

Cinderella – Truth or Fiction?

I glared at Cinderella as she and Prince Charming walked out the door discussing their wedding plans. I had mixed feelings. Furious, because Cinderella doesn't deserve Prince Charming after what she has done to us. Happy, because, I won't have to see Cinderella again.

You've probably heard of the story Cinderella. But that's all make believe. This is how the real story goes...

After Cinderella's father left, we tried to be kind to her, but she never returned our kindness. Cinderella only slept in front of the fire twice. Once, because she put itching powder in our beds, and we didn't feel it until we fell asleep. Then we woke up everyone by screaming as we ran down the street throwing off our pyjamas.

Another night, I was looking for my favourite books, St Claire's. I searched everywhere but I couldn't find them. I smelt smoke. I felt devastated and my tummy ached. I sprinted towards the kitchen, but the door was locked. I heard Cinderella inside but she ignored my pleas to open the door. I spent the rest of the night crying.

Cinderella told everyone we made her sleep in front of the fire and that's how she got her name. But every time I heard someone say Cinderella, I felt a stab in my heart. The cinders were the cinders of my beloved books.

Cinderella told everyone she did all the housework. But we have servants that did it everyday.

On the day of the ball, everything seemed to be missing, my dazzling blue dress, my mother's blue shoes, the carriage, the horses, and the footmen were nowhere to be found. Luckily, I had my pink dress and we went to the ball with our neighbours. Unfortunately, Cinderella was sick so she couldn't come.

At the ball, while I was chatting to Prince Charming, the ballroom doors opened, and there was Cinderella wearing my beautiful blue dress! I caught a glimpse of my mother's blue shoes under Cinderella's (my) dress. I felt a rage towards her. I glared at her as she walked in, everyone was admiring this gorgeous woman. She walked up towards Prince Charming and introduced herself. I retreated to where my mother and sister were.

At midnight, Cinderella ran away and lost her slipper. Prince Charming ran after her and we heard him say that he will marry the girl whose foot fits the shoe.

The next day, Prince Charming came to our house. It doesn't fit my feet or my sister's feet. It was too big. It fitted Cinderella's fit perfectly because her feet are as big as my mother's.

I actually don't want to marry Prince Charming. I'm only ten.

Dear reader, I've written this account and I will bury it in a capsule. One day the truth will come out, when everyone we know are dead. I feel better now. There are always two sides to a story. One is always right. Which one do you believe?