



Proudly Presents

# THE GRIMM GIRLS

**WRITTEN BY GREGORY T. BURNS**

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## Gretel

Before my mother died, my brother and I were rarely allowed to eat sweets. Oh, we got a cake on our birthdays, but Mother wanted us to have pretty smiles. And pretty smiles meant no cavities. She didn't want Hansel and me to have a mouth full of fillings. Besides, our dad didn't make enough money to send us to the dentist every time we overdosed on sucrose. So, we ate healthy! When our mother died, however, our father remarried. Our new stepmother rarely gave us food at all! She made dinner all right, but that was for my father and her only. When we would tell Father that we hadn't eaten, she would call us "fibbers" and send us to our rooms! Father, not wanting to make waves, simply stayed out of it. Out of desperation, Hansel and I ran away. When we came to the house made of candy, we couldn't believe our luck! We ate until our teeth hurt! True, the Witch was mean and locked my brother in a cage, but the way we saw it, we gave up one witch at home who wouldn't feed us anything...for one that would let us eat all of the candy we wanted. As for "pushing the Witch into the oven," it was really an accident. I feel badly about it, but like our father always said, "Play with fire and you're bound to get burned." Well, he was right! That oven cooked the Witch like a Thanksgiving turkey! My mother used to always say, "What goes around comes around." Let me tell you, she was right. After eating cookies and candy for weeks on end, I couldn't stop eating! Eventually, I got so fat that I just sat around the house all day. And when I say that I sat around the house, I mean I sat *around* the house! I have tried Jenny Craig, Weight Watchers, and Richard Simmons' *Sweatin' to the Fairy Tales*, but nothing seems to help. And poor Hansel, he's now a diabetic and has to take insulin shots everyday. You know, they say, "Revenge is sweet." But let me tell you from experience, revenge...is overrated!

## Snow White

I'm not a prejudiced person, but after living with seven dwarves for six months—I can't stand short people! Seriously, it was like living

with seven small children. The messes those men could make. I should be a spokeswoman for a laundry detergent company! I only lived with them out of necessity, after all. It wasn't like I put an ad in the *Fairytale Times* stating, "*Beautiful single woman desires multiple roommates to be at their every beck and call.*" Until I was saved by the Prince, the only "normal-sized" person I could talk to was an elderly saleswoman. She came to our small cabin in the woods, trying to sell me apples and lace. Honestly, to this day, I don't wear any jewelry, and I can't stand applesauce, apple dumplings, or even apple pie! My psychiatrist says I am a classic example of Post-Traumatic Syndrome. You know, all those years of being "verbally abused." When the dwarves would leave each morning, they would sing in unison, *Hi Ho, Hi Ho, it's off to work we go.* I thought they were calling me names! Every year, my Prince of a husband tries to coerce me into going to the circus with him, but I just can't. I think I have a fear of small people now. For that reason alone, I fear that we will forever remain childless.

### **Little Red Riding Hood**

I used to love to take long walks in the forest, but not anymore! In fact, I never leave my home. I have become agoraphobic! There is just way too much violence in the world today. My mother and grandmother don't understand me. They say, "You're too young to be an old maid." But I say, "You forget that when I was younger a wolf tried to eat me, and I saw a hunter shoot the wolf and cut its belly open and grandma crawl out covered in slime that was the color of my cape!" No thank you. I'll stay home where it's nice and safe. Still, a girl has to eat, so Mother and Grandmother come by twice a week. They bring me all sorts of treats in an oversized basket. Still, when I hear the doorbell ring, I always take a *long* look through my "peephole." And if I see anyone with big teeth or big eyes staring back at me, I simply don't answer my door.