



Seriously,
SNOW WHITE WAS
so **FORGETFUL!**

The Story of
SNOW WHITE

as Told by **THE**
DWARVES

by Nancy Loewen illustrated by Gerald Guerlais

I love Snow White dearly. She's a beautiful person, inside and out.

But honestly, the girl's got a mind like a leaky bucket.

Here's the REAL story of Snow White and the Seven Dwarves.
(My name, by the way, is Seven. We dwarves used to have real names, but Snow White couldn't remember them.)



One day, we came home from the mines to find our cottage door open. We thought we'd been burgled! But no. It was just a lovely little girl, sound asleep.



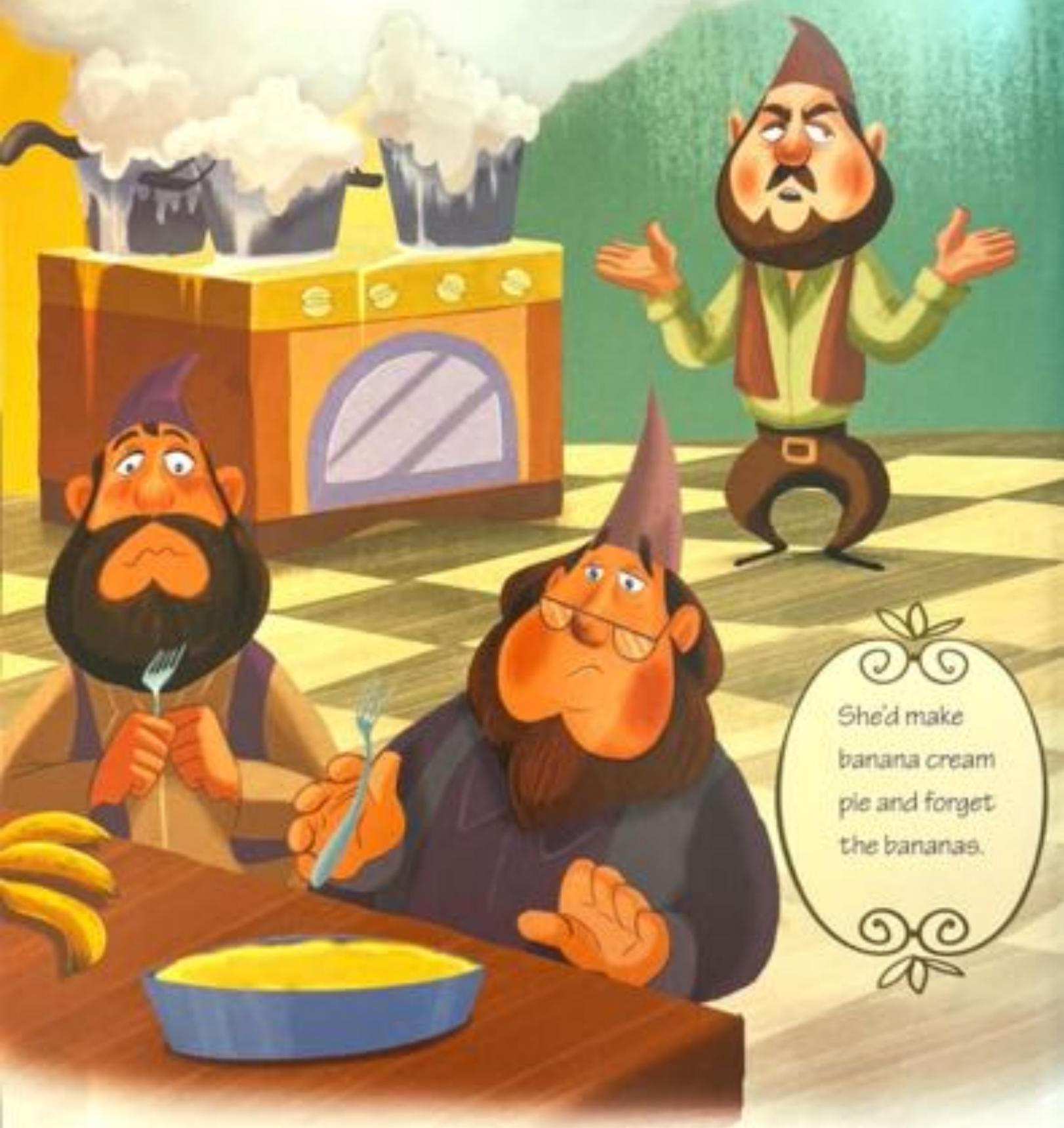
In the morning she had quite a story to tell.

"Hello!" she said. "I'm Snow White. The queen sent me into the woods, and a hunter was supposed to kill me, but he was nice and let me go, and I wandered a long time in the woods. I guess I'm very pretty, and that's why the queen doesn't like me. I'm Snow White. Would it be all right if I lived with you? I love playing house, and keeping house for real wouldn't be all that different, would it? Did I tell you my name is Snow White?"

Wow, did she have energy.

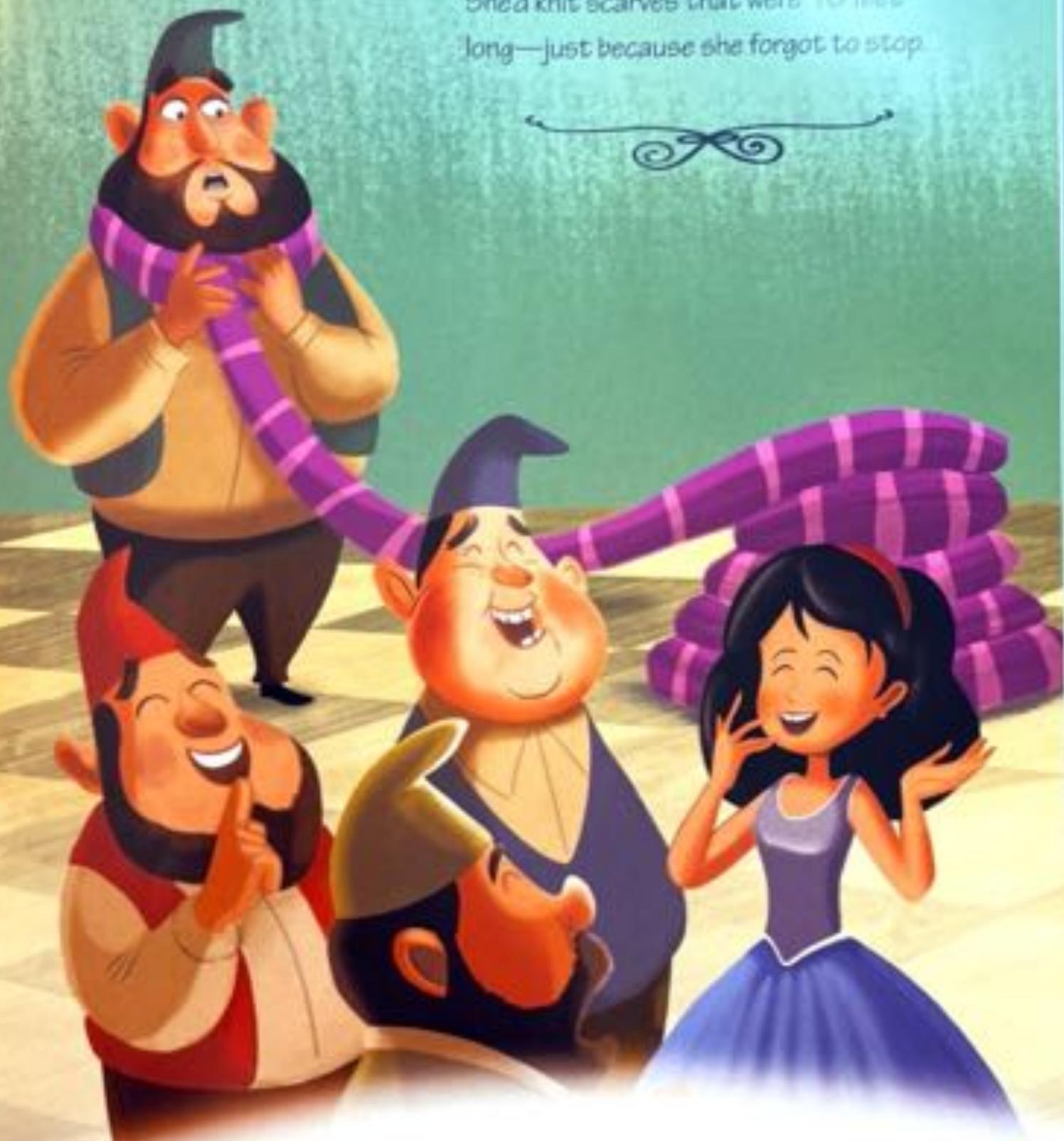


Life with Snow White was ... interesting.
She'd forget to turn on the stove. She'd
forget to turn it off.



She'd make
banana cream
pie and forget
the bananas.

She'd knit scarves that were 10 feet long—just because she forgot to stop.



On the bright side, she laughed at all of our jokes.
And she never complained about anything.



Years passed. Snow White grew up, but she didn't really change. She remained her sweet, charming, forgetful self.

Then one day, Five heard a rumor.

"The queen knows Snow White is alive!" he told us.

"The magic mirror spilled the beans!"

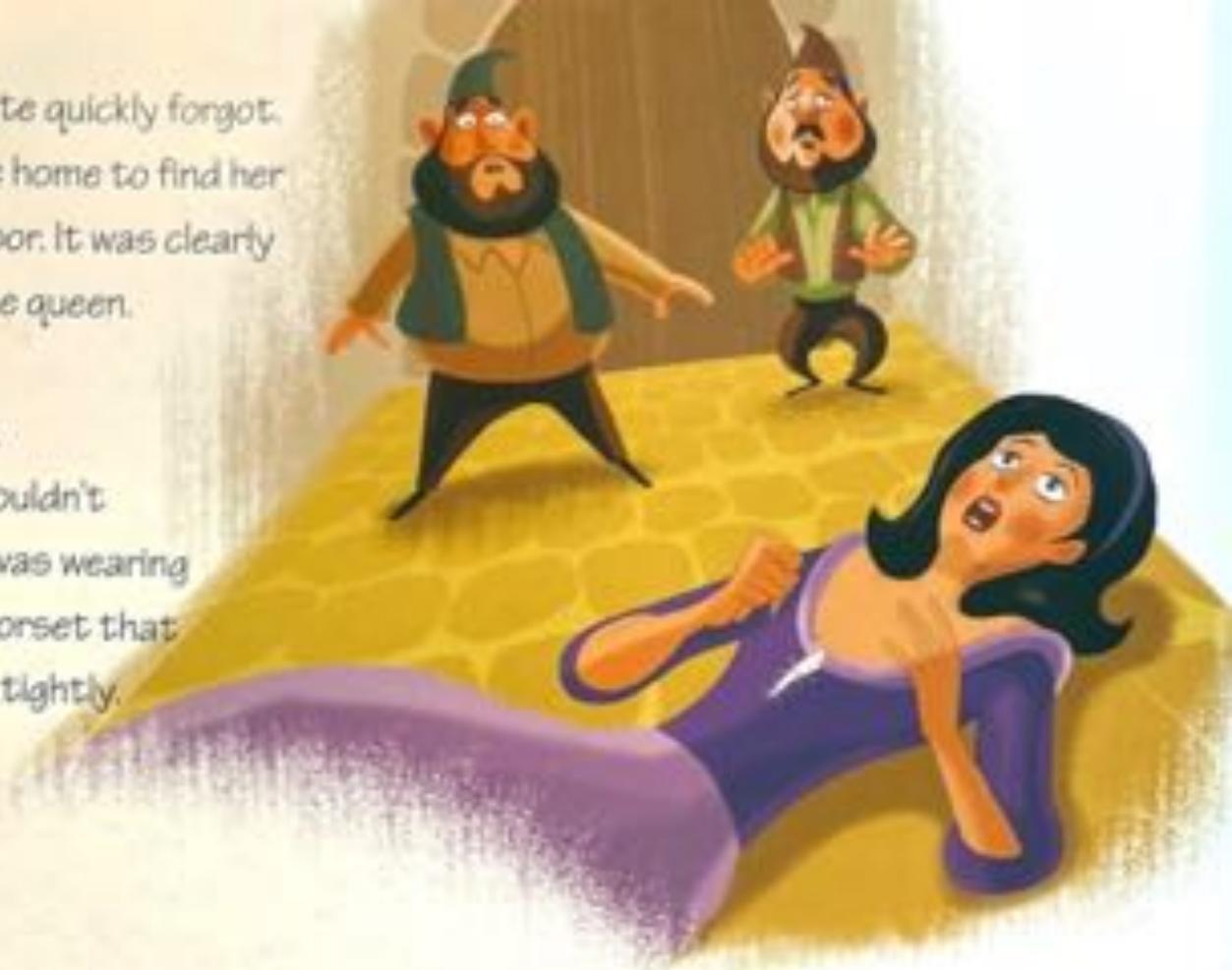


We gave Snow White orders to stay inside the cottage. She was not to open the door to anyone. We knew the evil queen would try to hurt her.



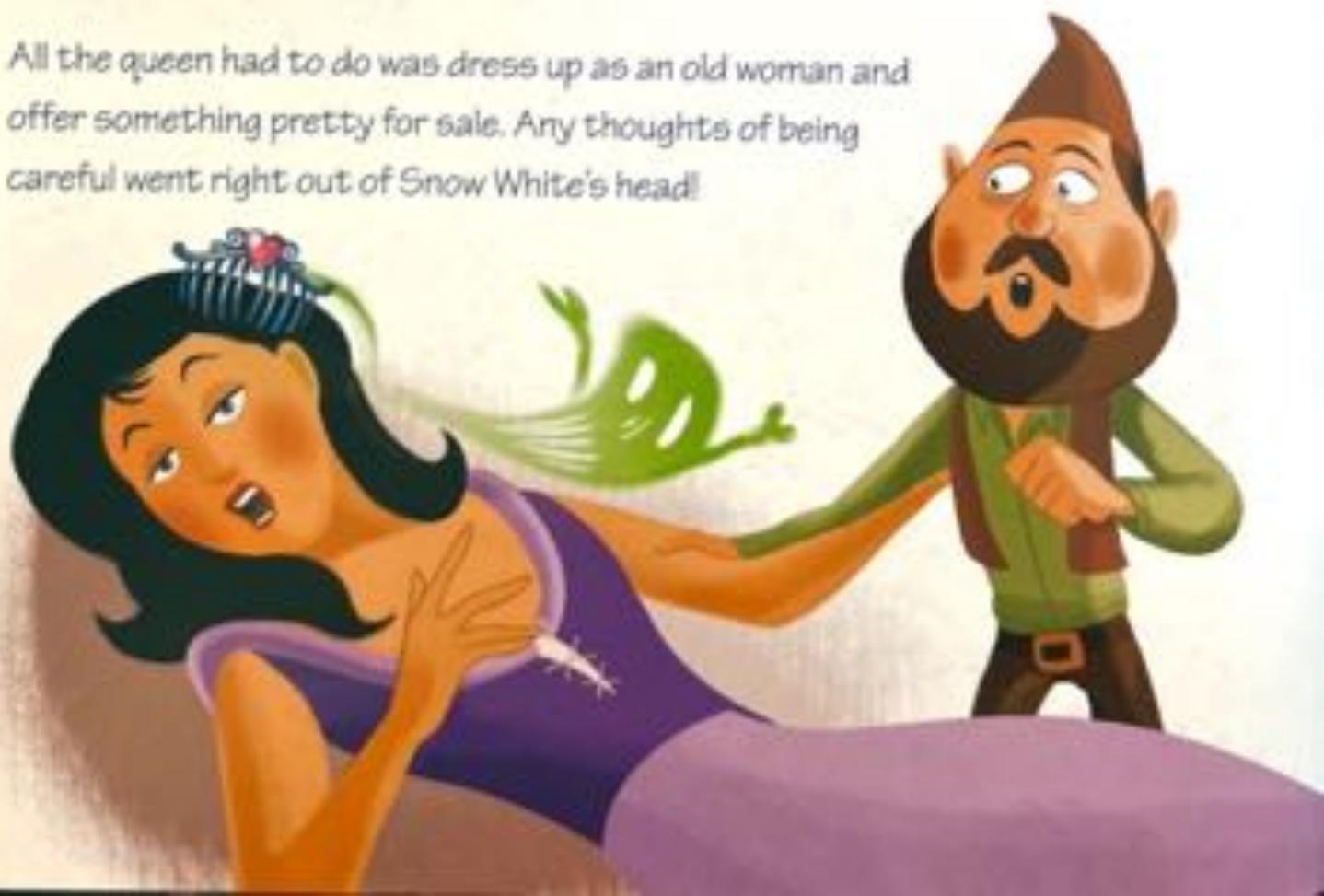
But Snow White quickly forgot.
Twice we came home to find her
lying on the floor. It was clearly
the work of the queen.

The first time,
Snow White couldn't
breathe. She was wearing
a brand-new corset that
was laced too tightly.



The second time she had a poisoned comb in her hair.

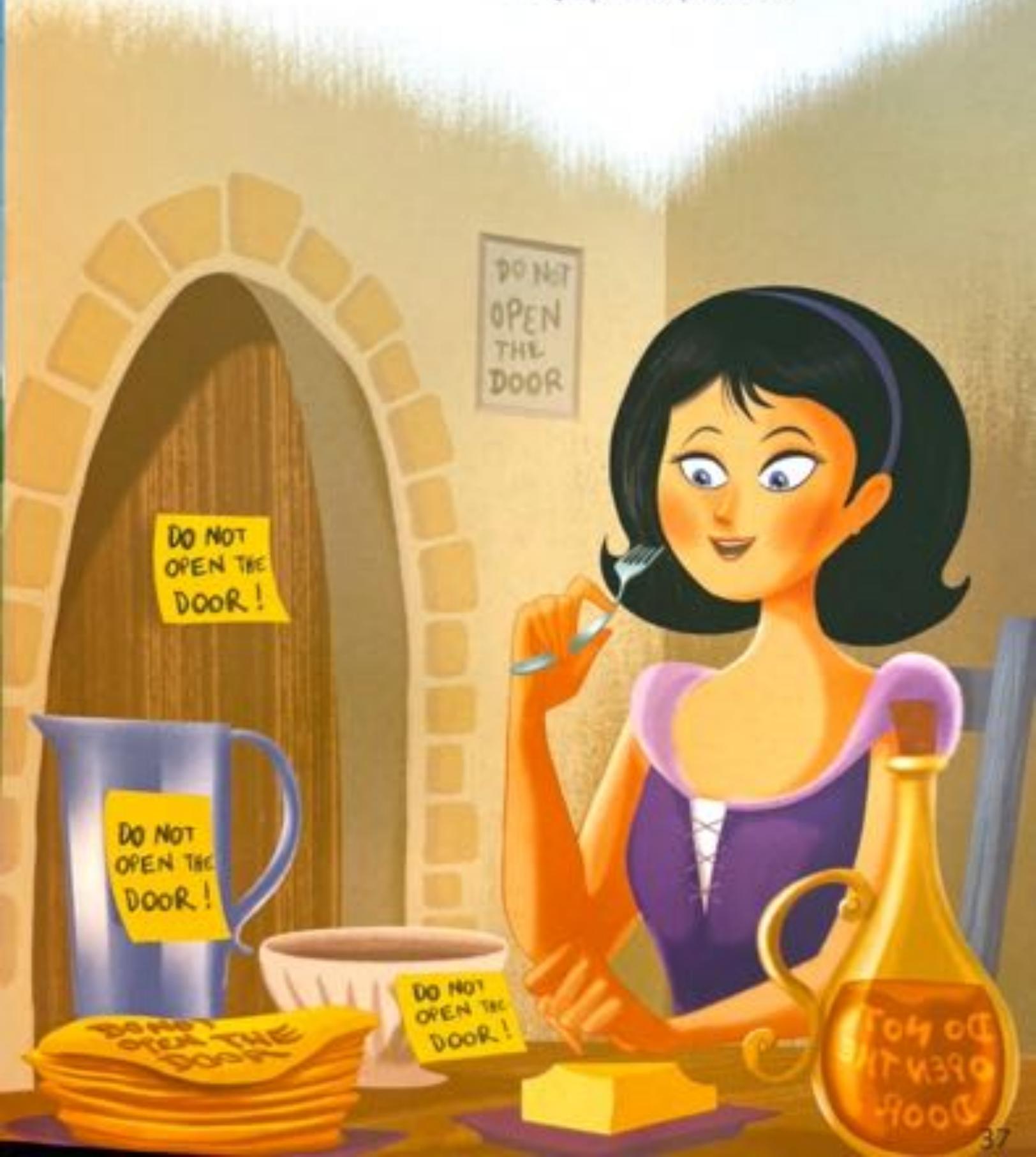
All the queen had to do was dress up as an old woman and
offer something pretty for sale. Any thoughts of being
careful went right out of Snow White's head!



We posted reminders. We even wrote

DO NOT OPEN THE DOOR

in syrup on her pancakes.



But once again we came home to find Snow White on the floor. This time we couldn't help her. There was no corset to loosen or comb to remove. We thought she was dead, killed by a magical spell. And yet, days passed, and she remained as lovely as ever.

"It's like she's forgotten how to wake up."

Five whispered.



We couldn't make ourselves bury her. So we placed Snow White in a glass coffin and brought her to a spot on the mountainside. We took turns guarding her.

Thank goodness, that's not the end of the story!



...and stay I heard voices
in the woods.

No, your majesty, it's not time
for lunch. We ate our lunch an
hour ago. Don't you remember?

Oh, right! Silly me.



Suddenly I was face-to-face with a prince! But he barely noticed me. He couldn't take his eyes off Snow White.

"What happened to her?" he asked. "What's her name?"

I told him the whole story.

"She's the most beautiful girl I've ever seen," he breathed. "Those lips, those eyes! What did you say her name was? Could I take her with me? Now that I've seen her, I don't think I can live without her! What silky hair she has! Tell me again, what's her name?"

I smiled. The prince reminded me of a certain someone.



An illustration of a prince with dark hair and a friendly expression, wearing a purple tunic with a green striped sleeve and a silver pendant. He is carrying Snow White, who has long dark hair and is wearing a blue dress with a green striped sleeve. They are walking through a forest with tall, brown tree trunks and green foliage. Two dwarves in brown tunics and hats are following them, looking surprised. A third dwarf is peeking from behind a tree on the right side of the frame.

We were bringing Snow White back to the cottage, so the other dwarves could say good-bye. Without warning the prince stopped and turned around. "Hey, what about lunch?" he asked.

The servants slipped.



The coffin slid.



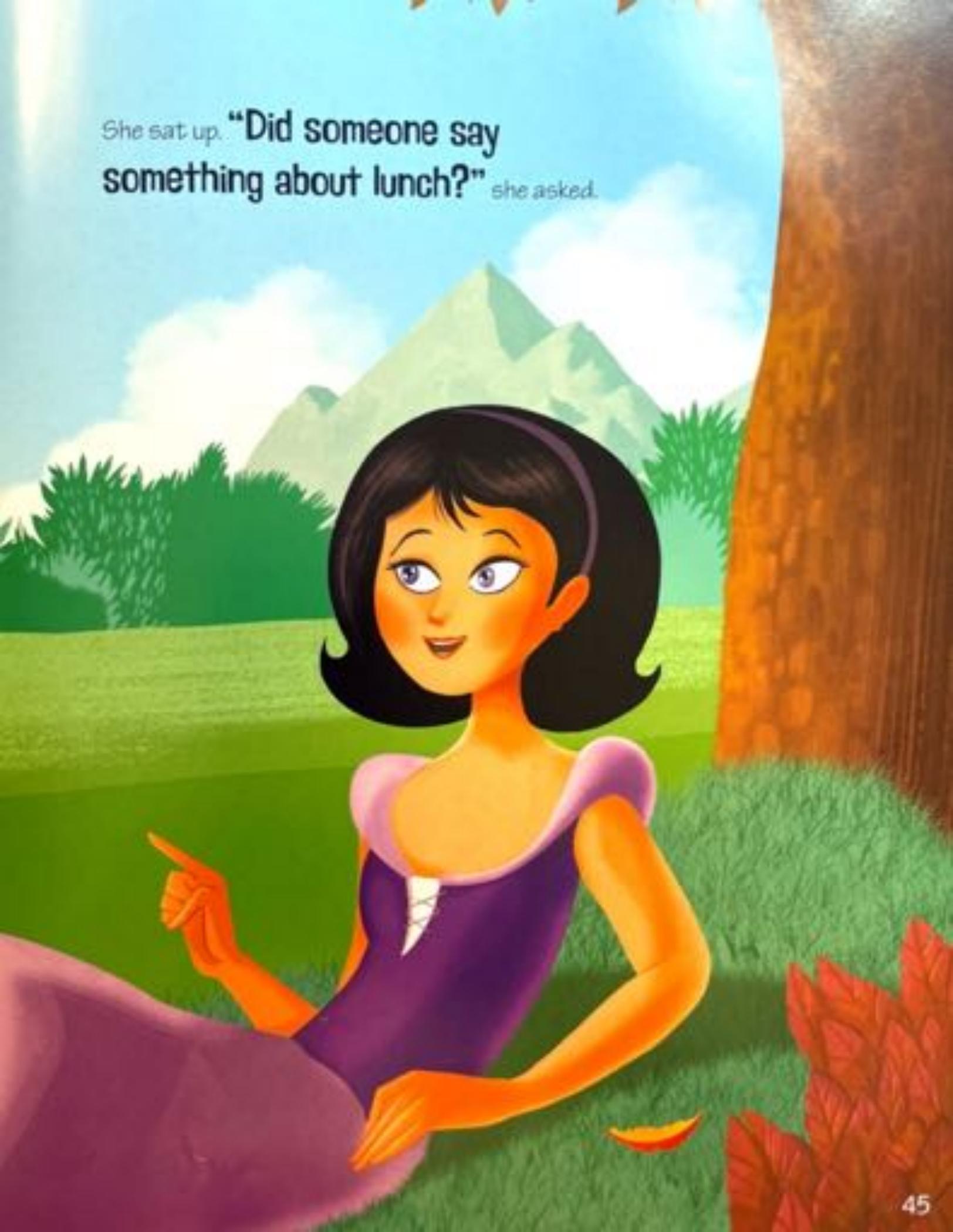
And Snow White coughed.



I'd never heard such a beautiful sound. Out of her throat flew a bit of rosy red apple. Rosy red
POISONED apple, that is.



She sat up. "Did someone say
something about lunch?" she asked.



Yes, Snow White married the prince, of course.





The queen actually showed up at the reception, if you can believe it. Everyone threw dinner rolls at her and booed so loudly that she ran away and was never heard from again.

Things are pretty much back to normal now. When it gets cold outside, we're grateful for our 10-foot scarves. And every once in a while, we make banana cream pie without any bananas. Just for old times' sake.

**THE
END**

