

**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!*

