

# A Fractured Fairy Tale

## a short story

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I am the Evil Queen of Snow White. You all believe that I am some vain, EVIL, queen who wants to kill some innocent little princess, but that in itself is a misconception. Snow White is my sister.

Surprised? Bet you are. This has NOTHING to do with the fairy tale “Snow White and the seven dwarfs” from the Brothers Grimm. This is not a work of fantasy. This is the TRUE story.

You will now be entering the zone of the TRUE story. (Enter if you dare) (Satisfaction not guaranteed) (Not responsible for anger, sadness, loss of brain cells or the early onset of Parkinson’s disease.)

This part of the very long tedious story takes place in the castle. Being the first child, I was obviously to be queen after mum died. And my little brat of a sister became the princess. I was still legally a princess, but I was now the acting queen of my father’s estates. Being the youngest, the “daintiest”, and the “prettiest”, of course my sister, got all the attention. I mean ALL. Nobody cared about the twelve year old queen who had to look after all the taxes and finances while the king partied, nobody cared about the poor, young queen who had been burdened with the sad job of managing taxes. My sissie, sweet and kind, catering to the guest’s pleasure, revered as the most beautiful princess of all, was worshiped by hoards of suitors while I toiled under the pressure of the seemingly endless taxes upstairs in my tower. Talk about ungratefulness! There would be no castle if it were not for me! I could not stand it any longer. I wanted REVENGE. And thus, the story starts here.

I carefully bid my time, waiting until all the taxes were paid, the mortgage sorted out, and started to sketch my evil plan. Muahahahahaha... waiting until midnight every night to jot down a couple of ideas. My first scheme was to make Snowy look bad. Surprisingly, it worked. I called her into the tower and offered her a cup of hot chocolate at the same time His Majesty the King (dad) was scheduled for an appointment. You can imagine his fury when he discovered his most beautiful goodie-two-shoes daughter stealing his last cup of hot chocolate. He sentenced her to a week of chores. So Phase I of my evil plan was complete.

I was satisfied with this until I noticed that Snowy was spreading rumours about me. (!!!!) She is spreading rumours about me!! Argh!!!! Ungrateful little brat. I’ll make you see. I’ll show you who is in charge here. And Phase II of my evil plan started here. Well, I’m pretty sure that you know what happens here. I try to kill her, she runs into forest.... But I was only trying to scare her. I hired a local peasant to chase her around a bit when she was picking flowers. He overdid it a bit. He threatened to kill her with a plastic knife, but then as soon as Snowy turned on her super-cuteness puppy face; he dropped to his knees and begged for forgiveness. And Snowy did the typical princess thing. She turned around and ran as fast as she could away from that ugly toad of a peasant. I was delighted that my little sister was gone from the castle, even if the peasant splotched the job a bit. I rewarded him generously, and went back to my own business.

Two weeks later, the messenger from the next kingdom arrives at the castle with a blissful look on his face, saying that he had met the most beautiful little princess along the way. And that that beautiful little princess had a letter for me. I froze. Could this be— I whipped myself around, black robes and all and asked him if this princess had pale skin, red lips, dark hair and the cutest puppy-dog face ever. And do you know what he said?

“Yes ma’am, the most beautiful princess with ivory skin, hair of ebony, and blood red lips. I have to say, she looks remarkably like you.”

ARGH!!!! My little sissie was still around here!! But he was right about one thing. I looked remarkably like my sister, and I could do a puppy-dog face almost as good. So I asked him, “Where did you meet this princess?” His eyes narrowed.

“Why would you want to know that? You wouldn’t be planning to—” I cut him off. Where was he getting those ideas?

“Oh, nothing. She is a friend of mine, and I wanted to pay her a visit.” I favoured him with a smile.

“There is a house in the middle of the forest. She lives there with seven dwarves, each one shorter than the next. Take care when you visit. There are lots of unexpected pets lying around the house.” He winced and rubbed his hindquarters.

That was all I needed to know. I thanked him, grabbed my letter, and swept up to my tower. Note: I do not have an underground dungeon for a lab. I use a clean and airy tower for my drawing room. It is there that I devise my evil plans. I slammed the door, wondering how in the world she could have found the dwarves. I was rather hoping that she was living in a cave and scavenging for scraps like a hobo. I looked at the letter in my hand. It was crumpled from being scrunched up in my hand for so long. Gritting my teeth, I opened it.

Dear sister,

How are you? I am well, living in a cottage with seven SWEET dwarves. Living in here is much better than living in the castle, although I miss the bubble baths dearly. Would you be so kind as to send a couple of bath pearls along? The pretty pink shiny ones that smell like roses? Please? Don’t forget to wrap it in some of my favorite pink wrapping paper and the silver ribbon. The messenger will know where to find me. Some rose perfume will be wonderful too.

Many thanks,

Snow White

She was happy. I suppose I should feel happy about that too. But I am a proud person with a proud spirit. I do NOT like to be ordered around and asked to bring some toiletries for my sissy. Hmm... it would be fun just to annoy her again, wouldn’t it...? I consulted her letters again. She wanted bath pearls and perfume. I could easily provide them, plus some extra things... I immediately picked up my pen and wrote a quick letter back.

Snowy:

I would be delighted to send those things over. However, I will not send the messenger, for I will be coming personally. Hope you won’t mind if I send an extra bag of lavender scented pearls.

All the best:

Your loving and kind sister

And I sent the letter by messenger.

I sent for the bath pearls from the next kingdom, and scoured the catalogs for her pink wrapping paper and silver ribbon (which I later found in her closet). I wanted this to be perfect. And for the perfume, I had a special plan for it. I had an old, crystal perfume bottle that I had recently upgraded with one of those new-fangled pump sprays. I was planning to fill this with “perfume.” Down at the infirmary, they had some anesthetics. One of them was known as “laughing gas” because when it was used in small amounts, it will cause the patient to start laughing uncontrollably. (When laughing gas is administered in large amounts, it will cause you to faint, making it useful in surgery). Naturally, I filled the bottle with this (and some rose perfume so it wouldn’t smell suspicious).

As soon as all the supplies were assembled, I set off into the forest, leaving the king to mind his own financial business.

The trip was surprisingly short, a mere ten minutes of running into trees and bushes and trying to stay on the path. Looks like Snowy only ran far enough to lose the peasant. The door was opened by no other than my little sissie. Snowy, being the ultimately polite princess, invited me in for a cup of tea. I unpacked my things for her, and watched as she gushed over the bath pearls, how nicely they were wrapped, blah, blah, blah, until she noticed the little crystal vial containing her “perfume.” It was morning, and the sunlight fell on it just right, illumination the glass until it glowed. It was something straight out of a dream for a princess. Snowy, transfixed by the beautiful crystal vial, stared at it, and asked, “Is that for me?”

“Of course it is for you, silly girl.” I was delighted that this aspect of the plan was working so well. “Go on, take it.” She took it with adoring hands, caressing it with gentle hands. Get on with it. I thought. Hurry up and try it on.

“This is the most beautiful perfume I have seen. Is it from Yves Rocher?” Obstinate girl. Does she ever think?

“It is some special perfume ordered from the next kingdom. Try it on!” And try it on she did. She pulled off the cap, and sprayed at herself (in the face). The effect was immediate. Snowy became very childish and giggly. I smiled. This was going exactly as planned.

“Ooooh, sissie, it smells so good!” Snowy was stumbling girlishly around the house. And she proceeded to spray it at herself, over and over again. “This is soo much fun...” her eyelids fluttered, and she dropped to the floor in a dead faint. Ooops. I guess I over did the laughing gas a bit.

Whatever. I had accomplished my evil plan. This prank was definitely going to make headlines. Snowy would be embarrassed beyond words. Muahahahahahaha... Drunken on my success, I accidentally stumbled off the path on the cliff, and fell off the ridge.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!!!!!! Wait. Let’s rewind a bit. What would you do if you fell off a cliff?

- A) Scream
- B) Scream your lungs out
- C) All of above.

So I fell screaming into the dark abyss. I will spare you the grotesque explanation of what happened at the bottom of the cliff.

Eventually, I found out that Snow White had been resuscitated by the messenger (who turned out to be the prince of the neighboring kingdom). Imagine my fury. After all that hard work

of evil scheming, Prince Charming comes and rescues my victim. And when they were setting off in that golden carriage, I was trying to find a way to bandage my broken ankle. When they were getting married, I was fashioning a splint so I could hobble around my campsite a little easier. Eventually, Snow White and her “prince” find me at the bottom of the Grand Canyon with a crutch. On their honeymoon. They decide to be nice to me, send me to the hospital, take me to their castle, save me from the king’s financial distress, and made me sign a peace treaty. I’ve kept my side of the bargain nicely...

Until now.

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