

Feeling Like Cinderella

By Kendra Sparks

NOTES

Perhaps no fairy tale has touched more young hearts than *Cinderella*. Taking a modern spin on the tale of rags to riches, Kendra Sparks gives us a unique perspective for the contemporary performer. This humorous, yet at times, heartwarming selection should be performed by a female and may be entered in Poetry Interpretation. This is not the typical retelling of the story you grew up with, so show the sass, spirit and, at times, slightly sarcastic nature of the narrator, as she traverses through her own fairy tale. If desired, the first stanza may be used as a teaser before the introduction. The drama mask icons are simply visible to show the performer when to turn the pages in her manuscript.

My life is certainly not a fairy tale,
But lately, I've been feeling like—Cinderella.
Our lives are totally different,
But lately, I can't help it.
I feel like a Disney Princess.



Okay, so we're totally different.
Cinderella's mother died.
My mom's *alive*, but I *cried*
When she told us she wanted to try an alternative *lifestyle*.
Mom stayed with Dad and me for a *while*,
But then she left us to go live with Lisa,
A Zen-like lady, who works at her own flower shop.
Since then, it's just been Dad and me.



Cinderella's dad *remarried*.
My dad—joined *match.com*.
Mom just *laughed*,
But lately, Dad acts like he's been abducted
By some intergalactic *space* craft.
On his profile page,
Dad posted his college yearbook picture—*twice!*
All of which was totally against my *advice!*
I get it. He wants to look *younger*.
Still, when I'm *hungry*, I don't eat fake *food!*

Trust me. Fake is *fake!*
And it doesn't take an Einstein to *understand*
A person *can't* find a soul mate, when—while *on* the date—
The other person will clearly *see* the huge *age* discrepancy!

Regardless, it is *through* this social equivalent of a modern-day *Cupid*
That Dad met a dietician named Katy.
It's *stupid*. All she talks about are carbs and *calories*.
But lately, while chomping on a raw stalk of *celery*,
I notice Katy's been trying to find out about Dad's *salary*.
She has two teenage daughters, Mary Kate and Ashley.
As though setting a trap for a curious *mouse*,
Katy has her sights on her *own* 'Full House.'

Clearly, Cinderella and I *both* have *father* issues.
Is it any wonder I feel a certain *bond*
With this *blonde* fairy tale *princess*?



Okay, Cinderella attended a ball.
I went to a *rave*.
Okay, so I *gave* into my curiosity.
What can I say? Mosh pits are *fun!*

Another reason we're so totally *opposite*.
Cinderella got to *sit* in the back a pumpkin-turned-*coach*—
Wearing a beautiful gown and a pair of glass slippers—
Given to her by a Fairy Godmother, a few mice
And half a dozen singing *birds*.

In case you haven't heard,
All *I* had to work with—was a dull pair of scissors—
Which I used to cut *holes* into a thrift store t-shirt and *jeans*.

It didn't amount to a hill of *beans*,
Because *knowing* I was going to the *rave*
Made me *feel*—like Cinderella.



If you'll recall, at the *Ball*—
Once the clock struck twelve—
Cinderella *left* the dance, and in the process—