



# *The Evil Stepmother's Point of View-Cinderella*

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Fable, Magic

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'I hate you, you old bag' she screamed as she threw the bowl across the room. I had made her favourite dish soup, which I had spent ages cooking in the kitchen. Her father had told me that it was going to be hard to be accepted as her new mother, but this was much harder than I had imaged.

'Mum we have tried, I offered to give her my new dress' said Gemma.

'I said that I would take her to the ball with us' said Louisa.

'What can we do? She calls us UGLY sisters, it's so cruel cried Pamela.

I hugged my three daughters closely, I wanted Cinderella to accept us as we had with her. But she hated us, calling me a 'wicked stepmother' and slamming doors. She would cry and portray us as ogres. With the arrival of the Prince inviting us to go to the ball, I even tried to invite her but she was spoilt and rude.

'I don't want to go, you old bag, GET LOST' she shouted. 'I will get there myself' she stormed off as usual to her room. 'I miss my mum, you married my father for his money, you old cow' as she shouted going into her room.

I sat down, and felt the tears roll down my cheeks. I had fallen in love with her father Jeremy, it wasn't planned and he had accepted my three daughters with open arms. I hadn't wanted to get married again, worried as to what people would say and being welcomed as the stepmother to Cinderella. Jeremy had told me about Cinderella, that she was pretty, she had beautiful golden hair and green eyes. But she was pampered by her

father who had put her on a pedestal. She was bad tempered, fussy and as soon as I came into the house, she made me and my daughters lives a misery.

Cinderella would shout, scream and write letters to the neighbours that I had locked her in the basement without food. But this was simply not true. She would rip my daughters clothes, put mouse traps so that we would step into them and would have to go to the local hospital. Often she would smash plates, not eat and people felt sorry for her when she went out with Jeremy as her attitude would change.

'Good mornings Mrs Penington, how do you do' said Cinderella. 'What a lovely child you have Jeremy'. 'I have lost weight again, my stepmother is evil and I need some food . Can I eat at your house?' So she would go to eat at neighbours houses and get free clothes and they would feel sorry for her and I was perceived as the evil mother.

'Do you think the Prince will ask me? Asked Gemma. She had fallen in love with him and had seen him a couple of times within the Town. I wanted Gemma to get married to the Prince. They were perfect for each other, and had spent time together in theatre shows and jousting fights. I had received the Prince's Invitation personally:

Prince Griffiths has cordially invited you to the Grand Ball, where he will announce his engagement news. His ball will be a grand affair so dress for the occasion. I look forward in meeting to you to the event and announcing the happy news.

This would be the news that I was waiting for, the public statement for the wedding of my daughter. I had tried once more to invite Cinderella, but again she threw her spoon at my face hitting my head' Go AWAY you bag' she shouted. I never told Jeremy how much she hated me and would lie about the wounds that I had fallen over or that I was clumsy as I didn't want him to get hurt.

We had all dressed up and ready to go to the ball, with the anticipation of the news of my daughter's wedding. The palace was magnificent: gold, sparkling, grand staircases and chandlers, as well as servants and the Prince himself.

It was then I saw a mysterious girl, I was sure that she was wearing one of Gemma's dresses from the cupboard, as well as her shoes. She was wearing a mask on her face, and accidentally spilled her drink onto the Prince. As far as I could see she was apologising, but I was sure that she had put something into his drink. Prince Griffiths danced with that girl most of the night, whilst Gemma had tears in her eyes and ran to the

toilet in embarrassment that he was dancing with someone else. I was about to go towards him, when the girl rang off as soon as it was midnight. Leaving a shoe on the landing. Prince Griffiths himself fainted and there was chaos in the castle and we were ushered to go out of the mansion.

Pacing up and down, I was concerned over Gemma who had locked herself in the bedroom after the ball. There was a commotion over the Prince coming over to find the slipper for the girl who he had danced with. He was visiting all the town and asking women to try on the glass slipper. I desperately wanted to speak to the Prince as to why he had changed his mind over Gemma so I asked.

‘Prince Griffiths, I thought you loved Gemma?’

‘Gemma?! I have heard how cruel and mean she has been to her sister. I have heard how she has treated Cinderella and been unkind to her’

‘But this is simply not true, you have spent time with Gemma, how can you’...’

‘Yes I had, but that mysterious girl told me so many things I was shocked and horrified. I also fell in love with her beauty, the golden hair, I must find out who she is, and I have rumours of you locking your daughter in the basement, so I don’t want to be associated with this family’.

‘That is a false accusation Prince I have never done that!’

‘Let’s go and check then shall we!’ he shouted.

He dashed down to the basement, and I could hear weeping inside. My heart was beating louder and louder as he was smashing the door. The door broke into pieces as he found Cinderella in the room with tears down her cheek.

‘Prince you have come to save me from this evil woman’ she pointed at me.

‘This is simply not true, Cinderella PLEASE stop lying to people’

‘See Prince she is a evil woman. Locking me in the room, and sent her daughter after you for your money!’

‘No Gemma loves you Prince truly she does’

‘Stop this nonsense’ he shouted at me. ‘Poor girl Cinderella, as per the rules I am hunting down the person who fits this shoe. I have to check if it fits into you’.

He put the glass slipper on Cinderella and the shoe fit, but it was Gemma’s shoe. She had stolen it, in the same way she had with the dress last night. I knew it was her but who would believe me? They would believe her story of the poor innocent girl who was tortured by her sisters and stepmother.

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