

Chapter 1 : Our Charming family Chapter 1: A normal day, an once upon a time fanfic | FanFiction

*A Charming Family. Once Upon A Time. Rating: PG Pairing: Emma/Graham, Snow/Charming. Summary: Snow watches them together and thinks it fitting that the man that had sacrificed his own heart for hers had stolen the heart of her daughter.*

She foresaw the horrors of pecuniary embarrassment. This very morning she would go to see Mrs. Rymer, lay before her the plain facts of the case, and with all firmnessâ€”with unmistakable resolveâ€”make known to her that, if the arrears were not paid within a month, notice to quit would be given, and the recovery of the debt be sought by legal process. Fear had made Miss Shepperson indignant; it was wrong and cowardly for people such as the Rymeres to behave in this way to a poor woman who had only just enough to live upon. She felt sure that they could pay if they liked; but because she had shown herself soft and patient, they took advantage of her. She would be firm, very firm. It was a foggy, drizzly, enervating day. When Miss Shepperson found herself drawing near to the house, her courage sank, her heart throbbed painfully, and for a moment she all but stopped and turned, thinking that it would be much better to put her ultimatum into writing. Yet there was the house in view, and to turn back would be deplorable weakness. By word of mouth she could so much better depict the gravity of her situation. She forced herself onwards. Trembling in every nerve, she rang the bell, and in a scarce audible gasp she asked for Mrs. Rymer. A brief delay, and the servant admitted her. Mrs. Rymer was in the drawing-room, giving her elder child a piano-lesson, while the younger, sitting in a baby-chair at the table, turned over a picture-book. You guessed that I really wished to see you. I should have come to you, but just at present I find it so difficult to get away from home. I am housekeeper, nursemaid, and governess all in one! Some women would find it rather a strain, but the dear tots are so goodâ€”so good! Cissy, you remember Miss Shepperson? Of course you do. Tots, school-time is over for this morning. She knew not how to enter upon what she had to say. To talk of the law and use threats in this atmosphere of serene domesticity seemed impossibly harsh. But the necessity of broaching the disagreeable subject was spared her. Mrs. Rymer, as soon as the door had closed, in a tone of the friendliest confidence. I wonder whether it will to you? You told me, did you not, that you live in lodgings, and quite alone? She narrated in outline the history of her family, made known exactly how she stood in pecuniary matters, and ended by sayingâ€” Pages:

## Chapter 2 : A Charming Font Font Family Â· Fonts

*A Charming Family by George Gissing. From The House of Cobwebs and Other Stories (). 'I must be firm,' said Miss Shepperson to herself, as she poured out her morning tea with tremulous hand.*

A plain woman of something more than thirty, she had gentle eyes, a twitching forehead, and lips ever ready for a sympathetic smile. Her attire, a little shabby, a little disorderly, well became the occupant of furnished lodgings, at twelve and sixpence a week, in the unpretentious suburb of Acton. She was the daughter of a Hammersmith draper, at whose death, a few years ago, she had become possessed of a small house and an income of forty pounds a year; her two elder sisters were comfortably married to London tradesmen, but she did not see very much of them, for their ways were not hers, and Miss Shepperson had always been one of those singular persons who shrink into solitude the moment they feel ill at ease. The house which was her property had, until of late, given her no trouble at all; it stood in a quiet part of Hammersmith, and had long been occupied by good tenants, who paid their rent fifty pounds with exemplary punctuality; repairs, of course, would now and then be called for, and to that end Miss Shepperson carefully put aside a few pounds every year. Unhappily, the old tenants were at length obliged to change their abode. Rymer, who had two little girls, lived only for domestic peace--she had been in better circumstances, but did not repine, and forgot all worldly ambition in the happy discharge of her wifely and maternal duties. At once there came the politest and friendliest reply. Rymer wrote his wife was out of town, and had been so overwhelmed with business that the matter of the rent must have altogether escaped his mind; he would be back in a day or two, and the cheque should be sent at the earliest possible moment; a thousand apologies for this unpardonable neglect. Still the cheque did not come; another quarter-day arrived, and again no rent was paid. It was now a month after Christmas, and Miss Shepperson, for the first time in her life, found her accounts in serious disorder. This morning she had a letter from Mrs. Rymer. I assure you that never, never before did I find myself in such a situation. Indeed, I should not have the courage to write at all, but that the end of our troubles is already in view. Rymer will be able to send you a cheque in complete discharge of his debt. Meanwhile, I beg you to believe, dear Miss Shepperson, how very, very grateful I am to you for your most kind forbearance. She foresaw the horrors of pecuniary embarrassment. This very morning she would go to see Mrs. Rymer, lay before her the plain facts of the case, and with all firmness--with unmistakable resolve--make known to her that, if the arrears were not paid within a month, notice to quit would be given, and the recovery of the debt be sought by legal process. Fear had made Miss Shepperson indignant; it was wrong and cowardly for people such as the Rymers to behave in this way to a poor woman who had only just enough to live upon. She felt sure that they could pay if they liked; but because she had shown herself soft and patient, they took advantage of her. She would be firm, very firm. It was a foggy, drizzly, enervating day. When Miss Shepperson found herself drawing near to the house, her courage sank, her heart throbbed painfully, and for a moment she all but stopped and turned, thinking that it would be much better to put her ultimatum into writing. Yet there was the house in view, and to turn back would be deplorable weakness. By word of mouth she could so much better depict the gravity of her situation. She forced herself onwards. Trembling in every nerve, she rang the bell, and in a scarce audible gasp she asked for Mrs. Rymer. A brief delay, and the servant admitted her. Rymer was in the drawing-room, giving her elder child a piano-lesson, while the younger, sitting in a baby-chair at the table, turned over a picture-book. You guessed that I really wished to see you. I should have come to you, but just at present I find it so difficult to get away from home. I am housekeeper, nursemaid, and governess all in one! Some women would find it rather a strain, but the dear tots are so good--so good! Cissy, you remember Miss Shepperson? Of course you do. Tots, school-time is over for this morning. Go and sit by the nursery-fire, and sing "Rain, rain, go away! She knew not how to enter upon what she had to say. To talk of the law and use threats in this atmosphere of serene domesticity seemed impossibly harsh. But the necessity of broaching the disagreeable subject was spared her. Rymer, as soon as the door had closed, in a tone of the friendliest confidence. I wonder whether it will do you? You told me, did you not, that you live in lodgings, and quite alone? Rymer, that I have to live as carefully as I can. Rymer began to reveal the happy thought which had occurred to her. In the house

there was a spare room; why should not Miss Shepperson come and live here--live, that is to say, as a member of the family? A certain sum of money was due to her for rent; suppose this were repaid in the form of board and lodging, which might be reckoned at--should one say, fifteen shillings a week? Miss Shepperson would thus have a home--a real home--with all family comforts, and Mrs. Rymer, who was too much occupied with house and children to see much society, would have the advantage of a sympathetic friend under her own roof. Miss Shepperson felt such astonishment that she could only reply with incoherencies. An idea so novel and so strange threw her thoughts into disorder. She was alarmed by the invitation to live with people who were socially her superiors. On the other hand, the proposal made appeal to her natural inclination for domestic life; it offered the possibility of occupation, of usefulness. Moreover, from the pecuniary point of view, it would be so very advantageous. I assure you it is a perfectly businesslike arrangement; otherwise my husband, who is prudence itself, would never have sanctioned it. As you know, we are suffering a temporary embarrassment. When he came home, I learnt, to my dismay, that it might be rather more than a month before he was able to send you a cheque. As I think you will believe, Miss Shepperson, I am not a scheming or a selfish woman; never, never have I wronged any one in my life. This proposal, I cannot help feeling, is as much for your benefit as for ours. Suppose you come up with me and look at the room. It is not in perfect order, but you will see whether it pleases you. Curiosity allying itself with the allurements which had begun to work upon her feelings, Miss Shepperson timidly rose and followed her smiling guide upstairs. The little spare room on the second floor was furnished simply enough, but made such a contrast with the bedchamber in the Acton lodging-house that the visitor could scarcely repress an exclamation. Rymer was voluble with promise of added comforts. From the spare room the visitor was taken into all the others, and before they went downstairs again Mrs. Rymer had begun to talk as though the matter were decided. Suppose we have the tots into the drawing-room again? I want them to make friends with you at once. I know you love children. She stayed to tea. She arrived on Saturday afternoon, and was received by the assembled family like a very dear friend or relative. Rymer, a well-dressed man, polite, good-natured, with a frequent falsetto laugh, talked over the teacups in the pleasantest way imaginable, not only putting Miss Shepperson at ease, but making her feel as if her position as a member of the household were the most natural thing in the world. He had a way of shaping his remarks so as to make it appear that the homely, timid woman was, if anything, rather the superior in rank and education, and that their simple ways might now and then cause her amusement. Even the children seemed to do their best to make the newcomer feel at home. Her plain features expressed a simplicity and gentleness which more than compensated for the lack of conventional grace in her manners; she spoke softly and with obvious frankness, nor was there much fault to find with her phrasing and accent; dressed a little more elegantly, she would in no way have jarred with the tone of average middle-class society. If she had not much education, she was altogether free from pretence, and the possession of property which always works very decidedly for good or for evil saved her from that excess of deference which would have accentuated her social shortcomings. Undistinguished as she might seem at the first glance, Miss Shepperson could not altogether be slighted by any one who had been in her presence for a few minutes. And when, in the course of the evening, she found courage to converse more freely, giving her views, for instance, on the great servant question, and on other matters of domestic interest, it became clear to Mr. Rymer that their landlady, though a soft-hearted and simple-minded woman, was by no means to be regarded as a person of no account. The servant question was to the front just now, as Mrs. Rymer explained in detail. Did Miss Shepperson know of a cook, a sensible, trustworthy woman? For the present Mrs. Rymer--she confessed it with a pleasant little laugh--had to give an eye to the dinner herself. Rymer, bending towards his wife with a look of well-bred solicitude. Meals were reduced to the simplest terms; a restful quiet prevailed in the little house; in the afternoon, while Mrs. Rymer reposed, Miss Shepperson read to the children. She it was who--the servant being out--prepared tea. Rymer, with many apologies, left the home together for a couple of hours, being absolutely obliged to pay a call at some distance, and Miss Shepperson again took care of the children till the domestic returned. After breakfast the next day--it was a very plain meal, merely a rasher and dry toast--the lady of the house chatted with her friend more confidentially than ever. Their servant, she said, a good girl but not very robust, naturally could not do all the work of the house, and, by way of helping, Mrs. No doubt you

will like to have a breath of air, as the sky seems clearing. Rymer was confused, vexed, and wished she had not said a word; but the other made a joke of these scruples. I shall go out with them for an hour at eleven. I must absolutely go shopping, and I do so dislike to take the tots in that direction. Never mind; the walk must be put off till the afternoon. In a day or two things got into a happy routine. Miss Shepperson practically became nursemaid, with the privilege of keeping her own bedroom in order and of helping in a good many little ways throughout the domestic day. A fortnight elapsed, and Mrs.

### Chapter 3 : A Charming Family

*A Charming Family Tradition In a home filled with children there's always fun to be found and memories to be made. Mary and Paul, parents of seven, started a family tradition that helps their daughters capture and keep these memories.*

A plain woman of something more than thirty, she had gentle eyes, a twitching forehead, and lips ever ready for a sympathetic smile. Her attire, a little shabby, a little disorderly, well became the occupant of furnished lodgings, at twelve and sixpence a week, in the unpretentious suburb of Acton. She was the daughter of a Hammersmith draper, at whose death, a few years ago, she had become possessed of a small house and an income of forty pounds a year; her two elder sisters were comfortably married to London tradesmen, but she did not see very much of them, for their ways were not hers, and Miss Shepperson had always been one of those singular persons who shrink into solitude the moment they feel ill at ease. The house which was her property had, until of late, given her no trouble at all; it stood in a quiet part of Hammersmith, and had long been occupied by good tenants, who paid their rent fifty pounds with exemplary punctuality; repairs, of course, would now and then be called for, and to that end Miss Shepperson carefully put aside a few pounds every year. Unhappily, the old tenants were at length obliged to change their abode. Rymer, who had two little girls, lived only for domestic peace -- she had been in better circumstances, but did not repine, and forgot all worldly ambition in the happy discharge of her wifely and maternal duties. At once there came the politest and friendliest reply. Rymer wrote his wife was out of town, and had been so overwhelmed with business that the matter of the rent must have altogether escaped his mind he would be back in a day or two, and the cheque should be sent at the earliest possible moment; a thousand apologies for this unpardonable neglect. Still the cheque did not come; another quarter-day arrived, and again no rent was paid. It was now a month after Christmas, and Miss Shepperson, for the first time in her life, found her accounts in serious disorder. This morning she had a letter from Mrs. I assure you that never, never before did I find myself in such a situation. Indeed, I should not have the courage to write at all, but that the end of our troubles is already in view. Rymer will be able to send you a cheque in complete discharge of his debt. Meanwhile, I beg you to believe, dear Miss Shepperson, how very, very grateful I am to you for your most kind forbearance. She foresaw the horrors of pecuniary embarrassment. This very morning she would go to see Mrs. Rymer, lay before her the plain facts of the case, and with all firmness -- with unmistakable resolve -- make known to her that, if the arrears were not paid within a month, notice to quit would be given, and the recovery of the debt be sought by legal process. Fear had made Miss Shepperson indignant; it was wrong and cowardly for people such as the Rymers to behave in this way to a poor woman who had only just enough to live upon. She felt sure that they could pay if they liked; but because she had shown herself soft and patient, they took advantage of her. She would be firm, very firm. It was a foggy, drizzly, enervating day. When Miss Shepperson found herself drawing near to the house, her courage sank, her heart throbbed painfully, and for a moment she all but stopped and turned, thinking that it would be much better to put her ultimatum into writing. Yet there was the house in view, and to turn back would be deplorable weakness. By word of mouth she could so much better depict the gravity of her situation. She forced herself onwards. Trembling in every nerve, she rang the bell, and in a scarce audible gasp she asked for Mrs. A brief delay, and the servant admitted her. Rymer was in the drawing-room, giving her elder child a piano-lesson, while the younger, sitting in a baby-chair at the table, turned over a picture-book. You guessed that I really wished to see you. I should have come to you, but just at present I find it so difficult to get away from home. I am housekeeper, nursemaid, and governess all in one! Some women would find it rather a strain, but the dear tots are so good! Cissy, you remember Miss Shepperson? Of course you do. Tots, school-time is over for this morning. Go and sit by the nursery fire, and sing "Rain, rain, go away! She knew not how to enter upon what she had to say. To talk to the law and use threats in this atmosphere of serene domesticity seemed impossibly harsh. But the necessity of broaching the disagreeable subject was spared her. Rymer, as soon as the door had closed, in a tone of the friendliest confidence. I wonder whether it will to you? You told me, did you not, that you live in lodgings, and quite alone? Rymer, that I have to live as carefully as I can. Rymer began to reveal the happy thought which had occurred to her. In the house

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joke of these scruples. I shall go out with them for an hour at eleven. I must absolutely go shopping, and I do so dislike to take the tots in that direction. Never mind; the walk must be put off till the afternoon. In a day or two things got into a happy routine. Miss Shepperson practically became nursemaid, with the privilege of keeping her own bedroom in order and of helping in a good many little ways throughout the domestic day. A fortnight elapsed, and Mrs. A week after that the subject of the cook had somehow fallen into forgetfulness; and, indeed, a less charitably disposed observer than Miss Shepperson might have doubted whether Mrs.

**Chapter 4 : Gissing, "A Charming Family"**

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Snow watches them together and thinks it fitting that the man that had sacrificed his own heart for hers had stolen the heart of her daughter. This is the aftermath of the broken curse and the return of magic. Snow was standing at the kitchen island putting the finishing touches on the cake. James was by her side, like always, counting out the plates and arranging the silverware. Her final additions to the frosting flower in the middle of the cake are done and she stares at her handy work. Snow looks up from the cake to see Emma sitting at the table with her son Henry and next to her was Graham. The three of them were playing a game of Monopoly. Emma had her fingers loosely wrapped around the stem of her wine glass, Graham was nursing a beer, and they were both watching Henry with amusement as they waited for him to make his next move. Snow could not help but smile at the scene in front of her. It was her family. Her husband, their grandson, their daughter, and the man their daughter loved. Snow watched Emma and Graham closely. Snow found it fitting that the curse had brought those two unlikely souls together. The Huntsman had been a grown man when Emma had just been a baby in the fairy tale world. The curse had frozen him, just like the rest of them, in time. Thus it had allowed Emma to catch up with him and now they could be together as they obviously were meant to be. It made Snow smile because as much as that curse had been intended to rid every one of their happy endings, none of that had worked. Snow thought it very fitting that the curse had brought together her daughter and the man that had once saved her life. He touched her shoulder lightly, "Are you okay? After she put them on the cake, he lit them. Now, come on, before these melt the cake! The three people sitting all turned their heads toward them. She set the cake down in front of her daughter who had a sweet smile on her lips and the glow of the candles was playing across her pretty face. Nope, that curse really had not worked because as far as endings go, Snow figured, this was about as happy as any could get. The author would like to thank you for your continued support. Your review has been posted.

**Chapter 5 : A charming family house in Tuscany - Houses for Rent in Tresana, Toscana, Italy**

*'A charming family!' was Miss Shepperson's mental comment when, at their invitation, she had called one Sunday afternoon soon after they were settled in the house; and on the way home to her lodgings, she sighed once or twice, thinking of Mrs. Rymer's blissful smile and the two pretty children.*

Monday, July 18, A "Charming Family" Why is it that, despite the unfolding of a horrific event, journalists can still paint the perpetrators with the most rose-colored word pictures? It was after the tragedy which had occurred at the home of "wealthy farmer" David Spragg that reporters from newspapers throughout the midwest descended upon the obscure region where the Spragg family had lived in Missouri. Indeed, in addition to the reports generated by those journalists on the scene, several newspapers picked up the story across the nation—from as far east as New York to San Francisco and Los Angeles on the west coast. Although not withholding any of the bloody details, the newspapers nevertheless equally packed their narrative with flattering descriptors. While being characterized as insane, David Spragg was also portrayed as a man whom, no doubt, neighbors and townspeople were more likely to recognize. The Saint Louis Republic called him "an honest and industrious farmer, well-to-do and greatly respected by his neighbors. Spragg's father who, only moments before, had been holding his baby boy and playing with him" patted the baby gently on the face" and then, suddenly, escalated into what one newspaper dubbed "the most horrible butchery which ever stained the history of Northern Missouri. Or that neighbors reflected later, after coming upon the gruesome scene at the Spragg farmhouse, that he had been ill for some time. Though the event itself erupted on Tuesday, December 11, , by the weekend, the story had gained national coverage. Many of those news reports can still be accessed by searches on such services as NewspaperArchive. With as much care as reporters had taken to present Spragg in favorable terms, they heaped devastation upon the man as well. Carrying out his act with "unconceivable ferocity," David Spragg was said to have been "enraged by the demon of insanity" and engaged in his destruction with the frenzy of "a human monster. He had been noted to have been "never quarrelsome Inside the house and out of view of the assembled neighbors trying to stop him, two shots signaled the end of the carnage. Someone had wired for the coroner "and other officers," who came and took charge of the remains. Of course, back in the s, there may not have been the ability or even the custom to pursue such possibilities. No mention was made of an autopsy in the news reports about David Spragg, for instance. Diagnostic abilities would have been limited, even if one had been performed. No doubt, the people of the town of Ridgeway would have been disturbed to learn of such a tragedy, but would also have had no way to be assured that such devastation was not the result of evil intent, or that it was unlikely to ever happen again without that same underlying cause—whatever it might have been. Sometimes, when I run across such stories in my pursuit of family history, it causes me to wonder whatever became of those left behind, afterwards. In this case, it was hard to even determine if anyone was left behind. The last line of one newspaper article, having detailed every minute aspect of the crimes, closed its report with the mention of the "two" children who had escaped with their lives: It was hard, though, in taking in all the various reports, to determine how many had died—and just who they were. Even seeking their burial records proved fruitless—but enlightening as to just what the aftermath of the tragedy had meant to those in Ridgeway. The only burial record I could locate on Find A Grave , for instance, was that of David Spragg, himself—complete with a copy of one newspaper account of the carnage plastered alongside his memorial. My question, of course, was: If so, what burden did they carry with them for the rest of their lives? It turns out, thanks both to search capabilities and newspaper repositories online, that there were enough clues tucked between the lines of all those reports and records to find out more about the children.

**Chapter 6 : A Charming Family, an once upon a time fanfic | FanFiction**

*A "Charming Family" Why is it that, despite the unfolding of a horrific event, journalists can still paint the perpetrators with the most rose-colored word pictures? It was after the tragedy which had occurred at the home of "wealthy farmer"*

## DOWNLOAD PDF A CHARMING FAMILY.

*David Spragg that reporters from newspapers throughout the midwest descended upon the obscure region.*

### Chapter 7 : Charming Family Doctor - Girl Games

*This is a digitized version of an article from The Times's print archive, before the start of online publication in To preserve these articles as they originally appeared, The Times does.*

### Chapter 8 : A Charming Family Of Six â€“ Clipart by Vector Toons

*Either review or pm me with a Charming family oneshot you'd like & I'll add it to the story:) Please see my FF twitter account (the username is JMAMKfanfics) for more information on this story.*

### Chapter 9 : The Charming Family - Works | Archive of Our Own

*"If there's so much i must be, can i still just be me, the way i am?" I've always felt that the Charmings (David, Snow and Emma) were somewhat like Simba, Na.*