



# *Justifiable*

Jack Stark

Magic, Retold Fairy Tales

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They call me a wicked Queen nowadays, ever since my stepdaughter, Snow White, returned from the forest with her new beau. Snow White has been telling anyone who will listen that I tried to murder her because I was jealous of her good looks. Although, it is true that I did attempt to take her life it was only out of self-preservation, not some petty squabble. For there is more to fair Snow White than meets the eye. She is capable of great cruelties and she surely would have killed me if she had the chance.

I first met Snow White when she was just eight years old. She soon made it clear that she did not like me very much at all. It seemed her favorite pass time was to fling insults at me and sometimes even pinch or slap me if I ever got too close. However, if anyone else was around including my husband, the King, she became a totally different person. She would transform from a little brat into a perfect angel. She would even give me complements and smile sweetly, but as soon as we were alone she would turn back into a little devil. I could see that it gave the King great joy to see his daughter and new wife getting along so well. Little did he know about Snow White's true nature and so I presumed it would be nearly impossible to convince him that his precious daughter was anything besides a perfect angel. Despite such cruelty I wasn't about to let a child get in the way of the opportunities I had as Queen. I certainly didn't want to go back to being a mage, making potions for villagers who could barely afford to pay me. As Queen I had access to all the best books on sorcery and the finest supplies in all the land. I soon became the greatest sorcerer of any woman or man in the entire Kingdom. For the sake of my craft, I endured the tyrant that was little Snow White.

As the years passed Snow White grew into a beautiful princess and with her beauty, charm, and childlike innocence she became more and more loved by everyone with each passing day. However, just as when she was

young, when we were left alone together Snow White would transform from a sweet heart into a monster. Over the years the insults had turned into threats of violence that became more gruesome in nature each day. I became so fearful that one day I sought insight from my magic looking glass. I asked the looking glass to show me if Snow White was wholly intent on doing harm to me. The mirror then showed me a gruesome scene. First, only a close up look at Snow White's face appeared upon the glass. As the glass moved out away from her face I saw that beautiful Snow White was spattered with blood. Breathing heavily as she stood over a corpse, which I soon realized was my own. She had bludgeoned me to death in my sleep, which was not the way I really ever wanted to go out. Fearing this vision might happen very soon I began to deliberate my options. The way I saw it I had two choices; I could have ran away and hoped that solved the problem. Or I could take matters into my own hands and dispose of Snow White. Obviously, I much preferred the second option because it allowed me to continue being the Queen and the most powerful sorcerer in the land. What followed was very similar to Snow White's account. What she said about the huntsman was true. As well as my disguise and the three poison objects: the lace, the comb, and of course the apple. All of that is true. However, in her version she paints me as a jealous villain instead of someone only trying to protect herself. People refuse to listen to my side of the story. It is down right insulting that people more readily believe that I was jealous enough of Snow White's beauty that I would murder her; before they even consider believing that maybe she was not so innocent herself. Its silly that people believe women could be so petty as to murder each other over something as trivial as outer beauty. Truly preposterous! The greatest magic user in the kingdom thwarted by a frivolous sexist lie. So now I wait to see what is in store for me. I know that Snow White's wedding is today. Perhaps they'll kill me as a wedding present, for at least my death will be justifiable in their eyes.

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