

Size does matter

'It doesn't fit, madam', he tried to maintain calm, but it had been a trying day.

'It does, it does', she insisted, 'try again'.

The page sighed and pushed and shoved but there was just no way it this was going to fit that foot. He had known that from the moment she walked, or should he say galumped, into the room. Sounded more like a baby elephant than a fairytale princess.

Although he was devoted to the prince this was not a task he had relished. His lord thought he was in love after dancing with its owner at the ball last night, but as the clock struck midnight she removed herself from the prince's arms and fled the palace. Find her he instructed the servants and with them they searched the palace high and low. They discovered rooms nobody knew existed and treasures long lost to memory, but no fleeing girl. On their way back to the ballroom the prince had seen a glass slipper, and convinced it belonged to this elusive female had instructed his personal page to go through the town and only to return when he had found the girl whose foot would fit the shoe. He hadn't realised how many women lived in the town and how desperate many of them were to marry the prince, and what a task he had presented his page. Just imagine they said as they attempted to slip their foot into the slipper, I will be your Queen one day, only to discover it was never going to happen, as no matter how hard they tried, even with a shoehorn their foot refused to slip into the tiny shoe the page held. It had been a long day. At one point he thought he had completed his task as a not unattractive young girl said 'look my foot fits'. Then he noticed, because the shoe was glass, that she had stuffed it with paper as her foot was way too small. He knew the Prince would turn him out if he went back with her.

Now here he was at the last house and these two sisters insisted the slipper belonged to them. 'It's no good, your feet too big, it just doesn't fit', one said to the other. There's too much feet he muttered too himself in agreement.

'Get out of the way sister, let me try. Imagine when I slip my foot into this slipper I shall become a princess', Anastasia sighed

'From where I sit your feet's too big', snarked back her sister Drizella while their mother fluttered around shrieking and crying.

Another failure. 'Is there anyone else in the house', he asked this trio who were intent on outdoing each other with their fits of the vapours. 'No there isn't' hiccuped Anastasis through her tears.

Just then a lithe blond figure came into the room.

'Well who is this then', he queried

'Oh she's nobody' they all replied in chorus

'I'm their half sister Cinderella and I'm here to clear the dishes' she said as she went about her work.

'Let me see if your foot fits', he asked her and despite the shrieks and recriminations emanating from the other women, Cinderella reluctantly tried on the slipper, and like all good fairy tales the shoe fitted her foot and she and the Prince were married and lived happily ever after.