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## Snow White?

by Marion Umney

She was turning into a beautiful young woman. There were no two ways about it. The problem was she was too beautiful. Too beautiful by half. The problem is that when a woman marries for love and there's a girl child in the mix she has an immediate rival. Fathers and daughters; well Freud got it wrong there with his Electra complex and penis envy, misogynist that he was. No, it's simpler than that. Oedipus works for fathers and daughters in the same way as for mothers and sons. Daughters want to seduce their father and fathers are ridiculously seducible. They want to kill their mothers too, especially if they are stepmothers, and the same is true the other way round.

She did everything she could to come between us. She'd stroll into our room having had a bad dream – that was a real passion killer I can tell you. She'd wheedle to come with us if we went shopping and get him to buy her things, then she'd still be metaphorically between us on every shopping trip. On holiday he'd say "Oh that would look lovely on Snow White" (what a misnomer -coal black more like) and lo and behold, before I knew where I was there'd be a suitcase full of stuff we were taking home for her, and nothing for me.

Eventually I'd had enough. She had to go. They say I plotted to kill her, but that isn't strictly true. I plotted to kill his image of her as his perfect little girl, that's all. I plotted her fall from grace. That's where the gardener came in. My husband couldn't abide him. Too good looking by half, and a scoundrel to boot. That's why I'd employed him "just to get the heavy work done darling. He won't be here long". The perfect seducer for a conniving rebellious young girl. All I did was to give a bit of encouragement to them both and turn a blind eye when they disappeared off to that festival together – the one her father had forbidden her to go to.

She soon realised she was in over her head, when the silly little cock teaser said no and he just left her there and pissed off without her. But as luck would have it she found what she saw as salvation in that crazy bunch of hippies. Of course, they took her in. They were normally as high as kites and she cleared up their mess after them.

However, I misjudged my husband. I'm not entirely sure that blood is thicker than sex, but it's true my beauty was beginning to fade and with it my power over him. He was miserable as sin when she wasn't there and I knew it wouldn't be long until he forgave her and she came home like the triumphant prodigal daughter. I needed to act.

One of the benefits of having a slightly shady past is that one has contacts; contacts who deal in illegal substances and are not averse to a little sleight of hand when required. He laughed when I told him I was tempted to kill the little bitch "Resist everything but temptation my beauty" he said "A taste of her own medicine perhaps – too much snow white" That really amused him, but seemed rather apt, so I said yes. I said I didn't want to kill her, just give her a fright and convince her father she was a lost cause, but I think maybe I did.

Maybe it would have been better for me because when she went into that coma I lost it all. He couldn't bear to see his darling child like that and went to pieces. Blamed me of course. I had driven her to it. As for that simpering doctor. What did she say? "He and Daddy brought me back to life with their love and care for me."

What a load of twaddle. He just gave her an injection or two and recommended rehab. I think she always suspected me, but she couldn't prove anything. She didn't need to. I was gone.