

It's a; nonsense, verbal  
garbage but it flows so  
continuously that I'm  
scared of what it means.

Disenchanted

Fairy Tales





all symbols of happiness destroyed / trap  
THE BLOOD making a note  
tender-bats  
- exemplifies the build up  
entrapment and subjugation from  
generations of self-subjugation +  
patriarchal / social control - has  
created a wall of birds.  
→ Over  
I  
cont  
dres

like to school  
Chris  
Avoc  
But s  
She r  
Chil  
B  
I  
cont  
dres

monkeys  
cant  
buy her  
happiness

random, childhood  
posed by  
materialism  
supernatural  
English

the dangers that  
ways of going  
laborers  
existing of time  
existence links to  
the and how the  
hierarchy is not  
women to inevitable  
so imprisoning them  
the limited - stuck in  
limbo with time +

indicating men!

the past  
of the bears,  
the

water /  
→ sea  
creatures  
all  
imagery  
of freedom  
collapsed  
happy  
strayed  
cock  
mid.

# Readers



gothic, religious imagery - alliteration, euphony that makes  
 can't rely on false ideas. Carter suggesting we rely on  
 of need we rely on  
 contrast with stereotypical basic instincts  
 Shipped.

① 2 Gothic, supernatural imagery - is unnatural  
 child, innocent, beautiful, mind, out of control

③ 3 Symbolic, medieval form of punishment  
 (for women for adultery, men weren't punished)  
 → semantic field of religious imagery, punishment from the bible - brutality of old ideas (can be dangerous)

④ 4 lack of imagery, factual, emotional  
 → these occurrences are normal to them  
 → not supposed to get attached to characters, only an allegory  
 → accepting of what happens

⑤ 5 harsh, cruel → makes it more immediate, readers are drawn into the middle of it - are we the neighbors? women shown as 'meat' generational femininity objectified  
 → expectations that are out-dated  
 → learn from mistakes of previous generations  
 → these expectations corrupted her grandma  
 → grandma expected to hide her true nature from society  
 → as people destroy her  
 → society - unable to oppose/change ideas  
 → entrapment. Grandma presentive ideas reversal of cliché fairytale endings, sharp,

⑥ 6 violent, learning from mistakes, brutal, breaking

⑦ 7 separation, isolation, symbolic, medieval form of punishment

⑧ 8 lived happily ever after  
 → expectation of a fairytale  
 → sudden, she gains from her grandmother's death.  
 → smacking  
 → she learns from her grandmother's mistakes.

⑨ 9 consequences of what she's done

⑩ 10 semi-color, shock, grotesque, extra, matrix

⑪ 11



Prep  
 Sign  
 violent, learning from mistakes  
 brutal, breaking  
 separation, isolation  
 symbolic, medieval form of punishment  
 lived happily ever after  
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2 poetic imagery / symbolism - suggests that the child's only power comes from the masculine imagery. - feminist views - sense of power comes only from the man  
 - narrative is dangerous? delayed.  
 links ideas of the past to the present, need to understand the superstitions to understand later  
 → a sense of tension, the superstitions to understand later  
 → continual juxtaposition of natural + unnatural  
 → people creating the consequences of the unnatural?

of consumption  
 Capitalised fore emphasis  
 reducing someone just to meat  
 symbolic of representation  
 assonance / repetition  
 "can" sound  
 instantly making connections between connotations  
 symbolism of the wolf  
 contrast of natural and unnatural  
 ONE BEAST AND only one howls in the woods by night.  
 The wolf is carnivore incarnate

similie

should we sympathise?  
 similie  
 violent imagery, painful  
 allance metaphors of men / society  
 they have strength in numbers

every sound symbolises death

ellipses  
 attempting to create sympathy for them?  
 pity / disgust?

religious imagery  
 winter increases threat  
 shortage of food  
 driven to their creature nature  
 29 sibilance  
 semantic field of food  
 subtlety  
 plousive alliteration  
 potential for violence

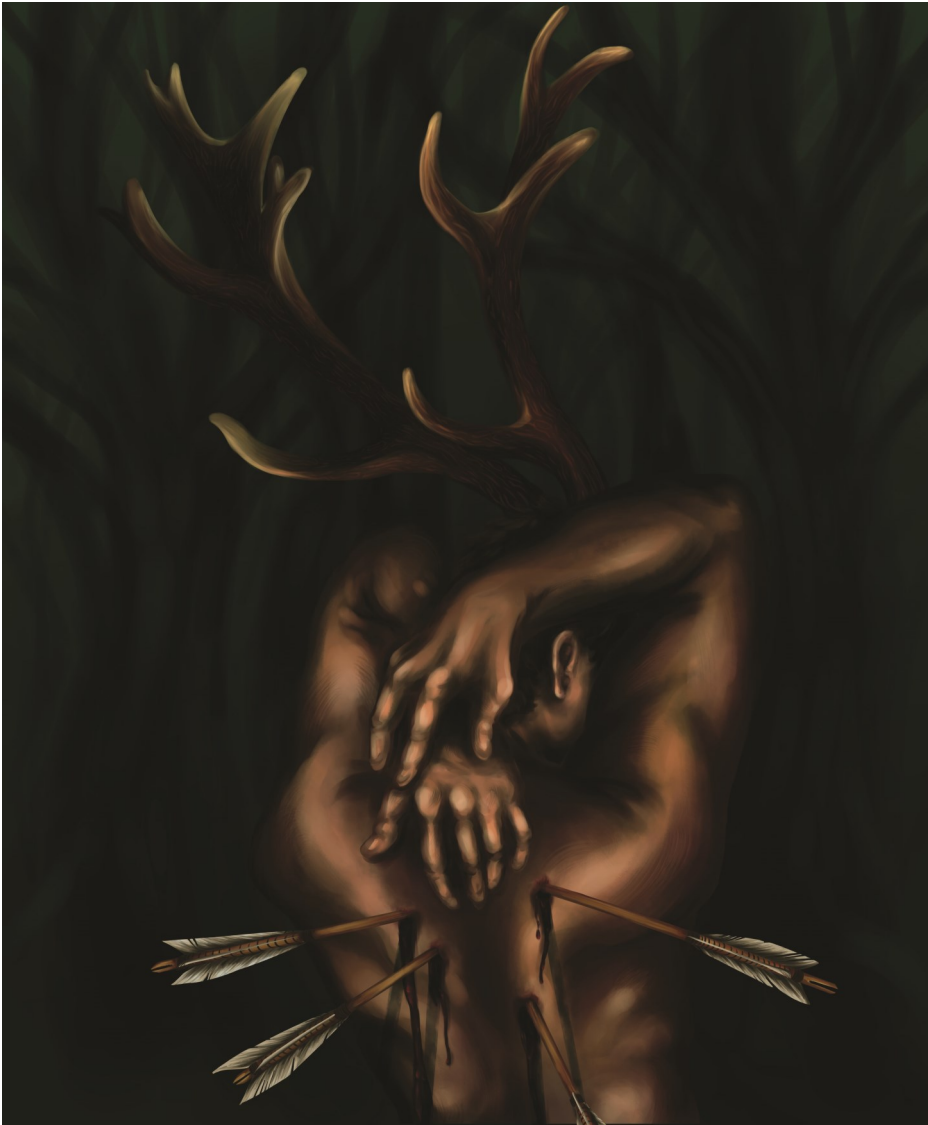
The wolves are associated with much more human qualities  
 → humans seen as cruel + bestial  
 → animals  
 → collective address  
 → immediately addressing the reader making us join in the judging and speculating  
 → society reflects the interaction  
 → the author has concluded  
 → pain  
 → mile  
 → being consumed  
 → iteration  
 → long sound  
 → as if  
 → narrator  
 → most his  
 → hint of  
 → relevancy?  
 → humanity  
 → why  
 → are abandoned  
 → are true nature?

they are at home in the thing humans fear most → symbolism + connotations of "night" + "sky"  
 → can't never be free?  
 → sets up continuing juxtaposition  
 → animalistic imagery + description means a streak or pattern in fur  
 → not human  
 → what makes us human? → argument alongside mythology  
 → immediately to the point, creates a sense of urgency, fear? - unknown?  
 → sibilance - unnatural harsh sound  
 → long complex sentences  
 → of human thought  
 → only  
 → thought  
 → more  
 → reflection  
 → imagery  
 → collective address  
 → human imagery + connotations  
 → who is the narrator? → encourages discussion of W.M.

intertextuality  
 → imagery/symbolic of "Alice in Wonderland"  
 → animalistic imagery + description means a streak or pattern in fur  
 → not human

she would have called herself a wolf, but she cannot speak,  
 because she does not understand their language even if she knows how to use it for she is not a wolf herself,  
 snuckled by wolves.

→ false/superficial knowledge  
 → society blinded by their views  
 → but Alice is not affected by their  
 → is there really that much of a difference?  
 → Alice or human's way  
 → which short sentence



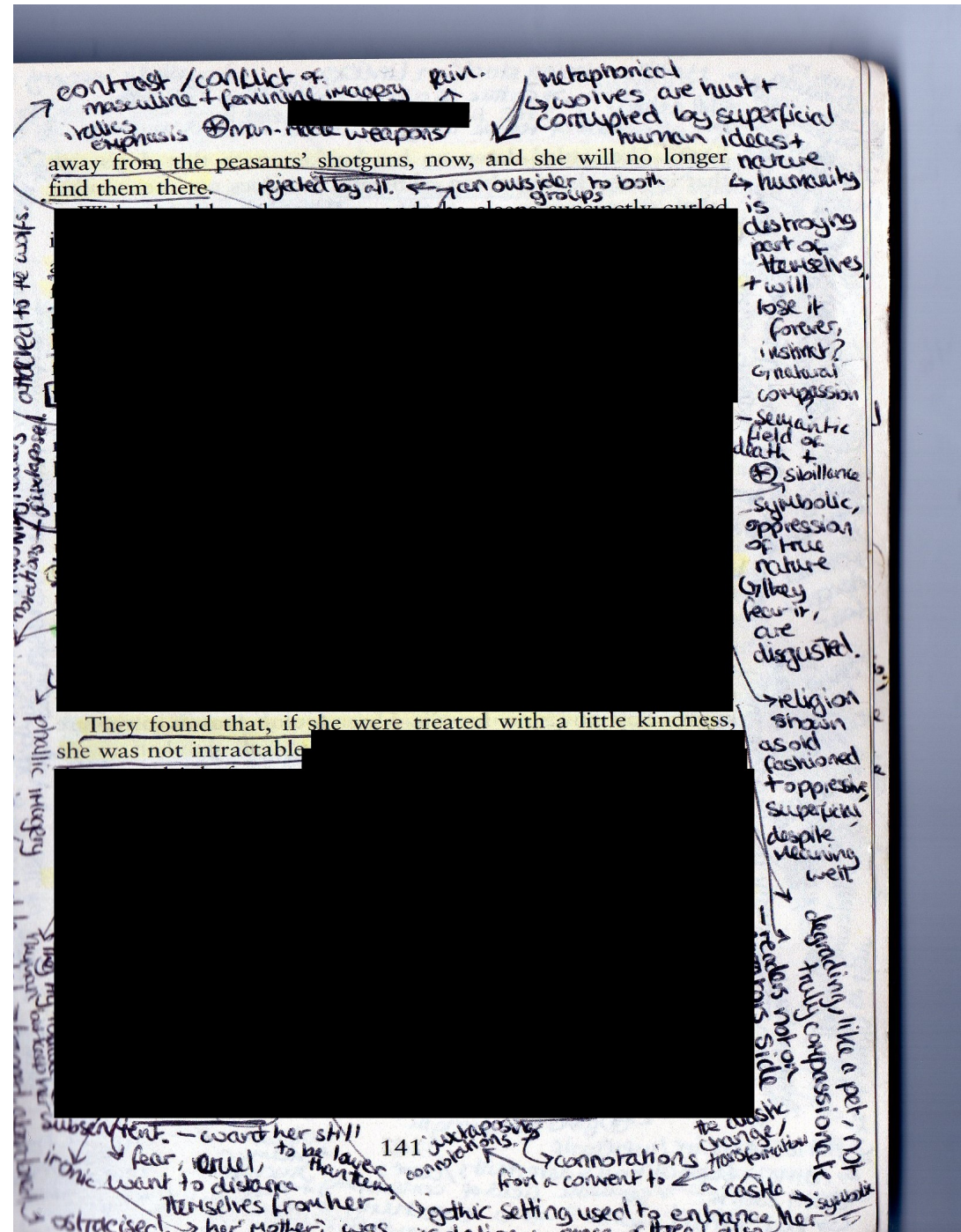
Antler's carve into their host, they are insatiable too. Horned fangs taste the flesh of a god a perfect image and need more.

He is a system of repetitions, he is a closed circuit.

Squawking about a finite green sky as a fervour crescendos. Discordant siren song screeching as if their souls will burn at the sight. They want to burn to feel.

Flocking to the new branches of blasphemous bones and beauty, sirens scream of fire in their words.

I will vanish in the morning light; I was only an invention of darkness.



Once upon a time, there was a girl,  
Proclaimed most beautiful in all the  
world,  
But people thought her defiant and  
free in what she said,  
And so thought it best to cut off her

And still the sirens sang, ever one amongst the  
trees preaching his magnificence. Sung in every  
voice filled with distant sonorities, like re-  
verberations in a cave; each more forceful and  
violent than the last.

He was the god of their desire.

And they hated him.

Twisting, ever twisting antlers contorting into  
new growths like husks cracking at their insa-  
tiably reaching spines.

Pain is always physical.

His subjects demanded more, ravenous their  
songs bleed rituals of magnificence. Of power.  
They want to witness every fantastical nirvana  
of their insatiable eyes conceived before them.

The spectacle of their worship oppresses, it  
cuts. Relentlessly beautiful.



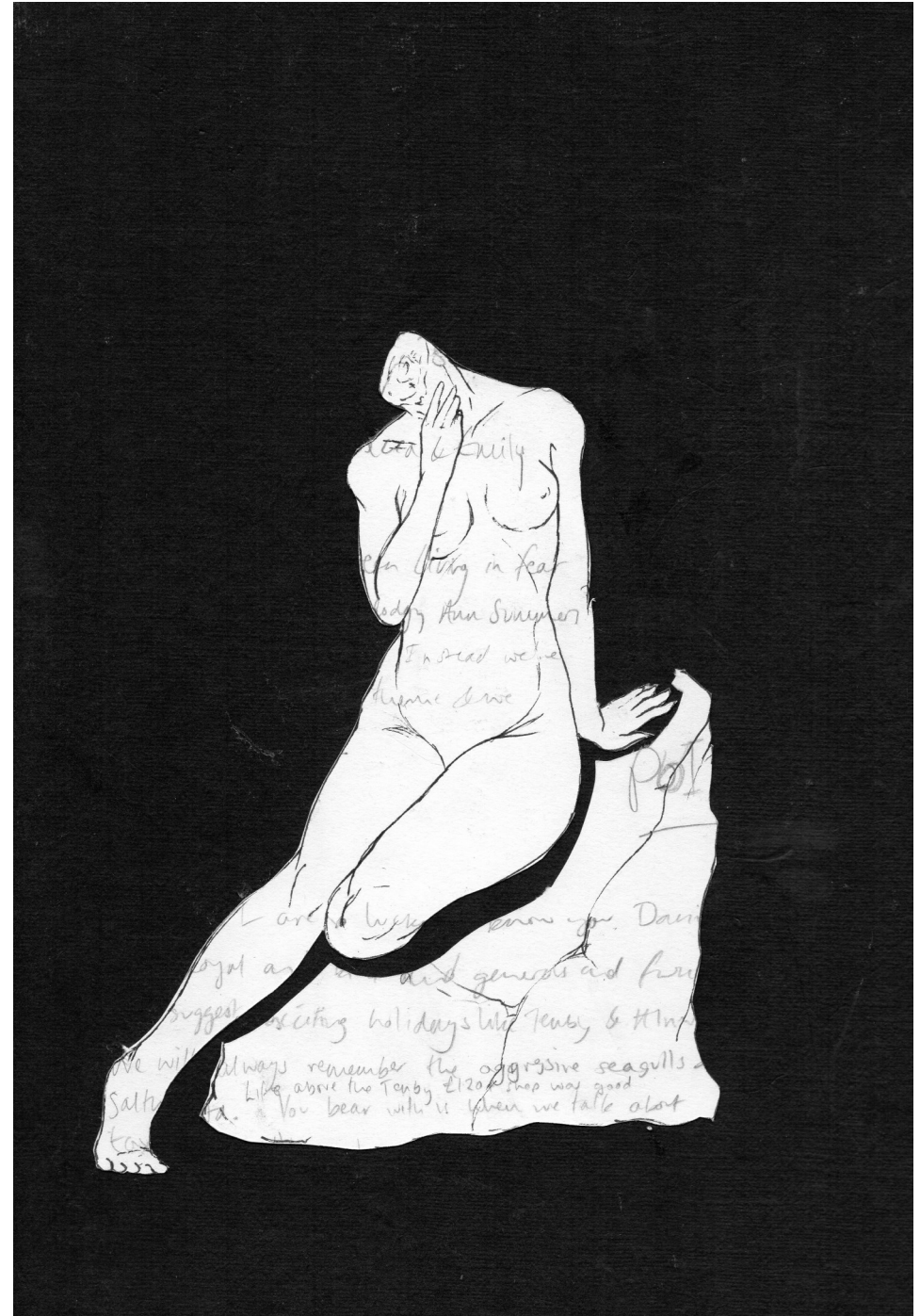
## FORGED IN YOUR IDEALS..

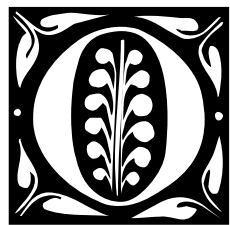
**Deities forged in your ideals; let them hang as chains about your neck.**

Birds of every race and creed; harpies, song-birds, sirens, flocked to him, crooned his loveliness to the skies and forests; for nothing could surpass his majesty. He was their god. But their songs fashioned him.

They wanted more. Always more.

He was a child now, frightened of their fancies. His twisting, ever growing antlers are a symptom of his disorder, of his soullessness. Strongest. Fiercest. Most majestic. Most adored.





nce upon a time,

there was a girl of astounding beauty and grace. A jewel that was valued above all others in her village.

All of us girls had been dead for so long.

She was appraised only with eyes, eyes of greed in a jealous rapture.

She could not belong to them.

Not wholly.

Not yet.

A rift of parting lips cuts through this quiet town. None had heard this sound, dared acknowledge its presence like a beating heart among the dead.



here is not much in this

subtle wood labyrinth to make  
you smile,

but it is not yet, not quite, the saddest time of the year.

He came alive from the desire of the woods, unsustained by nature, existing in a void.

**Pan.**

He is so beautiful, his antlers so magnificent, he is unnatural; his majesty is an abnormality, a deformity for none of his features exhibit any of those touching imperfections that reconcile us to the imperfection of the human condition.

Pan was admired through all the  
land,  
When songbirds spoke it was of him  
then sang,  
Proudly his antlers in majesty grew,  
To enchant this songful coloured  
crew,  
Songs to whispers and disdain,  
No man or God this visage could  
ever sustain.

The girl jewel spoke and they heard with deaf  
ears and were afraid.

Beauty should not emit sound; silence was  
pure aesthetic.

This sound, words of defiance that have the  
sting of rejection, corrupted the picturesque air.  
Men and girls cowered away from the sono-  
rous sound which threatened to seek out their  
voices and give them names and form.

She informed them that if she was going to ap-  
pear before them, she would do everything in  
her power to disobey them.

She would not accept their petrifying eyes nor  
their dumb silence, making every body a  
graveyard.

And these empty girls turned to her as if to the  
sun.

From shadows, men and their cohorts murmured terrified and desperate,

“she has become this way because of selfishness: this unnatural girl, they will decapitate her, she’s beautiful.”

They made the motions towards a reign of terror, a reign of absence of language.

She had a key and was opening forbidden doors hidden amongst the deafening dumb beauty.

Beauty is silence.

Sever the serpents head.

**I will decapitate all these girls.**

**They're beautiful.**

Blood trickles like whispers from the neck.

When she heard the freezing howl of a wild wolf, it was solace. We try sometimes but we cannot keep them out.

Darkness formed fur, pain painted devastating eyes as red as raw wounds.

Girl: Grandmother, what sad eyes you have.

Because I see you dear.

The tender jaws of the wolf split wide like a knife’s smile. Tender paws embraced her and the pain was the raw love of a mother. Breath of the wolf in her ear was the love poem.

She looked to see her grandmother’s sad, wolfish eyes and clung to her comforting fur.

Golden metal band decorated her paw.

**What little girl doesn't dearly love a wolf?**

**I will eat out your heart. Tenderly. Tenderly.**

The wolf is carnivore incarnate and he's as cunning as he is ferocious ; once he's had the taste of flesh then nothing else will do.

**The wolf is worst for he cannot listen to reason.**

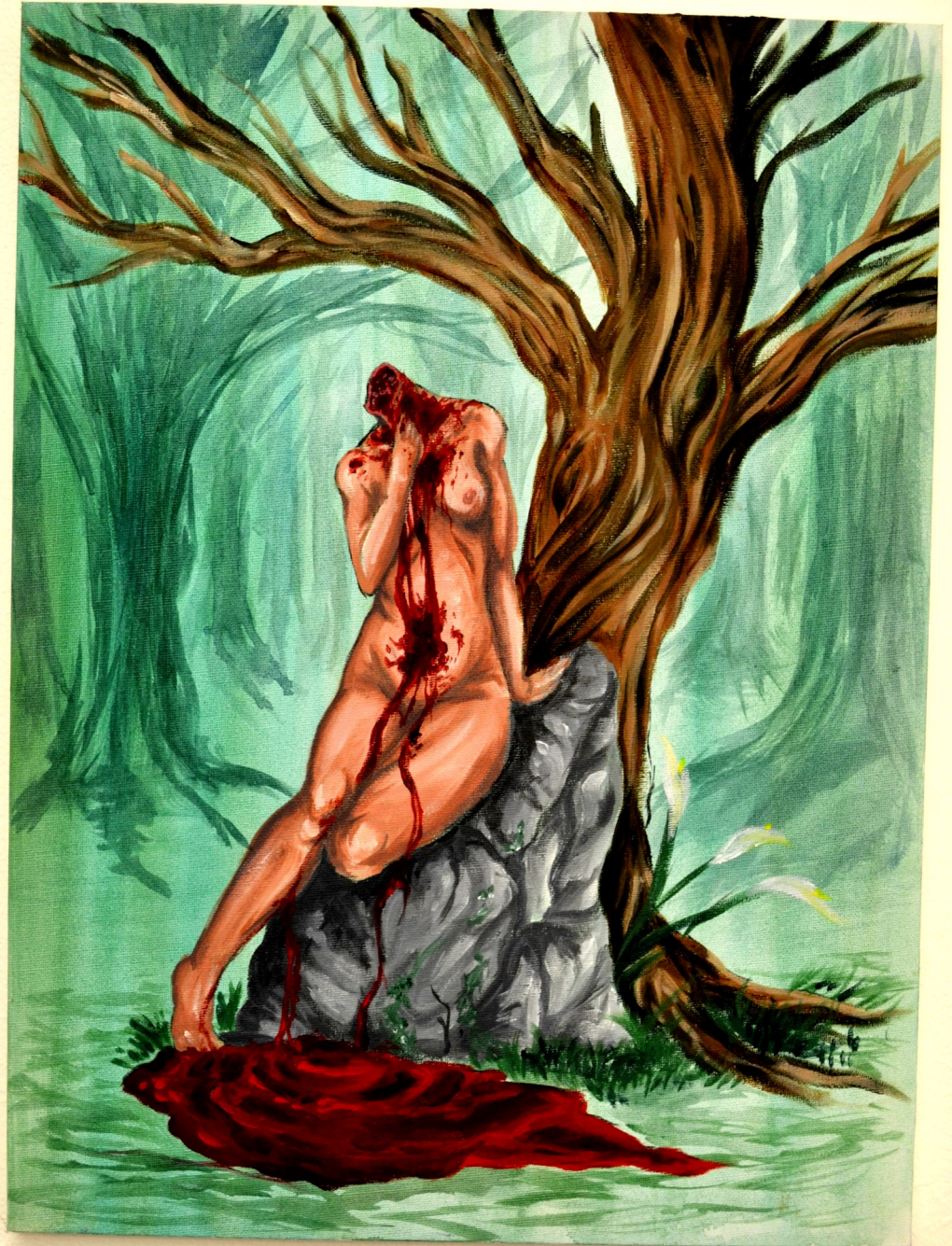
Grandmother, you all have eaten grandmother.  
All is silent and hunger like a plague. Metal golden eyes moan a soft ecstasy as Red's bands begin to fall into place.

Fear made audible.

She must flee this place.

She knew she was nobody's meat.

Into the woods, go beyond the path.  
Wilderness personified, made tangible the chaotic and unclaimed.





Lycanthropy: werewolf in the veins.

Girls beget wolves. Wolves consume girls.

A burning circle of metal hovered eagerly by  
her destined finger.

The pack assembled, lingered on the fringes  
awaiting the signal of the savage marriage  
ceremony.

Once an entire wedding party had turned to  
wolves because the girl had refused the token.  
Every act lead to the same fate.

Girls beget wolves. Wolves consume girls.

This cycle, this circle unbroken and suffocat-  
ing. Grandmother, mother, daughter. Bound  
and branded with burning words, promises of  
dreams never fulfilled. There is only the  
hunger of the wolf.

Poor little Red just couldn't under-  
stand,

When everyone wished to force her  
on a man,

So she ran to the forest and was en-  
gulfed,

By the warm and welcoming claws  
of the wolf.



**I**t is a bleak country,  
they have cold weather, they  
have cold hearts.

Red was encompassed by wedding vows echoing cacophonously through a haunted chapel.

Starving eyes stripped her body and lustful breath slipped damply down the back of her neck.

Spectators revelled in the ritual, vultures waiting for the final breath, the final blow, the final sliver of soul to fail.

Mother: Wilt thou obey him and serve him

Girl: Grandmother, what big arms you have!

All the better to bind you with my dear.

Mother: Love honour and keep him

Girl: What big legs you have!

All the better to chase you my dear.

Mother: In sickness and health

Girl: What big ears you have!

All the better to listen my dear. [I'll always listen]

Mother: Forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him

Girl: What big eyes you have!

All the better to appraise you with my dear.

Mother: So long as you both shall live?

Girl: What cruel teeth you have!

All the better to eat you with.

[To consume everything you are and ever will be]

Mother: Till death do us part.