

## *And they both lived ...*

‘GET the door will you honey?’ yawned Snow White as she grappled blearily with the TV remote.

Kevin Charming slouched through the door from the kitchen, wiped his hands on his apron and scowled. ‘Well, well. We’re not exactly looking the fairest of them all this morning are we?’

‘Excuse me, that’s my line,’ came a whisper from the wall.

‘Oh do be quiet, Mirror,’ snapped Snow. She turned to Kevin. ‘What’s that supposed to mean anyway?’

‘Well, you, lazing around in that glass coffin half the morning,’ shrugged Kevin. ‘What time did you get in last night?’

Snow rolled her eyes. ‘Kevin, you’re so *controlling*. And what’s this obsession with being home at a certain time? Maybe you should have stayed with that tramp Cindy Rella!’

‘Oh stop going on about my ex! At least she always got to bed on time.’

‘Yeah, that’s what I heard too.’

Kevin flushed. ‘She was a nice girl! Nice dainty feet, and she didn’t hang around with small fat hairy men! Admit it – you were out with those dwarves again last night weren’t you?’

‘They’re my friends! We’ve been through a lot together. And Grumpy needed a shoulder to cry on. Well, a hip anyway.’

‘Yeah, I bet he did.’

‘Don’t be so insensitive!’ exclaimed Snow, springing up from the sofa. ‘You know he’s been very low since he failed that Axe Factor audition. Those judges are such ogres!’

‘Well, yes they are. Literally.’

‘On reflection I think ...’

‘Mirror, shut up!’ shouted Snow. ‘And Kevin, will you *please* get that flipping door?’

‘Yes your royal highness,’ muttered Kevin, stomping away. As his footsteps echoed away down the stone passageway, a cloud passed over the sun outside and the room faded into shadow. A distant, demented cackle rippled through the air; and seconds later Snow flinched as a loud slam echoed through the palace.

Kevin returned, smiling grimly. ‘It was that creepy old hair-comb seller again.’

‘Oh!’

‘Don’t worry love. I got rid of her.’ Kevin tapped his rolling pin.

Snow ran over to kiss him. ‘Thank you my prince!’

‘No problem. Now – dinner’s ready. I’ve fixed your favourite.’ He leant forward and whispered in her ear.

Snow recoiled with a gasp. ‘Apple pie? You brute!’ She snatched the rolling pin and chased Kevin into the kitchen.

Alone in the room, Mirror sniffed glassily. ‘... happily ever after? Yeah right ...’