

Happily Ever After

by Sheri Radford

She stares at the last few embers of a fire she built out of kindling she chopped from an oak that she felled and listens (only slightly) to his often-told tale of the dragons and serpents and giants (and so on) he slayed (with such difficulty) for her much-coveted hand and she darns his old socks as she listens (only slightly) to his tale of his bravery and daring (and so on) and she remembers the days when her evil step-sisters dressed her in rags and made her clean chimneys and she smiles (almost fondly) at this memory in which she was young and was beautiful and (most importantly) was not married to him.