

# “RINDERCELLA”

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Once upon a time in a coreign fountry, there lived a geautiful birl by the name of Rindercella. Now, Rindercella lived with her mugly other and her two sad blisters. Also in this same coreign fountry there lived a prandsome hince, and this prandsome hince was going to have a bancy fall, so he invited people from riles amound, especially the pich people. So Rindercella's mugly other and her two sad blisters went out to buy some drancy fesses to wear to the bancy fall, but 'ole Rindercella couldn't go – all she had to wear was some old irty dags! Well, sir ... the night of the bancy fall finally arrived, and Rindercella couldn't go, so she just cat down and shried. And while she was citting there shrying, all of a sudden there appeared before her --- her gairy fodmother. And she touched Rindercella with her wagic mand, and there appeared before her a cig boach with hix white sorses to take her to the bancy fall. But she said, “Now Rindercella, be sure and be home before nidnight or I'll purn you into a tumpkin.” Well, finally Rindercella arrived at the bancy fall and the prandsome hince met her at the door because he had been watching her behind a widden hindow. And they nanced all dight until nidnight, and they lell in fove. Suddenly the clock struck nidnight, and Rindercella staced down the rairs, and as she beached the rottom, she slopped her dripper. Well, sir ... the very next day the prandsome hince went all over that coreign fountry looking for the geautiful birl who had slopped her dripper. He finally arrived at Rindercella's house and tried it on her mugly other and it find't dit. Then he tried it on the two sad blisters and it find't dit. Then he tried it on Rindercella and it fid dit. It was exactly the sight rize! So they were married and lived heavily ever happens.

Now the storal to the mory is this: If you're a geautiful birl and you go to a bancy fall and have a prandsome hince lall in fove with you, then ... don't forget to slop your dripper.