

**10 January,
Me, 12 y.o.**

***Where's the Prince on his snow-white horse?
With a ring in his pocket and one scarlet rose?
Where's my servant with some gold tray?
Where're musicians? Why don't they play?
Oh, what a pity! It isn't my tale!***



10 January

Me, 17 y.o.

Black mustangs in prairies and Indians' beat,

Some strong whistling wind mixing the heat,

I am depressed to sugar my pill -

***That black-mustached cowboy turns into a
shill.***

Oh, what a pity! It isn't my film!



10 January

Me, 24 y.o.

***A big modern auto - Just wow! -
Limousine!***

I saw him one day in a chic magazine.

Is he an actor? Pop idol or sheikh?

***Lifeguards, press and public lead him
away,***

Oh, what a pity! It isn't my day!



10 January

Me, 80 y.o.

Where's the Prince on his snow-white horse?

With a ring in his pocket and one scarlet rose?

Where's my servant with some gold tray?

Where're musicians? Why don't they play?

Oh, what a pity! It isn't my tale!

