

Once upon a time there lived a beautiful young maiden named Cinderella who lived with her wicked stepmother on the second floor of a very exclusive boarding house on the lower east side of a quaint little village. Cinderella was a sweet little girl who tried very hard to please, but unfortunately, she had developed over the years (possibly from her no-good, incompetent parents) some rather strange ideas. She actually held the opinion that she, herself, had the right to decide where she went, who she saw, etc. (ridiculous). You can imagine how much grief she gave to her poor, hard-working Wicked Stepmother.

W.S. tried everything she could to keep Cinderella in line (such as tapping her phone, locking her in her room after midnight and hiring private detectives) but Cindy-baby had other ideas. Nothing W.S. attempt-

ed was going to put a dent in her actions. Cinderella soon became adept at finding bugs, picking locks, etc. She even went in for a little petty thievery on the side. (she had a couple of rather strange habits to finance.)

One day as W.S. was busily changing the locks on Cindy's door (she had to do this often as Cindy was becoming quite an expert key-maker), she happened to glance out the hall window and noticed Cinderella in the middle of a fast getaway in the village taxi. "Oh my Gosh," she thought. "Now where is she off to?" On becoming conscious, she noticed a small envelope lying beside the door. "Damn," she thought as she rubbed her head (she never could make it down that banister). "What's this?" She quickly tore open the envelope.

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