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**Revolting Rhymes** 

# **CINDERELLA**

Iguess you think you know this story.

You don't. The real one's much more gory.

The phoney one, the one you know,

Was cooked up years and years ago,

And made to sound all soft and sappy

Just to keep the children happy.

Mind you, they got the first bit right,

The bit where, in the dead of night,

The Ugly Sisters, jewels and all,

Departed for the Palace Ball,

While darling little Cinderella

Was locked up in a slimy cellar,

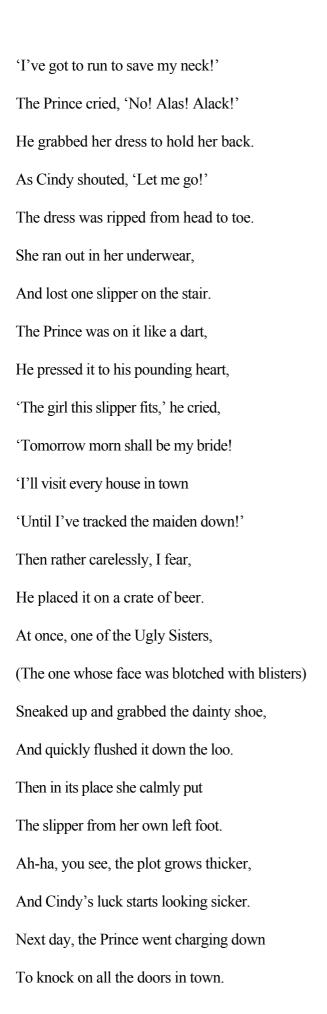
Where rats who wanted things to eat,

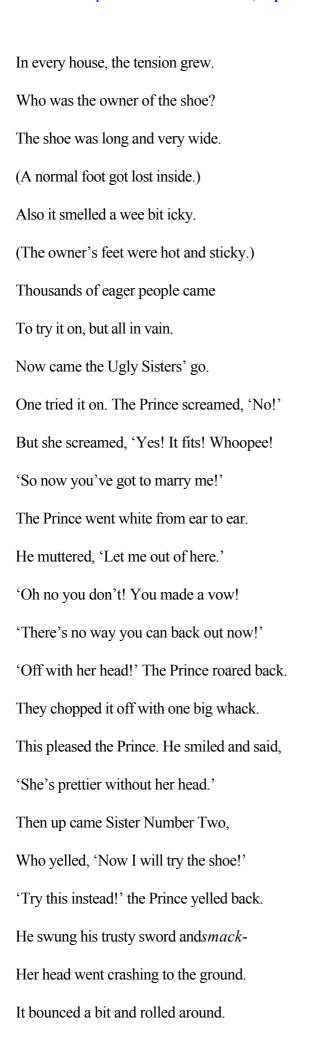
Began to nibble at her feet.

She bellowed 'Help!' and 'Let me out!'

The Magic Fairy heard her shout. Appearing in a blaze of light, She said, 'My dear, are you all right?' 'All right?' cried Cindy. 'Can't you see 'I feel as rotten as can be!' She beat her fist against the wall, And shouted, 'Get me to the Ball! 'There is a Disco at the Palace! 'The rest have gone and I am jalous! 'I want a dress! I want a coach! 'And earrings and a diamond brooch! 'And silver slippers, two of those! 'And lovely nylon panty-hose! 'Done up like that I'll guarantee 'The handsome Prince will fall for me!' The Fairy said, 'Hang on a tick.' She gave her wand a mighty flick And quickly, in no time at all, Cindy was at the Palace Ball! It made the Ugly Sisters wince To see her dancing with the Prince. She held him very tight and pressed herself against his manly chest. The Prince himself was turned to pulp, Allhe could do was gasp and gulp.

Then midnight struck. She shouted, 'Heck!



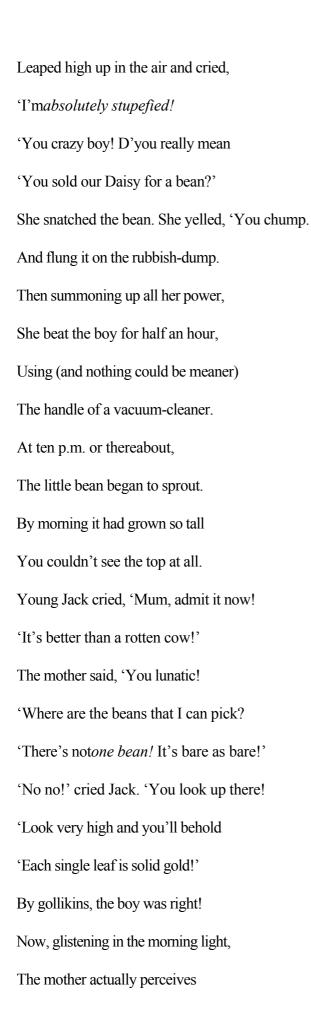


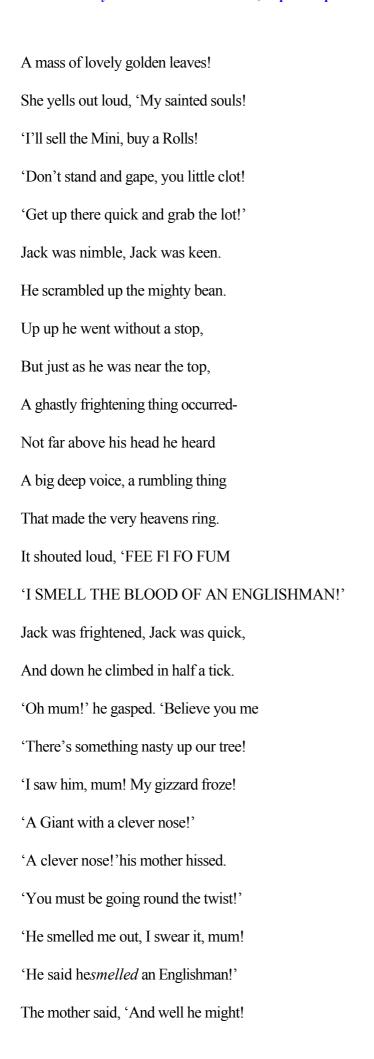
In the kitchen, peeling spuds, Cinderella heard the thuds Of bouncing heads upon the floor, And poked her own head round the door. 'What's all the racket?' Cindy cried. 'Mind your own bizz,' the Prince replied. Poor Cindy's heart was torn to shreds. My Prince! she thought. He chops offheads! How could I marry anyone Who does that sort of thing for fun? The Prince cried, 'Who's this dirty slut? 'Off with her nut! Off with her nut!' Just then, all in a blaze of light, The Magic Fairy hove in sight, Her Magic Wand wentswoosh andswish! 'Cindy!' she cried, 'come make a wish! 'Wish anything and have no doubt 'That I will make it come about!' Cindy answered, 'Oh kind Fairy, 'This time I shall be more wary. 'No more Princes, no more money. 'I have had my taste of honey. 'I'm wishing for a decent man. 'They're hard to find. D'you think you can?' Within a minute, Cinderella

Was married to a lovely feller,			
A simple jam-maker by trade,			
Who sold good home-made marmalade.			
Their house was filled with smiles and laughter			
And they were happy ever after.			
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK			
Jack's mother said, 'We'restony broke!			
'Go out and find some wealthy bloke			
'Who'll buy our cow. Just say she's sound			
'And worth at least a hundred pound.			
'But don't you dare to let him know			
'That she's as old as billy-o.'			
Jack led the old brown cow away,			
And came back later in the day,			
And said, 'Oh mumsie dear, guess what			
'Your clever little boy has got.			
'I got, I really don't know how,			
'A super trade-in for our cow.'			
The mother said, 'You little creep,			
'I'll bet you sold her much too cheap.'			

When Jack produced one lousy bean,

His startled mother, turning green,





'I've told you every single night

'To take a bath because you smell,

'But would you do it? Would you hell!

'You even make your mother shrink

'Because of your unholy stink!'

Jack answered, 'Well, if you're so clean

'Why don't you climb the crazy bean.'

The mother cried, 'By gad, I will!

'There's life within the old dog still!'

She hitched her skirts above her knee

And disappeared right up the tree.

Now would the Giant smell his mum?

Jack listened forthe fee-fo-fum.

He gazed aloft. He wondered when

The dreaded words would come... And then...

From somewhere high above the ground

There came a frightful crunching sound.

He heard the Giant mutter twice,

'By gosh, that tasted very nice.

'Although' (and this in grumpy tones)

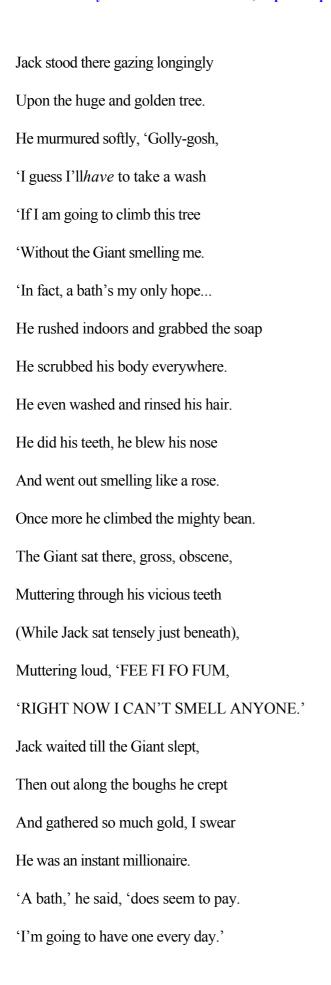
'I wish there weren't so many bones.'

'By Christopher!' Jack cried. 'By gum!

'The Giant's eaten up my mum!

'He smelled her out! She's in his belly!

'I had a hunch that she was smelly.'



### SNOW-WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

when little Snow-White's mother died,

The king, her father, up and cried,

'Oh, what a nuisance! What a life!

'Now I must find another wife!'

(It's never easy for a king

To find himself that sort of thing.)

He wrote to every magazine

And said, 'I'm looking for a Queen.'

At least ten thousand girls replied

And begged to be the royal bride.

The king said with a shifty smile,

'I'd like to give each one a trial.'

However, in the end he chose

A lady called Miss Maclahose,

Who brought along a curious toy

That seemed to give her endless joy-

This was a mirror framed in brass,

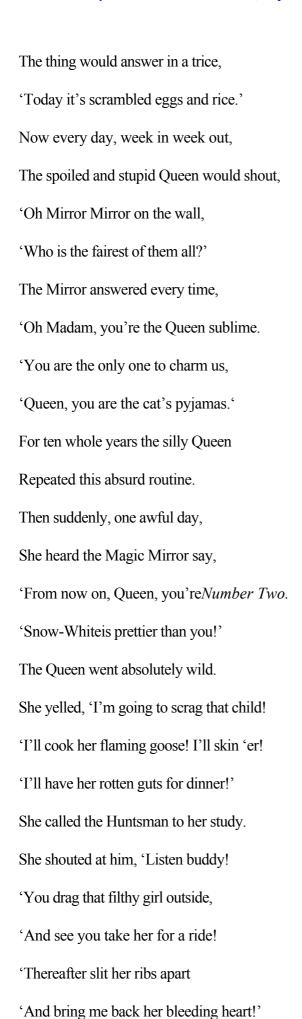
## A MAGIC TALKING LOOKING-GLASS.

Ask it something day or night,

It always got the answer right.

For instance, if you were to say,

'Oh Mirror, what's for lunch today?'



The Huntsman dragged the lovely child

Deep deep into the forest wild.

Fearing the worst, poor Snow-White spake.

She cried, 'Oh please give me a break!'

The knife was poised, the arm was strong,

She cried again, 'I've done nowrong!'

The Huntsman's heart began to flutter.

It melted like a pound of butter.

He murmured, 'Okay, beat it, kid,'

And you can bet your life she did.

Later, the Huntsman made a stop

Within the local butcher's shop,

And there he bought, for safety's sake,

A bullock's heart and one nice steak.

'Oh Majesty! Oh Queen!' he cried,

'That rotten little girl has died!

'And just to prove I didn't cheat,

'I've brought along these bits of meat.'

'The Queen cried out, 'Bravissimo!

'I trust you killed her nice and slow.'

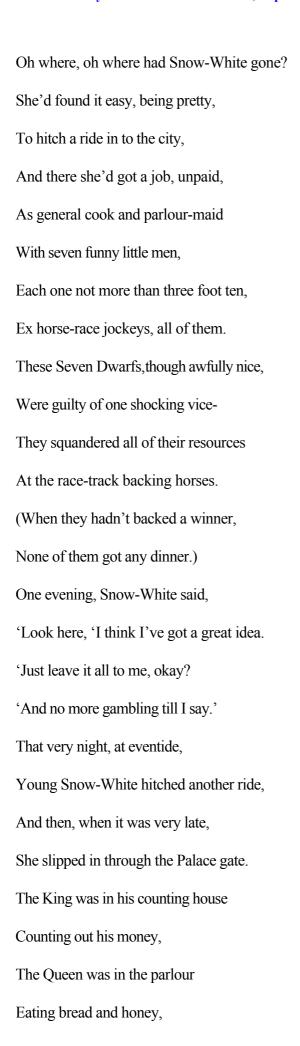
Then (this is the disgusting part)

The Queen sat down and ate the heart!

(I only hope she cooked it well.

Boiled heart can be as tough as hell.)

While all of this was going on,



The footmen and the servants slept So no one saw her as she crept On tip-toe through the mighty hall And grabbed THE MIRROR off the wall. As soon as she had got it home, She told the Senior Dwarf (or Gnome) To ask it what he wished to know. 'Go on!' she shouted. 'Have a go!' He said, 'Oh Mirror, please don't joke! 'Each one of us is stony broke! 'Which horse will win tomorrow's race, 'The Ascot Gold Cup Steeplechase?' The Mirror whispered sweet and low, 'The horse's name is Mistletoe.' The Dwarfs went absolutely daft, They kissed young Snow-White fore and aft, Then rushed away to raise some dough With which to back old Mistletoe. They pawned their watches, sold the car, They borrowed money near and far, (For much of it they had to thank The manager of Barclays Bank.) They went to Ascot and of course For once they backed the winning horse.

Thereafter, every single day,

Each Dwarf and Snow-White got a share,
And each was soon a millionaire,
Which shows that gambling's not a sin
Provided that you always win.
GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS
This famous wicked little tale
Should never have been put on sale.
It is a mystery to me
Why loving parents cannot see
That this is actually a book
About a brazen little crook.
Had I the chance I wouldn't fail
To clap young Goldilocks in jail.
Now just imagine how you'd feel
If you had cooked a lovely meal,
Delicious porridge, steaming hot,
Fresh coffee in the coffee-pot,
With maybe toast and marmalade,
The table beautifully laid,
One place for you and one for dad,
Another for your little lad.

The Mirror made the bookies pay.

Then dad cries, 'Golly-gosh! Gee-whizz!

'Oh cripes! How hot this porridge is!

'Let's take a walk along the street

'Until it's cool enough to eat.'

He adds, 'An early morning stroll

'Is good for people on the whole.

'It makes your appetite improve

'It also helps your bowels to move.'

No proper wife would dare to question

Such a sensible suggestion,

Above all not at breakfast-time

When men are seldom at their prime.

No sooner are you down the road

Than Goldilocks, that little toad

That nosey thieving little louse,

Comes sneaking in your empty house.

She looks around. She quickly notes

Three bowls brimful of porridge oats.

And while still standing on her feet,

She grabs a spoon and starts to eat.

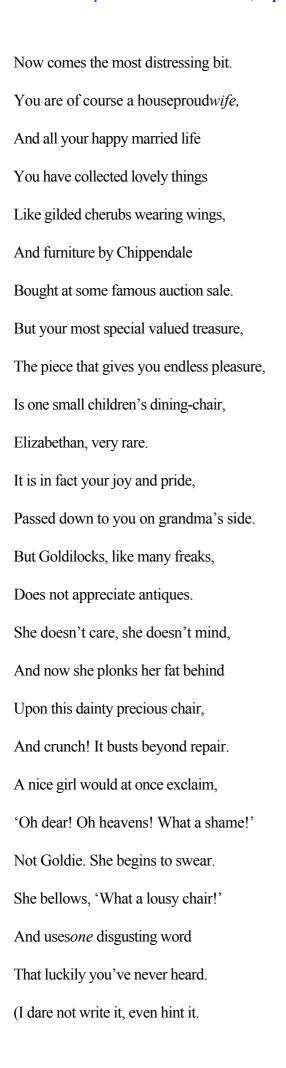
I say again, howwould you feel

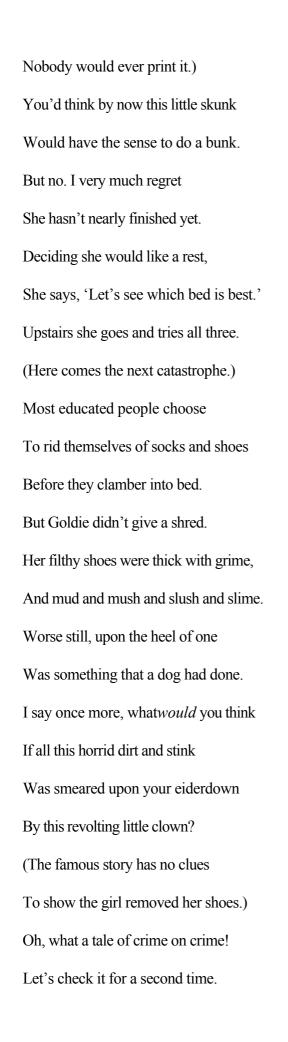
If you had made this lovely meal

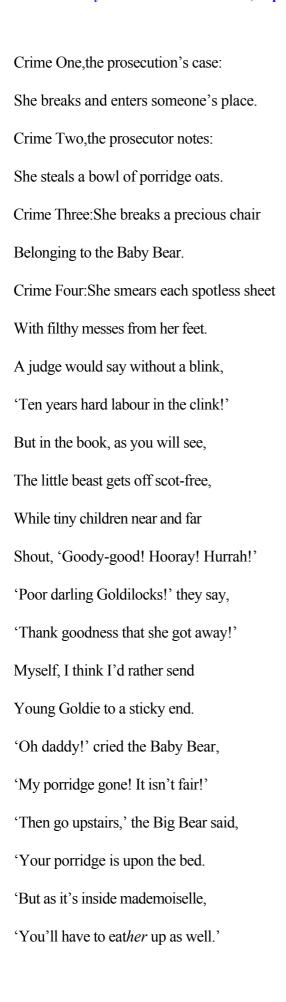
And some delinquent little tot

Broke in and gobbled up the lot?

But wait! That's not the worst of it!







### LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

### AND THE WOLF

As soon as Wolf began to feel

That he would like a decent meal,

He went and knocked on Grandma's door.

When Grandma opened it, she saw

The sharp white teeth, the horrid grin,

And Wolfie said, 'May I come in?'

Poor Grandmamma was terrified,

'He's going to eat me up!' she cried.

And she was absolutely right.

He ate her up in one big bite.

But Grandmamma was small and tough,

And Wolfie wailed, 'That's not enough!

'I haven't yet begun to feel

'That I have had a decent meal!'

He ran around the kitchen yelping,

'I'vegot to have another helping!'

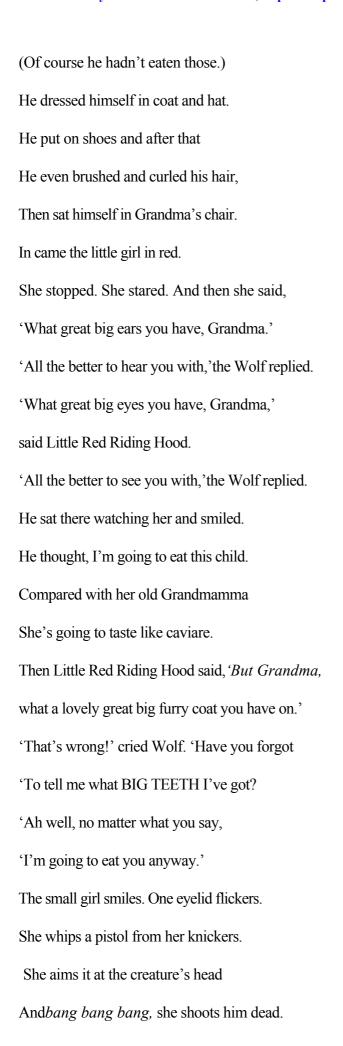
Then added with a frightful leer,

'I'm therefore going to wait right here

'Till Little Miss Red Riding Hood

'Comes home from walking in the wood.'

He quickly put on Grandma's clothes,



A few weeks later, in the wood,

I came across Miss Riding Hood.

But what a change! No cloak of red,

No silly hood upon her head.

She said, 'Hello, and do please note

'My lovely furry WOLFSKIN COAT.'

### THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

The animal I really dig

Above all others is the pig.

Pigs are noble. Pigs are clever,

Pigs are courteous. However,

Now and then, to break this rule,

One meets a pig who is a fool.

What, for example, would you say

If strolling through the woods one day,

Right there in front of you you saw

A pig who'd built his house of STRAW?

The Wolf who saw it licked his lips,

And said, 'That pig has had his chips.'

'Little pig, little pig, let me come in!'

'No, no, by the hairs on my chinny-chin-chin!' '

Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!' The little pig began to pray, But Wolfie blew his house away. He shouted, 'Bacon, pork and ham! 'Oh, what a lucky Wolf I am!' And though he ate the pig quite fast, He carefully kept the tail till last. Wolf wandered on, a trifle bloated. Surprise, surprise, for soon he noted Another little house for pigs, And this one had been built of TWIGS! 'Little pig, little pig, let me come in!' 'No, no, by the hairs of my chinny-chin-chin!' ' Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!' The Wolf said, 'Okay, here we go!' He then began to blow and blow. The little pig began to squeal. He cried, 'Oh Wolf, you've hadone meal! 'Why can't we talk and make a deal?' The Wolf replied, 'Not on your nelly!' And soon the pig was in his belly. 'Two juicy little pigs!' Wolf cried, 'But still I am not satisfied! 'I know full well my Tummy's bulging, 'But oh, how I adore indulging.' So creeping quietly as a mouse,

The Wolf approached another house,

A house which also had inside

A little piggy trying to hide.

But this one, Piggy Number Three,

Was bright and brainy as could be.

No straw for him, no twigs or sticks.

This pig had built his house of BRICKS.

'You'll not getme!' the Piggy cried.

'I'll blow you down!' the Wolf replied.

'You'll need,' Pig said, 'a lot of puff,

'And I don't think you've got enough.'

Wolf huffed and puffed and blew and blew.

The house stayed up as good as new.

'If I can't blow itdown, 'Wolf said,

'I'll have to blow itup instead.

'I'll come back in the dead of night

'And blow it up with dynamite!'

Pig cried, 'You brute! I might have known!'

Then, picking up the the telephone,

He dialled as quickly as he could

The number of Red Riding Hood.

'Hello,' she said. 'Who's speaking? Who?

'Oh, hello Piggy, how d'you do?'

Pig cried, 'I need your help, Miss Hood!

'Oh help me, please! D'you think you could?'

- 'I'll try, of course,' Miss Hood replied.
- 'What's on your mind?'...'A Wolf!'Pig cried.
- 'I know you've dealt with wolves before,
- 'And now I've got one at my door!'
- 'My darling Pig,' she said, 'my sweet,
- 'That's something really up my street.
- 'I've just begun to wash my hair.
- 'But when it's dry, I'll be right there.'
- A short while later, through the wood,

Came striding brave Miss Riding Hood.

The Wolf stood there, his eyes ablaze

And yellowish, like mayonnaise.

His teeth were sharp, his gums were raw,

And spit was dripping from his jaw.

Once more the maiden's eyelid flickers.

She draws the pistol from her knickers.

Once more, she hits the vital spot,

And kills him with a single shot.

Pig, peeping through the window, stood

And yelled, 'Well done, Miss Riding Hood!'

Ah, Piglet, you must never trust

Young ladies from the upper crust.

For now, Miss Riding Hood, one notes,

Not only hastwo wolfskin coats,

But when she goes from place to place,

She has a PIGSKIN TRAVELLING CASE.

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