

“SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS”

by Raold Dahl

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 the 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 thing would answer in a trice,
“Today it's scrambled eggs and rice.”
Now every day, week in, week out,
The spoiled and stupid Queen would shout,
“Oh Mirror Mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of them all?”

The Mirror answered every time,
“Oh, Madam, you're the Queen sublime.
You are the only one to charm us,
Queen, you are the cat's pajamas.”
For ten whole years the silly Queen
Repeated this absurd routine.
Then suddenly one awful day
She heard the Magic Mirror say,

“From now on, Queen, you’re ‘Number Two.’
Snow White is prettier than you!”
The Queen went absolutely wild.
She yelled, “I’m going to scrag that child!
I’ll cook her flaming goose! I’ll skin ‘er!
I’ll have her rotten guts for dinner!”
She called the Huntsman to her study.
She shouted at him, “Listen, buddy!
You drag that filthy girl outside,
And see you take her for a ride!
Thereafter slit her ribs apart
And bring me back her bleeding heart!”
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 no wrong!”
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,
Oh where, oh where had Snow White gone?
She’d found it easy, being pretty,
To hitch a ride into the city,

And there she'd got a job, unpaid,
As general cook and parlor maid
With seven funny little men,
Each one not more than three foot ten,
Ex-horse-race jockeys, all of them.
These Seven Dwarfs, though awfully nice,
Were guilty of one shocking vice ---
They squandered all of their resources
At the race track backing horses.
(When they hadn't backed a winner,
None of them got any dinner)
One evening, Snow White said, "Look here,
I think I've got a great idea.
Just leave it all to me, okay?
And no more gambling till I say."
That very night, at eventide,
Young Snow White hitched another ride,
And then, when it was very late,
She slipped in through the Palace gate.
The King was in the counting house
Counting out the money,
The Queen was in the parlor
Eating bread and honey,
The footman and the servants slept
So no one saw her as she crept
On tiptoe 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 Barclay's Bank).
They went to Ascot and, of course,
For once they backed the winning horse.
Thereafter, every single day,
The Mirror made the bookies pay.
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.