

Once upon a time there was a dainty little fairy godmother named Margaret who smoked all day long. In the morning she would wake up and before getting out of bed she'd smoke a pack, then eventually roll out of bed and smoke another. Her house was so full of smoke that every surface had a thick gray sheet of soot on it. And if you are wondering, yes, she is French. One faithful day her friends called and the good fairy sisters came over to Margrets for brunch. Flora was short, sweet, and quiet. Fauna was large, dull, and bashful. Merryweather was the leader of the two and was, tall, stern, and loud. As they entered Margaret's house they began to cough uncontrollably and decided it would be best to have brunch outside. While outside Merryweather decided to start up the conversation in her low monotone voice. "So Margaret, how's life been?"

"Oh hunny you don't have to explain that." Fauna said to Margret.

"Could you pass the sugar?" Said Flora who thought she was shouting, but it was just a whisper to everyone else.

"Fauna you don't need to speak for me." Margaret mumbled with a cigarette in her mouth while lighting another.

“I was hardly, y’know what, I’m sorry Margy you’re right.” Fuana replied while rolling her mascara covered eyes. Margret then lit another cigarette, puffed and then blew the smoke into Fuanas face.

“I would love some sugar, really I would.” Flora pleaded but again no one heard. Margret threw the cigarette that she only took one puff of on the ground.

“Seems a little wasteful.” Merryweather exclaimed in a posh tone and at the same time the house phone began to ring.

“Zip it” Snapped Margret while getting up to answer the phone. Flora at long last yelled at the top of her lungs for her sisters to pass the sugar. Her yell was so loud that the trees shivered, snow from the mountain tops fell, and people from neighboring towns hid away in their houses.

Her sisters simply ignored her. Inside the house Margret was informed that her godchild named Cinderella was in need of assistance. So she lit a cigarette and flew to her aid. When she arrived it was night and Cinderella was crying loudly on the steps of her house. “What's wrong kid?”

Margret said while blowing smoke into Cinderella's face.

“Well ah, eh... the... the... uhaaaaaa!” Cinderella cried.

“Say no more kid.” With a lift of her wand, and a sparkle in her eye, she said, “Bippity boppity—”

Then fell over and died. Cinderella screamed in horror and started to sob uncontrollably but the

land, far far away, was grateful that Margret could no longer pollute the air.