



CINDERELLA'S TRUMPET



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ENRIC LLUCH
DRAWINGS: JORGE DEL CORRAL

Once there was a girl named Cinderella who hid the trumpet she had inherited from her grandfather under her bed. No sooner had she stowed it away than she heard the great loud voice of her stepmother barking:

“Sweep the street, dust the shelves, wash the tiles, do the laundry and hang it out to dry. Then clean up the ashes in the chimney and feed the rabbits and the hens.”

The stepmother’s daughters added, “And don’t forget to iron our party dresses because tonight we’re going to a royal ball.”



After her stepmother and stepsisters had left, Cinderella went to speak with her father. She found him, as always, sitting under a grapevine reading the newspaper.

“Daddy, my stepmother and stepsisters always give me more work than I can manage. And then they spend the day doing whatever they please.”

Cinderella’s father put his newspaper down and looked at his daughter with sad, Basset-hound eyes.

“So what can I do about it? Those women are like three wild beasts!”

