

Snow White is Homeless

Royal greeters stitch magic into your skin. You have four ears and upside-down rainbow mouths. Trees are marshmallows, pumpkins are street lamps. You slip down sugared veins to ye olde America, buy daddy's beard from a vendor. Music merries up from drains. Sleeping Beauty's Castle looms pinkly like a first-love memory. You *parlez* GCSE French to cast members who speak back in English. The road is shut for a Miss Harvest duck and singing corn on an upturned hay wagon. Lipstick-bright skeletons line-dance with Mickey. A pigeon roosts in a plastic branch in the Swiss Family Robinson tree house. Your daughter runs after Aurora and is stopped by security. You eat toasties with Tiana and drink cava with Moana; spot Elsa hiding in a bye-bye blue building. The castle disintegrates into fairy dust, villains ant up and down its walls; fireworks explode on everyone's phones. You chase bubbles with your teenage son, screech kisses at your husband. You film everyone except the Little Mermaid striding past bright-pink posters proclaiming 'Ariel Can't Afford to Live on Land' and 'Snow White is Homeless'.