

Once upon a time, just outside the small country of Yorkshire, a small baby girl was born. Her hair was of brasslike golden browns and tawny oranges. Her father's name was Sedrick. He was a strong, masculine man who loved to travel. In fact, he never lived anywhere permanently; at least until his little girl was born. Since Sedrick never remained stationary, he never really had the chance to fall into the wonderful world of love. Sedrick was also very handsome. His curly, velvet brown hair made his face appear fuller, even though surrounding his muscles he was mostly just skin and bones. All the ladies who saw him liked him more than they could've liked anybody else, well, for looks anyway; but even when the girls had been very pretty he never took a second look at them. Then along came Cosette. A runaway girl who'd decided to come along with Sedrick so that she could escape what she called, a miserable lifestyle. Sedrick agreed; the girl was beautiful, near his age and pulled her own weight. After one month, the two eloped on the edge of a lake that was miles away from Yorkshire. They had a baby as soon as they had the chance. They named her Ellise. Only a few days after Cosette gave birth, she insisted on leaving the child with Sedrick.

"Do not worry, dear. I shall return soon. I will search on until I reach the end of the earth if that's what it takes to find you!" she insured him. "I just have some unfinished business to take care of, then I'll be back."

"I love you, my sweet Cosette."

"I love you too." She kissed her baby Ellise on her forehead and hugged Sedrick. A tear fell from her eye, but she couldn't bear to torture herself or her husband; so with that, she was off. She hitched a ride with a Cowboy, who was headed into the capitol kingdom of Yorkshire. Although Sedrick did not know it, Cosette was really the princess of Yorkshire. Her mother had just passed away and Cosette was soon to take role as the queen, which she was greatly afraid of. She was only twenty three, and Yorkshire was big enough to be scared of. There were so many rules and standards; so many eyes looking and judging. It was too much for her, so she ran away, where, you may have guessed it, met Sedrick. Something Cosette was unaware of though, was that she was the last one in the royal bloodline. David Thorthroppe was immediately crowned king, despite his faults. He was ugly, cruel, greedy and mean. He always threw his responsibilities on everybody else and was never ever, under any circumstance, grateful. He never used manners, he was always judgmental, and he was fat; very, very fat. On top of all that he was also stupid; but he was smart enough to know how to take care of what he wanted... most of the time. As soon as

he was crowned king he ordered out thirty teams of five to find Cosette and kill her, so that his family would reign on as the royal bloodline forever. It was on her way back with the cowboy that they shot and killed her; just a few miles out of the kingdom and main village. They also killed the cowboy, so that nobody could witness it, because the king ordered it to be secret. All the people of Yorkshire adored Cosette, and missed her dearly. Shortly after, Sedrick and Ellise moved into the main village of Yorkshire, where they expected to live a completely normal life together as a happy little family. Little did they know, there would come a time where it was everything but normal.

Ever since Ellise was an infant she had one friend; Gregory James. He was one week younger than her and they never fought or had troubles getting along with each other. They were both children of the village, and very kind. They were helpful, respectful, honest, generous, and attractive. Gregory was always a fun guy. He'd always called Ellise Ellie, and Ellise always called him Greg. Greg loved Ellie more than anything in the world; but she never showed any extended interest into males. She didn't like to talk about love like the other girls did. She didn't even enjoy wearing dresses. She mostly just wore a blue, grungy, long sleeved church shirt that she found in an old trunk of her father's chest when she was six, and a long pair of jean overalls. She rolled up the sleeves of the shirt to just below the elbow, and the pants half way up her lower leg. She walked barefoot like all the village people, and that classified her as normal enough for everyone. The people in the village were not like the people in the palace. They were not snooty, rude, judgmental- and they didn't wear the cleanest of clothes. Another thing they village people didn't get to do was go to school until the eighth grade. The village people only went to preschool and kindergarten, which was all they ever really needed because if you were a girl, you grew up to serve people. If you were a boy, you became man and worked the fields. The village people were friendly, and learned as they went on. They did not need to know more than how to talk, read, write, use math, and or their manners. Ellise served her father, because as the years went by he became very ill. Greg manned about five different fields on his own, all of them about five acres big. Whenever he or Ellie had a spare minute, they would spend it together and help others voluntarily. It was now Ellie's 15<sup>th</sup> birthday and precisely seven in the morning. "Ellise, I will be fine today. Go and spend time on what you would like to do; I insist." Sedrick said.

“Father, I would not like my birthday to be an excuse for me to take an unnecessary break; and I would not like it one bit if something happened to you on my birthday.” She said calmly with a smile. It was a misty, gray day, yet her face glowed. Her cheeks a rosy pink, and her eyes a vibrant blue, with pupils that were like a dark sun, showing the world into her soul with the exception of whatever she desired. Her eyes were the only similarity between her and her mother. They were exactly the same, and no one else in history ever had such eyes; it was just Ellise and Cosette. That was another thing that the people of Yorkshire liked about Cosette, the enchantment in her eyes. Anyway, Greg and Ellie planned to meet at the gate of the palace because Greg had a surprise for her. He would take her into the palace, where they had never gone before. Things were weird beyond the big black and stone fence. The streets inside were actual streets; made of cobblestone bricks. The streets in the village were not streets at all. They were gravel roads; paths, really. And the buildings had two stories, not just one. Sometimes they were even connected to each other. That was something different; all the village buildings were much smaller, and they were never connected to one another. This was his plan though; to bring Ellie into the palace so they could together feel for the first time, wet stone on their feet. Greg found Ellie waiting at the gate with her face pressed in between to bars.

“Ready?” he asked.

“Ready for what?” she wondered.

“Your birthday present,” Greg grinned ear to ear, then took his hand out from behind his back, holding out a red rose to her. She took the flower and breathed in its fragrance. In the process, she pricked her finger on the rose.

“Ouch!” All of the color in Greg’s face flushed from his face. He choked on a lump in his throat. He didn’t mean to give Ellie a gift she could harm herself with.

“Ellie, I- I,” he stuttered.

“It’s alright Greg, I am okay.” She put the rose safely into her right hand and wrapped her arms around the back of his shoulder. Then she kissed him on the cheek, and all the color returned to his face, including a little extra. Then, he took her left hand, and for the first time, let their toes touch the inside of the palace. The sensation was cool, and wet. When they stepped all the way in they motioned their feet as if massaging the ground. It was uneven and smooth. They walked around for a bit, exploring the insides of stores and shops. They spent about an hour doing this until they were both as tired as they had ever been. “I do not want this day to end.” Ellise said in

the process of a yawn. Greg lifted her by the waist and set her gently on his own feet, positioned his hands as she laid her head onto his shoulder, and began to dance. He was not a good dancer, but since there was no music there was no real way to tell, because he moved from step to step so swiftly that he cradled her right to sleep. At dark Greg carried her home, tucked her in, and as he left the room he blew her a kiss. A few days after, Ellie was walking in to the palace alone to meet Greg on a bench that was on the outside of one of the shops, when while turning a corner, she bumped into somebody. His hair was slicked back and he had a strong, beautiful sense to him. He had brown eyes and was wearing a black table cloth.

“Sorry,” they both muttered at once. Then they looked up into one another’s eyes. Ellise’s knees grew weak and she fell into the man’s arms.

“I am Ellise.” She managed to let in some air and regain her balance.

“I am Prince David. Well,” he tilted his head a bit and shrugged. “really I am David II, but I am not king yet so I am used to just prince David. Your eyes are magnificent. I know I’ve seen them before...” he trailed off. “Let me take you to my house.”

“Okay.” Ellise agreed, totally forgetting Greg because she, had just fallen in love with the prince. Once they arrived at the castle, Prince David took Ellise to the ballroom, since it was the only private area at the time, and set up a picnic of tea for them to enjoy. When Greg arrived at the bench and failed to see Ellie, he decided to wait for her there; but he was so tired from rushing in all of his work that morning he ended up falling asleep. After a couple of hours, he figured she’d be at home taking care of her father still, so he went and looked for her there he found her father Sedrick on the floor, unconscious, in a pool of blood. He rushed in, cleaned him up along with the mess on the floor, taking care of everything perfectly. Greg sat on a stool waiting to see if he was alright for about four hours until Sedrick’s eyes started to open.

“Sedrick, Sedrick; are you feeling alright?” Greg was calm but urgent. Sedrick’s voice was much slower and scratchier.

“No,” he replied. “I am still very thirsty.” They both chuckled a bit then the boy got him a glass of water. Back at the castle, Ellise and Prince David were talking when all of a sudden the Prince couldn’t stand it anymore.

“I must know for sure!” David II went to the old room he once had when he been in when he was a child and saw a picture of Cosette. They went on to realize that Ellise was the rightful throne owner; and as Ellise spent day after day after day at the castle finding a way to get Ellie her

throne back, Greg was surviving on three hours of sleep a night, two and a half hours of work three times a day when his mother, Mrs. James, could watch Sedrick for him, and half as much money as he was getting paid before. Greg was doing it all for Ellise, too. One morning when Greg accidentally slept an hour longer than he was supposed to, he woke up to Sedrick's natural rejection to awaken. He shook him a little, and then understood what he was supposed to.

Sedrick was dead. After this, Ellise came home and didn't see Prince David for a few days while she cleaned up her home with Greg's help. The loss devastated her, and she wept for two days.

When Greg and Ellie were near finalizing the house's cleaning, there was a burst through the door. It was Prince David, and he quickly grabbed Ellie's hand and she grabbed Greg's, as they rushed out of the house and into a carriage pulled by four white horses. The car hurried to the castle, where every citizen of Yorkshire was waiting in a large crowd. Once all three of them stepped out of the ride, Prince David announced,

"Good people of Yorkshire, this girl is your rightful queen!" The crowd roared as David II took the Crown off of his father and placed it onto Ellie's head. Ellie now was in charge of the whole kingdom! Greg's jaw dropped. Just then David II proposed to Ellie. She then whispered something softly into his ear. The three entered once again the ride as Ellie explained.

"I love you, Greg. I am sorry David, I am too old for fairytales." Then an odd thing happened. David II kindly handed Greg the Diamond ring he was going to give Ellie, and said with a smile, "Take good care of her."

"I will." Greg smiled back at him kindly. Then when the three came back out and explained the situation the crowd, Ellie placed the crown onto David's head, and curtsied to him, as did the crowd. From then on, everybody lived on happily until it was time for a new ruler of Yorkshire; but that's a whole different story.