

Evil Big Sis

I don't know why we even bothered with her anyway. She was pants at being a servant. Absolutely pants. I could've done it better myself, though I wouldn't lower myself to do it. She always left my dresses all crumpled, and my underwear was never put back in my draw. She couldn't even cook right, our little Cinders.

Mother never noticed though, when she was being noncompliant and unruly. It was always 'Yes Mistress' and 'Of course, Mistress', 'I'll wipe your bottom for you mistress'.

She was so bitchy that, about a year ago now, when we were having a dance at our mansion, she left my knickers on the line so everyone saw when they came in the gate! I have never been so mortified and outraged in my life. I thought, 'She's going to get it now from mother!' but I was so wrong! Cinderella said, 'A bird stole them out of the basket. I'm so sorry. He must have left them there after I had chased him for the whole afternoon. I'm so sorry'. My backside you did.

Of all the things Cinders has done, the worst was most definitely, the Great Ball. It was when I was supposed to fall in love with the prince, and live 'happily ever after'. I went in my gorgeous Givenchy ball gown, looking absolutely stunning if I do say so myself. The dress was the softest pink imaginable and was covered all over in sparkling pink beading. It was off the shoulder with a sweetheart neckline and a huge, bouncy skirt. My sister's was the same but pale, pale blue.

Anyway, the ball was held at a gigantic, Tudor style house with fountains on the crystal clear lake. The night sky was clear and you could see the stars. It was so perfect. The perfect night for me to pronounce my love for the Prince Charming. Cinders was left at home, as she was only a servant. She couldn't do any harm, I thought, but I was wrong.

We left our house at around 6pm and we travelled in a luxurious, glittering horse and carriage with the whitest of white horses. When we arrived at the Tudor house where the ball was to be held, it was decorated with sparkling lights, and we stepped out onto a red carpet.

Inside was just as beautiful, with glass icicles hung everywhere and the sound of music and dancing. My sister and me headed straight for the dancefloor, where we found the Prince. We waltzed away for about an hour, constantly sending flirtatious looks over to him. At one point he

asked me to dance! I was overjoyed. When we danced, I felt the softness of his hands and the silkiness of his hair. His eyes, when they looked into mine, felt like never before, like I was down by the sea, with the sound of the waves crashing in at my feet, that smell of the salt, so potent you could taste it. Seagulls calling on a faraway cliff, and all the time my prince standing next to me.

Sigh. His eyes were so ravishing. After the dance we stood there for a few seconds, staring lovingly into each others eyes. It felt like he was looking deep into me, as far as my soul. Then our gaze was shattered, as his mother, Lady Charming, came to ask him if he would be introduced to someone or other. That was when she arrived.

In a great, pink ball gown, like mine but a brighter pink, and with her hair up in a tight bun on her head. That's how Cinderella entered the room. Of course everyone turned and looked, because she was so late. And no one arrives late to the Great Ball. I wish they'd have thrown her out, then I might be married to the prince right now, but alas, they let her in, with only curious looks from around her. Mother hadn't seen her. Yet.

After this, things went back to normal again, if only for about an hour. I went to get some canapés, as I was feeling rather peckish after the dance. I love canapés. Pure pleasure in little mouthfuls. Accompanied by a glass of champers, you can't get much better. Melting gently on your tongue.

I talked to a lot of people, and they all loved my dress. Looking around, I can tell why. This one woman was wearing black! To a ball! How hideous! Everyone else was in the normal boring, you know, same old shape, same old colour. I really did feel like a princess.

The greatest part of a ball, is the dancing. So, perfect, so, imaginative. Like a fairytale. Princesses swirling round in their large, pink, poofy dresses with frills and bows and sparkling sequins shining prominently out into the room. And the men, in tuxedos, with their little bows ties in different colours, and glinting black shoes just poking out under the poker-straight black trousers. All twirling and blending together. I could dance all night. Which is exactly what I did.

I have to admit, I must have danced with every single man there just because I love to waltz so much. But the one I desired the most, was Prince Charming. It was like a battle between me and my sister, who was going to get him. I knew it would be me. So I turned around to find him again for another dance, the one that would make him marry me, but to

my utter disbelief, CINDERELLA had got there before me. I was in total shock, and this was the last dance! How could I ever tell my love to him now! That was it.

I went and told mother, bawling in her arms. How could this all have gone so wrong? Mother was fuming, she strode over there with a Mother On A Mission expression on her face. The only thing was, Cinders had left and all who knew were astounded! The Count told me later, that on the stroke of midnight she had fled out the front door, with the prince running after her. They had run off together.

The hate started to swell up within my being, like a monstrous, ground-breaking storm that ripped up my insides. It's a feeling I'd never had before, it swallows up your whole being till there's nothing left and your going to explode, like your whole life you've believed something and lived by it only to be told in your 80's that it was all a joke and your life has been a total waste. Love swirled in this storm mixing with my fuming hate, love for the prince, hate for everything else that has gone wrong in the last five life-changing minutes.

In a whirl of fury and exasperation, I somehow found my feet and made a dash for the loo, amidst loud whispering and gossip. Everyone knew me and my sister had our eyes on the prince. My feet were pounding on the floorboards of the second floor, past bedrooms and a lounge. I had to keep going. After what seemed like forever and a day I made it to the rose, chintz decor of the ladies.

Sat in a cubicle, wallowing in my despair. I could hear women coming in, and see their tiny skinny little feet in Prada shoes standing by the sink through the gap under the door. They were chattering, listening to me wailing, and whispering. The whole place seemed to spin, one of them tried to talk to me. I couldn't get the words out. I can still remember the stench, of disinfectant, so powerful you could taste it on your tongue. The cubicle wall was rough, and red. It looked like carpet. Almost matching the actual carpet. I felt like I was going to be sick.

I don't know how long I stayed in there, but it must have been hours. Finally, when everybody had left, I crept out, and walked home through cow fields, along dusty roads, and through a forest. A total of 5 miles of countryside, totally destroying my Givenchy gown. Then I slept for days on end, only managing to come out in the end because of pure boredom and hunger.

Oh how I hate that little wretch. She practically ruined my entire life. I'm sat here now, in my 80's, knitting, and all because of her. Even if I had married him, I probably would still be knitting, as most 80 year olds end up amusing themselves by doing, but I would have the value of knowing that I had a great and loving husband who has cared for me my whole life. At the moment I feel like an old hag of a witch with no -one but my little grey tabby cat, Puss.