

## Fairy Tale My Ass: An Autobiography

**O**nce upon a time, in a place far far far away, a bunch of people got together and tried to write a biography on Snow White. Emphasis on *tried*. Because let me tell you, they pretty much sucked at it. Almost every single sentence they wrote had *something* wrong with it. I mean, sure, they got some things right. But I think that had more to do with probability than the talent of these “writers.”

Snow White managed to deal with it for a while. I mean, she was famous. She knew from reading *People* and watching E! that what was written about celebrities – be it in a magazine or a book or whatever – wasn’t always truthful. But much time passed and eventually she just couldn’t stand it anymore. She was just that pissed. So she decided to do something about it.

That she is me. And that something is this TRUE story. None of that freakin’ fragile female crap you kids have been eating up since forever. Maybe you’ll like the fictional version better. Whatever. That’s your prerogative. But you’re going to sit down and shut up and let me tell my side of things because your ignorance is showing, and it’s pathetic.

So...I guess I’ll start my story where pretty much all those unauthorized biographies start: with me cleaning the castle. Yes, that much is true. I did a lot of castle-cleaning. I scrubbed the floors, dusted the furniture, cleaned the dishes...all of that. But let’s get one thing straight, okay? I was a maid. It was my *job* to do all of that. I got paid for it. Maybe not very well, but I was paid nonetheless. My point is that I wasn’t some sort of slave. If the Queen was all “Snow White, get your lazy ass up and massage my feet,” I would have willingly become unemployed in a heartbeat. I’m not exactly the kind of girl to put up with that crap. I mean, chores are one thing. Unpaid slavery is another thing entirely.

And never would I have worn that piece of crap they depict me in. Dignity existed even way back then. If the Queen had told me to put it on, I probably would have collapsed in laughter because the idea of that actually happening would have been unequivocally hilarious. I mean, yes. She’s the queen. And as the queen, she knows not to tick off the servants, because they know all and see all. Besides, if any of the royals from the neighboring kingdoms had come and saw me wearing that, they would have thought that the Queen couldn’t even afford to clothe her servants properly, which is something that any royal would want to avoid. So it’s a moot point anyways.

So, I’m cleaning the steps to the castle in relatively nice clothes. And yes, I was singing to myself. I do it quite often, if I’m being truthful. But...I don’t usually sing to animals. That’s just weird. Especially if those animals are birds. Because I totally think birds are evil and will peck your eyes out the very second you finally let your guard down. Either that or they’ll eat your toes. I guess it might depend on what they’re in the mood for or something. Also, I’d gotten over the whole echo phenomenon by the age of, like, two. I can’t imagine me standing there singing into a well, enjoying the sound of my own voice.

But I digress.

Like I was saying, I was cleaning and singing when all of a sudden this dude comes up from behind me and starts to join in. You know this guy to be Prince Charming, but he wasn't Prince Charming so much as he was Prince Creeper. I mean, come on. This guy was riding along when he heard someone singing, so he stopped to creep up behind them and randomly join in? First of all, the song was not a duet. Okay? Second, why would someone do that even if it *were* a duet? I mean, if you know the person who's singing, that's fine. But we were complete strangers before he decided to just jump in there. Personally, I wish it had stayed strangers.

Anyways, I quickly chased PC away (good riddance) and then went for a walk.

Before I go on, I should probably tell you something about the Queen: she's butt ugly. I'm not even saying that because she's an evil bitch. I mean, she's ugly on the inside, too, don't get me wrong. Nothing, however, could be as ugly as her outside.

Now, this hideousness wasn't something that randomly happened years and years after her birth. The Queen has always been ugly. I don't know if she had some drunk fairy godmother or what, but that's the truth. Of course, the Queen's parents were pretty upset about this. They actually ignored her from that point on. People have often speculated that the lack of love shown to the Queen by her parents is why she turned so evil.

I don't know if that's true, but I DO know that all reflective surfaces were hidden from her. And not long after her birth, the Queen's parents sent her away to live with this witch. And there she existed, wholly ignorant of her ugliness. When she wasn't learning the darkest of the black arts, she spent her time constantly searching for approval from her parents, only to be shot down at each and every turn.

Fast forward however many years. I'm walking outside when the Queen gets a package. As you might suspect, mail service sucked back then. Not only would it take forever to get your mail, but screw ups happened and they happened often. Lucky for me, this screw up involved a mirror. Yes, that's right. The package – which was supposed to go to a one Cinderella – ended up in the hands of the Queen. She opened it, saw what she actually looked like, and promptly lost her shit. The Queen's sanity had left the building. I don't know where she got it into her head that she was beautiful – maybe the witch and some servants did it to make her happy – but finding out she was hideous just wasn't something she could handle. She went completely bonkers. It'd be bad enough if a queen went crazy. But a queen/witch going off the deep end? I don't really know if there's anything worse.

Actually, scratch that. I do know something worse. It would be worse if the crazy queen/witch targeted you. Which is exactly what happened. For some reason, the crazy queen fixated on me. Don't ask me how I got so lucky, because I really don't know. It's not like I was so drop dead gorgeous anyways. I mean, I'm not ugly or anything, but I'm certainly not Gal Gadot. You'd think the Queen would have gone after the most beautiful girl in the land. But I don't know. Maybe Sleeping Beauty was still dozing off or something.

So I'm taking a walk through the forest, enjoying the beautiful day, when I hear some noise behind me. I turn around to find Humbert — he's the huntsman — coming up the path.

Speaking honestly, I never really liked Humbert. I guess having a shitty name made him a shitty person, because he was always being all lecherous with the maids and tormenting anybody who looked remotely weak. Pretty much he was always just an abominable, odious, revolting, repugnant bully.

Feeling this way, I naturally wasn't all that excited to have him interrupt my me-time. But I decided the best thing to do would be to find out what he wanted, for the sooner he got it, the sooner he'd get gone.

You, of course, know that the Queen asked Humbert to kill me, cut out my heart, and bring it back to her. You think you know that he came up behind me to do exactly that while I was chatting with a bird, only to have his conscious get the best of him. Well, you're wrong. But what else is new?

I stood on the path, waiting for Humbert to catch up, completely unaware of what was going on. When he finally reached me, he looked a little different. His eyes were a little wild and he had this weird grin-ish thing on his face. It kinda made me wonder a bit, but like I said, I was clueless. I just figured he'd delved a little bit too deeply into a bottle o' rum or something. Not really that unusual.

"Has the Queen asked for me?" I asked Humbert when he came within talking distance.

"In a sense," Humbert replied, that creepy look still on his face.

"What does she want?" I asked, caution cloaking my words. Though I hadn't consciously realized that something was wrong, my subconscious was apparently working overtime, because my Spidey Sense was definitely tingling.

"Your heart," Humbert stated simply as he unsheathed his dagger, raised it high in the air, and brought it down smoothly.

At least until I stopped him. Don't ask me how I did it, because I honestly don't know. That part of my story happened so fast, it's all a blur still to this day. One second I see this dagger coming right at me, and the next second Humbert is crumbled in an incapacitated heap of jerk. Grumpy thinks I must have been a ninja in another life. Probably he's right.

So I'm in the middle of the woods and more or less freaking out. I don't know why what just happened, happened, but I'm smart enough to figure out that the Queen wants me dead. There was just no other reason Humbert would leave the pub at this time of the day — the Queen had to have given him an order.

That made my next plan of attack a little difficult. If the Queen wanted me dead, and the Queen ruled the kingdom, was anywhere really safe for me? The next obvious choice would be to sneakily leave the kingdom and seek sanctuary elsewhere. In order to do that, however, I would

need stuff like clothes, food, money, etc. None of which I happened to have. I did manage to hold on to this really nice basket I'd been using to collect wildflowers during my walk, but I didn't really see how that was going to help me much. Unless I sold the flowers. But they were looking kind of wilted by then.

I then eyed the forest, which was steadily getting darker and darker as the night crawled closer and closer. It seemed to be my only option. I couldn't seek civilization, at least not at the moment. I could, however, wait in the forest, concealed by its enchantments until any search party the Queen might send gave up and presumed me dead.

I only hoped they would think me dead soon. Because the hiding in the forest option sounded kind of cold. And hungry. And bug-y.

As you are no doubt aware, I didn't really have to worry about any of that stuff. I walked in the creepy forest for a couple hours (notice I said that "I walked" as opposed to "I freaked out and ran from trees that looked like they had faces and were trying to eat me but were really just friendly forest animals who only wished to frolic to-and-fro").

Before long, I happened upon a small cottage in a small little meadow. And yes, this house belonged to some guys who, yes, are fun-sized. But they're called Little People, people. Not dwarves. Get it right.

Also, I would just like to mention here how against trespassing I am. Just because a person's wanted dead by a queen for no reason doesn't mean that person can enter any random house they choose, even if that house is a little messy. Because it was clearly messy in a lived-in kind of way, as opposed to an abandoned house kind of way. And cleaning up said house and cooking a meal for its owners does not make it all right. At all. If a person wishes to maybe stay in such a house, the polite thing to do would be to wait outside until the occupants return and then get permission from them. Then and only then can one start the cooking and cleaning frenzy.

Which is exactly what I did. I explained to them that I was a fugitive and that my wanted poster would probably be missing the "or alive" part and would instead announce that I was only wanted dead. I assured them that I couldn't believe the Queen would ever think to look for me here, but that I'd leave ASAP if she did. I then informed them that I'd been working as a maid for quite some time and had thus become quite accomplished with both a broom and ladle. Grumpy was a little uncertain at first, but the rest of the Little People and I tagged teamed him and wore him down soon enough.

A few weeks passed pretty much uneventfully. My life at the cottage didn't really differ from the one I'd lived at the castle. I still cooked; I still cleaned. Only, I gotta say, it was a nice change to have my hard work actually appreciated for once.

I got to be pretty fond of the Little People, and we became good friends, so much so that we still hang out from time to time, though I moved from their cottage ages ago. I decided to forgo the second part of my plan — the part where I leave the forest and go to live in another kingdom — for a little bit. It turns out that might have been a mistake.

See, while I was at the cottage taking care of the LP, the Queen was pretty busy herself. She spent most of the time of most of her days casting spell after spell in an attempt to find me.

Weeks passed, and she still never gave up. With such determination, it's no wonder that she eventually found a spell dark enough to overpower the protection of the enchanted forest.

All this, of course, is stuff that I heard from reliable sources afterwards. While this was actually happening, I had no idea that the Queen was still searching for me, though by that time the LP had heard why I was being hunted down in the first place. Still, I figured my death was probably some whim of hers, and as long as I stayed out of her sight, I would stay out of her mind.

No such luck. Naturally.

Once the Queen discovered my location, she went to work on inventing a way to kill me. Being a Queen, she didn't want to get her fine gown all soaked in my blood, so she came up with a rather mess-free way to deal with me: Ye Olde Poison Apple. It was a classic even way back then. And of course, you can't have the apple without the hag, so with a few quick Latin phrases, the ugly Queen turned into a less ugly hag. Voila.

A day passed, and I was in the kitchen of the cottage, making some pie for the Little People (Alone. No animals assisted me during this process – especially not birds. I believe we've already discussed how I feel about them. And even if I weren't scared of them, I wouldn't have had them help me. Who knows where those feet have been?). I looked up at the window, and out of nowhere there was this old woman there, smiling in the creepiest way you can possibly imagine. She held out this bright red apple and gave me some spiel about how a bite will make every wish come true, yadda, yadda, yadda.

Let's pause for a moment and think about what happens in the version of my story that you all are familiar with. After the hag's infomercial on how revolutionary and hip her apple is, Snow White goes "Sure. Wishes are awesome," and takes a big ol' bite of that apple and sur-freakin-prise, she falls into some magical coma. Uh...idiotic much?

But let's say I had a freak encounter with a mad scientist who surgically removed the parts of my brain responsible for logical thought. Even then, I *still* wouldn't have taken a bite of an apple that so clearly screams "I'm poisonous!" I'm not saying I'm a genius or anything, but come on!

Needless to say, I refused her offer. She insisted, and by the time she finished her second attempt to persuade me, I'd managed to come up with something resembling a plan.

I pretended to accept her offer, but said that I had a condition: I would try the apple only if she tried my pie in return. She agreed, and I told her to go to the front door and I'd let her in.

While the Queen headed that way, I quickly ran through the back door to put some distance between us.

Okay, okay. I know you probably think I'm a coward or something. I'm really not, though. I'm just really good at math, and I could see that two plus two equaled me getting my ass kicked if I stayed. I mean, think about it. She is a super powerful witch who was able to thwart the good magic of the enchanted forest. What hope did a maid with absolutely no magical power have against that? So instead, I ran towards the direction of the mines so that I could warn my friends of what awaited them at home.

This next part here is totally guesswork. I have absolutely no evidence to base the following on. But because I know the personalities of the two people involved here, I think my guess is a very accurate one.

Back at the cottage, the Queen didn't hang out at the front door for very long before she realized she'd been duped. Needless to say, she was kinda pissed about it. She went through all this work to find me and then make this apple to kill me, and I figure out her —"master plan" and run away. It's my belief that the Queen then proceeded to throw a hissy fit of epic proportions.

It is as this fit of rage is going on that Prince Creeper happens across the cottage and the angry Queen. Completely oblivious as he is, I suspect PC worried about the old woman and asked what was wrong. I don't know if the Queen was desperate to kill somebody — anybody — at that point, or if she just unthinkingly said something about being upset that I didn't eat the apple, but whatever she said made Prince Creeper take a bite out of the poisoned apple and go into a coma.

Flash to me telling the Little People what's up, and suddenly this huge storm appears out of nowhere. My friends and I could pretty much tell that that was a bad sign. We glanced at each other quickly and then headed back to the cottage, where we saw the Queen cackling manically.

If I couldn't have guessed before that the Queen had gone over the edge, this sight would have clarified that in about two seconds flat. I knew I couldn't let this freak of nature roam around free.

"Mirror, mirror on the wall, can you guess who's the ugliest one of all?" I taunted as I stepped away from the Little People and started to walk up the mountain path.

My plan worked — the crazed queen couldn't control herself long enough to think that perhaps she was running right into a trap, so she followed me up the mountain as fast as she could.

Getting to this one ledge of the mountain took some effort, but I suspect that has less to do with my hiking skills and more to do with the spells that the Queen threw my way every so often. Thankfully, her aim was extremely poor and she mostly just damaged the mountain itself. Eventually, though, I reached the ledge I'd had in mind.

When that happened, I did my best to look like it was an accident; like I was trapped with no place to go. I scanned my surroundings frantically in an effort to locate some other route of escape. Meanwhile, the Queen got closer and closer and closer and...

...Fell off a cliff. And died.

Yeah, I know: anticlimactic, right? But they say that the simplest solutions are often the best ones. Or something to that effect.

When I reached the cottage once again, it was to see the Little People standing awkwardly around Prince Creeper. It was obvious that they really didn't know what to do with this half-dead person. I didn't blame them. We were in an enchanted forest, however, and when you're in one of those, you never know who might pop out of the woodwork to help you. That's why I really shouldn't have been at all surprised when a fairy godmother floated gently down beside us.

"Fairy Godmother!" I exclaimed. "You appeared just when we needed you. Do you think you might be able to reverse the Queen's evil magic? I really don't think my friends want a lawn decoration. Especially one like this."

The Fairy Godmother smiled at me in a way that made me think I missed the punch line of a really funny joke. "Why Snow White, *you* are the one who holds the key to freeing the Prince!"

I looked at her like she'd grown a second head. "What do you mean?" I asked.

"The key to breaking the dark enchantment is simple. All you need to do is kiss the Prince, and he'll awaken once more."

Since *that* plan was crap, I thanked the Fairy Godmother for her help and instead sent a letter to the Prince's kingdom saying that we had their comatose Prince and we didn't know what to do with him. They came by a week or so later and took him away. From what I heard, they put him in this glass coffin thing and occasionally a princess will come by and attempt to kiss some life back into him. He's there, even now, waiting for me. But you know, I just don't go around kissing random guys. Especially ones as weird as he was.

Well, that's it, then. That's my story. The true tale of Snow White and the Seven Little People. I don't know if it lived up to any expectations you might have had, or if you were royally disappointed. Honestly, I couldn't possibly care less. Mostly I'm just happy that at least some people know how things really went down and that I'm not some sort of ditzzy princess who needs a Creeper to rescue her from the spell of a crazy lady. Because I don't. I happen to have a brain and self-respect and lots of other stuff you wouldn't ever guess I possessed if you'd only seen or read those unauthorized biographies.

Oh. And – to stay in the spirit of things – I guess I should probably tell you that I lived

*Happily Ever After.*  
(Just not with Prince Creeper.)