

Canterbury Tales Paper:

Prologue/Character Sketch:

There are many experiences that seem crucial to life,
Like schooling and marriage, and times of great plight,
But cheerleading competitions belong too on that list,
With their flips and their tricks that you don't want to miss,
See gravity defied! Weightless girls- flying high!
It's a unique experience, you can't deny,
With music and crowds that normal moms hate,
But Donna Gale is not normal- at least, not of late.

She herded her daughter through the security lines,
Paid the admission and all of her fines,
Jostled her way into the loud, crowded room,
And took joy in the breathing of thick hairspray fumes.
All around her were cheerleaders in short, skimpy skirts,
Music playing so loud that it made her ears hurt,
Bleached-blondes in ponytails, bows high in their hair,
And people so fake that you couldn't help but stare.

Her daughter was one of them, spray-tanned and toned,
A natural cheerleader, down to the bones,
And that in itself is not a bad thing,
It's the fact that Donna wanted herself to be queen.
She followed the other moms wherever they went,
And imitated the cheerleaders at all their big events,
It was obvious that Donna was living through her daughter,
Even if it meant that she had to slaughter.

She was all white teeth and revenge-colored lips,
Blond hair, fake smiles and swaggering hips,
A shirt that read "Cheer Mom" in glittery stones,
That Donna had bedazzled all on her own.
She cheered with the other moms, but maybe too loud,
And cried when her daughter won, excessively proud,
It's normal for mothers to push their children farther,
But it seemed that Donna was trying so much harder,
She would do it took to guarantee her child's success,
Even if it meant bribing in excess,
There was a rumor going around that she poisoned food,
And even participated in traditional voodoo.

In fact, the people at this competition knew a lot about Donna,

Including that she liked to shop at Dolce and Gabbana,
Because she wanted to make herself look young and free,
And fit in with the cheerleaders, who she always wanted to be,

Which is why one woman wasn't surprised-

As she spied on Donna, with her sharp bird eyes-

And saw her reach out with one trim leg,

And a girl tripped, fell, cracked a bone like an egg.

"Did you see what she did?" came a whisper. A threat.

A crowd quickly gathered, mothers started to fret.

The sharp-eyed woman saw an advantage come her way,

She took ahold of the opportunity, and used it to say:

"Gather around me, silly girls, and I'll tell you a tell,

About the sad, sad life of a woman named Donna Gale."

The Tale:

Donna grew up in a type-A town,

It was perfect, a bubble, where no one ever frowned,

Where white fences surrounded impeccably trimmed grass,

(Which workers did for them, as they were all high-class),

Each cookie cutter house lined a clean-swept street,

Every home housed a family of the elite,

A world so perfect that even nature aimed to please;
Each morning, the sun's rays filtered perfectly through the trees.

I tell you now, it was a place fit to be hailed
But for Donna- well, it was more like a jail.
You see, while most kids in this town were bright and bubbly,
Donna was quiet, and just a little too chubby,
For these reasons alone, the others found it quite funny,
That Donna seemed to like the wrong things, like science, and Bugs Bunny;
Poor Donna, for she had done nothing wrong,
But had suddenly become a scapegoat, and the subject of mean songs.

Of course, when Donna was little, these things didn't bother her so,
But when she reached middle school, her problems began to grow,
Just like all adolescent kids, she was desperate to fit in,
However, talking to Donna had become worse than a deadly sin.
The popular children put her down so that they would look better,
At least, that's what the counselors said, after Donna sent them a letter,
But try as she might to ignore the childish hate,
Their words got under her skin; she took their awful bait.

For the course of three years, Donna spent her weekends alone;
Crying on the inside, and starving herself to the bone,

For the sole purpose of fitting in with the popular kids,
Thinking that if she looked the part, well, then she'd have to be let in;
So one morning Donna put on her nicest clothes,
Used the newest perfume (which she happened to loathe),
When finally confident in the way she appeared,
She left for school, ready to face the females that she so feared.

A bounce in her step, a smile a mile wide,
Donna approached a girl whose eyes were blue as the sky,
She had no more opened her mouth to speak,
When the girl cut her off, with a "Wow- what happened to your teeth?"
"And what's with the outfit- what are you, five?"
At that moment, all Donna wanted was to was run and hide.
She pushed through the taunting kids and cried the way home,
Taking out her anger on a poor, helpless lawn-gnome.

The gnome being shattered, pieces all over the lawn,
Donna was beginning to see a new dawn,
She wouldn't give up, she wouldn't back down,
She would become the best cheerleader in town!
Already dreaming of hand-stands and loud chants,
The girl ran to her father, who listened patiently to her rant,
She poured out her heart, asked if he would pay the price,

To which he replied, "Maybe," - which meant no, to be precise.

Now, Donna's heart fell through her chest,
But she wasn't done. No, not quite yet.
Determined to pave her own way to success,
The young teenager started to steal, to which she'd never confess,
It was only light shoplifting, according to her,
Only small bracelets and earrings, mascara and eyeliner,
Things that she could later sell on the streets,
Until she made a tiny profit, and proved she hadn't been beat,
For Donna could now pay her dues on her own,
Had it not been for one small problem- a person she'd always known.

Through her school years, Donna had only one friend,
A girl with sharp eyes, always quick to defend,
She was an outcast herself, but was honest and kind,
And always had Donna's best interests in mind;
So when her best friend became a common thief,
She took matters into her own hands, and reported her to the local police,
Honestly, she had tried to help Donna, to talk her out of her ways,
But this seemed the only way to keep her from going astray.

Nonetheless, Donna was arrested, and was taken to jail,

Where she was quickly released, thanks to her father's bail,
But that money was the end of his forgiveness; he was mad,
And swore she'd never be a cheerleader, for she had been bad,
She pleaded and begged, for a simple grounding instead,
But his mind was set, there was nothing more to be said.

Donna never talked to her friend again after that day,
A fact that remains true, which I'm sad to say.

All hope was lost, so Donna gave up on her dreams,
That is, until she had a child, and she began to believe,
Maybe her daughter could cheer, yes, that was it!
Her kid could experience all that Donna had missed!
From the tender age of four, her daughter learned to tumble,
And Donna was there to push her on, when she began to fumble,
It didn't matter if this was what her child really wanted,
For Donna had become a cheer mom, a title that she flaunted.

Here was her chance to finally fit in,
So she died her hair blond, and kept herself young and thin,
With the other moms she cheered, with the other moms she danced,
It seemed as though Donna had finally gotten her chance,
Until one fateful day, when everything changed,
Another teen transferred in, and positions were exchanged,

This child was star, far better than Donna's daughter,
Which is why her kid was tossed from the team, like from a boat into water,

"Mom, it's okay," her daughter tried to say,
"I really didn't like cheerleading all that much anyway."

But Donna was furious, she refused to listen,
She wanted back the cheer mom title that she had been given.
Donna stomped to her bedroom, snatched a yearbook from the wall,
Found the name she wanted, and hurriedly gave him a call,
The phone rang and rang; the trilling seeming endless,
Until a voice finally answered, it was the boy, who had been friendless.

"Hello?" Came the groggy voice, and with it a wave of relief,
For it was Tommy Miller, who had also been a thief,
He and Donna met in high school, but that's all there is to tell,
Except for exchanging stealing tips, they didn't know each other well.
Tommy always wore black, and never spoke too much,
And when he did, it was always sad, like death and grief and such,
It was for these reasons that Donna thought he would agree with what she asked,
What she didn't know was that Tommy would never stoop to that.

Tommy was a little creepy, yes, it was true,
But Donna's request caught him completely out of the blue.

No, he would not kill someone's daughter! No, he wouldn't dare!
But that's not what he told Donna, for he asked her, "where?"
He let her list the details, specifically, where she would leave his money,
And then immediately called the police, said the outlook wasn't sunny,
For her plan was dangerous, and she was acting rather rash,
But interestingly enough, Tommy mentioned nothing about the cash.

Once again, Donna was arrested, this time for attempted murder,
Only now, she faced a courtroom filled to the brim with angry fervor,
She cried and wept and pleaded innocent,
Acted pitiful, and almost painfully reminiscent,
Of the first time that she was locked behind bars,
Stuck with women laced all over with scars.
Her lawyer was cunning, the best around, but all the facts were there,
She would have been convicted, had it not been for her glorious hair.

It was obvious to the jury that Donna was guilty of the crime,
She would probably be sentenced to the maximum time,
They all voted guilty, except for one aging man,
Who had been infatuated by Donna's hair, and luminous, bronze tan,
In his mind she could never murder, she was far too beautiful for that,
So when the jury announced its verdict,
It was "Not guilty!" surprising everyone and their cats.

It's obvious that Donna's still around, you can see her right over there,
And it's obvious that she still wants to stay on top, see it yourself, I swear,
She's still desperate to fit in, she's still living through her child,
She refuses to leave the house unless her hair is perfectly styled,
You ask me how I know things, if what I said was true,
But take it from me, I'm the girl that Donna once knew,
Her only friend, yes, it was me who turned her in,
And I guess that's why I'm telling you this; there's a message I want to send:
All that glitters is not gold is true from now until the end;
Being popular was Donna's prize, was what she always aimed for,
She wanted the glitzy, blingy world; it was a desire from her core,
But getting there caused many problems, and she became dark and hateful,
The woman that Donna once was is gone, she was never grateful,
So I advise you all to be satisfied with what you have right now,
Because you may find that getting gold will make you change your vows.

