



CINDERELLA



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Once upon a time, in an old house in a beautiful city, there lived a young girl. Her mother had died and her father had married again, but his new wife and her two daughters were jealous of the girl's kindness and beauty.

They took away her fine clothes and gave her a patched dress and wooden shoes to wear. They treated her as a servant.

"Mend my dress!" yelled her stepmother.
"Clean up this mess!" shrieked her stepsisters.

Her father would not listen to her if she complained; instead he favoured his new wife.

The girl had to sleep by the kitchen fire, and soot and dust always clung to her, so her stepsisters called her Cinderella.

One day, there was such a commotion in the house.

Clippity clop! A horse rode through the gates.

Tarun-tarah! Trumpets sounded.

Bang bang bang! A messenger knocked on the door. He had brought an invitation for all the ladies of the household to go to the prince's grand ball.

"I shall marry the prince!" cried the first sister.

"You shall not!" yelled the second,
"One look at you and he'll wince!"

That night, Cinderella watched her cruel stepmother and haughty stepsisters leave the house, puffed up in silk dresses and glittering with jewels.

"I should like to go to the ball," she whispered to the scratching mice and spinning spiders.



And so you shall, my child!"
said a voice behind her.

Cinderella turned around and there stood
a small woman as bright as a star.

"I am your fairy godmother," she said.
"Cinderella, you will go to the ball!"

She sent Cinderella running to the
garden to fetch a pumpkin.

Swish! Whoosh! Wish!

With a sweep of her wand the
pumpkin was transformed into a
handsome coach.

Then she sent Cinderella to the
scullery for the mouse trap. Inside
were three dusty brown house mice.

Swish! Whoosh! Wish!

The mice became two champing,
stamping carriage horses and a coachman
in a coat with silver buttons.

Finally, the fairy godmother turned to
Cinderella and smiled, "And now for something
to wear!"

Swish! Whoosh! Wish!

Cinderella felt her patched dress
become rich silk and her wooden shoes
turn into light dancing slippers.

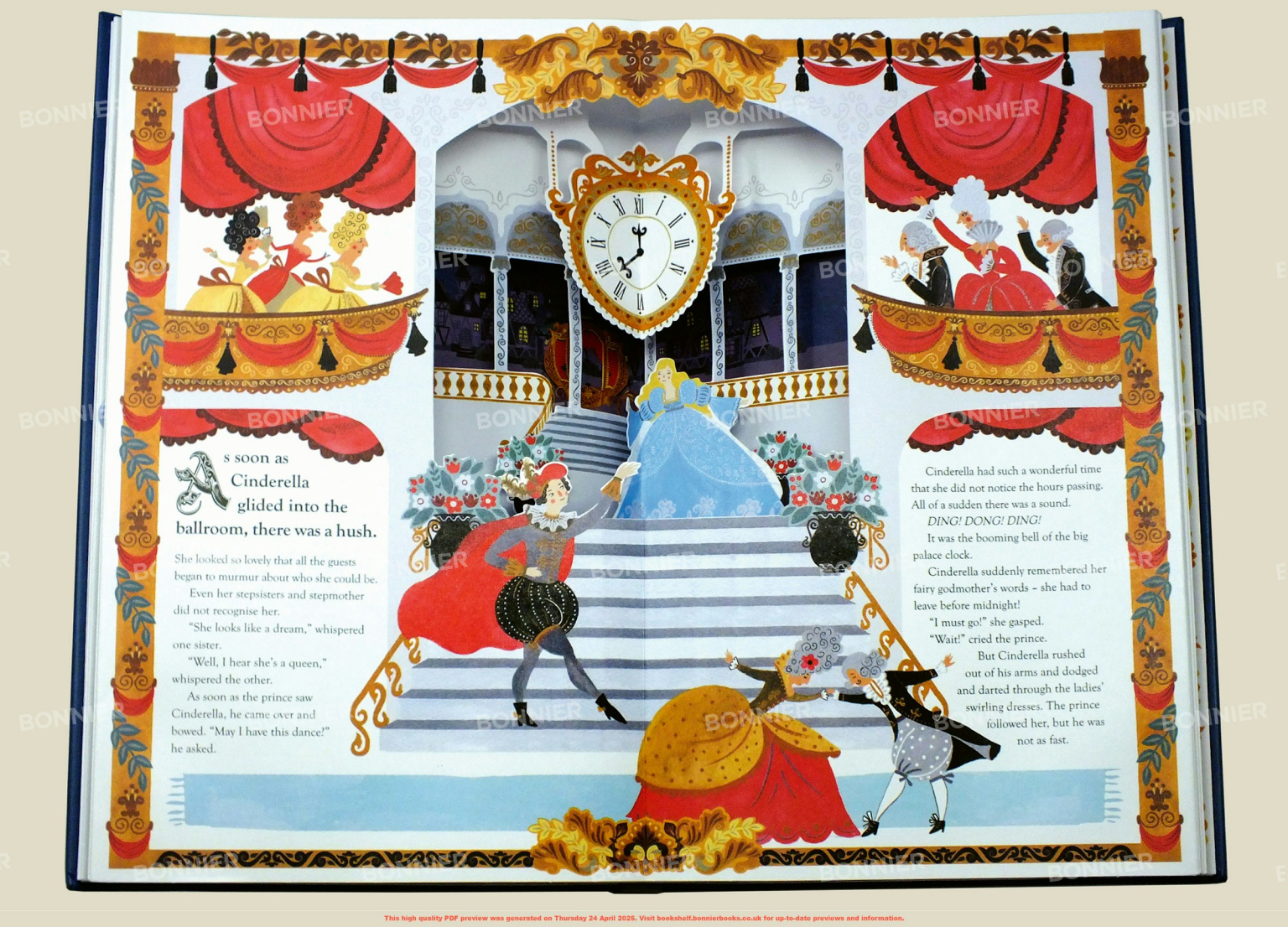
When the spell was finished, she was
dressed in a blue gown that glittered and
the slippers on her feet were made of fairy
glass and chimed when she walked.

"Oh, thank you, Fairy Godmother!"
cried Cinderella.

"Remember, my child," said the fairy,
"the magic will only last until the clock
strikes midnight."

And with that, the coachman rattled the
reins, and the coach whisked Cinderella
through the winding streets of the city and
up to the steps of the royal palace.





As soon as
Cinderella
glided into the
ballroom, there was a hush.

She looked so lovely that all the guests
began to murmur about who she could be.

Even her stepsisters and stepmother
did not recognise her.

"She looks like a dream," whispered
one sister.

"Well, I hear she's a queen,"
whispered the other.

As soon as the prince saw
Cinderella, he came over and
bowed. "May I have this dance?"
he asked.

Cinderella had such a wonderful time
that she did not notice the hours passing.

All of a sudden there was a sound.
DING! DONG! DING!

It was the booming bell of the big
palace clock.

Cinderella suddenly remembered her
fairy godmother's words - she had to
leave before midnight!

"I must go!" she gasped.

"Wait!" cried the prince.

But Cinderella rushed
out of his arms and dodged
and darted through the ladies'
swirling dresses. The prince
followed her, but he was
not as fast.

Cinderella ran along the long palace corridors, the prince close behind. "Please wait!" he called, "I don't know your name!"

Her heart hammered with fear that he should see her in her ugly dress and clumsy shoes, so she didn't look back, but raced as fast as she could past startled servants and gawping guests.

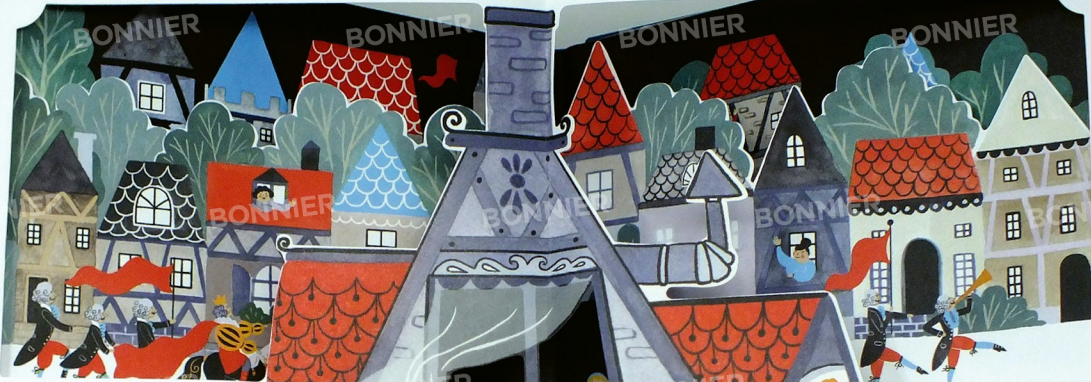
She had nearly reached the palace gates when the final stroke of midnight sounded.

DING! DONG! DING!
Startled by the noise, Cinderella stumbled and one of her glass slippers slid off her foot. There was no time to pick it up – she could feel her silk dress growing rough and thin. She ran even faster, past the guards, through the gardens, and away from the palace and the prince.

When she reached the place where she had left her coach, it had already turned back into a pumpkin, and the horses and coachman had become mice once more and scuttled away. Cinderella had to walk the long miles home.

By the palace gates, the prince picked up the tiny glass slipper and held it carefully. "The woman this shoe fits shall be my bride," he said.





As the sun rose, bustle and excitement spread all over the city.

There were whispers in every street and alley. "Have you heard the news?" muttered the stallholders at the market.

"The prince has chosen a bride but no one knows who she is!"

"Hear ye! Hear ye!"

The town crier started calling out and the people gathered round.

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Today, His Highness the Prince will visit all the houses in the city. The woman whose foot fits the glass slipper he bears will be asked to marry him!"

Many girls rushed home to put on their finest clothes and in Cinderella's house, there was great excitement.

"I shall fit the shoe!" said the first sister.

"I'll scream if you do!" shouted the second.


Cinderella washed her face and hands of ashes, and hoped that she would get a chance to try the slipper.

The prince and his attendants went from house to house, but although the young ladies of the kingdom tried and tried, the shoe did not fit one of them.

Cinderella's stepsisters were no different. They squeezed and scrunched their feet until they bled, but the glass slipper was just too small.

Just as the prince was leaving, Cinderella came out of the kitchen and said, in a calm, steady voice, "I should like to try."

Her stepsisters hooted with laughter, but the prince knelt down and held out the little shoe. Cinderella placed her foot inside and it fit perfectly.



The prince clasped
Cinderella's hands
and smiled at her.
"You are the girl I met at
the ball! Would you do me the
honour of becoming my wife?"

Cinderella smiled back. "Yes, I will."

All at once there was a whirl of magic and
Cinderella's fairy godmother
appeared. She waved her wand.

Swish! Whoosh! Wish!

A magnificent carriage appeared.

Swish! Whoosh! Wish!

The house cats became proud white horses.

Swish! Whoosh! Wish!

Cinderella was dressed in the most
magnificent wedding dress ever seen in
the kingdom.


And at the palace, in the ballroom where
they had danced the night away, Cinderella
and the prince were married.

"I always knew she'd be a princess," said
Cinderella's stepmother.

"She was the sister I loved best!" wept the
stepsisters.

And even though they had been cruel to
her, Cinderella was kind to her stepsisters who
both married great noblemen.

Cinderella and the prince eventually became
king and queen. They were kind and just rulers,
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