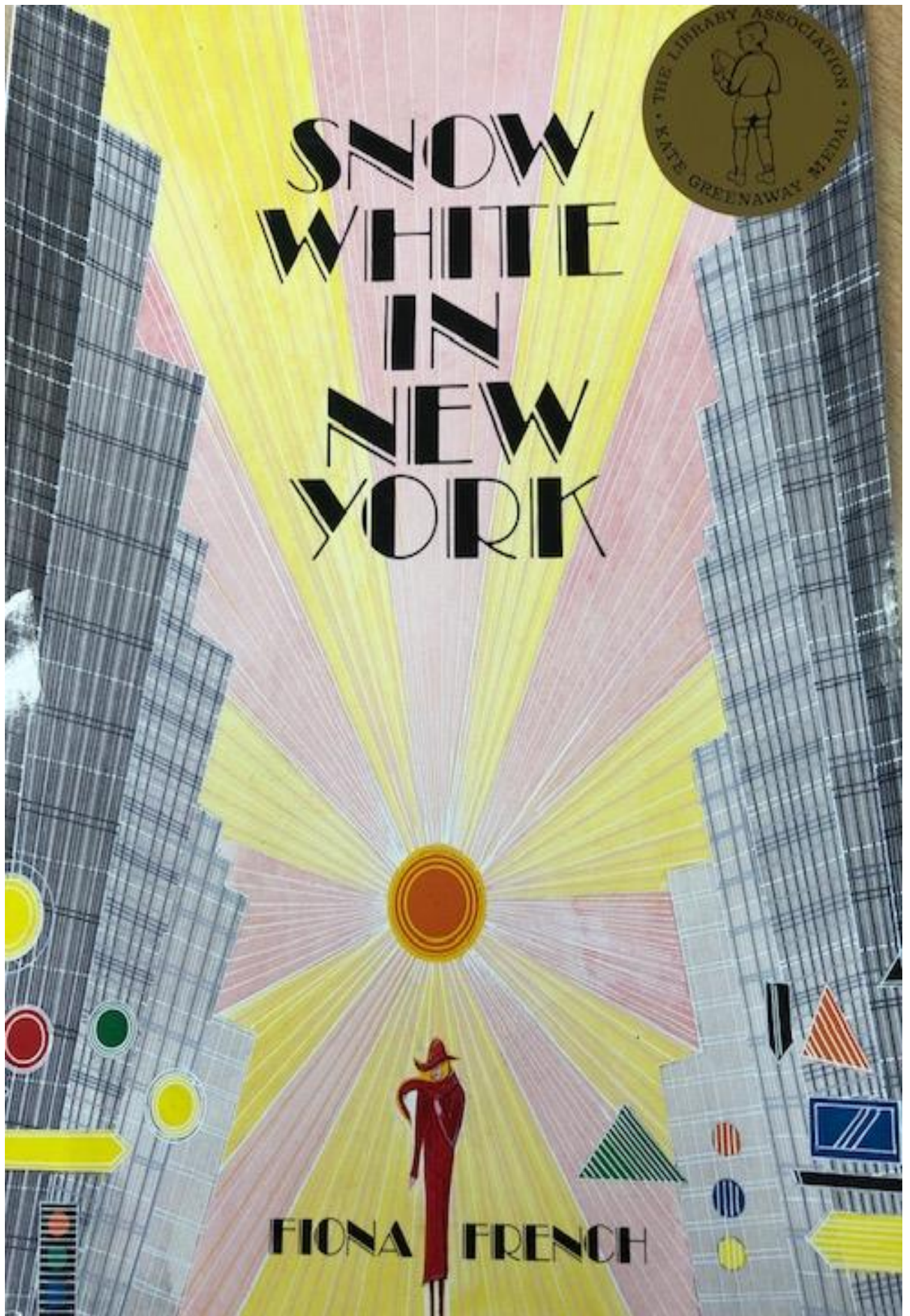



SNOW WHITE IN NEW YORK

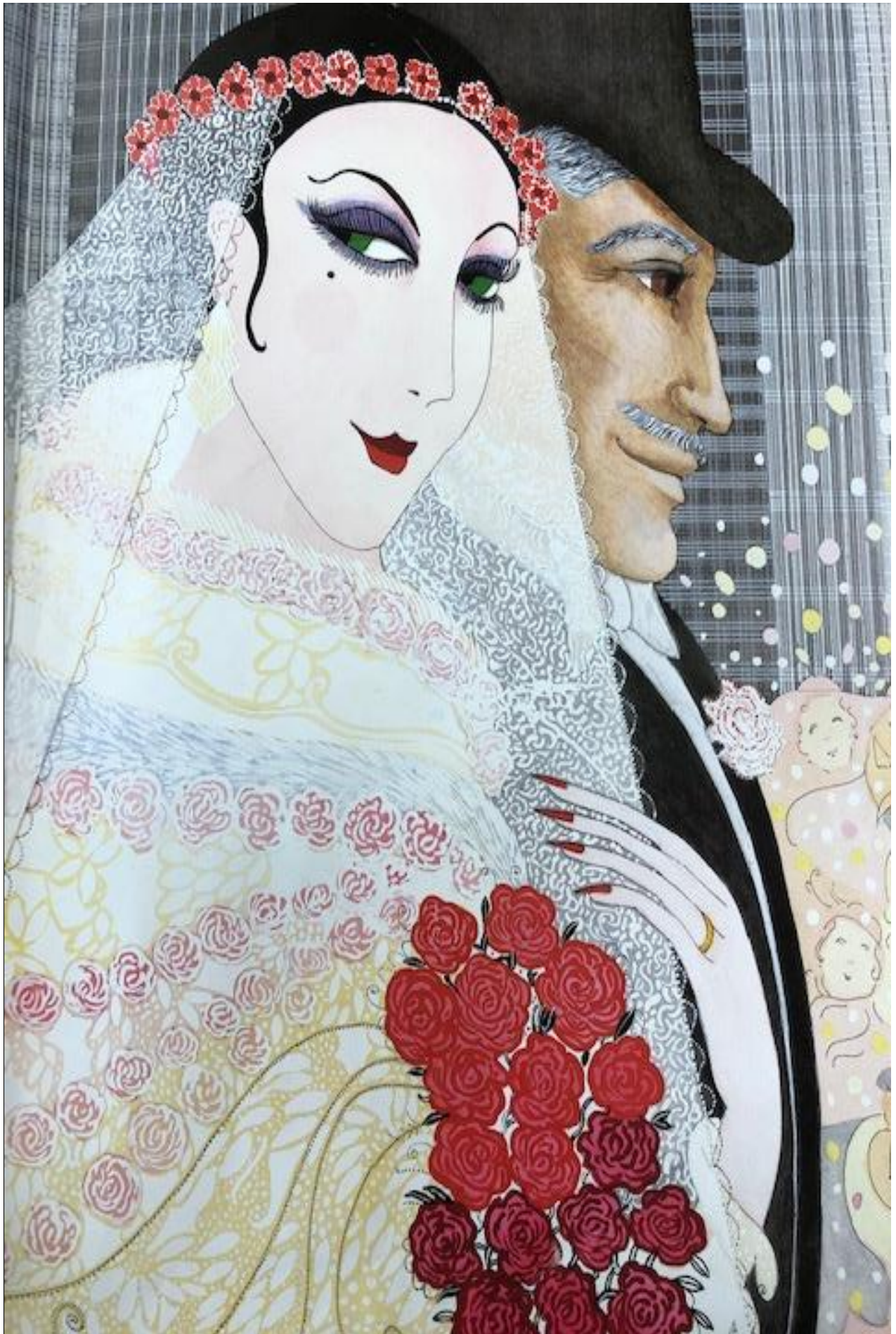


FIONA FRENCH





The image shows a page from a storybook. At the top, there is a simple illustration of a sun with a yellow circle and rays in shades of yellow and pink. Below the sun, the text of a story is written in a simple, black, sans-serif font. The text is centered and reads: "Once upon a time in New York there was a poor little rich girl called Snow White. Her mother was dead and for a while she lived happily with her father. But one day he married again . . ." The bottom half of the page is covered by a white blanket with a delicate, repeating floral or scrollwork pattern in a light pink or red color. On the left side of the page, there are several colorful geometric shapes: a red arrow pointing right, a black circle, a red triangle, a red arrow pointing right, a yellow arrow pointing right, a red circle, and a red square. These shapes are arranged vertically and appear to be part of a separate graphic element or a collection of shapes.



All the papers said that Snow White's stepmother was the classiest dame in New York. But no one knew that she was the Queen of the Underworld. She liked to see herself in the New York Mirror.



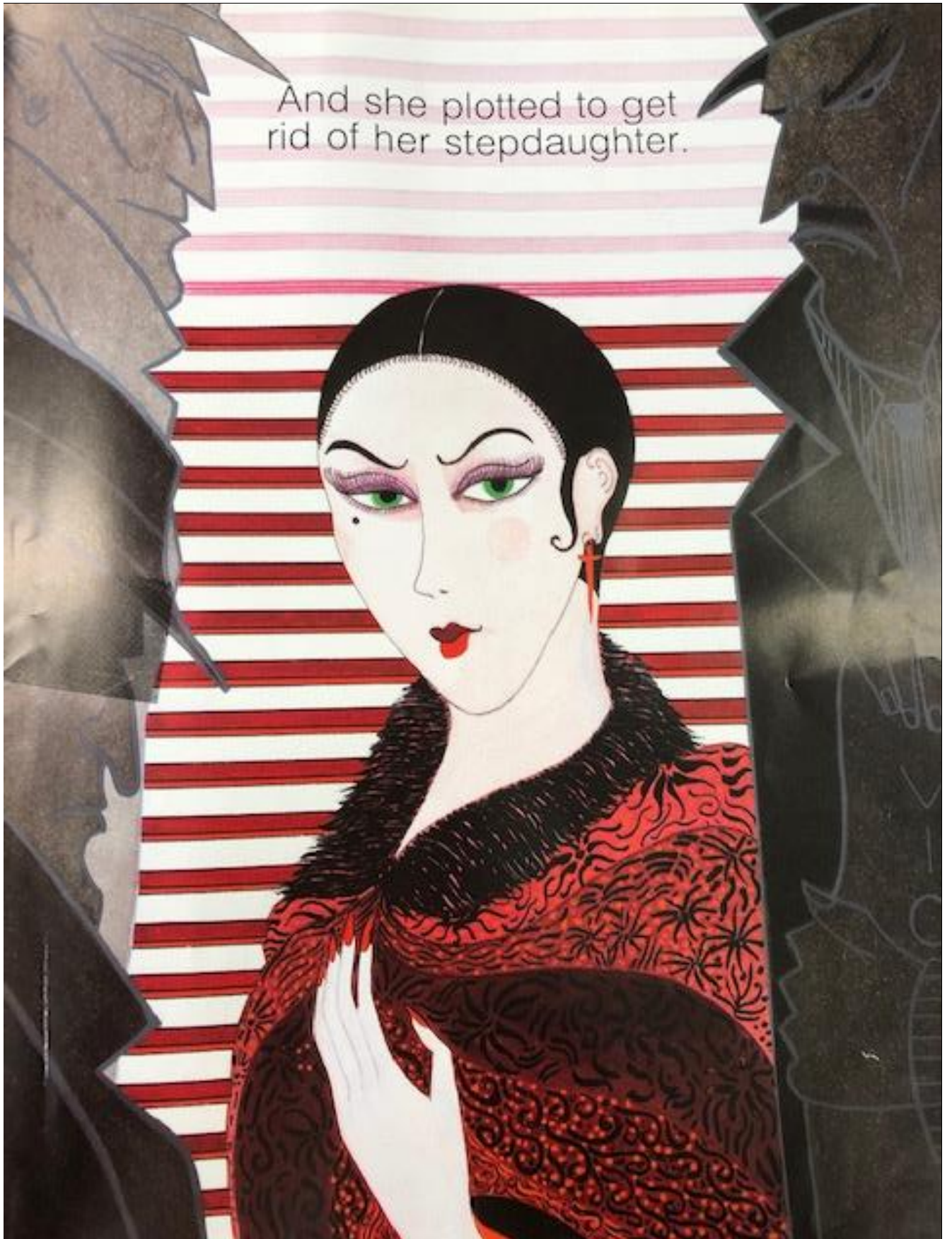


But one day she read something
that made her very jealous

'Snow White
the Belle of New York City.'



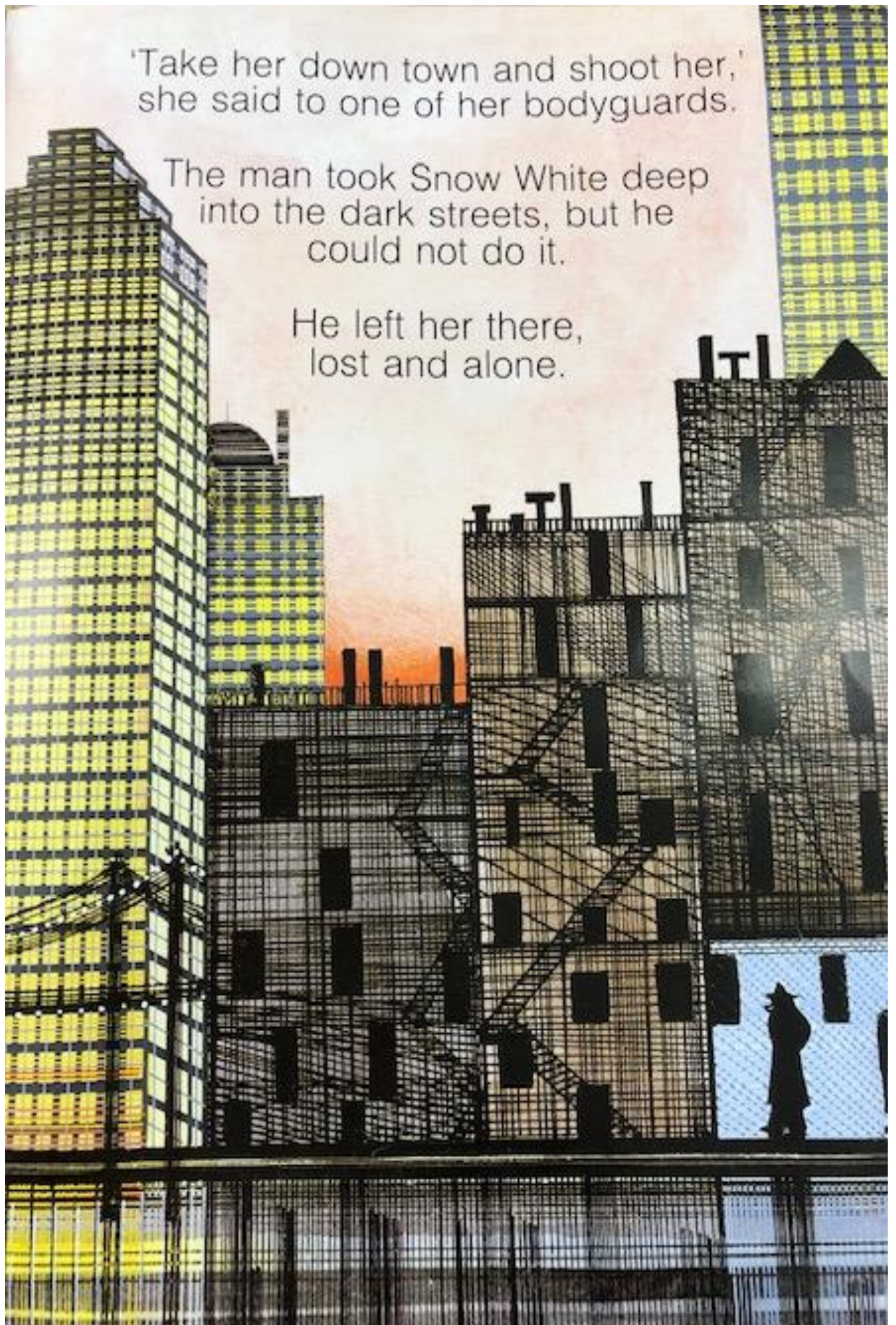
And she plotted to get rid of her stepdaughter.

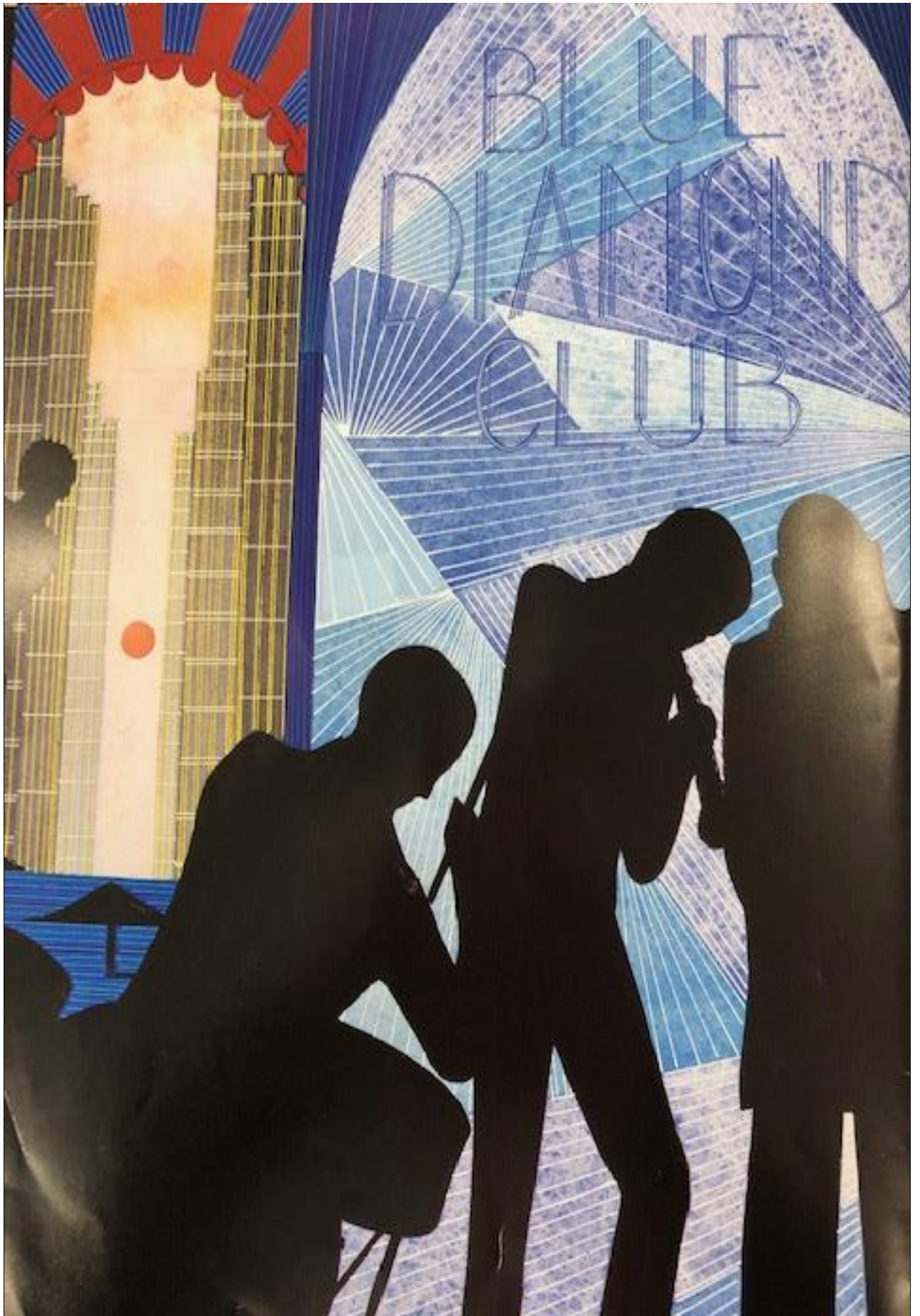


'Take her down town and shoot her,'
she said to one of her bodyguards.

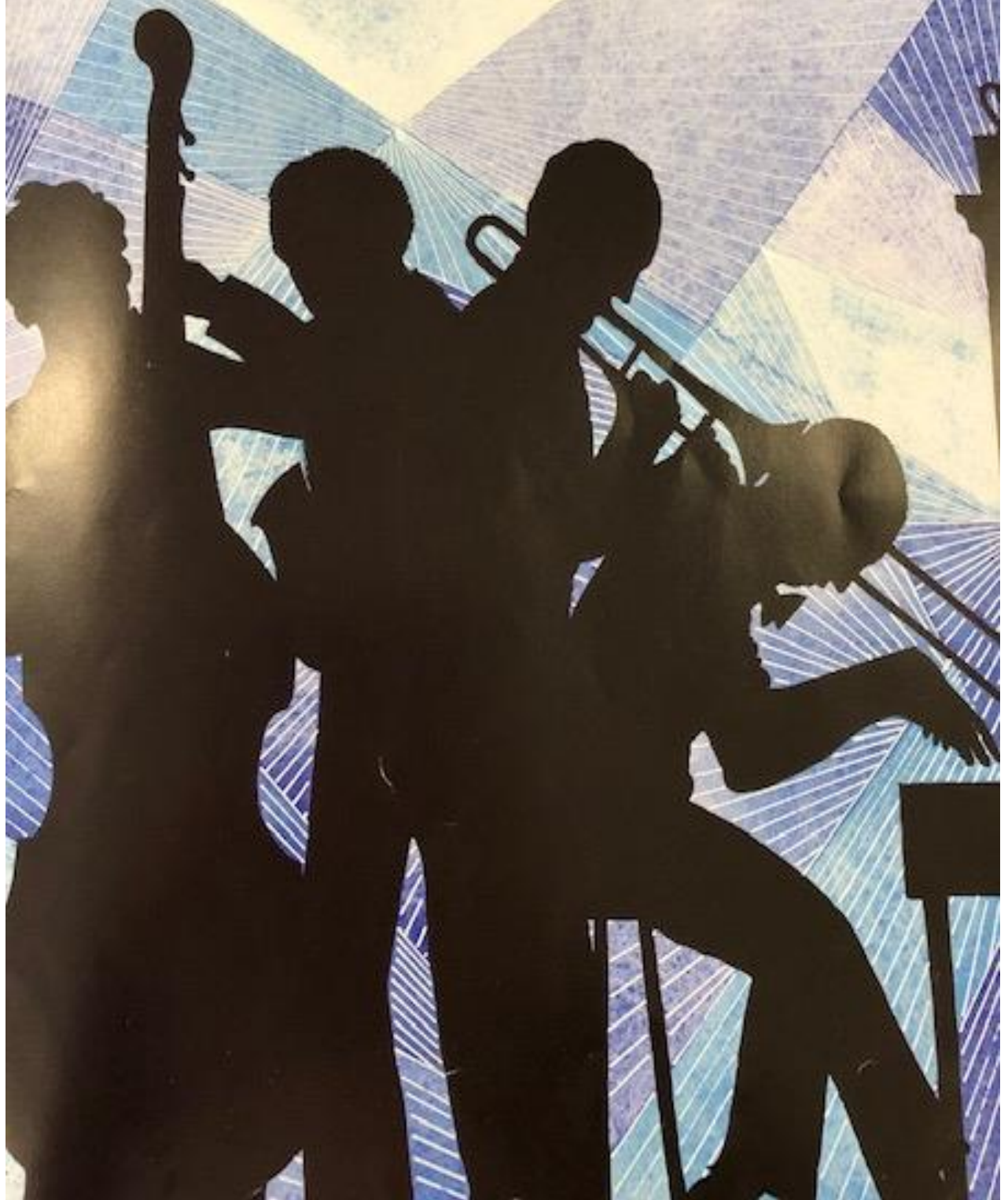
The man took Snow White deep
into the dark streets, but he
could not do it.

He left her there,
lost and alone.

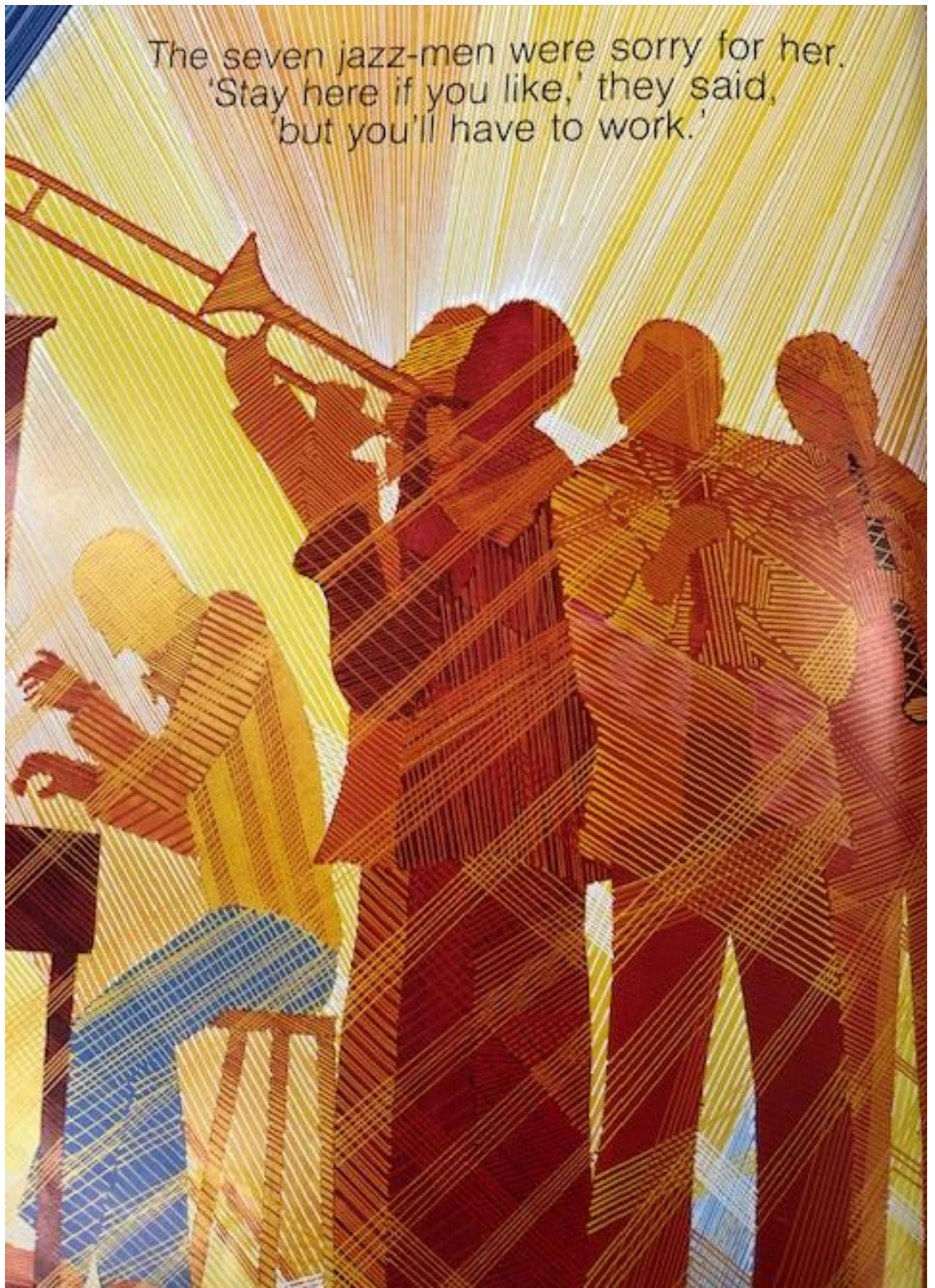




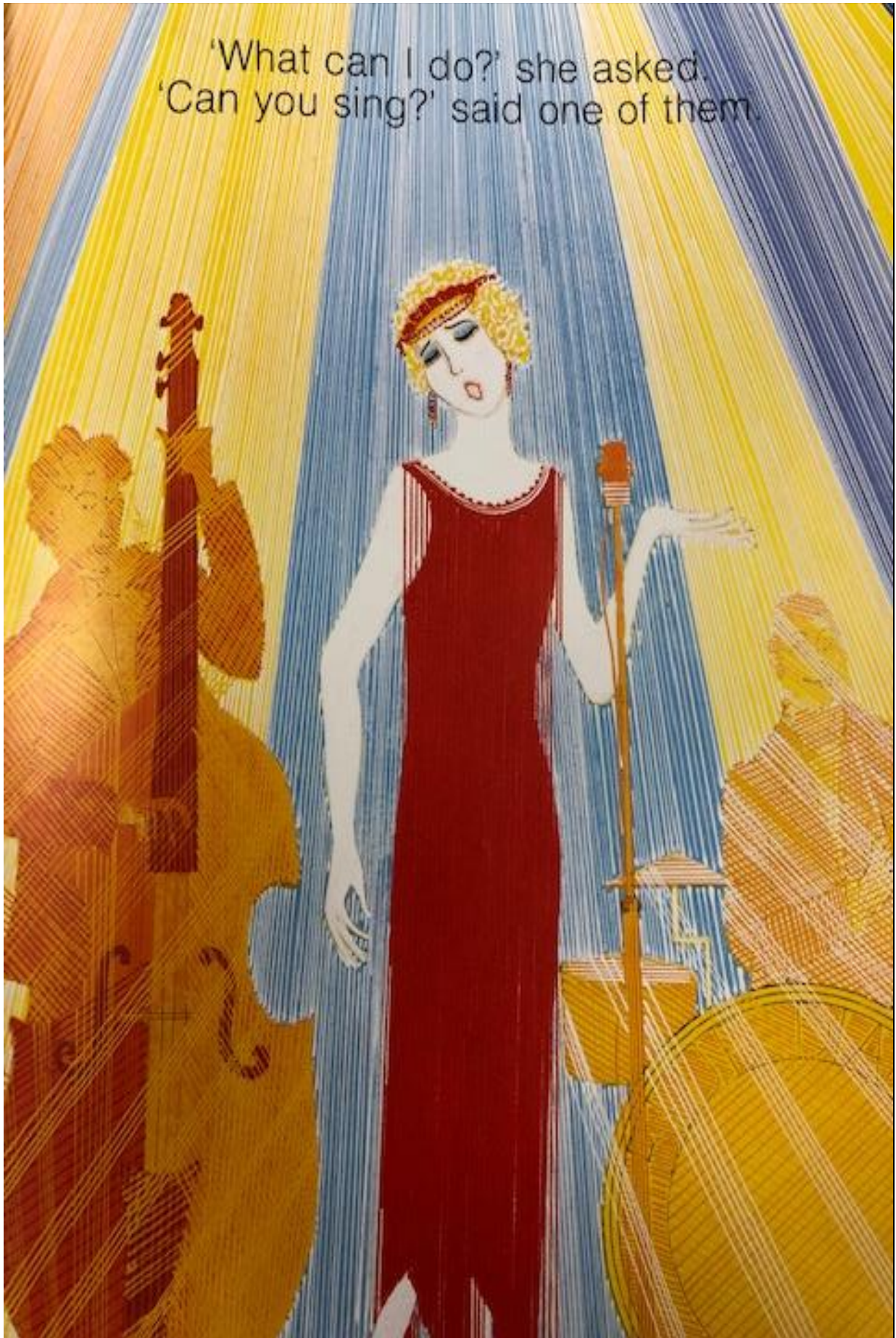
Snow White wandered the streets
all night, tired and hungry.
In the early morning she heard music
coming from an open door. She went inside.



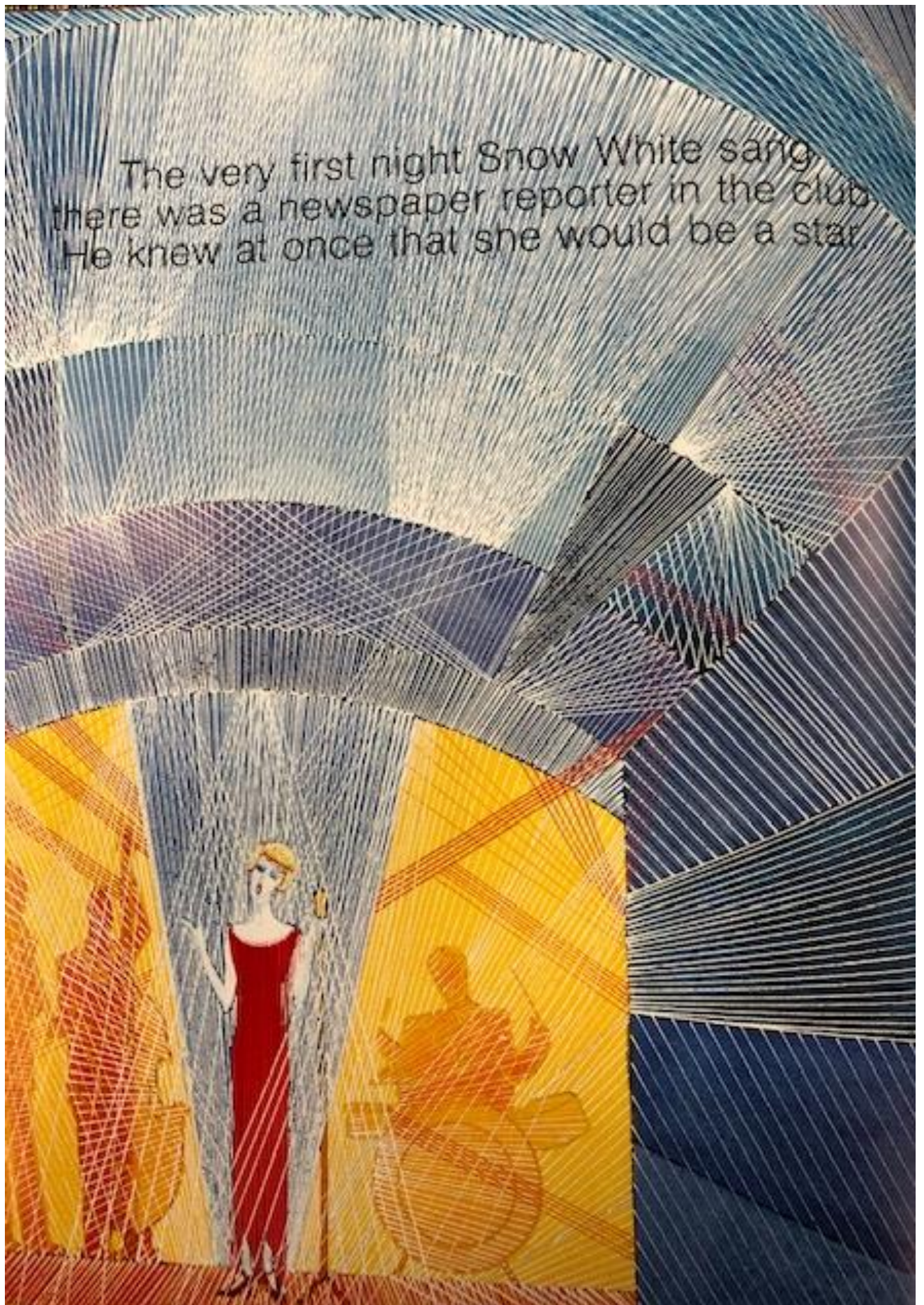
The seven jazz-men were sorry for her.
'Stay here if you like,' they said,
'but you'll have to work.'

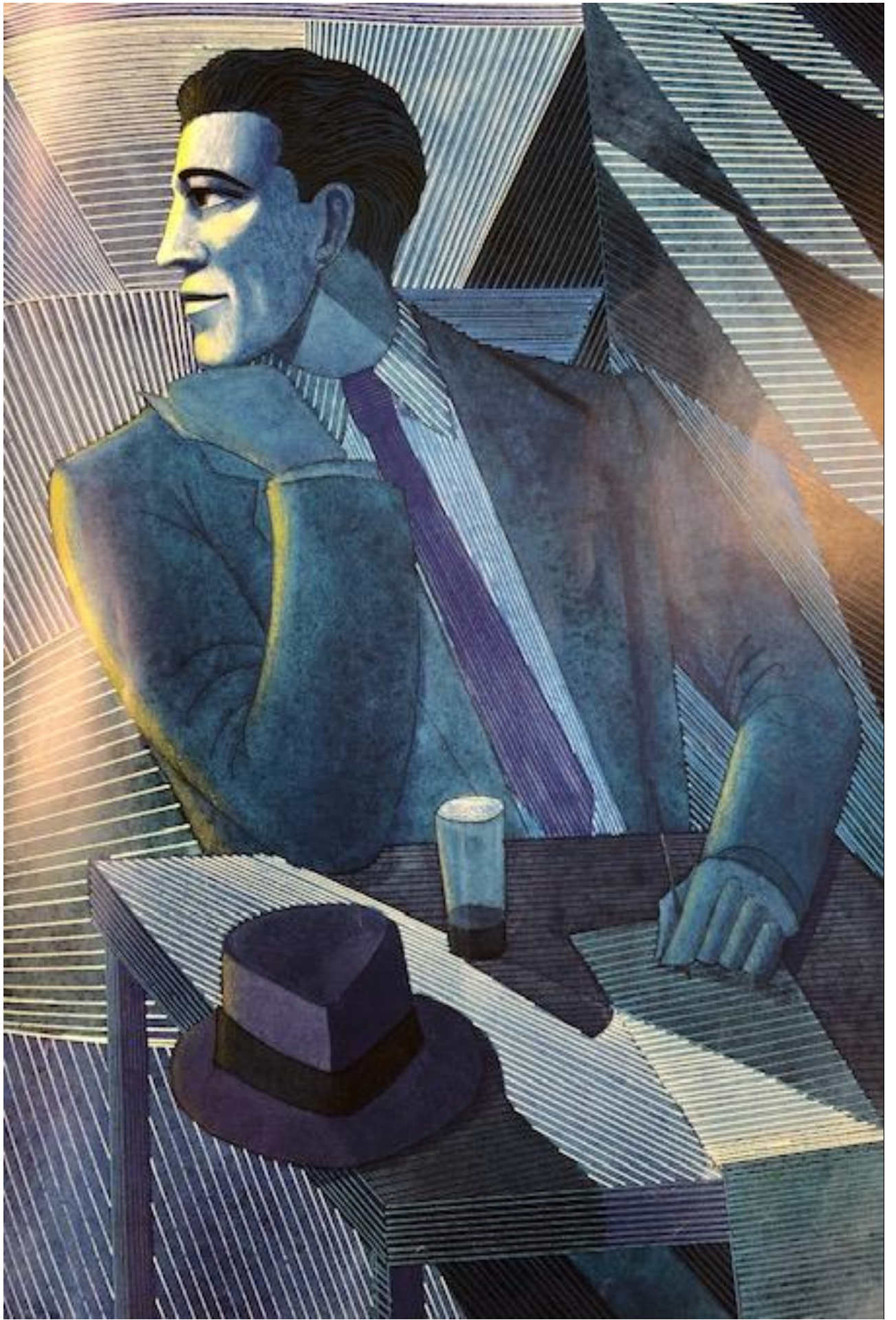


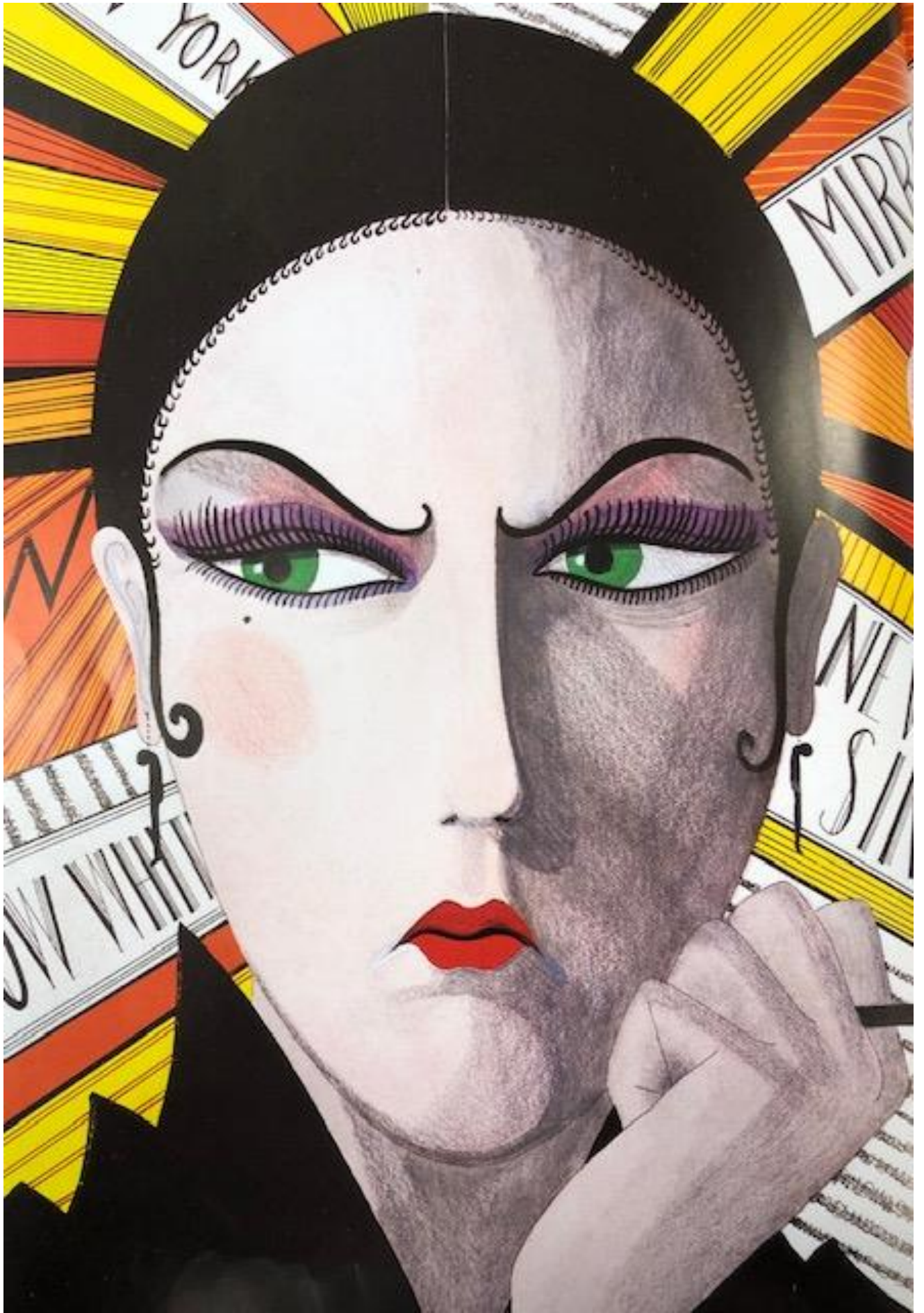
'What can I do?' she asked.
'Can you sing?' said one of them.

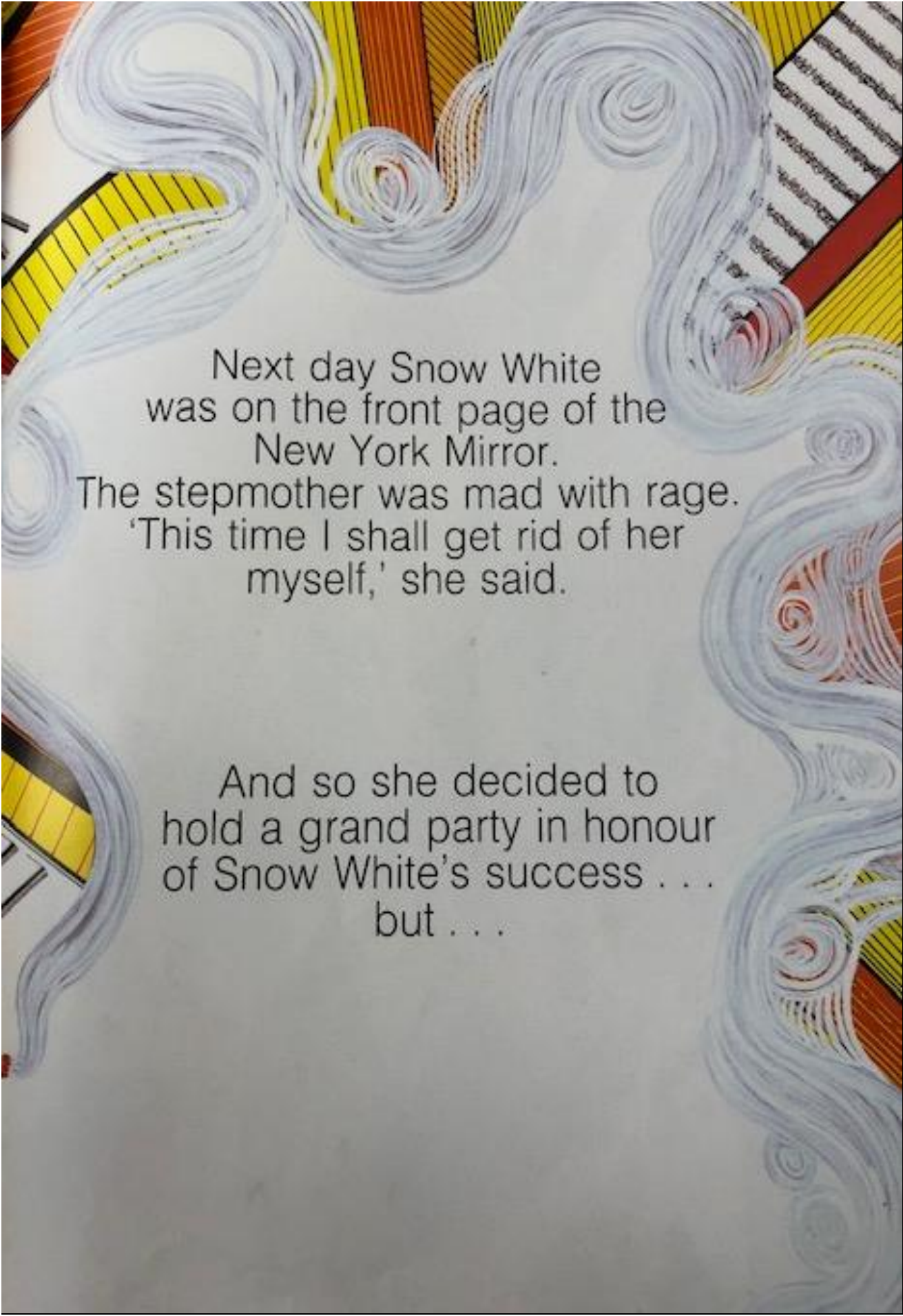


The very first night Snow White sang,
there was a newspaper reporter in the club.
He knew at once that she would be a star.









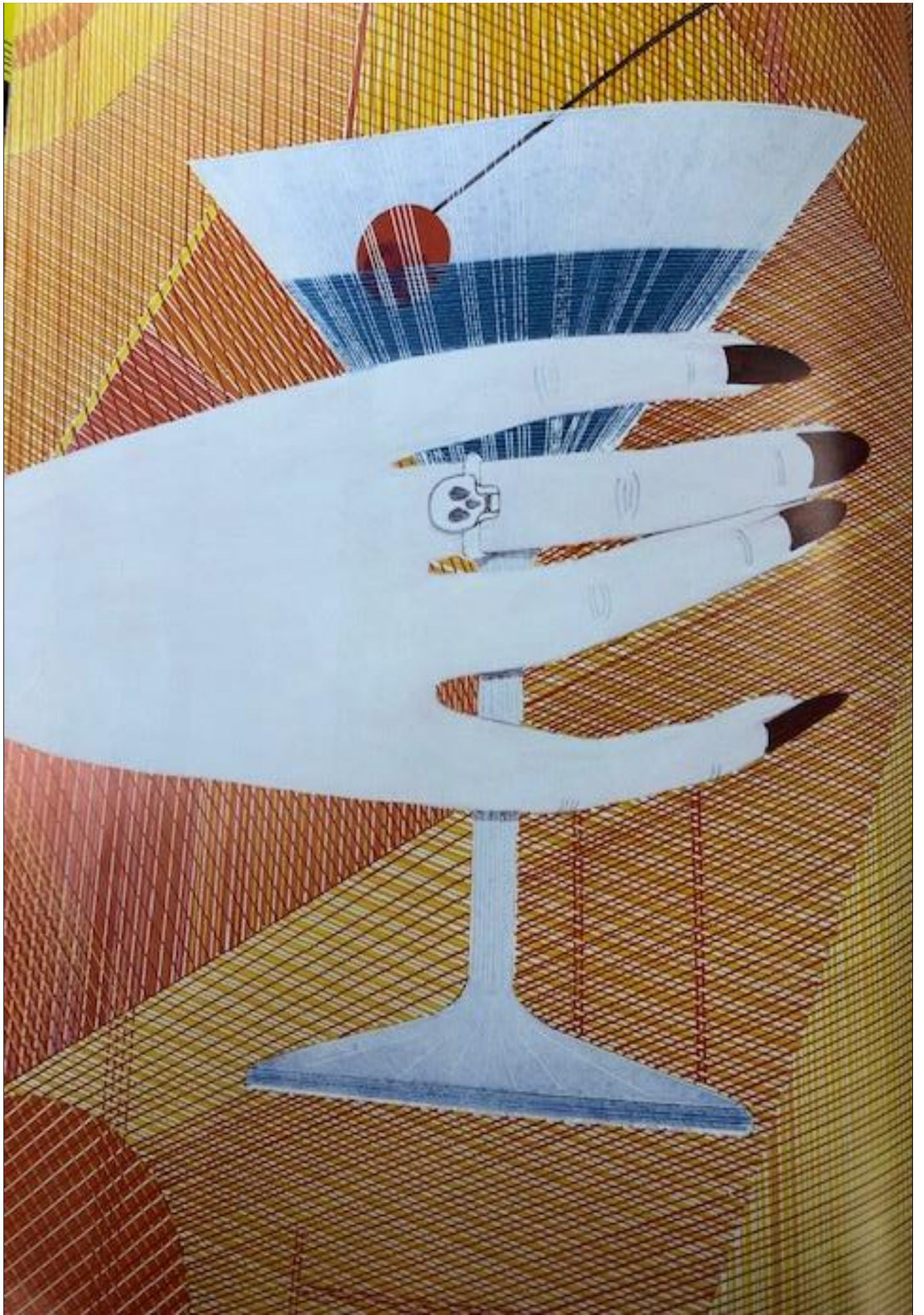
Next day Snow White
was on the front page of the
New York Mirror.
The stepmother was mad with rage.
'This time I shall get rid of her
myself,' she said.

And so she decided to
hold a grand party in honour
of Snow White's success . . .
but . . .

... secretly she dropped a poisoned cherry in
a cocktail and handed it to Snow White
with a smile.

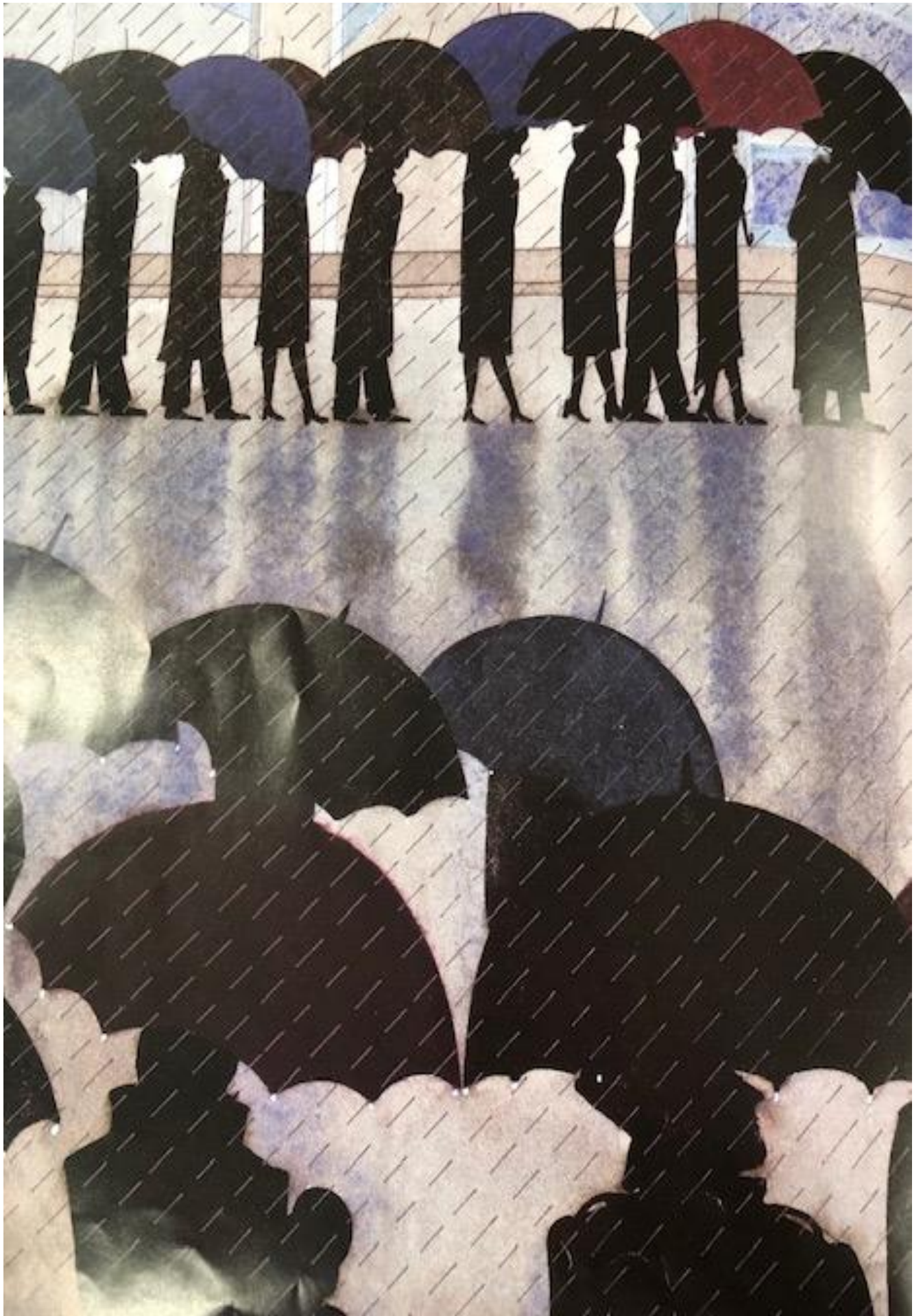






All New York
was shocked by
the death of
beautiful
Snow White.

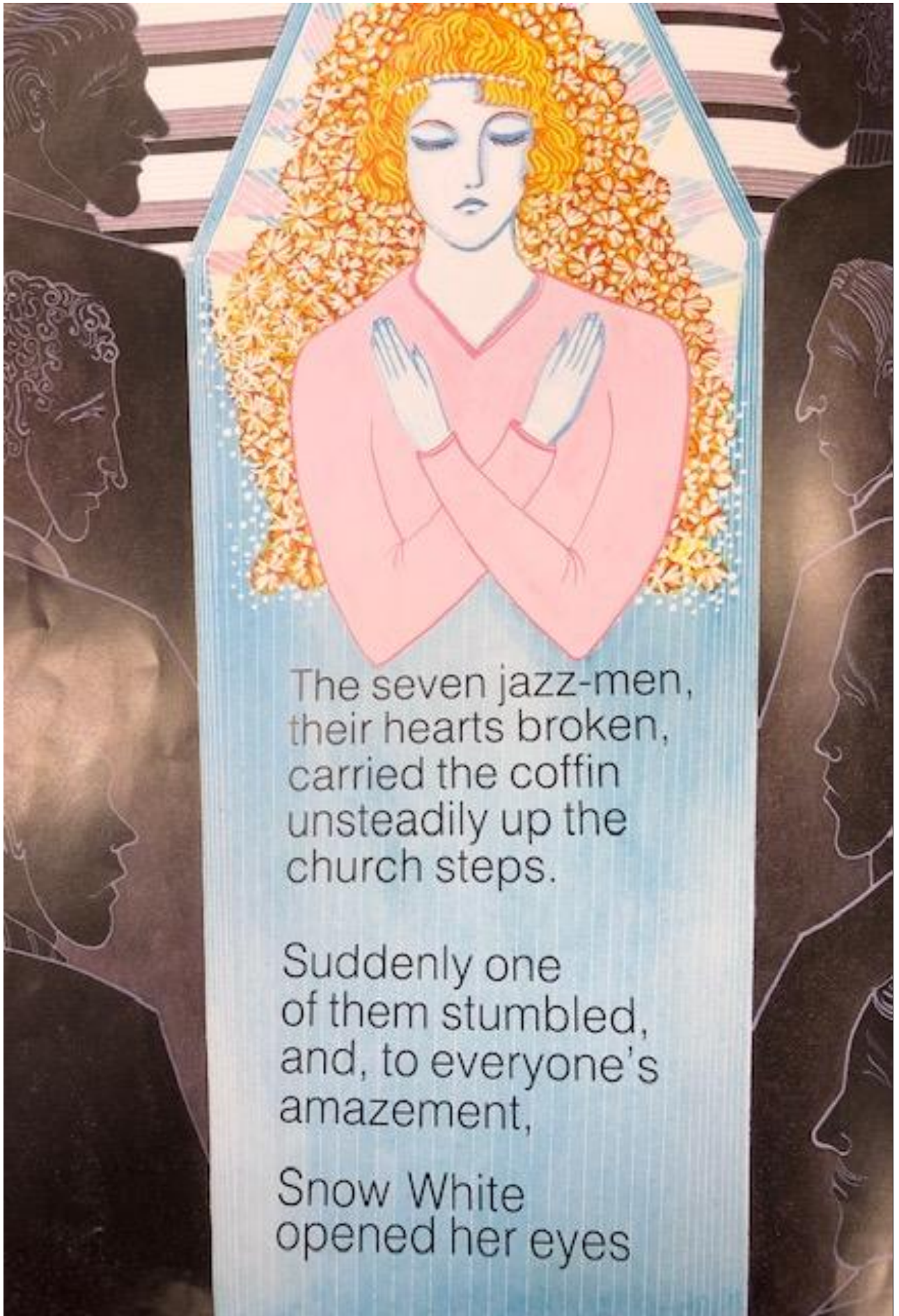






Crowds of people stood
in the rain and watched
Snow White's coffin pass by.





The seven jazz-men,
their hearts broken,
carried the coffin
unsteadily up the
church steps.

Suddenly one
of them stumbled,
and, to everyone's
amazement,

Snow White
opened her eyes



The first person she saw
was the reporter.
He smiled at her and
she smiled back.
The poisoned cherry that
had been stuck in her
throat was gone.
She was alive.

Snow White and the reporter fell in love.
They had a big society wedding,
and the next day cruised off on
a glorious honeymoon together.

