

Snow White and the Villains of Titchmarsh

Not long ago, in a place quite near here, Snow White was looking forward to an exciting year in her new home.

The previous year had been a little challenging to say the least... her jealous stepmother had sent one of her huntsmen to kill her, but he had abandoned her deep in the dark forest where she met a kindly family of dwarves – seven in all – who took her in to their home in the woods. On hearing that Snow White had survived, the wicked stepmother disguised herself as a pedlar woman and tricked Snow White into eating a poisoned apple which sent her in to a deep sleep, where she was doomed to stay until she was kissed by a handsome Prince... and what were the chances of finding one of those in the deep dark forest??

Well pretty good as it turned out, and a handsome but foppish Prince wandered by one day, popped in to her bedroom to administer the magic kiss and awaken Snow White from her slumbers... different times of course – these days he'd have been reported to Social Services and Snow White would have been taken in to care which would have played havoc with the happy ending...

... but back to our story... The Prince turned out to be a vain and fickle fellow and was soon seduced by the dubious charms of a Facebook floozie with a prominent profile on Twitter, so he sashayed off into the murky world of social media and was never seen again.

To make matters worse, whilst Snow White had been sleeping, the seven dwarves had not exactly been on top of the housework, so the cosy forest home had become dark and dank and covered in cobwebs. Something had to change... they also needed to get away from the evil Queen... and soon...

... and this is the story of Snow White and her adventures in outlaw country (or Titchmarsh – as we call it) ...

Our trusty band are poised to go
but where to live – they need to know?
Snow White whipped out her iPhone 4
... the dwarves sat round her on the floor
She searched on “Spritmove” till she found
a suite of cellars underground
at Titchmarsh House in Chapel Street -
so well appointed – hard to beat

Soon, Snow White and her little fellas
had moved in to their cosy cellars
With an en-suite tennis court to boot
life in Titchmarsh's quite a hoot

Now Titchmarsh is in Englandshire
with The Wheatsheaf pub that serves fine beer
The village shop is sure to please...
They even stock Black Bomber cheese.
But before my rhyming goes to pot
It's time to get on with our plot...

spritmove 



The Wicked Queen was mad and wild
What could she do with this troublesome child?
To carry out her nasty tricks
She needed henchmen – double quick

And lurking in their secret lair,
She soon tracked down a likely pair -
They spent their days up to no good
behind Red Barn near Dudley's woods



Baron Trumped-Up and his mate -
the Sheriff of Nottenough – no debate
This pair had schemed a masterplan
to wreak some mayhem in this land...



The Sheriff got up from the floor
these tithes, he said, are rather poor
My plan, said Trump, I have in store
will help us make a whole lot more

Said Trump, I may have just the thing,
this plan will really make you sing...
I know just what to build upon
that piece of land near Islington

A golf course and some golden towers
... we have no need for wheat or flowers...
We'll surround it all with nice deep ditches
It's sure to bring us untold riches!



The Wheatsheaf?... well that must go too
I'll replace it with a leisure pool...
Instead of beer and cappuccinos
I'm going to build a vast casino



And Titchmarsh House – that's down the pan
no room for that in my new plan
...I'll build a spa for all my mates
protected by some nice tall gates
A barbed wire fence around the lawn...
Those pesky dwarves will soon be gone
A cunning plan, and so vindictive,
Snow White and chums will be evicted



The Sheriff smiled an evil grin -
this sort of thing appealed to him

The villagers were up in arms
“We must not lose our rural charms -
we vow to fight you tooth and nail
and in the end, we will prevail”



Though Trumped-Up’s plans were mean and dark
He hadn’t yet met June of Arc
So, with her sidekick - Jolly Jim
they hatched a plan to nobble him



Said June – “Let’s not get in a tizz –
We’ll organise a Wheatsheaf quiz
our regulars are sure to find
a way to help this tail unwind
We’ll ply them with fine ale and gin
this is a fight we have to win”
“That plan” said Jim “is not so barmy,
we’ll soon recruit a village army”

But though they thought with all their might
no bright ideas appeared that night
The quiz progressed – they all had dinner
Team Jousiffe ended up the winner

Now Trump and Sheriff rubbed their hands
“Nothing can stop our master plan”
But they’d not allowed for the District planners
who soon turned up with a bag of spanners
“Our rules and regs – they stand supreme
so, temper back your wacky scheme
You want to build some tacky towers?
Just wait till we unleash our powers
You’ll find that they’re extensive – *AND*
just wait for Conservation Man...”



“No golden towers upon my patch...
construction must be reed and thatch”
A colleague piped up from next door –
“If it’s thatch you want – it must be straw!”
... “asbestos roofs are my desire –
they can help prevent a nasty fire!”



So, buried under mounds of paper,
Our Donald thought – “This is a caper..
I’ve had enough – I just can’t win”
and threw the whole lot in the bin
“Your bureaucrats are hard to beat
they’ve really knocked me off my feet
I’m off back home” he did declare
“to play some golf and iron my hair”



Hurrah for Conservation Man
who thwarted Trumped-Up's evil plan
Our British bureaucrats are the best –
(Though not so great at "Trace and Test"!)



The Sheriff slunk back to his lair
and hung his head in deep despair
He vowed to pick no further fights
with those plucky Titchmarshites

So just be warned – let's make it clear
We're fortified with luke warm beer
and if you want to cause a saga
we'll just deploy Corona lager...



The moral, as our story ends
is Titchmarsh folk will make great friends
But try to steal our flowers and trees
and we will bring you to your knees
We'll weigh you down with our petitions
until you make the right decision

So now we find our fairy-tale
of cunning plans and finest ale
has come towards a happy end
for Snow White and her dwarfish friends
For now, this bunch of cheerful fellas
have made their home in Harper's cellars



They've all had quite a busy day -
It's time to book a takeaway –
The Friday menu's worth a look
Wow – fish and chips – they're triple cooked!
And when this Covid thing is beat
the Wheatsheaf is the place to eat!!

THE END....(Or is it??)

