

Things That Go 'Beep!' in the Night

and Other Silly Stories

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Things That Go ‘Beep!’ in the Night

Harry couldn't sleep. In fact, he hadn't been able to sleep for several weeks. There was something terrible in his bedroom, something hideous, something going beep every forty seconds without fail. He hunted high and low to find the evil beeping culprit. When he stood at one side of the room where the beep seemed to be coming from, suddenly it seemed to be coming from the other side. Sometimes it seemed to be coming through the wall, but then, when he pressed his ear against the wall, it seemed to be coming from behind him.

Every forty seconds, without fail ... ‘beep’.

And as he lay there in bed, his eyes wide open and bloodshot from lack of sleep, he counted. Thirty seven, thirty eight, thirty nine...

‘Beep!’

It wasn't the smoke alarm, he had even removed it from the ceiling to be sure. And it wasn't his phone – that was in little pieces across the rug. It had beeped at him earlier, and then impacted with the wall shortly after. Harry was on a short fuse these days, especially with things that went beep.

It wasn't his digital watch. That never went beep, not since he smashed out the batteries and flushed them down the toilet. And it wasn't his laptop. That was now locked in the kitchen cupboard, pending further investigation.

Harry had begun to think that he was going insane. So when his mate Garry came round for a few cans of lager, he made Garry sit in his bedroom and listen for the beep.

Garry could also hear the beep, which at least meant Harry was not insane – yet. But Garry was equally unable to track

down the cause of the beeping. However he seemed to find the whole thing completely hilarious. He had no idea just how serious Harry knew this was, and just how much it was destroying his soul.

At the end of the evening, Harry was once again left alone. Alone with the beep.

And now, he lay in bed, listening, waiting for the next, inevitable, horrifying, hideous, beep. He had long since given up hope that it would stop. He now accepted that it was going to go on and on and on, every forty seconds, for the rest of time.

And so he counted. Thirty seven, thirty eight, thirty nine...
Silence.

Harry tried to stop himself from getting too excited. In six weeks, the beeping hadn't stopped. Six brain numbing weeks of beep, beep, beep...

Maybe he had miscounted. So he waited.

Still silence.

Could it be? Could it really have stopped?! He lay there a few minutes more, in blissful quiet.

It was true. It had really, finally, come to an end. With a sigh of relief, Harry soon drifted off into the deepest sleep of his life.

When the landlord came in a week later to collect the rent, he found the flat cold, as if the heating hadn't been on for days. There was a rather pungent smell in the place, which he tracked to the bedroom. There to his horror, he found Harry, dead.

The deceased young man was lying in his bed with a relaxed, peaceful look on his face. When the coroner later examined the body, he reported that Harry had had no illness. It was just as if his heart had suddenly given out.

Garry attended the funeral, and then sadly returned home. He couldn't help thinking about the beep. He had told the police about it, and they had investigated Harry's room

thoroughly. There had been nothing that could have generated a beeping sound. Garry found himself wondering, had it been some kind of countdown to Harry's death? A warning? No, that was a daft idea.

He tried to push it out of his mind, and as he settled into bed, he closed his eyes and began to relax.

But then... 'beep' ... 'beep' ... 'BEEP!'

The Fairy Godfather

Linzi and Maxine were livid.

‘How dare they call us *Ugly Sisters!*’ roared Linzi, brandishing the latest edition of *Wow!* in Maxine’s face. ‘I’ll ‘av those flippin’ paparazzi hung by their bleedin’ camera straps for this!’

‘Well maybe if you hadn’t worn that stupid hat at the bloomin’ wedding, they might have left us alone,’ responded Maxine. ‘It’s all your fault Linz.’

‘Nah,’ retorted Linzi. ‘I’ll tell you whose bloody fault it is – that flippin’ *bitch* Cinderella, that’s who. How that filthy cow managed to woo Prince Charming I’ll never know. It should have been us Max, it should have been *us!*’

Linzi threw the magazine at her sister and then hurled herself onto the leopard skin sofa in the spacious living room of their multi-million pound Essex estate.

‘Av you seen this?!’ asked Maxine angrily, flicking through the magazine. ‘Cinderbitch has been visiting hospitals, and planting trees with her beloved royal husband. How flippin’ annoying can you get?!’

‘What a cow,’ stated Linzi. ‘Just you wait until Mum gets back from Marbella. She’ll have something to say about them paps calling her the *Wicked Stepmother.*’

‘Flippin’ paps,’ spat Maxine. ‘You’re right Linz, it is all Cinderella’s fault. I *wish* she would just die!’

Then as if by magic, a pillar of purple smoke emerged in the centre of the room. As the smoke cleared, the form of a man appeared before them. He was dressed in a smart pinstripe suit with a black shirt, white tie, and a trilby hat.

‘Who the bleedin’eck are you?!’ asked Maxine in shock.

‘I’m your fairy godfather, capiche?’ stated the man.

‘You’re our what?!’ asked Linzi with confusion.

‘Look doll,’ said the Fairy Godfather, ‘I’m a busy man, I’ve got places to be, so I don’t want to have to keep repeating myself all the time, yes? Now, what’s this about wanting someone whacked.’

‘Our stepsister, Cinder-flippin-ella,’ hissed Linzi. ‘She needs to die!’

Suddenly, the Fairy Godfather’s phone started ringing to the tune of *That’s Amore*.

‘Just a moment ladies, I need to get this,’ said the Fairy Godfather as he pulled the phone from his jacket pocket. ‘Hey Vinnie, what’s going down? ... What do you mean he’s not paying? ... Well then break his frickin’ legs! ... What do you mean he’s left town? ... O.K. O.K. take a chill pill Vinnie, I’ll take care of this.’

The Fairy Godfather sighed as he put the phone back in his pocket. ‘Sorry dolls, I’ll just be one minute, there’s some business I need to take care of.’

Then in another puff of purple smoke, the Fairy Godfather vanished into thin air. Linzi and Maxine stared open mouthed at the place where he had been standing, until suddenly he reappeared again in the exact same spot. The only difference was that his previously unblemished white tie now had blood splattered all over it. He pulled out his phone again and dialled the previous number.

‘Hey Vinnie,’ said the Fairy Godfather, ‘problem solved.’ Then he put the phone back into his pocket and turned his attention to the sisters. ‘So, this Cinderella bitch, you want her swimming with the fishes or what?’

‘Preferably with piranhas,’ snarled Linzi.

‘No wait,’ said Maxine, ‘that would be *too easy*. That cow needs to suffer like she’s made us suffer.’

‘So what do you want uh?’ asked the Fairy Godfather impatiently.

‘I want to break her flippin’ heart,’ said Maxine with a sinister smile. ‘I want to take away from her the thing she loves the most, Prince bleedin’ Charming.’

‘Yeah,’ agreed Linzi. ‘And then, once her heart is broken, we’ll kill them both!’

‘Nee he he he he he he hee!’ cackled Maxine.

‘O.K. so you’ve got a plan, that’s a start,’ said the Fairy Godfather. ‘Now, we’ve just got to figure out how to make it happen. That’s where I come in, I’m good at making things happen, capiche?’

‘There’s a royal charity ball tonight,’ said Maxine.

‘Flippin’ charity,’ spat Linzi.

‘Cinderbitch hasn’t invited us,’ continued Maxine, ‘but maybe, if you could get us an invite...’

‘Oh I can do better than that dolls,’ smiled the Fairy Godfather. All of a sudden he pulled a gun from his jacket and pointed it at them.

‘Shit!’ squealed Linzi.

‘Hey, relax,’ said the Fairy Godfather. ‘This isn’t any ordinary gun, it’s magic baby.’

He fired the gun twice and two purple orbs of light shot out of the end and straight into Linzi and Maxine. They stood up in shock as they felt the energy transform them from the inside out. They looked at each other with astonishment as their waistlines slimmed, their breasts enlarged, and their faces became plastic perfect. Then their hair magically styled itself, and their clothes were replaced with beautiful party frocks. The heels on their shoes became so high it almost tipped them over.

‘Wow, talk about an extreme makeover!’ said Maxine with excitement as she admired her new self in the large mirror over the faux fireplace.

‘Hey Max, we look just like them girls on magazine covers!’ exclaimed Linzi, jumping up and down with delight. ‘Prince Charming will forget all about Cinderbitch when he sees these breasts!’

‘Yeah doll,’ agreed the Fairy Godfather, ‘I’ve done a pretty good job there, even if I do say so myself.’

‘But we can’t just go the ball on our own, we’d look like losers,’ said Maxine. ‘We need some gorgeous disposable men to escort us and make Charming jealous.’

‘Consider it done,’ said the Fairy Godfather.

In the corner of the room, the sisters had a cage containing two pet gerbils. The Fairy Godfather fired his gun at the gerbils and the cage shattered apart as the rodents instantly transformed into two shirtless hunks, complete with well defined pecs and abs. The two studs each chose a sister, kissed her on the cheek and then led her by the arm towards the door.

‘I like what you’ve done with Wayne and Shane!’ giggled Linzi as they walked towards the front of the house.

‘And now,’ said the Fairy Godfather, ‘for the transport.’

As they stepped out into the large front driveway of the house, the Fairy Godfather pointed his gun at a small wheelbarrow near the entrance and fired at it. The wheelbarrow morphed into a luxurious black stretch limousine. The sisters and their gerbil boyfriends eagerly got into the back and started pouring themselves champagne. The Fairy Godfather got into the front and started the engine.

‘Now remember dolls,’ said the Fairy Godfather, ‘the magic will wear off at midnight, so you need to finish your revenge and get out of there before then, capiche?’

‘Not a problem,’ hissed Maxine.

And with that, they drove off towards the ball, cackling all the way.

To be continued...

Gregory's Bad Day

Gregory Green walked along the street with his carrier bags, groaning to himself because he was so hungover. But that was what students were meant to do right? Get drunk, fail to pull, and then feel really sorry for themselves with a hangover from hell the next day. And if he had a chance, he'd do it all over again.

But life was hard for Gregory Green. Not only did he have the pressure of revising for his exams, he also had to deal with the fact that he was an evil brain sucking alien from the planet E-Nak.

No, life really wasn't fair at all. He had come to university because he had supposed that all the biggest, most juiciest brains would be there. And what did he find? The most annoying bunch of idiotic cretins in the universe. Even if he sucked the brains of all three delinquents in his student house, he still couldn't even collect enough grey matter to make a decent brain flavoured milkshake!

To top it all off, he was having a bad hair day. God! Could things get much worse? Then he realised that they could. His parents wouldn't be able to send him any more money this month, because he had sucked both their brains out during the Easter holidays. Damn, he should have kept them alive longer! But he was a thoughtless student, so what would you expect.

Obviously they weren't his real parents, but it had been nearly three years since he slurped the brain of the real Gregory Green and then assumed his form. And in fact, he had almost started to become attached to his new human parents. They loved him, helped him, supported him, cared for him, gave him

money. But then, on Easter Sunday, he didn't get one single Easter egg. Obviously the parents had to die.

Greg finally arrived at the tattered old Victorian terrace which he called home, to find one of his house mates, Bill, microwaving rice pudding in the kitchen.

‘Hiya Greg!’ called Bill.

‘Hiya Bill!’ called Greg.

Greg chucked his shopping bags into the kitchen, slumped onto the old stained sofa, and turned on the satellite TV, which the students in the house clearly could not afford. Bill walked into the living room eating his rice pudding, making sure that some of it fell onto the carpet to keep the student feel of the room intact.

‘Now then Greg,’ said Bill as he walked into the living room, ‘myself and the rest of the gang are a little bit worried about you.’

‘Oh?’ said Greg raising his eyebrow. ‘Why's that Bill?’

‘Well, you seem to have a side of you that you're not talking to us about,’ replied Bill. ‘A secret, that you feel you can't tell us. You're always going off to that weird club "Suckers", every time you bring a girl back after a night out we never see her again, you have a weird obsession with buying party straws – and then sharpening the ends...’

‘Look, you're right,’ confessed Greg, ‘there is a side to me that you know nothing about.’

Bill squeezed Greg's arm, and looked him in the eye. ‘Greg – are you gay?’

‘No, I'm an evil brain sucking alien from the planet E-Nak,’ said Greg.

‘Oh, well, that's O.K. then,’ smiled Bill. ‘If you'd been gay, we'd have chucked you out of the house!’

‘You realise that now you know, I'm going to have to suck out your brain too,’ said Greg regretfully.

‘Well, can it wait until after Sunset Beach?’ asked Bill.

‘Yeah I guess,’ answered Greg.

‘Cool,’ said Bill as he finished his rice pudding.

A few hours later, another house mate, Jonathan, came in to find Greg eating what seemed to be a very red bowl of rice pudding.

‘What's that you're eating?’ asked Jonathan.

‘Whisked Bill Brain,’ said Greg.

‘Is it alcoholic?’ asked Jonathan.

‘No,’ replied Greg.

‘Well, in that case, I don't want to know,’ said Jonathan.

‘Actually,’ said Greg, ‘that's not such a bad idea.’

A few hours later, another housemate, Barbie, came in to find Greg pouring red cocktails.

‘That looks nice Greg,’ said Barbie.

‘Want some?’ asked Greg

‘Go on then,’ said Barbie, who would drink anything.

Greg poured a glass of the red cocktail, and Barbie downed it in one.

‘Hmm, nice!’ said Barbie. ‘What's in it?’

‘Vodka, lemonade, tomato juice, Jonathan's brain fluid, and a bit of ginger,’ said Greg.

‘Great!’ said Barbie. ‘Have you seen Bill or Jonathan around?’

‘No,’ replied Greg innocently.

‘Oh, because I was kind of thinking that you might have sucked out their brains, and been making food and drink from the leftovers all evening,’ said Barbie unemotionally.

‘Oh dear Barbie,’ said Greg taking a nicely sharpened party straw from his shirt pocket, ‘I didn't want to have to kill you too. But I guess it means I can have a nice brain sandwich before bed.’

But Barbie pulled up her left sleeve to reveal a triangular tattoo on her shoulder.

‘The mark of Rangor!’ cried Greg in horror. ‘You’re a Snojite, the sworn enemy of us evil brain sucking E-Nas.’

‘Rangor was a beautiful planet once you know,’ said Barbie sadly. ‘Green, lush, people singing sweet songs in the hills. But then the E-Nas came, and moved the planet’s orbit, turning our paradise into an arctic wasteland. Most who survived the bitter cold were feasted upon by the E-Nas, until there was only a very few of us left. Then, we decided to fight back. We genetically enhanced ourselves, to become efficient E-Na slayers, and once we regained control of Rangor, we swore to go on, and hunt your kind to the very edges of the universe! You destroyed my planet, my people, and I’ll never forgive you for that!’

Greg sighed. ‘Look, I’ve got enough pressure on me right now, I really don’t need you and your annoying politically correct anti brain sucking ethics trying to control my life O.K.!?’

‘SCREW YOU ENA!’ yelled Barbie. ‘I’M BARBIE – THE E-NA SLAYER!’

And with that she grabbed a silver fork from the cutlery draw and thrust it into Greg’s forehead – the only way to kill an E-Na.

‘Oh bollocks,’ moaned Greg, and then he spontaneously combusted.

Once the incineration was complete, Barbie brushed the ashes from the sofa, and finished the cocktail – well, it did taste rather nice.

‘Oh well,’ she frowned, ‘I guess I’m going to have to advertise for new housemates now!’

The Annual General Meeting of Major Mythical Folk

The backroom of the pub stank like stale beer and urine. The Easter Bunny and Jack Frost sat at a rotten old wooden table, whilst the Tooth Fairy, due to her petite size, stood on the table with an equally miniature flip chart.

Jack Frost looked around the room disapprovingly. ‘This place needs *such* a make-over!’ he stated. ‘Two hundred years, and still not a lick of fresh paint. Oh, it’s an outrage!’

‘What do you expect, the bleedin’ Ritz?!’ grunted the Easter Bunny taking a gulp of his ale.

The tooth fairy tapped her watch impatiently. ‘Oh where is he?’ she scowled. ‘If he’s not here in three minutes, we’ll start without him!’

‘He’s late every blinkin’ year!’ said the Easter Bunny. ‘Anyway sweetheart, why don’t we just forget the meeting this time and have a drink, you know, just the two of us.’

‘Well, I think Mrs. Bunny would have something to say about that, don’t you?!’ said the Tooth Fairy with disgruntlement.

‘Oh well, can’t blame a bunny for trying!’ said the Easter Bunny.

‘Oh my God,’ moaned Jack, ‘you are *such* a disgrace Easter!’

The Tooth Fairy looked at her watch again. ‘Right! That’s it! Time’s up!’ she exclaimed.

But as soon as she had said this, the thud of heavy boots started to shake the whole room. The thuds became louder and louder until suddenly the old back door flew open to reveal the

grotesque and bulbous form of Father Christmas. He was carrying a big bag of takeaway from Bargain Burgers.

‘Oh those bloody numpties!’ he exclaimed. ‘They only gave me a quarter pounder when I ordered a double bacon special! I mean, who can survive more than five minutes on a bloody quarter pounder eh?’

‘You’re late!’ moaned the Tooth Fairy.

Father Christmas waddled in and slumped himself down on the remaining chair at the table. It creaked painfully under his enormous weight. He emptied the contents of the takeaway bag onto the table and started scoffing.

‘I hope you beggars don't think that you're getting any of this! Not after all I had to go through to get it!’ he shouted with his mouth full.

‘You’ll have a flippin’ heart attack in a minute if you go on like that Christmas!’ said the Easter Bunny.

‘Don’t bloody start with me Easter!’ snarled Father Christmas as lettuce and ketchup tumbled down his beard and onto his grimy shirt. ‘You’re not exactly slimmer of the bloody month yourself!’

Jack Frost waved his hands wildly in the air. ‘Boys, boys!’ he exclaimed. ‘Calm down, you’re giving me heart burn!’

‘Oh shut up Frost!’ exclaimed Father Christmas.

‘That’s quite enough!’ stated the Tooth Fairy. ‘Now, it’s about time we got down to business.’

‘Whatever you say Tooth!’ relented Father Christmas.

‘Now then, first from me,’ began the Tooth Fairy. ‘Tooth profits have reached an all time low this year. This is mainly due to an increase in dental hygiene.’ She pointed at a meaningless pie-chart. ‘However, there continues to be a steady rise in first tooth losses which is tied-in with the current birth rate as shown in this diagram. The exchange rate per tooth has

risen to an approximate average of one pound twenty-five... Frost, are you listening?’

Jack Frost was busy writing a message on his phone.

‘Um, what, yes, just a moment,’ he said, continuing to write the message.

‘I will not continue until I have your full attention,’ commanded the Tooth Fairy.

Jack Frost grimaced and slammed his phone onto the table. ‘It’s Wee Willy Winkie,’ he said. ‘He’s having issues again.’

‘Ah bloody hell!’ moaned Father Christmas as more ketchup squirted down his beard.

‘I thought it was over between you two fellas,’ said the Easter Bunny.

‘Well it was,’ sighed Jack, ‘but then he apologised. He said that he knew it wasn’t my fault that I had a cold heart. So we tried again. But now he’s saying I keep frosting up his windows on purpose. I don’t! And then we had this big argument because I said that times have moved on and children should be allowed to go to bed whenever they want. Well, you should have seen him – running up and down the living room in his nightgown, screaming at me! Well I said I was leaving him, again, and now he’s texting me all apologetic, as usual!’

‘Bloody ponces!’ snarled Father Christmas.

‘O.K.’ said the Tooth Fairy, ‘well perhaps if we can refocus our attention on the flipchart...’

‘How dare you speak to me like that Christmas!’ screeched Jack Frost. ‘You’re such an insensitive bastard!’

‘Ooh bloody la de da!’ mocked Father Christmas. He pulled a bottle of whisky from his coat, and started drinking. It dribbled down his beard and curdled with the ketchup.

Jack Frost started sobbing and the Easter Bunny shook his head and took another gulp of ale. The Tooth Fairy was clearly unimpressed.

‘I don’t know why we bother having these meetings every year!’ she exclaimed. ‘It always ends up just like this. We’re all hundreds of years old – can’t we just get along one day in the year?!’

The other three said nothing, except for Jack who was still sobbing.

Eventually he stopped. ‘I’m going to the bar to get a vodka and ice!’ he stated briskly. Then he rose from his chair and stormed out.

‘I hate that bloody ice queen!’ said Father Christmas.

‘Oh leave him alone for Christ’s sake!’ said the Easter Bunny.

‘What’s any of this got to do with Christ eh?!’ said Father Christmas. ‘Anyway, come on Tooth, let’s get on with the bloody shite shall we?’

‘Very well,’ huffed the Tooth Fairy. ‘Well, actually, I think I’ve covered my patch. What about you Easter, can we have an update on the Easter egg front please?’

The Easter Bunny shrugged. ‘Lots of kids, they all get Easter eggs, they eat too many of them, their teeth rot away, you give them one pound twenty-five, that’s about it ain’t it?’

The Tooth Fairy gave him a glare, and then turned to Father Christmas. ‘And what about you?’

‘Same as bloody always,’ grunted Father Christmas. ‘Lots of ungrateful little shits, all hoping to get a bloody Playstation, or Playgear or whatever the hell it is they want this year. I think they’d be lucky to get a bloody stick if you ask me. I let the elves deal with everything now, I can’t be bloody arsed.’

‘Well perhaps I’ll ask the elves to this meeting instead of you next year then,’ said the Tooth Fairy with a smug smile.

‘Fine with me,’ said Father Christmas. And then he burped and broke wind at the same time.

The Easter Bunny put a paw to his twitching nose. ‘Oh bloomin’ hell!’ he said.

‘Well really Father Christmas!’ exclaimed the Tooth Fairy. ‘I am quite appalled by your behaviour today!’

‘Oh screw you Tooth!’ said Father Christmas. He got up from his chair. ‘I’m getting out of here, this place bloody stinks! See you next year then, or not! Ho ho bloody ho!’

And with that he trundled out, shaking the room again with his thundering boots.

The Easter Bunny said nothing, and finished up his ale.

The Tooth Fairy sighed and started to dismantle her flipchart. ‘Well,’ she said, ‘that’s another successful meeting this year.’

The Easter Bunny chortled.

Then she stopped and looked at him. ‘Still fancy that drink?’ she asked.

The Fairy Godfather Part II

All the guests stopped and stared at Linzi and Maxine as they arrived at the ball with their ex-gerbil boyfriends in tow.

‘They love us!’ squealed Linzi in delight as some photographers from *OMG!* And *Wow!* pushed cameras into their faces and snapped away.

What the sisters didn’t realise is that the journalists were already conjuring up headlines to go with the photos such as *Extreme Botched Up Makeover* and *Ugly Sisters Go Plastic Fantastic*.

As soon as the two sisters spotted Prince Charming mingling with the crowd, they made a beeline for him.

‘Ooh Prince Charming, ‘ow *charming* it is to see you!’ said Maxine insincerely as she attempted to sip a flute of champagne in a sexual fashion.

‘Yes,’ agreed Linzi pushing her breasts towards the prince and pursing her lips, ‘you really do live up to your name – *Prince Charming*.’

‘Linzi...Maxine,’ said Prince Charming backing away slowly, ‘how...um...splendid it is to see you...but my God what have you done to your faces?!’

‘What do you mean?!’ asked Maxine angrily. ‘This is *all natural!*’

Then the prince spotted the two formerly rodent hunks loitering near the entrance and was suddenly distracted.

‘Ooh *hello* boys!’ said Prince Charming enthusiastically.

Meanwhile, Cinderella was solemnly sitting by the fountain outside the castle and contemplating how her ‘*happily ever*

after' had not turned out to be quite as happy as she had originally hoped. She had known that her marriage had been a sham from almost the very beginning. It turned out that Charming didn't want a wife at all, he wanted a fag hag. Cinderella blamed herself for not picking up on it at the start when the prince had taken such an enthusiastic interest in her footwear.

Suddenly a pillar of purple smoke materialised beside her, and the form of the Fairy Godfather, still in his pinstripe suit, but now with a clean tie, emerged from within.

'Hey doll, why the long face eh?' asked the Fairy Godfather.

'Agh!' anguished Cinderella. 'Another flippin' fairy, just what I needed!'

'You better watch your mouth bitch, or I'll sew it up for you,' retorted the Fairy Godfather angrily.

'Leave her alone Larry!' came an unexpected voice from the other side of the courtyard.

When they looked they saw a familiar frumpy woman marching towards them. She was dressed in a white dress and holding a wand with a star at the end.

'Marjorie, what are you doing here eh?!' shouted the Fairy Godfather. 'This is my patch, can't you see I'm doing business here?'

'You keep away from Cinderella Larry,' said Marjorie – a.k.a. The Fairy Godmother, 'she's under my protection.'

'Not for much longer!' laughed the Fairy Godfather, conjuring up purple smoke and getting ready to make a quick exit. 'When those two ugly broads catch up with her, it's gonna get even uglier!'

However, before he had a chance to vanish, the Fairy Godmother zapped him with her wand and transformed him

into a frog. Then she trampled the fairy amphibian into a mushy green paste with her stilettos.

‘Now there’s one frog you don’t want to kiss,’ said the Fairy Godmother. ‘Good riddance Larry, I should have done that to you a long time ago!’

‘But what was he talking about?’ asked Cinderella. ‘What ugly broads?’

‘Oh, it’s just Linzi and Maxine,’ said the Fairy Godmother. ‘They thought they could break your heart by stealing the heart of Prince Charming.’

‘Well, that’s not going to work,’ shrugged Cinderella.

‘I know,’ agreed the Fairy Godmother. ‘Look, there they go now.’

They watched with raised eyebrows as Linzi and Maxine ran in tears from the castle.

‘What’s up with them?’ asked Cinderella.

‘Take a look,’ said the Fairy Godmother pointing at the entrance to the castle.

Cinderella’s face fell as she looked and saw Prince Charming standing in the archway, snogging the face off one of the magic hunks.

‘Don’t worry Cinderella,’ said the Fairy Godmother, ‘it’ll be over by midnight when his new boyfriend turns back into a gerbil.’

‘And then what?’ asked Cinderella sadly. ‘He’s never going to want me.’

The Fairy Godmother stared thoughtfully at her wand for a moment, and then turned and looked at Cinderella.

‘Ever thought of having a sex change?’ she asked.

And from that day onwards, Cinderella became known as Cinderfella, and he and Prince Charming lived happily ever after.

The End.

Thank you for reading!

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