

# CINDERELLA

## THE SEQUEL

Cinderella is now 95 years old. After a fulfilling life with the now dead prince, she happily sits upon her rocking chair, watching the world go by from her front porch, with only a cat named Bob for companionship. Then...



One sunny afternoon, out of nowhere, appeared the fairy godmother.

Cinderella said, "Fairy Godmother, what are you doing here after all these years"?

The fairy godmother replied, "Cinderella, you have lived an exemplary life since I last saw you. Is there anything for which your heart still yearns?"

Cinderella was taken aback, overjoyed, and after some thoughtful consideration, she uttered her first wish:

"The prince was wonderful, but not much of an investor. I'm living hand to mouth on my disability cheques, and I wish I were wealthy beyond comprehension.

Instantly her rocking chair turned to solid gold. Cinderella said, "Ooh, thank you, Fairy Godmother"

The fairy godmother replied, "It is the least that I can do. What do you want for your second wish?"

Cinderella looked down at her frail body, and said, "I wish I was young and full of the beauty and youth I once had."

At once, her wish became reality, and as her beautiful young visage returned Cinderella felt stirrings inside herself that had been dormant for many years. Then the fairy godmother spoke once more: "You have one more wish; what shall it be?"

Cinderella looked over to the frightened cat in the corner and said, "I wish you to transform Bob, my old cat, into a kind and handsome young man."

Magically, Bob suddenly underwent so fundamental a change in his biological make-up that, when he stood before her, he was a man so beautiful that the likes of him neither she nor the world had ever seen.

The fairy godmother said, "Congratulations Cinder-

ella, enjoy your new life."

With a blazing shock of bright blue electricity, the fairy godmother was gone as suddenly as she appeared. For a few eerie moments, Bob and Cinderella looked into each other's eyes. Cinderella sat, breathless, her breast rising and falling. Bob walked over to Cinderella and held her close in his young, muscular arms. He leaned in even more closely, blowing her golden hair with his warm breath as he whispered...

"I bet you're sorry now that you gave me the snip!"