

Rat's tales

Once upon a time in a far away land, no wait rewind, a few couple hundred decades back when the world was newly upgraded, in a glamorous flat near New York , there were four rulers of the world Millificent, Gurinda, Clarissa and Zelda together they were the 4 beauties.

Now in a damp rancid rat infested flat on top of an old battered MacDonald's were four hags Snow Spite, Cindersmella, Snoring beauty and little Red Riding Rude, together they were the 4 miserables.

The four beauties had lived in comfort for many years and were served by many servants and owned more money than the universe combined. Each one was beautiful beyond words and were so fair and polite you would think they were angels from heaven.

As for the 4 miserables they lived in the cold, surrounded by nettles and barbed wire, they had no money, no servants and no natural beauty of their own. They were selfish, aragont and each smelled of rotten barbeque sauce, manure and something so horrid we cannot mention it.

One day while Cindersmella was toasting her foot in the toaster little Red Riding Rude exclaimed "I am sick of being here with all you hags, you're all smelly you all snore and you're all full of spite. You're also rude" she added scratching her bottom. Snoring beauty sat bolt upright looking furious "What!" she screeched "What is little rudey sayin bout us it beta be somin nice."

"She's saying we are smelly and we snore and we're full of spite she also said we're rude which isn't fair it isn't it isn't" belted out Snow spite.

"He he" giggled Cindersmella

"What's so funny?" Snow spite asked glaring.

"Well the thing is its all true, every bit of it" Cindersmella snorted, she picked her foot out of the rusty, moss covered toaster which had seen better days.

Red Riding rude walked in carrying bowls of dried pasta sprinkled with 199 year old blue cheese "On with the clothes pegs girls, I have a treat for you" She placed the bowls on the table and pulled in some chairs. The flat was silent and still, while all four hags stared disdainfully at their meal.

Up on top of the city, looking with pride at their empire stood Millificent, Gurinda, Clarissa and Zelda all swathed in silk robes. "Your dinner ladies" announced a waiter in a very fetching black sequined top hat and tail coat. "Ah thank you Herby leave it on the table" answered Zelda "and Herby" she added, "Have you been contacted about 4 tickets to the grand ball tomorrow evening?"

"Ah yes madam the limo will pick you up at precisely 6.45 and will return you at exactly 12.00."

"Excellent."

It started drizzling as shopkeepers locked their shops for the day workers hurried to the shelter of their homes and Snow Spite shoved her way through the street and shouting at anyone who got in her way, as she opened the gray peeling door, she looked down and half in and half out of the gutter was a soggy drenched leaflet she prised it apart and read out GRAND BALL 6.45 till 12.00 ANYBODY WHO ARE ROYAL OR IMPORTANT ARE INVITED! A small untrustworthy smirk crossed her face.

All that night Snow Spite locked herself in her room. In the morning the hags heard the key hole click and all raced into her room impatiently. "Well out with it what were ya doin?" insisted Snoring Beauty yawning.

"Here try these on for size" said Snow Spite thrusting dark colored cloaks into their arms

"Where did you get all this fabric?" Red Riding Rude enquired shrugging off her rags.

"From peoples washing lines of course" Snow Spite answered.

"You sly dog."

When everyone had their cloaks on Snow Spite sat back contentedly "I'm clever aren't I?"

"Yeah you haven't even told us why we're wearing this stuff it's not our birthday and even if it was our birthday you wouldn't get us anything" said Cindersmella picking her nose, curling the dry piece of snot between her fingers and tossing it into her mouth.

"Liar I always get you something, anyway it doesn't matter, I made these because I have a plan, we all hate it here right" they nodded. "And it is unfair that we have to live here while those 4 stupid beauties get the attention, the glamour and the money. "Yeah we deserve it more than them" announced Snoring Beauty loudly

"Be quiet and listen well there is a grand ball on tomorrow night and I bet Millicent, Gurrinda, Clarrisa and Zelda will all be there." She took a breath "And when they are out we will sneak into their flat and put on their dresses and jewelry and makeup and eat all there delectable food."

"Which one the gold or the red" asked Clarissa twirling around the room holding a glitzy golden full length gown and a red feathered knee length dress."
"Gold of course," sang Gurinda brushing her hair.

At exactly 6.45 a black beautiful glossy limo stood at the front doors. The footman held open the door and each beauty stepped in, Millicent was in a dark purple sequined dress, Gurinda wore a floral puffed dress, Clarissa in a full length golden gown and Zelda in a knee length dark blue dress finished off with a silver bow.

The door closed and of they went to the ball.

"Come on lazy bones" whispered Snow Spite to Snoring Beauty who was lying on the bed dozing happily.

"Huh wha what's going on?"

"Get up now were going."

When each miserable was ready they set of through the city to the beauties home. They all held there hoods close to their heads, but even though people couldn't see their hideous faces they still parted to let them through.

"Snow Spite" whined Snoring Beauty" Are we nearly there yet?"

"No snapped" Cindersmella who was in a rotten mood.

"Just remember girls when we get into the building we can do whatever we want we will eat caviar, soak in the Jacuzzi and dress up in there flashy frocks" said Snow Spite smiling happily.

As they got nearer to the 2 storey building Little Red Riding Rude said innocently to Snow Spite "So now we have gotten here how do we actually get in we can't go through the front door we'll get caught"

"Climb" said Snow Spite , she rolled up her sleeves and started to edge along the wall the other 3 followed her. By using the window ledges they hoisted themselves up, easily, at last they got to the last floor window and crawled in. When they stood up and looked around they couldn't believe their eyes everything was clean everything thing was shiny everything was just so beautiful."Well what are all you hags waiting for LETS GO!" screamed Red Riding Rude.

Meanwhile at the ball the 4 beauties were graciously saying thank you to the hosts of the evening, before hopping into the limo and driving back. Little did they know what was happening in their rooms.

"THIS IS THE BEST FUN IVE EVER HAD IN MY ENTIRE" Cinderella stopped and stared and in front of her staring in horror were the 4 beauties "What is going on!" Millificent screamed "How dare you come into our flat and wear our clothes and just ruin everything" Screeched Zelda "Get out, Get Out, now! The 4 miserable's confronted them in a line staring into their eyes, the 4 beauties did the same it was time to get serious.

In one split second later it was mayhem, Powder puffs were flying, hair was being torn out, perfume was being squirted, lips were bleeding, pillows were bursting and the sound of screaming was deafening. In Clarissa's bedroom she and Cinderella were having a competition "I bet you can't fart as loud as me" cried Cinderella "Oh yeah" scorned Clarissa "I bet I can!"

"Well go on then show me"

In the bathroom Zelda and little red riding hood were having a shampoo fight their hair was white with foam and bubbles.

In the giant sized wardrobe Gurinda and Snoring Beauty were having a wrestling match.

And on the balcony screaming threats at each other were Millificent and Snow Spite.

It went on through the night everywhere was an absolute mess, the Jacuzzi had filled up so much the whole place was flooding with water and...

"Jeez what a load of absolute garbage people write these days, don't people read proper books anymore"

In New York, in an office, on top of the empire state building, next to her starbucks latte sat a head publisher. Her eyes scan over the story she had just read she stood up, walked out the room and tossed the scrunched up story into the mound of rejections.

By Ming Sandford

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