

BUTTONS

**BUTTONS:** Well, any friend of Cinders is a friend of mine! Hiya gang! Well here we are then, it's only flipping panto time. Welcome to our village, Little Wibblington by the sea. Fun fact, we are approximately one hundred and six miles from the nearest body of water.

Do please allow me to introduce myself, my name is Buttons, just Buttons, like Cher, or Madonna, or Trump. Now I work over there at the top of the hill at Hardup Hall, now I'll let you in on a bit of a secret, Hardup Hall isn't what it used to be, ever since old Baron Hardup died.

He was a lovely bloke, but I must say, his choice in women was iffy, you see after his first wife, Cinderellas mum, died he got re married and well... his new wife is... oh how do I describe her? I'll start with unpleasant, then I'll move onto flipping unpleasant and I shall conclude with absolutely chuffing horrible! Countess Cruella Crumpstrudel, the Hungarian Horror!

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Anyway, the Baron died not long after they got married, suspicious if you ask me. He left the hall and all of his money to Cruella and since then the place has gone to rack and ruin. Her and her two daughters treat that place like a hotel. Not that we see much of the Countess anymore, she spends most of her time spending the Barons money shopping in Paris, or Monte Carlo, Or Cheshire Oaks.

Her daughters have the run of that place now. It would have fallen to bits if it wasn't for me and Betty the housekeeper. Have you met Betty yet? Oh well you should, she's like the mother I never had. She should be around here now, she often pops into town at this time to pick up supplies.