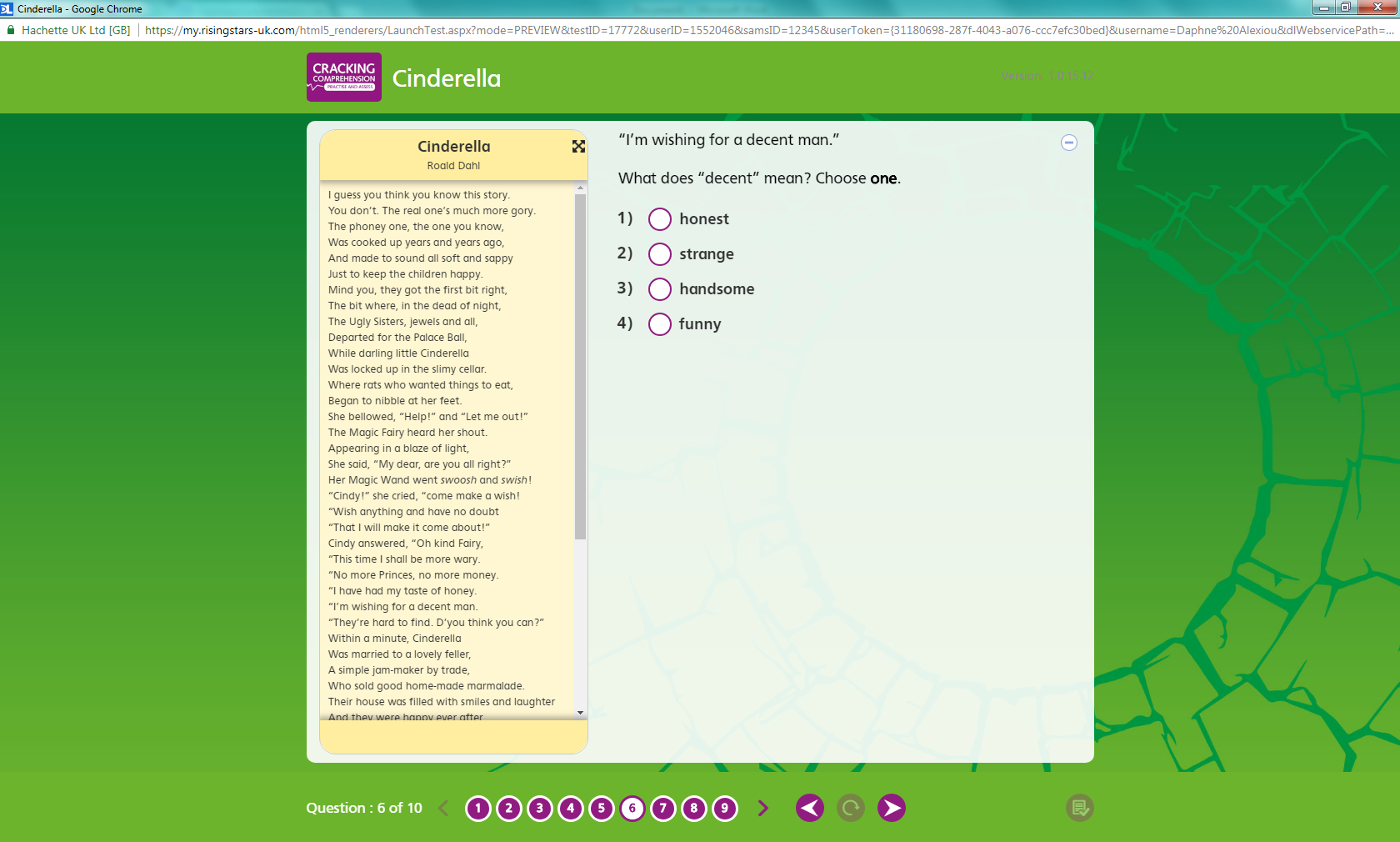
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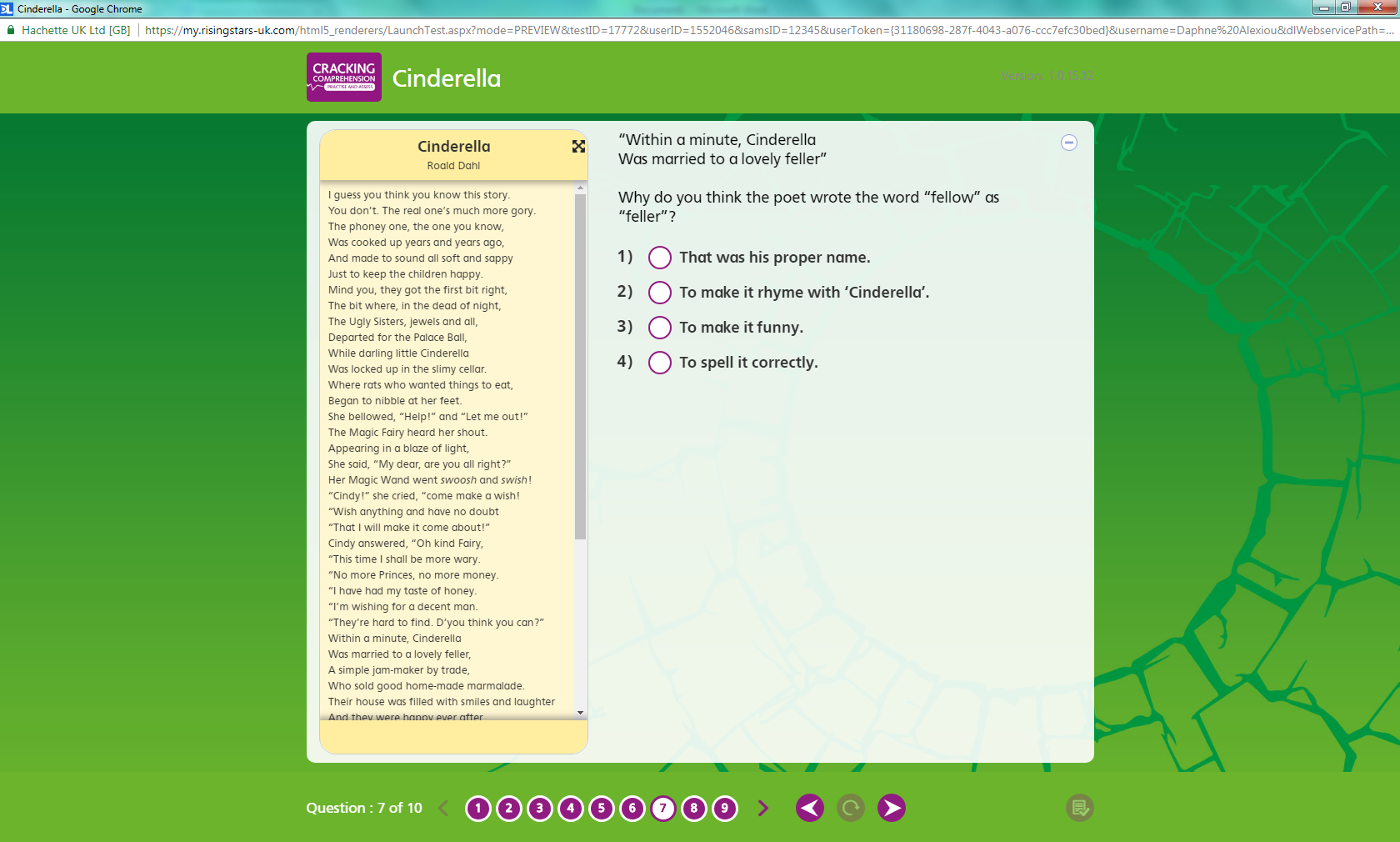
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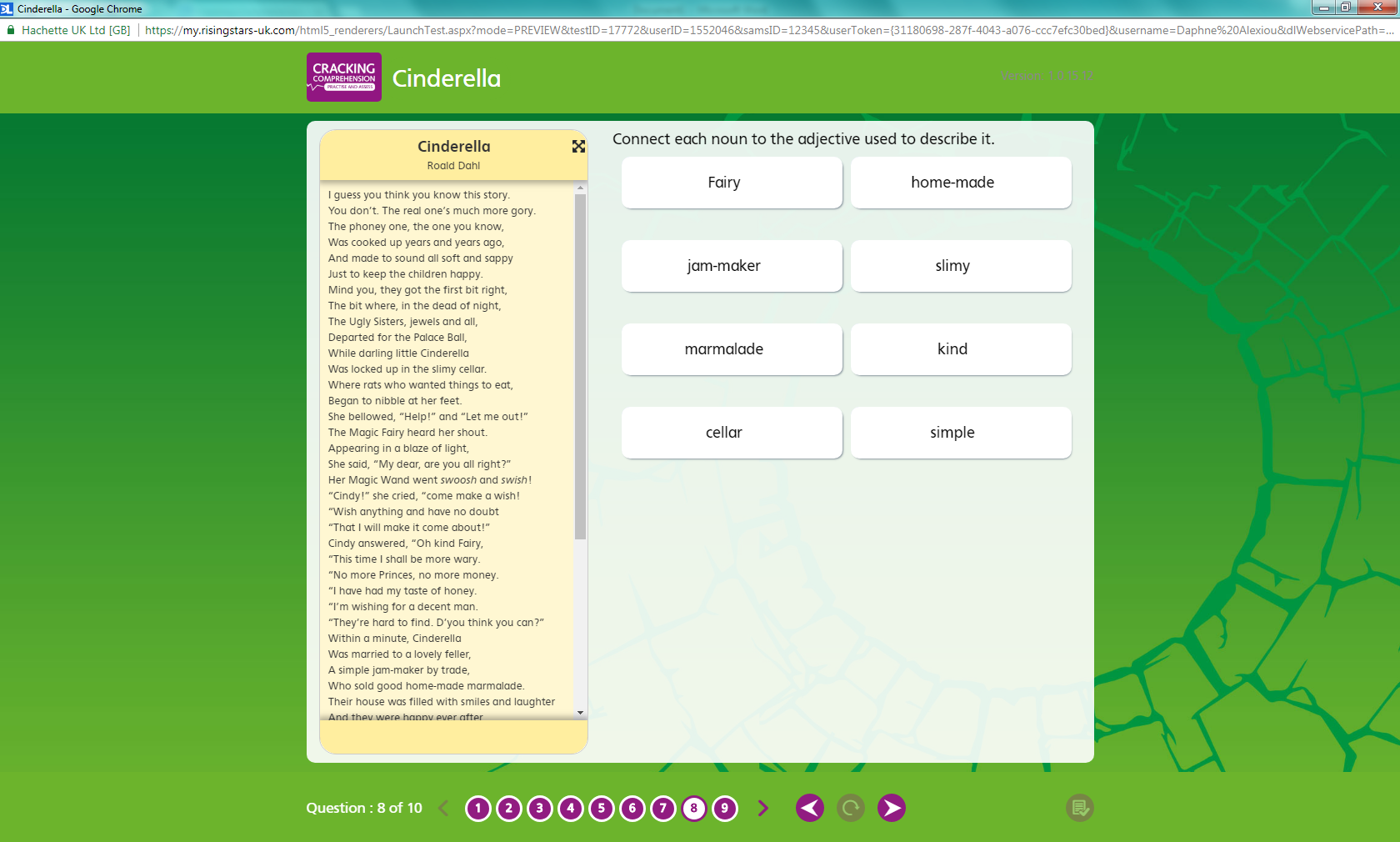
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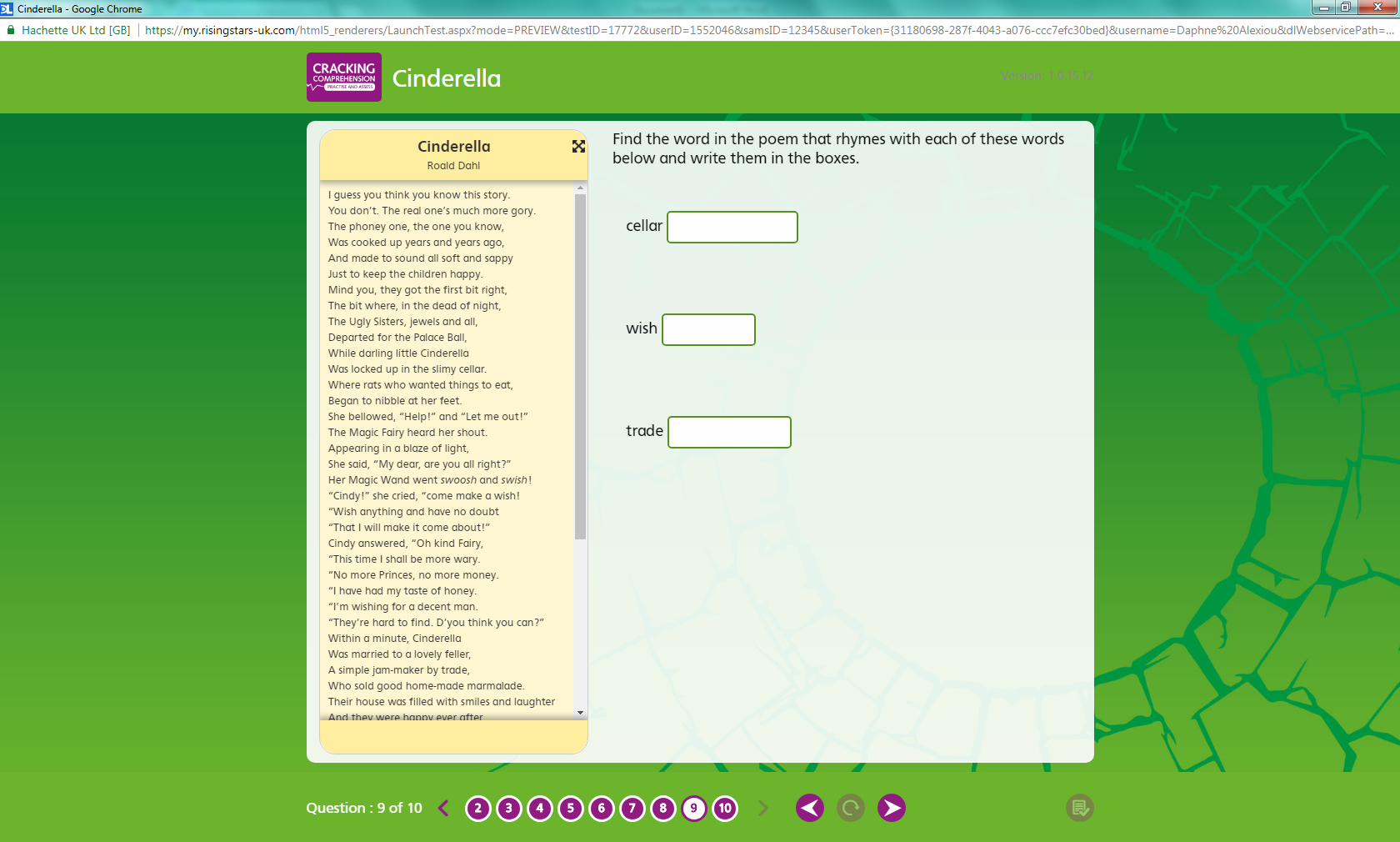
**7.**



**8.**



**9.**



**10.**

