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# THE PRINCESS STORY

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A PRINCESS WHO LIVED IN A castle complete with a moat and a tower located in the deep recesses of the woods. She wore a pointed hat with a lavender veil that touched the floor. Often, in her younger days as she would prance around the castle and run amuck up and down the tower's stairs, she would trip and fall and hit her head. Fortunately, none of her injuries were serious and she grew up to be a beautiful and insightful young princess.

This princess' father was the king of the woods and the river that ran through it. He was a fair and mighty kind who ruled with a stern hand and a glimmer in his eye. He had been king for over thirty years. And he quite enjoyed it. In the second year of his reign, the king took a wife. Because of the lack of available would-be queens in the woods and river area, the king was forced to expand his influence elsewhere and purchased his bride through the mail. Fortunately, the king purchased a beautiful would-be queen, and that, my reader, is where the princess with the pointed hat and lavender veil got her looks.

Her two brothers, however, were not that fortunate. While both princes were handsome, by moderate standards, neither could boast the beauty of their mother or younger sister. So instead they busied themselves with the tasks of becoming the next king, and astrology. While the eldest took the chore of the former, the younger brother became quite learned in the stars and planets. His skills became so refined that people from far away lands often traveled great distances to discuss with him the ways of the universe and how it could benefit them. Needless to say, this younger prince became quite wealthy, much to the disgust of his father the king.

One day, as the princess gathered her veil into her hands and began the long run up the tower stairs, she felt something in the air. Perhaps it was the antici-



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tion of things to come. Or perhaps it was the feel of early spring. Or perhaps, it was just the humidity rising off of the moat. In any case, the princess ran up the stairs as she had so many times before in her young life, in the hope of finally being able to climb to the top of the tower and not trip and fall. This would be quite a feat considering there were over fifteen hundred steps to be climbed. Finally after almost an hour and several rest breaks, the princess reached the crest of the tower and paused to look over the kingdom that belonged to her father and would one day belong to her eldest brother. Unless he died. Then it would go to her next oldest brother. Odds were pretty slim on it ever belonging to her. And that was fine with her because she did not want to trade her pointed hat and veil for the crown.

The princess walked over to the window and surveyed the view. It never ceased to amaze her how high she was. She looked down at the ground and saw her eldest brother practicing the art of fencing. Her mother the mail-order-bride queen was also strolling the grounds among a throng of attendants.

Further into the woods, a bird flew up into the sky and flew toward the princess who strained out the window to catch it. The princess, unfortunately, strained too far out, lost her balance, and tumbled toward the ground.

She accelerated as she fell and hit the ground in under four seconds. When she finally landed, her neck snapped and she died.

Her mother, the mail-order-bride queen, and her brother the would-be king, screamed in horror as they watched her fall to her lecherous death. As she fell, the princess with the pointed hat and lavender veil heard them scream and she screamed also, that is until her lavender veil wrapped around her neck and closed her windpipe.

After her body had thudded to the earth, her mother the mail-order-bride queen thought *how tragic*. Then she continued with her walk amongst her many attendants.