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# SEJHS CREATIVE WRITING

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# THE CROWN PRINCESS

Genevieve has prepared  
all her life to become  
queen. But, will she?

# THE CROWN PRINCESS

WRITTEN BY:  
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The Crown Princess laughs with a giggle that sounds like tiny little bells chiming all at once. As she runs through the wide castle corridors, she looks back to see James catching up to her. She takes a secret shortcut and exits from behind a dusty and heavy tapestry. As she emerges, she runs into the king with an "Oomph!"

"Genevieve! What on earth are you doing?" he says on the verge of anger.

"Sorry father," she says innocently, "I was just taking a stroll to clear my thoughts." She bats her eyes for good measure.

"A stroll? Shouldn't you be in your lessons?"

"Er, um, that's why I needed to take a walk! I was trying to figure out a very hard problem."

"Genevieve," King Henry answers in an exasperated tone, "Just go back to your lessons. A future ruler does not act like this, let alone a twenty-year old."

Sadly, Genevieve curtsies and walks toward her bedchambers. Along the way she finds James. After she explains to him what her father said, he just walks with her and is clearly deep in thought. The princess studies her friend and servant as they walk. His eyes the color of the prettiest sky are squinted as he looks at the ground. He sometimes brushes his long light brown hair out of his face. He finally breaks the silence and looks up at her.

"Do you want to?"

"Do I want to what?" she says quizzically, slightly embarrassed because she had been staring at him.

"Do you want to become a queen? Or should I say *The* queen. You know, become ruler of the kingdom and stuff."

She didn't know what "stuff" he was talking about, but she answered anyway. "Yes, of course! I've been dreaming of it as long as I can remember."

"You wouldn't want Dominic to become ruler instead?" he says hesitantly.

"Of course not! I have always wanted to be queen. You know that. Why are you asking questions about something you already know?"

He shrugs and blushes scarlet. Bewildered, Genevieve says good bye and enters her chambers. There sits her teacher Madame La Flore. She was from another kingdom and was not happy to be here. The scholar looks like a plump pumpkin especially in the too tight bright orange gown she's wearing. The princess stifles a giggle and curtsies politely.

"You're late."

"I'm sorry. I was speaking with one of the servants about an urgent matter."

"And what was this urgent matter?"

Genevieve squints and replies in a tone like icy blades, "That is none of your

business whatsoever.”

With a “hmph!” Mistress Murney starts her lesson. To punish Genevieve for speaking to her like that, she gives the princess the hardest problems and drills her with rough questions. The princess should have known better than to talk to Mistress Murney that way, but her conversation with her father and James’s strange behavior had left her irritated and worried.

After three hours of lessons an exhausted and tired Genevieve gets ready for supper with the king, queen, and prince. The princess slips into the dining hall and takes a seat at the table that’s the length of a giant and probably just as wide. She sits next to her brother, a young and lively prince who thinks he knows all at his young age of seventeen. Across from Genevieve is her love and kindly mother who would do anything for her family. She smiles at the princess with a smile anyone would be jealous of, but her blue eyes have sadness in them. The king sits at the head of the table with an aura of pride and power. They begin their meal silently. Suddenly, the king speaks in his booming voice.

“My dear Arianna, Genevieve, and Dominic. I have made a decision pertaining to Genevieve’s birthday in a week.”

The family members all look up curiously. The princess has a bad feeling about his decision.

“As we all know, the princess will be turning 21 which is the age to become ruler. The queen and I decided a long time ago that we would give up the throne to our eldest child when they turned 21. However, when I made this decision I was not considering the gender of our child.”

Genevieve’s stomach drops down to her feet and her heart starts racing at these words. She begins to suspect the worst. What does her father mean the gender of the child? Does it matter if she’s a girl?

“You see,” her father continues, “no woman has ever ruled our kingdom. And with good reason. I mean we all know a woman’s job is to support her husband. I would never dream of a woman ruling the kingdom! It is men who are the greater gender.”

Queen Arianna looks at her husband sadly. She bows her head and Genevieve can faintly see a single tear roll off her nose and fall into her lap. Prince Dominic just stares at his father in disbelief. There’s a faint look of disgust on his young face. Genevieve feels her face get red and angry tears fill her eyes, blurring her vision. She can’t believe what she is hearing. The princess knows her father has been a little prejudiced, but not like this. How dare he not allow his own daughter, the heir of Gwendonia, not become the queen of her own kingdom. How dare he say she is less worthy because of her gender.

It all makes sense now. Why she was always treated differently from her brother, why her father always seemed to favor him. Dominic always got more gifts than Genevieve and was always pampered more, but she had always thought it was because he was the younger child. It never bothered the Princess because she knew she would be inheriting the kingdom someday. But it now has all changed.

Genevieve begins to shake with anger. She’s spent her whole life training to rule the kingdom and now it’s all gone to waste. She will probably be married off to a prince or king of another kingdom, but it won’t be

her kingdom.

In a flash she's on her feet breathing heavy. "Funny isn't it? How a princess can't rule the kingdom, but a rotten pig can?" She spits those poisonous words into the king's shocked face. With a dramatic turn she stalks out of the dining hall with her head held high.

However, as soon as she's out of sight, Genevieve begins crying. She takes off running, not going anywhere certain, she just cries and runs away. She runs away from the awfulness of her father.

The princess finds herself underneath an apple tree, outside in her own personal garden she tends. She sits down and starts sobbing uncontrollably. How could her father do this to her? Her whole life has been dedicated to becoming the queen. If she had known her father intended for Dominic to become ruler, she would have lived more carefree and not as uptight. Just as Dominic had.

As she sits in miserable silence, she hears footsteps coming toward her. Afraid it's the king, she curls into a small ball trying to hide in the darkness. The footsteps get louder, and Genevieve's heart begins to beat quickly. What if it's one of the guards? She practically committed treason and she wouldn't put it past her father to lock up his own daughter. *At least he won't have to worry about me getting in the way if I'm in the dungeon*, she thinks. The footsteps stop only a few feet away from here. Numb with fear, the princess slowly lifts up her head to see her visitor.

Standing there is the one person she needs right now, James. Relief flows through like warm honey. Sitting up, she tries to wipe her tears and look more dignified. They sit

there in silence staring at each other until James finally speaks.

"I saw you running out here and you were crying," he says calmly. "Is everything okay?"

"No. Everything is not okay," she responds as he sits beside her. "My father thinks it unwise to let a women rule the kingdom. I apparently don't have what it takes."

"So, Dominic will become king? Genevieve, what will happen to you?"

She starts to cry again. "I-I don't know."

James wraps his arms around her comfortingly. She leans on his shoulder, too tired and sad to think about his more than friendly gesture. She closes her eyes and sobs. He just gently strokes her hair and murmurs "Shhh, shhh," occasionally. Eventually Genevieve calms down and sits there peacefully. She listens to the crickets chirping and feels the cool evening air on her face and hands. She opens her eyes and looks up at the night sky full of twinkling and shining stars. After she captures the beauty, the princess closes her eyes again. With James, warmth, and the peaceful night surrounding her, Genevieve falls into a deep sleep.

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Feeling as if she's on a cloud, Genevieve opens her eyes slowly. She sits up and looks around, then slumps down disappointed. She was half hoping to still be underneath the apple tree with James. It had been so peaceful and beautiful, and now she must come back to reality. The curtains the color of the purest gold are drawn open, and daylight is streaming in the floor to ceiling

windows. Squinting, the princess slides out of bed and closes them, blocking out the harsh sunlight. She goes back to her bed that really is like a cloud with its white sheets and soft comfortable mattress.

Laying her head back, she thinks about last night's events. The tears come rushing back, but she does not cry. *I must be strong*, she thinks determinedly. *A worthy queen does not cry*. This was something her father had always told her. Then again, he had always told her she would be queen. And now she's not even going to be queen! So that whole saying has no real value. When she realizes all of this, she begins to cry despite her best effort.

After another hour, Genevieve has stopped crying, but still lays miserably in her enormous bed. She just thinks about what she is going to do now, who she will surely be forced to marry, and what state the kingdom will be in if Dominic rules. Suddenly, there's a knock at the door. She calls out, "Come in," in a much stronger voice that hid her sadness.

James enters, with Dominic following close behind. The young prince is carrying a tray laden with a hearty breakfast. He sets it next to her on her bed, and then sits near her feet wordlessly. James begins to draw the curtains and Genevieve covers her eyes in annoyance. He then sits on the other side of of the princess's feet and waits for her to speak.

"What do you guys want?" she says grumpily.

"Same thing you do, for you to become queen," Dominic replies in a much nicer tone.

Genevieve was not expecting that

answer. Blinking in confusion she speaks in a kinder voice than before, "You- you don't want to be king? All that power, telling people what to do, and you get to choose the fair princess you'll marry! Does that not sound appealing?"

He shrugs, "Sure, of course it does. But I haven't trained for it like you have. And if I do become ruler, I'll have all sorts of responsibilities."

"Oh no, we wouldn't want that. Poor Prince Dominic having actual responsibilities? What kind of world would allow that?" the princess snaps sarcastically at her younger brother.

"Genevieve, stop being so mean. I'm trying to help you."

She bows her head, "Sorry, I'm just really upset. My whole life just went to waste. Go on."

"Anyhow, I would like to just stay a prince. Besides, you deserve the crown. You have worked so hard to become the best ruler you can. Plus, you're really bossy."

"Um, thanks, I think."

Genevieve faces James and begins to ask his opinion on the subject, but she realizes he had been staring at her intently. She blushes and looks down. He also realizes he had been staring and blushes even a darker scarlet than the princess. This little exchange does not go unnoticed by Dominic and he roars with laughter. This causes them to be embarrassed even more, so when they both look up, their faces are a similar color to a tomato.

Trying to regain her confidence, Genevieve asks James, "What do you think James? Do you think I should become queen? Or do you think I should let Dominic

become the ruler?"

"Well," he begins hesitantly, "It's up to you. It's your life we're talking about. I just want you to be happy. I'll help you become queen in anyway I can."

Genevieve fills with gratitude for her best friend. In the back of her mind, she senses he doesn't want her to become the queen for some reason, but she puts that thought aside. She just nods and turns to Dominic. Then for the next hour or so, the three of them come up with a plan to prove to the king she deserves the throne.

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The next day, Genevieve shows up to her lesson five minutes early. She bows to Madame la Flore and silently sits at the table. The plump scholar looks at the princess suspiciously, clearly thinking it was too good to be true. Still unsure, Madame la Flore slides the books and papers towards Genevieve. After a quick "thank you" the princess dives right in and begins working quickly. After about ten minutes, the teacher begins to speak.

"What are you doing?"

Startled, Genevieve answers innocently, "Just doing my work. Am I doing it wrong?"

"No, but but you are acting very strange. Why are you acting like so?" "Well, a ruler must be mature and wise. I'm going to prove to my father I deserve to be queen."

At this, Madame la Flore begins laughing hysterically. Her laugh is a mix of snorting and cackling and spit flies everywhere. Genevieve is disgusted and wipes the witch's slime off her face. The princess's face turns red with indignation

and she feels anger wash over her.

"*What is so funny?*" Genevieve spits poison out every syllable.

Wiping the tears from her eyes, Madame la Flore giggles unpleasantly, "You mature? And wise? Why, my dear princess, you have a better chance convincing your father you're a goat than a ruler!"

"Excuse me?!!"

"All you have is your pretty face and royal blood. But no potential."

Angrily, Genevieve slides the books violently back to the smirking teacher, "I'm done," and stalks out of the room, making sure to slam the mahogany door. She runs to the gardens, hoping James will be there. She is not disappointed when she sees him pulling weeds.


After she explains what happened, he tells her not to worry about it and takes her over to the lovely apple tree in her personal garden. There they sit for the rest of the afternoon talking about other things. They avoid the topic of Genevieve's predicament and talk about silly things of no importance.

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Genevieve enters the castle and walks straight into Dominic. They look at one another, then start to walk to the dining room. The princess is a bit nervous, because she hasn't seen her father since she called him a rotten pig. She has a feeling their reunion will not be pleasant. She and Dominic reach the door and she braces herself for the worst.

However, when Genevieve enters, her father calmly just looks at her. She cautiously approaches the table and sits down. A servant sets a plate full of delicious





foods in front of her, more than usual. Suspiciously she looks at her parents and says, "What is this all about?"

Her mother just looks at her sadly, but before she can speak the king interrupts.

"Why, my dear daughter you have found your true calling!"

Bewildered, Genevieve asks, "What are you talking about? I haven't done anything differ-" A sickening thought stops her. Today her lessons were different and quite easy. They mainly focused on what to do for your spouse and children. She had been too busy trying to show her father she could be mature and get all the questions right to notice.

"You see, I had Madame la Flore change your curriculum. You got all the answers right! Genevieve, you've done terrible at any other subject. This just proves you are more fit to be a wife and not a ruler! I'm so happy this is all working out!"

*No, no, no NO!* the princess thinks, *How*

*could this be happening!*

Despite her frantic thoughts, Genevieve calmly answers, "I'll prove to you, Father, that I am worthy to become the ruler."

The king just shakes his head and laughs.

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The next morning Genevieve, Dominic and James meet in the princess's bedchambers to come up with a new plan. They have breakfast served to them there, so they can keep thinking. They sit there for nearly an hour, munching on toast and berries. Finally Dominic has an epiphany.

"I have a great idea! Genevieve, this has got to work!"

The princess takes a sip of orange juice before replying, "Are you sure? Because we were tricked last time. This needs to be foolproof."

"Of course it will work! I came up with



it!"

James cuts in, "Oh it will work."

The prince and princess look at James surprised.

"Well, it will if your brain is as big as your ego," James finishes with a smirk.

Genevieve cracks up and Dominic's face turns a bright shade of scarlet.

"Oh, shut up! Anyways, here's the plan. Genevieve, remember when that Duke from some Northern kingdom saved father's life? After he saved father from a rabid wolf, father said he would give the Duke anything he wanted."

"So you're saying I need to save father's life and then ask to be queen?"

"Exactly. And I know just how to do it," Dominic says mischievously.

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Two hours later, Genevieve is leaning against the hall, waiting for the signal. Her heart is thumping wildly in her chest and she can't help but think how much trouble they will be in if it doesn't work. Dominic's plan isn't foolproof but it's all she's got.

The princess hears her father footsteps approaching. She fidgets around and gets ready to "fight." She goes over the plan over and over again until the moment of action. She hears a battle cry and a startled gasp from the king. She waits, still, until she hears Dominic say, "Stay quiet your highness, and I won't hurt you... yet." Shaking her head she's runs around the corner screaming, "Unhand my father!"

Dominic and the king look up. The prince has a mask over his face and is dressed in old ragged clothes. He has the king in a choke hold with a sword at his

throat. When the king sees Genevieve, he makes a noise of protest. The princess hopes the noise meant he wanted her to save herself, but it probably meant he thought he was doomed because she's a *woman*.

"Oh, and what are you going to do about it little princess?" Dominic says, trying to be sinister.

*Heavens*, Genevieve thinks, *you are a horrible actor*. Instead she answers, "This!" She runs toward Dominic and "punches" him in the face. He pretends to be in agony and lets go of the king. The prince pretends to take a swing at the king with his sword, but Genevieve tackles her father. The king lets out a cry of actual agony and grabs his ankle.

While in the process of saving her father, the princess accidentally kicked Dominic in the face, knocking off his mask. The king notices and visibly gets angry. His face reddens and his veins pop out of his temple. "What is the meaning of this?"

Genevieve and Dominic shuffle awkwardly but neither of them speak.

"I said, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?!!!" he bellows. He tries to stand up but he gasps and falls to the ground again. His foot is bent the other way. When the king looks down and sees this, all the blood drains from his face. He looks like he is about to vomit.

"We'll explain later," Genevieve says with her head bent in shame, "but first let's get you taken care of. Dominic will you go get help? Get some guards to carry father to his bed so the healer can take a look at his ankle. I- I think it's broken."

Dominic nods and runs off. His face looks almost as pale as the king's. Genevieve stays and sits with her father on the ground.

She tries to take a look at his ankle but he just shoos her away but won't speak to her. The guards come with some sort of stretcher and carry the king away. Full of worry, Genevieve runs to her own chamber and locks the door behind her.

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After about two hours, there's a soft knock at the door. It startles Genevieve because she's leaning against it while sitting on the floor. She's been like that the whole time and she's been crying softly. She stands up and wipes away her tears.

"Who is it?" she calls out.

"James. You're- you're needed in your father's room. He wishes to speak to you."

Genevieve opens the door slowly. "Will you walk with me there?"

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"I'm disappointed in you, Dominic. As the future king, it's time for you to become more serious, not dressing up as a bandit and attacking your father! Hopefully next time your judgement won't be clouded by your sister," the king says angrily.

"Father! It was my idea! We-"

"Stop protecting her! She is not your responsibility! Now leave me."

Dominic leaves the room sadly and bumps into Genevieve and James who have been listening the whole time. The prince looks at the princess and starts to apologize but she cuts him off.

"No, stop. It's him who should be apologizing, not you."

"Dominic shakes his head and walks away. After he squeezes Genevieve's hand reassuringly, James also leaves her. She

wishes they could both stay, but knows her father would kick them out anyways. Trembling, the princess enters the room.

The first thing she sees is her father laying in his giant bed with a healer wrapping his ankle. Her mother is sitting in a chair next to the bed, but isn't trying to comfort her husband. In fact, it seems she's avoiding even *looking* at him. The king is still as white as a sheet and sweat is on his brow. He obviously is in pain.

Genevieve takes a tentative step into the room and prepares for the worst.

Her father sees her and sits upright. He ominously beckons her closer with an enraged face.

She walks closer to the bed with her head hung low and her heart racing.

The king wastes no time to tell her his mind. "This is an outrage. That my own children, no wait, that my daughter would corrupt her brother's mind to make him attack me! Genevieve, I should exile you! Or perhaps arrange a marriage for you next week with the first prince I find! Then you can be someone else's problem! I have no use for you! The only thing you were useful for was a marriage into a wealthy kingdom. But now you aren't even worthy for that!" the king says cruelly.

Genevieve feels hot tears collecting in her eyes. However, she does not cry because it is not the time to show weakness.

Unsteadily she says, "Father please allow me to explain." The king doesn't interrupt so she continues. "You see, we thought if you believed I had saved your life, you would allow me to become queen. We never meant to harm you or actually put you in danger, everything just went wrong."

The king considers this for a moment. The queen leans over and whispers something to him. He lets out a sigh and answers, "That was very childish of you. However, you are my flesh and blood and I cannot simply throw a princess out to the street. You may stay here."

He continues, "However, you will still have consequences. You will never become queen in this kingdom or any other kingdom. When it comes time for you to marry, I will make sure the prince you marry will have no chance of becoming king."

"Genevieve thanks the king for his mercy and leaves the room. She goes and stands in the hall thinking about what just happened. The chamber door opens and interrupts her thoughts. The queen leaves the room and walks to Genevieve. Queen Arianna stares at her daughter for a moment before pulling her into a hug only mothers can give. As she pulls away, the princess quickly asks her something.

"Could you talk to him? Maybe get him to change his mind?"

"I-I don't k-know. He is v-v-very stubborn," stutters the queen.

"Please mother. You *are* the queen," the princess points out.

"In m-most kingdoms it means you have p-p-power. But here, it's j-j-just a t-title," the queen answers while shaking her head. However she still walks back into her husband's room.

Genevieve waits impatiently outside. She hears quiet voices arguing but she can't make anything out. This goes on for a little while when suddenly the king's voice rises. He yells something about honor and dignity. The princess hears a sound that makes her

blood turn cold. It is the sound of someone being struck.

Out of instinct, the princess runs into the room. She sees her mother laying on the ground not moving. The king is still sitting in the bed with his hand raised and a look of pure madness is upon his face. The healer has packed up his things and goes to leave but the king yells out, "DON'T YOU DARE TELL ANYONE UNLESS YOU WOULD LIKE TO LIVE IN THE DUNGEON THE REST OF YOUR MISERABLE LIFE!!" The healer just nods nervously and dashes out of the room.

Genevieve runs and kneels next to her mother. She sees the tears on the queen's face and realizes that she isn't unconscious, just frozen in terror. The princess tries to help her mother stand up but Arianna is stiff in paralyzing fear. She doesn't try to stand up; all she does is cover the side of her face that was struck. Angrily, she turns to her father.

"WHAT KIND OF HORRIBLE MONSTER ARE YOU?!"

For a moment the king stares at his daughter, surprised she could speak with such force. But he gets over it and yells right back, "I AM NOT A MONSTER! I AM JUST DOING WHAT MUST BE DONE! NOW GO GET THE GUARDS TO GET RID OF THIS FILTH!" He gestures towards the queen.

Before Genevieve can even move, the guards storm into the room. They are drawn by all the screaming and came to make sure the king was all right. The king shouts orders at them to put the queen in the dungeon. There is nothing the princess can do to stop it. Two additional guards grab Genevieve's arms to take her away also. She doesn't fight back, but when the guards go to leave she spits right at the king hitting

him directly in the face. She leaves with a smirk on her face.

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As darkness comes, Genevieve hears a key in the lock on her door. The guards had just dumped her in the room and locked the door behind them. *Great*, she thinks, *now what?* To her surprise, it's Dominic and James. They quietly shut the door behind them and gesture for the princess to be quiet.

Dominic whispers, "We have a plan, but we must be quiet so the king and the loyal servants won't hear us."

"Loyal servants? Dominic, none of our plans worked. Father's gone mad and is becoming violent. He hit mother!" Genevieve says exasperated.

"Shh, keep your voice down," James answers quietly, "We *know* that. That's why this plan is our last and strongest effort. We are going to dethrone the king."

The princess looks at him as if he's gone crazy. "You think the three of us can throw the king in the dungeon and declare me ruler?! I understand why Dominic would believe we could do something like that, but not you! I kicked *him* in the head not you! He's the one suffering brain damage!"

"Hey!" Dominic whispers angrily.

"Genevieve, let me explain. While you were locked in your room Dominic and I were busy. We started asking everyone if they really wanted your father to be king. Most of them said no! There's only a small group of servants and guards that are still loyal to the king. This got me thinking, what if the villagers also hate the king? So I ran to the two nearby villages and started asking around. I got a group of 24 men to come

back with me. They are the strongest men between the two villages. While I was gone, Dominic picked out the strongest of the villagers to come fight as well," James explains excitedly.

The princess feels a spark of hope, "Okay, so tonight we'll defeat the king? Let's go now!"

James and Dominic look at each nervously. "Well, you see," Dominic says, "The small army we have needs to be rallied. This is where you come in. Show us you can lead like a real queen by convincing the servants and villagers it's going to be worth fighting.

"All right, I'll do it."

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Genevieve swallows nervously and looks at Dominic for support. They are standing on the table in the kitchen. She looks out to the small crowd of about forty people that are assembled around the table and begins to speak.

"My loyal subjects, it is time to take back our kingdom. It is time for us to get rid of the evil that has held us captive for so long. The king has always treated women like they were worthless. He would not even let his own daughter become queen! He treated our queen as if she was dirt, but she was the true heir to this kingdom. Are we going to let this continue? Are we going to let a greedy king rule us?" Genevieve begins to yell, "No we are not! Now, let's go take back our kingdom!"

The small group cheers and begins to run out of the kitchen. The princess leads them through the corridors and up the stairs toward her father's bedchambers. They start to pass the king's loyal guards and servants.

Any foe they pass gets cut down with a sword. A large guard gets cut severely in the arm and falls to the ground. He sees Genevieve and with a battle cry leaps up and runs toward her with murder in his eyes. Right before his sword slices her in half, James is there knocking the sword from his hands. James stabs the man, grabs the princess's hand and pulls her away from the battle raging behind her.

They reach the king's chambers and stop quickly in front of the door. Genevieve looks around and sees they've lost about ten people. She asks what happened and is answered by a tall servant girl named Jewel.

"They're still fighting back there," Jewel pants. "Two dead, but the others are finishing off the rest of the guards."

Choking back tears, the princess takes a minute to collect her thoughts. "Okay, let's go take back our kingdom." She charges into the bedchamber.

The king is lying there in his bed surrounded by twelve of his strongest guards. Madame la Flore is there as well, standing next to the king. When the princess's small army barges in after her, the guards draw their swords menacingly. But the thing that is the scariest for Genevieve is the crossbow that her evil scholar is holding. It is pointing directly at her heart.

"Don't move!" Genevieve screams to her followers. "Wait!"

Madame la Flore cackles, "Ah yes my princess. Do not move unless you want an arrow through your heart. Will you still pretty when you're dead?"

"Please," the princess says softly, "you don't have to do this. Killing me will still lead to the king being dethroned. My

followers will only fight harder."

Madame la Flore lowers the cross bow for a second then lifts it back up. "Your words do not scare me little one." However before she can pull the trigger, there's a sword in her shoulder.

Gasping she looks down and tries to pull it out but it won't budge. The fabric around her shoulder begins to darken and the teacher's face becomes as white as a ghost. She falls to the ground in a heap of orange clothes.

Shocked, Genevieve looks over to her side from where the sword came from. There stands Dominic shaking with anger. "I- I was *not* going to let her hurt you," he says to the princess. With her chest swelling with sisterly love, Genevieve yells, "CHARGE!!!"

The princess's small army advances viciously. Despite their brute strength, the twelve guards stand no chance. They are cut down easily and the king is left vulnerable. Genevieve, James, and Dominic stand proudly in front of the crippled and defeated king. Two strong village men pull him out of the bed and tie his hands behind his back.

"Well, Father, do you think I'm capable of ruling now?" Genevieve asks. The king says nothing and the two men pull him out of the room to take him to the dungeon.

James and Genevieve look at one another happily. The princess jumps into his open arms and starts to laugh. *We made it!* she thinks *I'm going to be queen now!* She looks up into James' eyes and he looks into hers, and they both lean in slowly. But, as soon as their lips touch, Genevieve hears a strange sound and suddenly James' body jerks in an odd way. Pulling away the princess looks down to see an arrow in

James's chest.

Genevieve hears cackling from behind James. As her best friend falls into her arms, she sees Madame la Flore laying in her own blood. The evil woman dies with her laugh still on her face and the crossbow in her arms.

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Just as dawn is breaking on the horizon, Genevieve is called into one of the many extra rooms of the castle. The healer looks up as she walks in and beckons the princess closer. Next to the healer on the bed lays James with a bandage around his chest. His eyes are closed and he is still.

"He wants to speak to you. I'll give you two some privacy," the healer says quietly.

As the healer leaves the room, Genevieve sits on a chair next to her bed and prepares her goodbyes. Just as she starts to cry, James speaks.

"I-I think-" he tries to speak but groans

instead.

This is almost too much for the princess. "Shh, shh. It's okay I want to say goodb-"

"I think you owe me a kiss," James says opening his eyes with a smile.

"You're going to be okay?" Genevieve says in disbelief.

"Yes, just gonna be sore for a long time. Now what about that kiss?"

Laughing, the princess leans down and kisses her best friend.

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The princess's coronation was that next day. After being crowned queen, she throws a celebration for the whole kingdom that lasts for three days. The king is sentenced for life behind bars and Arianna is released from the dungeon. Prince Dominic continues his carefree life and James helps Genevieve rule the kingdom. Everyone is happy.

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