

Boner 2 - Cindereally.

Inspired by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Cinderella,"
and by Robert Graves, "Down, Wanton, Down."

IT WAS a hard truth. The prince of the kingdom, like most men and especially men of power, believed that others found him as interesting as he found himself. On this subject, himself, he became quite eloquent. His dotting royal parents erected an edifice around him, their only child. They proclaimed that three lavish festivals would be held so that the prince might select for himself a bride. All the girls of the land were compelled to attend the prince's wanton balls. It would be a bonanza for any girl the prince chose, or so they all thought. They pined for the prince, preening and pruning themselves for his balls.

All except one girl. She lived in the bonedocks of the kingdom with her step-mother and two step-sisters. She worked too hard to fall for any fairytale illusions, and her step-sisters mocked, taunted and tormented her. She ended every day bone-tired. Because she slept by the hearth and because her usual retort was "really?", her step-sisters called her Cindereally.

The time for the prince's first festival arrived. A trombone announced the his entry; he wore a herringbone suit. There was an ostentatious feast, the main course featuring T-bone steaks. After the feast, the prince, on the arm of his Queen mother, descended the grand stairway to the ballroom. He exuded bonhomie.

Cindereally's step-mother and step-sisters went to the festival, but they left Cindereally behind. Unbeknownst to them, Cindereally had saved money for a

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magnificent dress so that she could go, too. Her step-mother and step-sisters couldn't imagine her being there, much less in a magnificent dress, so they didn't recognize her. Her late arrival drew the prince's attention; he immediately rose and took her by the hand. When anyone else asked her to dance, the prince said, "she is MY dance partner."

She got tired and wanted to go home, but the prince wouldn't let go of her hand. He tried to tickle her funny boner, but he couldn't find the spot. Finally, she pulled away from him. "Who do you belong to?" he asked. "Really?" she replied. "I belong to myself." She ran and he followed her, but she ran so quickly that he could not catch her. She hid in a pigeon coop and eluded him.

The time for the second festival arrived and the trombone again announced the entry of the prince, dressed most debonairly. The feast ended with a toast of stiff bourbone. The prince, next to his father, the King and awash in paternalism, descended the grand stairway to the ballroom.

Cindereally's step-mother and step-sisters again left Cindereally behind; again Cindereally put on her magnificent dress and arrived late; again she got an immediate rise out of the prince, and he took her by the hand to the dance floor. When anyone else asked her to dance, the prince again said, "she is MY dance partner."

She got tired and wanted to go home, but just as before the prince wouldn't let go of her. He tried to be witty and failed. "Love is blonde," he said. "I mean blind. Wrong word, sorry."

Cindereally had no desire to get a grip on his dic-tion. "Love may be blind," she replied, "but love knows the difference between man and beast. Love requires delicacy from her squires."

"From squirrels?" asked the prince. "Like nuts? Oh certainly, I can arrange for that," he said confidently confusing acorns with the royal nuts.

Finally, Cindereally pulled free. "Whose house do you live in?" asked the prince. "Really?" she asked. "I live in my house." She ran, and he ran, but she was so quick that he could not catch her. She climbed into a pear tree and hid.

The time came for the third and final festival; the trombone announced the prince's entry. After a feast of squirrel stew and a dessert of bonbones, he descended the grand stairway into the ballroom alone in a cloud of his own pheromones.

Cindereally's step-mother and -sisters watched as Cindereally, unrecognized in her magnificent dress, arrived late again. "She's doing that on purpose, the little trull," huffed the step-mother. The prince was longing for Cindereally. He took her by the hand and when anyone else asked her to dance, he repeated, "she is MY dance partner."

She wanted to go home, but just as before the prince wouldn't let go of her. He had boned up on history and wanted to impress her in the worst way, and he did. Unable to tolerate silence in a conversation, he filled the air by talking about himself: "I am taller than Napoleon Bonaparte!" "Really," said Cindereally, running away.

This time the prince did not chase her, for he had set a trap, covering the grand stairway with pitch. One of her slippers got stuck in the pitch, and she ran away

without it. The prince proclaimed that no one would be his wife except she whose foot fit the slipper. And so he set off with the slipper, and all the girls in the realm tried it on, praying to St. Boniface that it would fit them. But it fit not one of them.

The prince eventually came to the home of Cindereally and her step-sisters. The step-mother had Cindereally stay inside by the hearth while her step-sisters tried on the slipper. The first step-sister's foot was too big, so she cut off a toe and forced her foot in. "Do you take me for a fool?!" cried the prince. "You have hair of ebony, and the girl whose foot fits this slipper has aubone hair. You cannot be she."

The second step-sister's foot was also too big, so she cut off a piece of her heel and forced her foot in. The prince cried, "do you take me for a fool?! You have hair of ebony, and the girl whose foot fits this slipper has aubone hair. You cannot be she."

The step-mother watched the blood stain her daughters' stockings red. "Why didn't you tell us that sooner?" she asked the prince.

"Blame the knife for the cutting, blame the cutting for the blood," shrugged the prince. "Be gone with you, I command, or I will have the three of you cut to pieces!" The stepmother and her daughters fled and, as they ran, a woodpecker flew down and peckered out their eyes, punishment for their wickedness and falsehood.

Cindereally had snuck to the doorway of the house and watched it all. The prince recognized her in an instant, swelled up, raised his head and staunchly exclaimed, "You are my true bride!"

“No, your highness,” said Cindereally, “marriage to you would be intolerable bonedage. My dream is to study at the Sorbonne. I’m sorry.”

The prince looked puzzled and hurt. Unable to fill the breach between his longing for Cindereally and her rejection of him, he hung his head and shrunk within himself, deflated. “I’m sorry,” he said limply. But his sorrow was for himself.

Because he had proclaimed in public that only Cindereally would be his wife, and he could not live up to that proclamation, the prince died a childless bachelor. With no other direct heirs to the throne, succession became a murderous free-for-all, pitching citizens into shocked disbelief when they discovered that their would-be rulers cared more for themselves than for the people and the *summum bonum*. Chaos and violence perforated the thin veneer of civilization, disrupting commerce and agriculture, begetting poverty, plague, and famine, all because of one man’s vane bonedoggle.

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