A politically correct version of “Cinderella”

Once upon a time there was a young person of female gender, whose mother unfortunately had passed away long before her daughter could attain full age. The child's father felt very uncomfortable and overstrained with the new situation - especially with being a single-father - and thought that under such circumstances it would be better to get into a new relationship and to marry again. His new wife and her two daughters obviously were deprived of their niceness, which was shown by the fact that they used to call the man's biological daughter 'Cinderella'. Moreover they were well on the way to make Cinderella become their new cleaning-specialist. She received rather underattractive clothes, in which she was forced to do all of the unclean work in the house, while her stepsisters could let themselves go and enjoy the excellent new service. Cinderella felt disabled and offended by her new family! Discrimination didn't really fit into her visions of equality and humanity.

One day a letter reached the house.

It was an invitation to a big ball, where the prince intended to find the woman he wanted to marry. He invited all of the sexually inexperienced young womyn in his area. Cinderella's stepmother was quite excited about the letter. She already thought about the beautiful dresses her two daughters would wear, but it was clear that Cinderella wasn't permitted to go to the ball. Actually it was Cinderella's deepest desire to meet the prince once in her life, so she was very upset that her stepmother said that she had no appropriate dress for a ball and accordingly couldn't get there. The young woman was crying bitterly and looked for comfort at her mother's grave. There she complained about her stepmother. Suddenly some birds flew along and conjured a glittering dress out of a tree. First Cinderella thought that her problems would be solved now and that she could go to the ball secretly, but as she took a closer look at the dress, she was very indignant and disappointed. The dress looked as if it was made for a 'daughter of joy' with its plunging neckline. So Cinderella took it and tore it into many little pieces. Not even the birds had a clue about what was appropriate for an emancipated and independent woman. But at least she knew what she had to do now ... This experience made her realize that the world she lived in was full of sexists, and even magic was influenced by those stupid ideals. Cinderella took a decision and ran home again. In an unobserved moment she grabbed all of her clothes, wrote a short letter to her father and left the house. Forever. It was important for her to clarify that womyn had just the same rights as men. And that nobody had the right to think that she or he was superior or better than anyone else. On her way to the capital, where she wanted to founded a public social aid institution for disabled women, she took one last walk through the city she had lived in for years. Cinderella left some flowers at her mother's grave, where she was surrounded by charming butterflies, happy about the beautiful flowers on the fields. She
finally said goodbye to the palace she had always dreamed of living in. The ball was going to take place the following day, so there were many people making preparations and taking precautions, when she saw a very attractive and handsome young man strolling around outside the palace. He came along and asked her where she was about to go, because he seemed to be very impressed by her. She didn't say much because in her opinion talking to anyone coming along was not the way a decent woman should behave like. The man didn't stop talking and Cinderella started to feel more and more harried by him. So she ran away, but stumbled, and ran even faster than before, without noticing that the man that talked to her, wasn't just a man! It was the prince himself!

But all that was left from Cinderella was a simple shoe she had lost on her way ...

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