

Let's Make a Story

Cinderella

Adapted by Rob John

Hello. You won't have heard of me. I'm just a cat. I'm a very handsome black cat mind, but nobody knows my name. Maybe you've heard of my mistress though: Cinderella.

For a long time there was just the three of us in the house: my mistress, her Dad and me and we got along fine. We were happy.

Then one day her Dad married again and his new wife and his two daughters came to live with us and everything changed. My mistress' two step-sisters were really scary: they were always shouting and telling people what to do. From the first day they arrived they hated my mistress. They called her horrible names and made her work.

All day my mistress had to light fires, sweep floors, cook meals, wash and iron clothes and do the shopping. While she worked the horrible sisters sat in big fat arm-chairs reading magazines and eating chocolate. My mistress wasn't even allowed her own bedroom: she had to sleep in the kitchen next to the fire.

'Look at you,' said the first horrible sister one day. 'Look at all the soot and ash and cinders on your horrid, dirty, little dress.'

'Yes,' said the second. 'Maybe we should call you soot-bag or ash-bucket.'

'Or cinder-Ella maybe', said the first. And that's how she got her name: Cinderella.

Think about how hard poor Cinderella had to work - all those jobs she had to do. In a moment, in your space, imagine that you are working hard like Cinderella. When you hear the signal make a still picture of one of those jobs she had to do. Perhaps you are cooking or washing clothes or sweeping or scrubbing the floor, or maybe lighting a fire. See if you can show on your face just how hard and tiring the work is. Hold your still picture for a while and then bring it too life showing us what it's like working so hard.

Find a partner and sit down in a space together while I carry on with Cinderella's story.

One day there was great excitement in the house: the prince had decided to have a big party - a ball in the palace. All the important people in the city would be invited and there would be music and dancing and lots of wonderful things to eat and drink.

The horrible sisters were so excited when the invitation came from the palace that they jumped up and down and hugged each other.

'Can I go too?' asked Cinderella.

'You?' said the first sister.





'You go to a ball? At the palace? Are you trying to be funny?' said the younger sister. 'How can somebody dressed in rags and covered in cinders go to a ball at a palace?'

On the night of the ball Cinderella was sitting sadly by the fire. I was curled up beside her purring as loud as I could to remind her she wasn't alone.

In a moment, with your partner, imagine that one of you is Cinderella sitting by the fire on the night of the ball and the other one is me - her faithful cat - trying to cheer her up. When I talked to Cinderella all she could hear was purring, but if you're being the cat use real words to help cheer her up. Cinderella you will have to say why you're feeling so sad. Cat, you'll have to think of some cheery things to say to make her feel better. When you've practiced you can share some of your conversations with everyone else.

Find a space on your own again and sit down.

After a while Cinderella sighed and said, 'I wish I could go to that ball.' Suddenly a strange light filled the room and in a puff of blue smoke a tiny old lady appeared standing on our kitchen table. She was no bigger than me and her hair was all white and shiny.

'I'm the wish Fairy,' said the old lady.

'Oh, what do you want?' said Cinderella.

'A cup of tea would be nice! Right,' said the Fairy as Cinderella put the kettle on, 'you wished you were going to be ball, so we better get busy if you're going to get there on time.'

'I'm not going to the ball,' said Cinderella. 'I can't, I haven't got anything to wear.'

'Really?' said the Fairy. She clicked her fingers, there was a puff of blue smoke and suddenly instead of the usual rags Cinderella was wearing the most beautiful dress, her hair gleamed with jewels and on her feet were a pair of fabulous glass slippers.

'Now you can't walk to the ball,' said the Fairy. 'You need a carriage; don't suppose you've got a pumpkin, have you?'

Cinderella rushed to the cupboard. The Fairy looked at me. 'Don't just stand there cat, there is work for you to do! Catch me some mice. I need six please, white ones if you can find them.'

Five minutes later a pumpkin and six very frightened mice were lined up on the kitchen table. The Fairy clicked her fingers. The pumpkin had turned into a wonderful gold carriage and the white mice I had caught had become six beautiful white horses. It was the most amazing thing I had ever seen. Amazing and also a tiny bit scary.

When the pumpkin turned into a carriage and the mice turned into horses I ran and hid under a cupboard but I could see and hear everything that happened.

In a moment imagine you are me hiding under that cupboard. Be ready to say out loud what you can see if you are tapped on the shoulder. Maybe you'll talk about the dress or the carriage or something else. You can start by saying the words: 'From under the cupboard I can see...'

'Now' said the Fairy, 'all we need is a driver, where can we..ah ha!'



Suddenly a face appeared under the cupboard: it was the Fairy and she was looking at me. Before I could run away she clicked her fingers, and I started to grow taller and started to stand on my back legs and suddenly I was wearing a uniform.

'Now Cinderella,' said the Fairy, 'you must be back here by midnight. When the clock strikes twelve your dress will become rags, your carriage will be a pumpkin, your horse will become mice again and your handsome driver will be just a plain old cat.'

Charming. Cinderella promised she would be home by midnight and then I was driving my wonderful carriage through the city on our way to the ball.

There is so much work to be done in getting ready for a ball; the cooks are in the kitchen making beautiful food for all the guests...servants are laying tables and polishing glasses...gardeners are mowing lawns and cutting hedges...and musicians are practising hard to make sure that the music is perfect on the night.

In a moment imagine that you are either a cook or a servant or a gardener or a musician. You're getting ready for the biggest party the world has ever seen and there's not much time to decide what your job is going to be. When you hear the music start working.

And stop working! Sit down where you are and I will carry on with the story.

As she arrived at the ball everybody was looking at Cinderella and asking who this beautiful young woman was.

The Prince thought she was lovely and wanted to dance with her all evening and then the clock struck the first stroke of midnight and Cinderella remembered.

She stopped dancing and ran out of the palace so fast that one of her glass slippers fell off. She jumped into the carriage and I drove as fast as I could through the city and just as we reached our house there was a puff of smoke and Cinderella was standing there in rags holding a pumpkin.

The next day the Prince stared looking for the beautiful young woman who he had danced with. He had fallen in love with her but nobody knew her name. The only clue that the prince had was the glass slipper which had fallen off Cinderella's foot as she ran from the ball.

The Prince sent his minister to every house in the city. Every young woman was asked to try on the slipper but it fitted none of them. The last house the Prince's minister came to was ours.

Of course both of the horrible sisters wanted to try it on. 'Look - it fits perfectly!' said the oldest sister as she squashed her huge foot into the tiny slipper. But you could see by the way she walked and the painful look on her face that it didn't really fit her at all.

'It doesn't fit you,' said the younger sister. 'But look how perfectly it fits me.' The slipper looked as equally as ridiculous on her.

Imagine that you've been given a pair of shoes which are much too small for you. First you're going to have to squash your feet into them - just like the horrible sisters did - and then show what you look like when you try to walk around in them.



Remember to show by the way you walk and the painful look on your face that those shoes are much too small and uncomfortable. Get ready to squeeze into them now.

Come together in one big circle.

Cinderella was baking bread when the Prince's minister came into the kitchen. She was dressed in rags and her hands were covered in flour. Cinderella put the slipper on and of course it fitted because it had been made magically just for her. The minister kneeled in front of Cinderella.

'Madame,' he said, 'will you please come with me, the Prince is waiting for you. Is there anything you want to take with you?'

'Nothing,' she said, 'except this cat.'

I expect you're wondering what happened next, what happened to Cinderella? Did she marry the prince? Was she happy? And what happened to me? Her handsome black cat.

If there is something you're wondering about the end of this story you can take it in turns and then tell everyone what it is. But I can't help you with that because I'm just a cat!