



# *The "Seven" Dwarfs*

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Retold Fairy Tales

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You may have heard this tale before,  
But you're not prepared for what's in store,  
You've heard the tale of fair Snow White,  
Of dwarfs, and evil queens alike,  
You've heard of the mirror on the wall,  
But that's not what happened, not at all,  
You may not like what I have to say,  
But they say the truth hurts anyway,  
So just sick back and listen now,  
To how things actually went down.

Once upon a time there lived seven dwarfs, oh wait, no, there were eight of course. They lived and ate and worked together, those eight little dwarfs, birds of a feather. They were simple folk with simple lives, who mined in mines quite well for their size. They loved their work down in the mine, so much so they sang all the time. They sang on the way there, and they sang coming back, they even sang while they worked to the swing of their axe. But when it was four hours till nine, they knew it was time, so they march up from the mine in a single file line. They gathered the jewels they had mined that day, the good sent to the shed and the bad thrown away. Then they marched back to their cozy cottage in the woods, having locked the door tight on their freshly mined goods. They came on inside and sat down one by one, after a long day's work they could relax and have

fun. There was Bashful, and Dopey, and Grumpy and Sleepy, there was Doc, and Happy, and Sneezzy, and Leery. The last was the oldest of the eight little guys, he could never trust anyone not matter how hard he tried. No one knows why, but he was always this way, which is what led to some trouble on that fateful day. It was a day like any other, they had just returned home, when they discovered upon entering that they weren't alone. They stopped in their tracks and stared dead ahead, when they saw the strange woman asleep in Leery's bed. Her hair was as black as a cold winter's night, and her skin was like snow it was ever so white. Her lips were as red as the rubies they mined, as they stood stunned in shock by this creature divine. They all stood and thought about what they should do, but no one had and answer for this was all very new. No one knew what to do upon seeing this sight, but after a sharp sneeze from Sneezzy, she bolted upright. She dashed to the farthest side of the room, where she reached to the right and armed herself with a broom. The dwarfs quickly tried to calm her down, as Doc reached out his hand to show her around. They listened to her troubles of back home, as she spoke in the most strangely soothing tone. The dwarfs seemed in awe by her beauty and grace, but for Leery alone, this was not the case. He didn't quite get why the dwarfs were so kind, this woman broke into their home, were they out of their mind? He understood that she was on the run, but if the queen found her here then they would all be done. For the other dwarfs' sake he would do what he must, this strange woman is not someone they should trust. He grabbed his coat and set out toward the nearest town, in search of someone employed by the crown. As he closed the door shut a sound perked up his ears, the woman had started to sing with a voice crystal clear. He almost stopped to go back to hear more of the song, when he got back his feeling that something was wrong. The birds, and the bunnies, and foxes aswell, all fled from the house like a bat out of hell. It seemed they were fleeing from the strange woman's tune, Leery had to move quick, and get someone soon. He ran toward the town, fast as his dwarf legs could go, till he saw a dark figure in the middle of the road. As the dwarf closed the distance, the figure became clear, he was a huntsman from his look, and for the crown it appeared. Leery stopped out of breath and held up a hand, as the huntsman cocked his head at the stocky little man. "Please help me good sir," Leery begged between breaths, "we found a fugitive today, she was asleep in our bed!" "I know the woman of which you speak," said the huntsman with anger, "it is her that I seek." "This is perfect," yelled Leery as he looked toward his home, "I live just down the way in a nice little grove." Leery started back home, relief in his heart, when he heard a familiar tune, that tore his relief apart. He turned slowly around back toward his saving grace, as the red in his cheeks was flushed from his face. There standing above the corpse of the man, was the woman from home, licking blood off her hands. Her skin was as

pale as the dead, with fangs that filled poor Leery with dread. Her lips were as red as the blood she just tasted, her hair as black as all the souls that she's wasted. He fell to his knees with tears in his eyes, as she knelt down beside him, he looks up to the skys. She cradled his head as she wiped off his tears, saying "oh don't cry now, it'll be over soon dear." She stroked his head, baring her fangs for the kill, as she plunged them in deep, and drank her fill.

This is the truth about fair Snow White,  
And the forgotten eighth dwarf who died doing what's right,  
Snow White has taken many lives since,  
Hell, who knows the true fate of the prince.  
The queen didn't try to kill Snow White because of some stupid mirror,  
She knew the demon she was, and that's why she feared her,  
In the end the queen failed, and the prince indeed freed her,  
But she would have found Snow faster if the mirror could see her.  
I fear for the prince and the kingdom alike,  
And I weep for poor Leery who tried to save them all that night.

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