



Pale White

Hylah Daly

Humor, Retold Fairy Tales

I am about to tell you story of which you have never heard. Well, that wouldn't be entirely true, because you have heard this tale many times... but never in this light. Never in this truth, rather. So are you excited? Maybe. Maybe not. Either way, take a seat and get comfortable, because after all, this is a story.

It all began on a Sunday morning, as I was rising out of my bed. "Bertrand!" I called, opening my windows. Sunlight poured into my bedroom, dancing across every piece of furniture.

"Bertrand! Who, oh who is the fairest of them all?" I asked sweetly to my husband. Only he had been transformed into a mirror a few years ago, since he hurt my great aunt's feelings before she passed. And my great aunt just happened to be a witch.

"Oh, my beautiful queen," Bertrand began, his face appearing in the mirror, "today, the absolutely most gorgeous maiden has moved into our kingdom. She goes by the name of Snow White... and she surpasses all beauty any man could even comprehend -," but then I interrupted. I raised my eyebrows surprised, but hardly envious. "Show her to me," I told Bertrand. Immediately Snow White's face appeared in the mirror, and when I saw it, I burst into laughter. "Ha! She, she is the most beautiful maiden in all the land? I've seen rodents more stunning."

"Yes, but she is to be your stepdaughter in just a few days! And who has heard of a homely princess?"

"She's far more than homely, dear. She's dreadfully hideous," I replied, calling for my servants to make my bed. Some may call me rude, but any human in their right mind could see Snow White was not remotely attractive. She had skin paler than the whitest snow, and lips more red than a Red Delicious. And worst of all, her hair was black and thin, so disgusting I felt the urge to snatch it out of her skull. She would scare all my people away with her ugliness if I kept her in the kingdom any longer. But I decided to grace her and see if she had any

inside beauty.

I shall not go into much detail about the wedding, just that it was drawn out and boring. I didn't even care for King Richard the least bit, but I had to do this to strengthen our alliances. I don't think King Richard cared for me either, and I am completely content with that.

But when I met his daughter, I was utterly disgusted. She wore such dingy clothes that denied her status, insisted on doing all the chores, and worst of all, she chatted with animals like a madman. All day long, she sang outside with the birds instead of completing her lessons. I wished to slap her silly. King Richard thought his daughter was perfectly perfect. I honestly thought the exact opposite.

So what is a queen to do in this case? To punish a disobedient, raggedy princess that is. Well, I decided to tell her a joke. "You know what, Snow White?"

"Yes, Mother?" She replied just as she finished kissing a raccoon on its cheek. "I think you ought to leave these animals alone. Or I might just have them kill you!" I chuckled. But Snow White happened to take me seriously, because the next day, she left a note at the door of the castle reading, "Dear Father, my stepmother, Grimhilde you know, wishes to kill me with all the wonderful animal friends I've made here at the castle. And I know it's awfully dreadful, but I must run away. I want to live a long life, and be great queen one day. I can't let this EVIL queen stop me. So farewell for who knows how long, father. I love you, and I miss you beyond explanation. - Snow White"

Of course, when I defended myself, I was practically attacked. Driven out of my own kingdom, living all alone, you know how it goes, these tales. But it's not all so bad. The countryside where I reside is quite lovely, and I sometimes receive letters of how Snow White is a wonderful queen, she's made friends with these so-called 7 Dwarves, married a handsome prince... you know how these tales end for the "good ones." But still, I eat delicious pies with Bertrand every evening after a long day. And you know what? That's more than any queen could wish for.

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