

The Part of the Fairytale That Never Got Told, Vol. I
Clara Mount

I swear the evil Queen in Snow White had a lover. He was probably young, and, knowing her, not very manly—she definitely enjoyed being in control.

I kind of feel sorry for him. I mean, what if he pissed her off?

You know how angry she was with Snow White—and that was just for having nicer skin and hair and lips and eyes and pretty much every physical attribute ever. That wasn't even anything intentional—or political—yet we all know what happened to her. Undeserved poisoning. Discrimination by virtue of birth—genetics—genocide. (She did get a Prince Charming in the end by some act of *deus ex machina*, but that's just a tidy example of karma—unrelated.)

No, I think the Queen's lover was an effeminate man who probably wasn't a robot and instead thrived on originality and creativity—though why he would use a mind like that to love a witch like her is far beyond me. Maybe he channeled his originality into something cool—like dreadlocks. Maybe that's what got the queen so pissed off—a random misinterpretation of creative expression to be some sort of political call to anarchy or something equally nonsensical.

And maybe to apologize he did something arguably sweet—stole her batch of apples, laid them on her bed like rose petals, and then waited for her, naked under the sheets—a nice little surprise for when the angry Queen came home.

Unfortunately for him, he probably didn't realize that she likes her apples venomous—a poison not deterred by a thin layer of skin.

Poor guy.

I told you I feel sorry for him.