

CINDERELLA IS NOW 95 YEARS OLD

After a fulfilling life with the now dead prince, she happily sits upon her rocking chair, watching the world go by from her front porch, with a cat named Bob for companionship.

One sunny afternoon out of nowhere, appeared the fairy godmother. Cinderella said, 'Fairy Godmother, what are you doing here after all these years?'

The fairy godmother replied, 'Cinderella, you have lived an exemplary life since I last saw you. Is there anything for which your heart still yearns?'

Cinderella was taken aback, overjoyed, and after some thoughtful consideration, she uttered her first wish 'The prince was wonderful, but not much of an investor. I'm living hand to mouth on my disability pension, and I wish I were wealthy beyond comprehension.

Instantly her rocking chair turned into solid gold. Cinderella said, 'Ooh, thank you, Fairy Godmother'.

The fairy godmother replied, 'It is the least that I can do. What do you want for your second wish?' Cinderella looked down at her frail body, and said, 'I wish I were young and full of the beauty and youth I once had.'

At once, her wish became reality, and her beautiful young visage returned. Cinderella felt stirrings inside her that had been dormant for years.

And then the fairy godmother spoke once more: 'You have one more wish, what shall it be?'

Cinderella looks over to the frightened cat in the corner and says, 'I wish for you to transform Bob, my old cat, into a kind and handsome young man.'

Magically, Bob suddenly underwent so fundamental a change in biological make-up that, when he stood before her, he was a man so handsome the likes of him neither she nor the world had ever seen.

The fairy godmother said, 'Congratulations, Cinderella, enjoy your new life.' With a blazing shock of bright blue electricity, the fairy godmother was gone as suddenly as she appeared.

For a few eerie moments, Bob and Cinderella looked into each other's eyes. Cinderella sat, breathless, gazing at the most handsome, stunningly perfect man she had ever seen.

Then Bob walked over to Cinderella, who sat transfixed in her rocking chair. He held her close in his young muscular arms and as he leaned in close, blowing her golden hair with his warm breath as he whispered, 'Bet you're sorry you had me de-sexed.'