

Snif-White

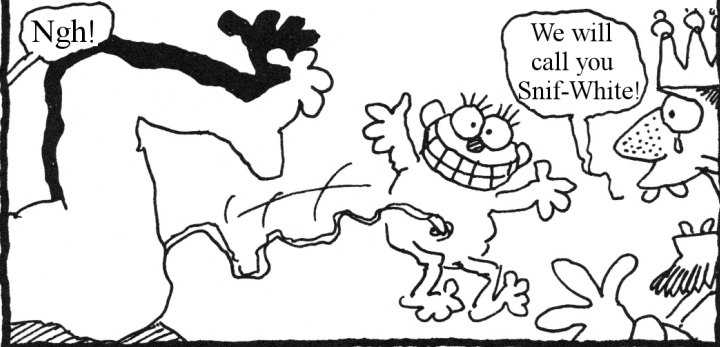
Once upon a time there was a queen who was drinking black coffee, sniffing cocaine and eating bread with strawberry jam on it. All of a sudden she accidentally flipped the coffee cup, sneezed in her cocaine and stuck her fingers in the strawberry jam. For some weird reason this made her want to have a daughter who was black as coffee, white as cocaine and red as strawberry jam.



Bless you!

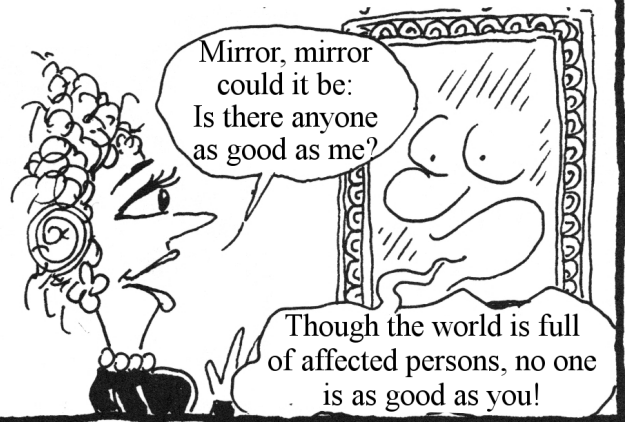
And see: Nine months later she gave birth to a daughter whose hair was black as coffee, whose skin was white as cocaine and whose nose was red as strawberry jam, and they called her Snif-White.

But the poor queen soon died because of her drug addiction, and the king got a new wife who was obsessed with her looks.



Ngh!

We will call you Snif-White!



Mirror, mirror could it be: Is there anyone as good as me?

Though the world is full of affected persons, no one is as good as you!

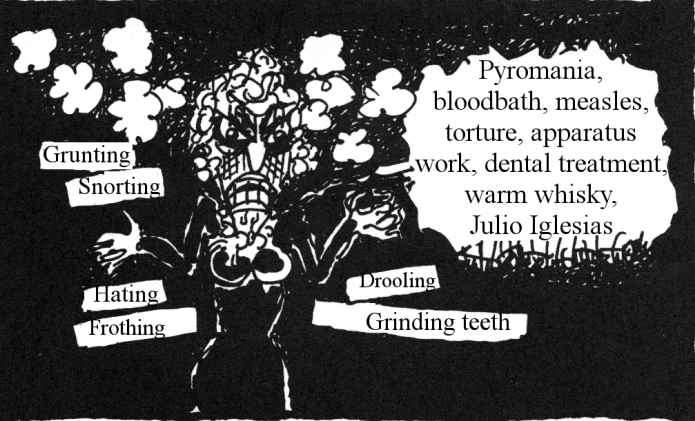
She was beautiful, proud and haughty, but when Snif-White grew up, something fateful happened...

The queen lost her temper completely. Snif-White had to be eliminated!!



Mirror, mirror have you seen any better beauty queen?

Ugly old witch, you're awkward and kitsch! To be the best, you must push Snif-White in the ditch!



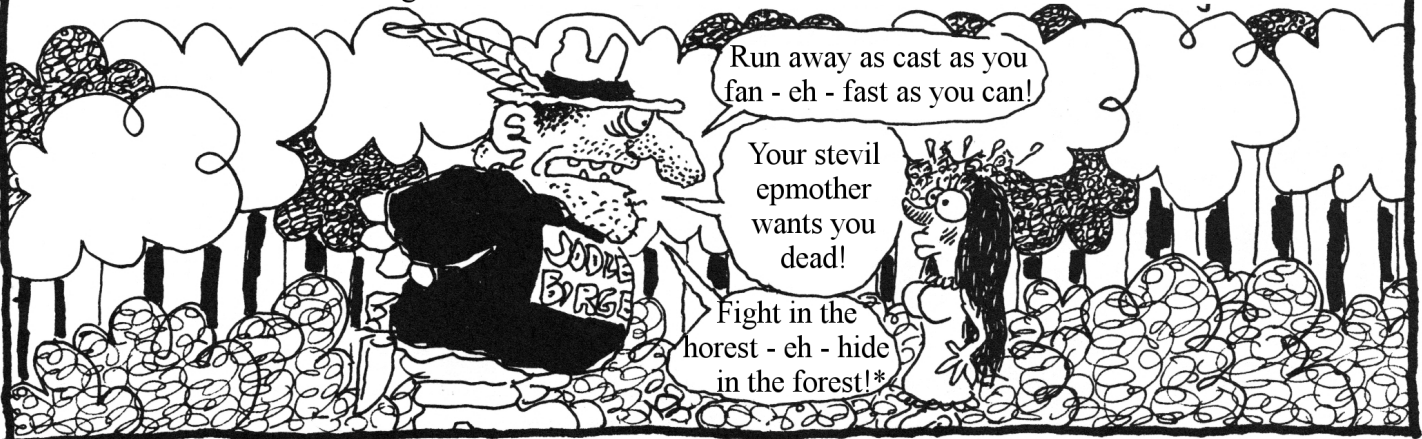
Grunting
Snorting

Hating
Frothing

Drooling
Grinding teeth

Pyromania, bloodbath, measles, torture, apparatus work, dental treatment, warm whisky, Julio Iglesias

The queen ordered a hunter to take Snif-White into the forest and stab her with a knife, but the hunter could not do such a cruel thing.



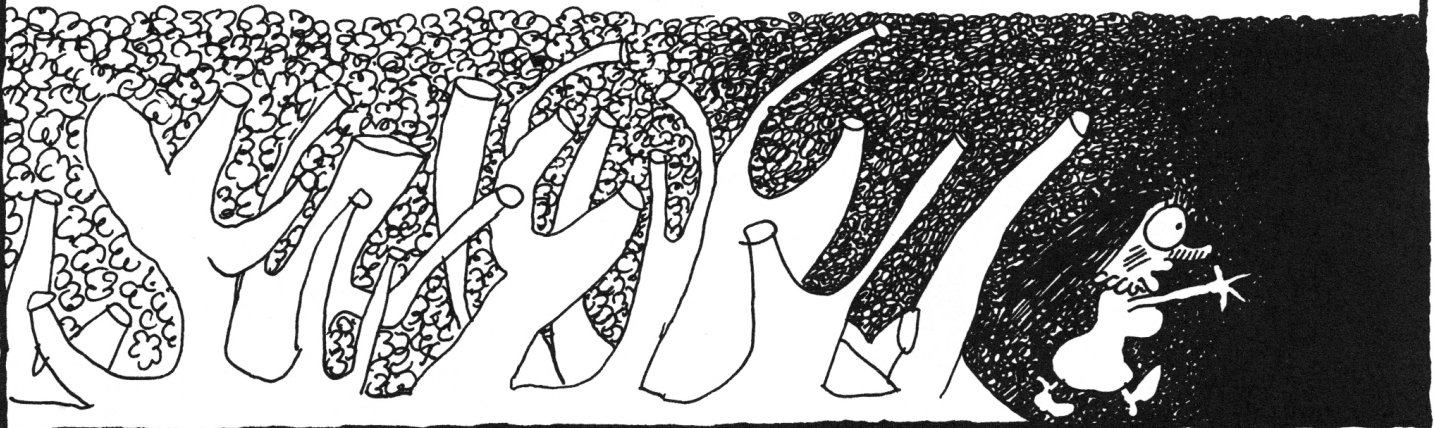
Run away as fast as you can - eh - fast as you can!

Your stevil epmother wants you dead!

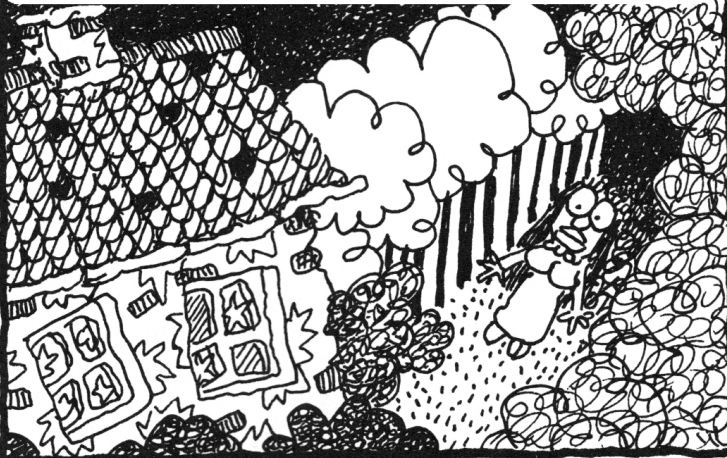
Fight in the horest - eh - hide in the forest!*

*He was related to Thomson and Thompson.

Terrified, Snif-White fled deeper and deeper into the forest...



Suddenly she came to a lumen where there was a strange bombed-out house.



Snif-White sneaked inside. In the living room she found a greasy table with a filthy tablecloth, seven tin plates with spoons, forks and knives in plastic, and seven six-packs of Budweiser beer.



She drank a couple of Budweisers and went upstairs. There she fell asleep in a strange bedroom with seven primitive arbors and snares and pitfalls everywhere.



When it got dark, the seven Vietnam veterans, who had been hiding in the forest, came home. They discovered that someone had been drinking their beers.



Suddenly there was a machine gun shooting upstairs. It was Gunpowder George who had found Snif-White in his arbor.



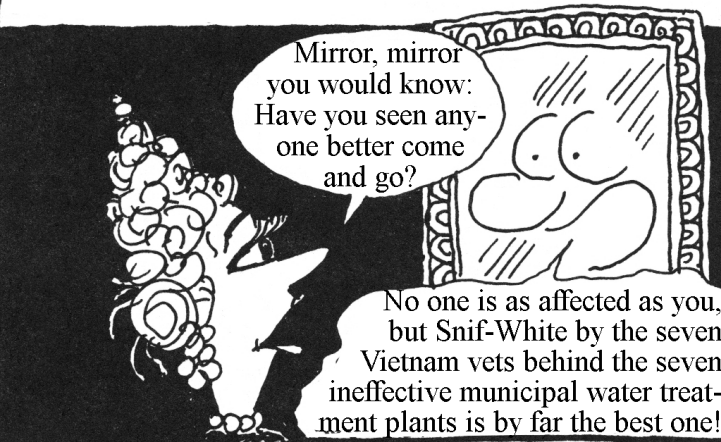
As it happened, he was a terrible shooter, so Snif-White managed to tell her tragic story without being executed.



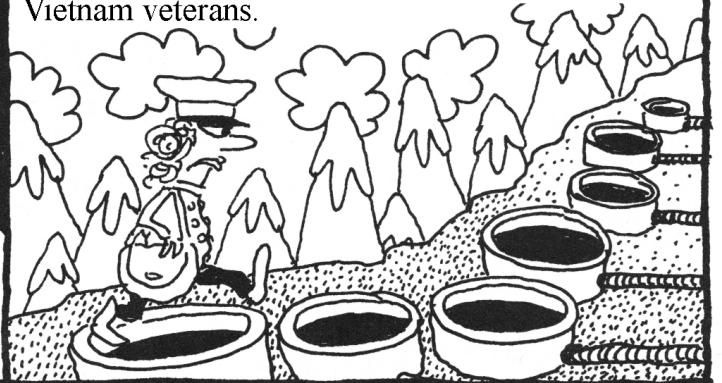
The seven Vietnam vets were all very upset about this, because they had not seen a woman since the brothels in Saigon. They offered her to move in and do the housekeeping all by herself.



And the evil queen got a shock when she conversed her mirror the next day.



The queen realised that the hunter had cheated her, and she disguised herself as a postman and went over the seven ineffective municipal water treatment plants to the house of the seven Vietnam veterans.



The vets had of course warned Snif-White, but she thought there would be no reason not to let the postman in. But just as she had opened the door, the queen quickly stuffed 27 advertising magazines down her throat so she couldn't breathe.



Shortly afterwards the Vietnam vets came back from a survival course, and they got the advertising magazines out in the last second.



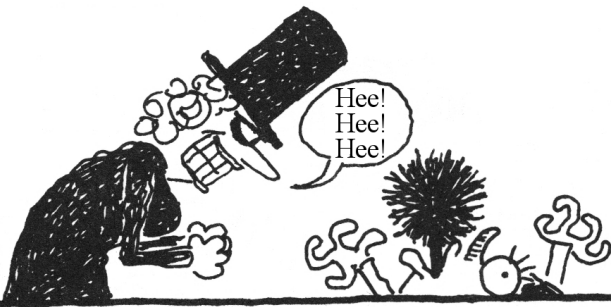
And the evil queen was back to square one...



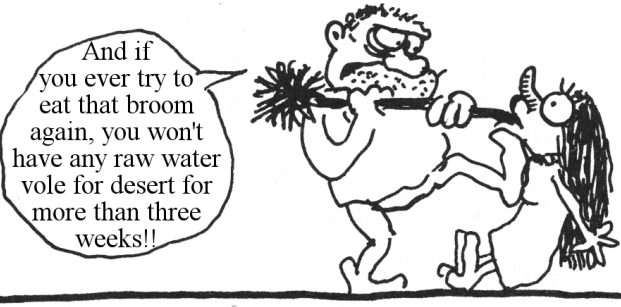
This time she dressed as a chimney sweeper and went over the seven ineffective municipal water treatment plants to the house of the seven Vietnam vets.



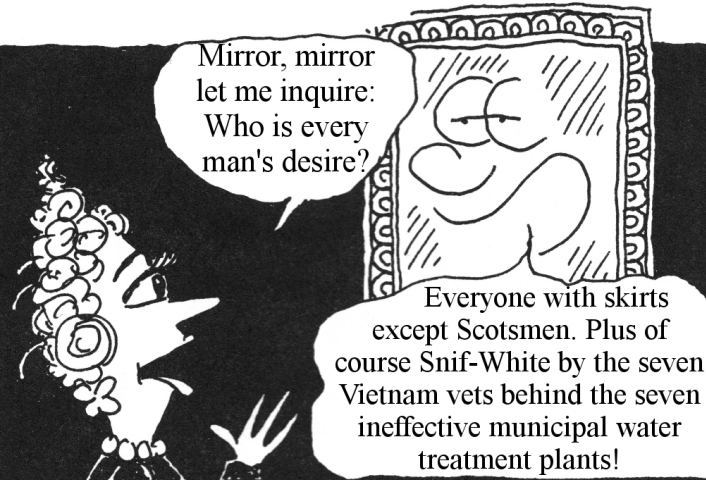
Snif-White was of course on guard this time, but she thought she had to let the chimney sweeper in. But as soon as she had done that, the queen stuffed a long broom down her throat.



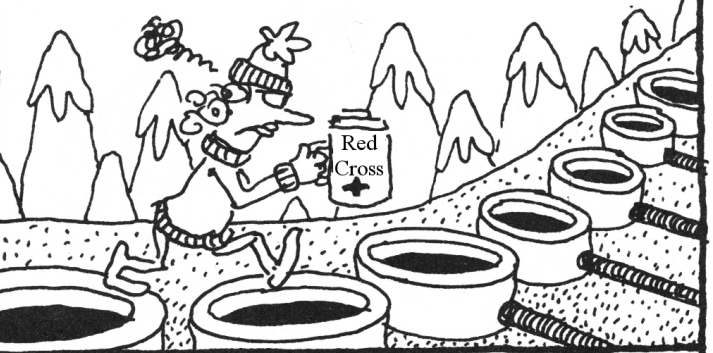
Shortly afterwards the seven Vietnam vets came home from a mine searching course, and they got the broom out in the last second so that it was not damaged. That would truly have been a shame, for it was a really good broom.



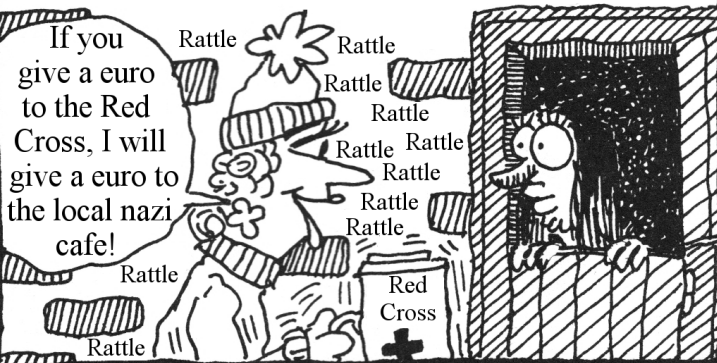
The next day the queen almost hit the roof.



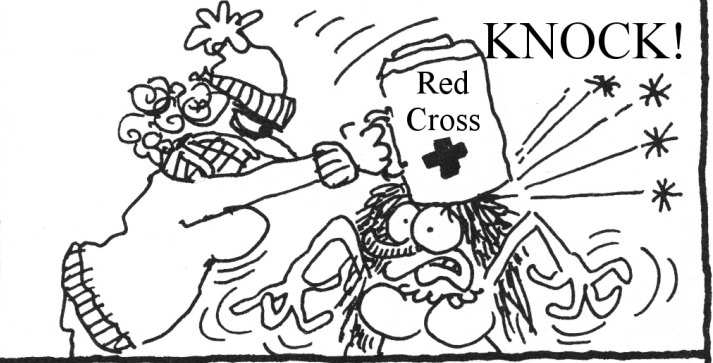
And once again the poor queen had to go over the seven ineffective municipal water treatment plants to the house of the seven Vietnam veterans. This time she was disguised as a money collector for the refugee aid organized by the Red Cross.



This time Snif-White was *very* sceptical, because she knew what Pia Kjærsgaard, Geert Wilders and Nigel Farage had said about these things, but the queen was smart and said:



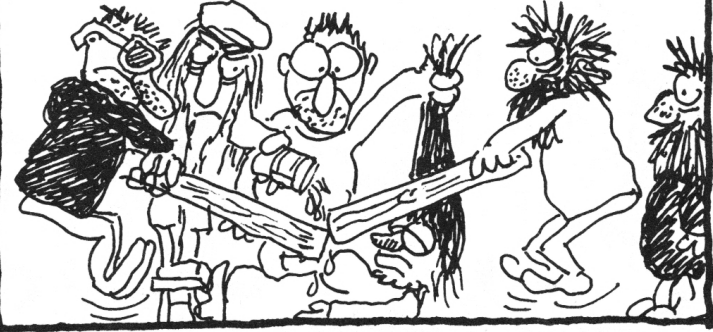
Snif-White could hardly say no to that, but as soon as the evil queen got in, she banged her collection box down at Snif-White's head.



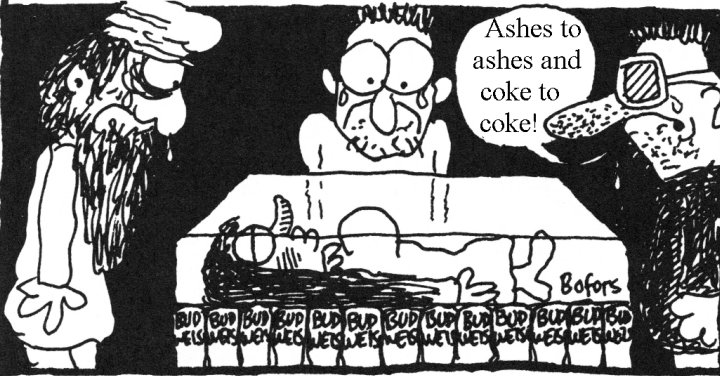
When the Vietnam vets came home from a shoot-at-everything-that-moves course, they tried their best to bring Snif-White to life with magic, but in vain.



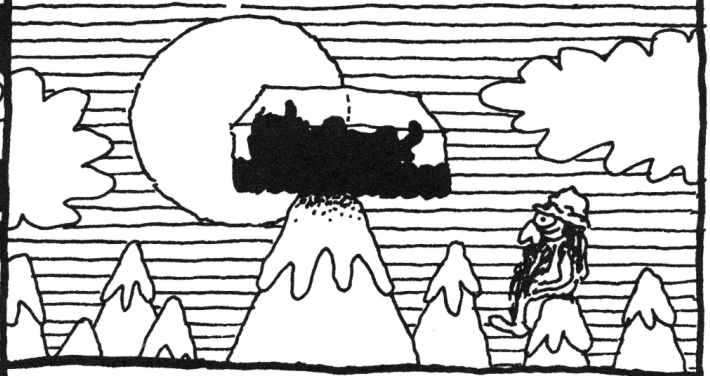
They washed her with beer, ripped her hair, rubbed her with nettles and hit her with loose planks, but nothing helped. Snif-White remained lifeless.



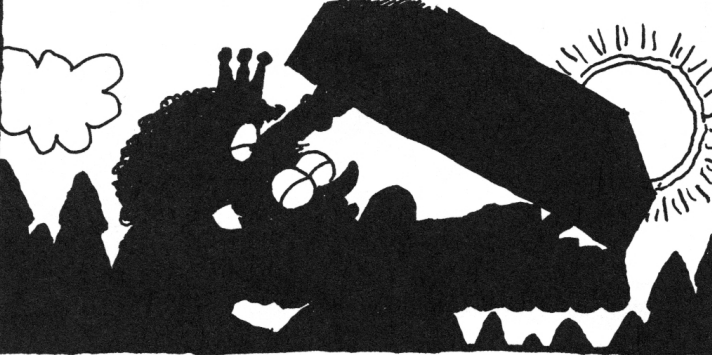
And they mourned and were inconsolable. Then they built a coffin for her: the foundation was made of empty Budweiser cans, and the lid was the plastic packing for a machine gun from Bofors.



And they put the coffin on top of a mountain so that everyone could see how tragic it all was. A Vietnam vet was watching over the coffin night and day.



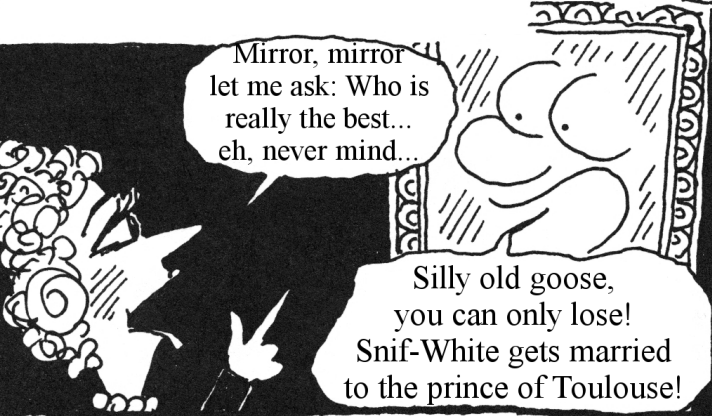
Some time afterwards a prince came by and fell so deeply in love with Snif-White that he had to kiss her (he had lost his glasses while trying to escape from a bandit who threatened to tell a story of a gramophone who thought it was Graham Norton's left ear).



Snif-White immediately woke up and fell in love with the prince, and they decided to live happily ever after.



And an enormous wedding was arranged. Even the evil queen received an invitation, and she was about to crack.



But the queen went to the wedding anyway, because she thought she might bump into a journalist from The Daily Mail and spread a rude lie about Snif-White.



But just as she arrived, the guests grabbed her and burned her and kicked her and bit her and stuck forks in her and threw cucumber salad on her, and after that they tormented her. At last the Vietnam vets were allowed to shoot her. And so the good in mankind had won, and love and happiness was ruling once again.



Morale: You are the blacksmith of your own fortune, but don't sit on the forge.