

Just a Little Change



Here was great rejoicing in the city when the Prince was born. Fireworks ended a day filled with feasting and games. An enormous banquet was held for the citizens. At his christening, the little Prince was blessed with good looks, great wealth, and a beautiful disposition by his many fairy godparents. While one fairy godparent was bestowing the Beautiful Disposition on him, his mobile accidentally swung into the way and blocked half of the spell. This rebounded onto the evil fairy who had come to curse the Prince, and instead went away happily without cursing anyone and even gave some beggar children some (uncursed) sweets. Nobody noticed this tiny incident, and the rest of the christening went off with a swing. Everyone got sausages on sticks and a special golden coin with the Prince's squashy baby features on it.

The Prince grew up, and daily his unfair advantages over average children without fairy godparents grew. He was the best-looking prince for miles around, and that's saying something, for in those days you couldn't throw a cat without hitting a prince or two. He had enough of money, although it couldn't be honestly called his own as the

monarchy of that particular country had gained its wealth by grinding the face of the proletariat into the ground. However, the current King and Queen were nice to poor people and often gave them feasts. The Prince soon reached a marriageable age, and all the kings of the nearby kingdoms began eyeing him for their daughters. All the daughters of the kings of the nearby kingdoms too began eyeing him for themselves. He was their ideal prince. He played cricket and football for his university, served as an archer in his father's army, played video games only occasionally and also had an exceptionally beautiful singing voice. He frequently leapt into raging mountain torrents to save small children from watery graves, knew how to fry an egg, and regularly donated to charitable organizations. Thus, all the princesses swooned when he chivalrously opened carriage doors for them, and a few of the daring ones went in search of dragons just so that he could save them from them.

Of course the Prince wasn't perfect. Because of the rebounded spell at his christening, his disposition wasn't entirely beautiful. The rebounded portion of the spell was the clause pertaining to possessiveness, and as a result, the Prince was very selfish about his personal belongings. From his childhood he had been very rude to anyone who wanted to share his toys, and as he was an only child, he had been only occasionally made to share them.

Since this fault was not a very public one, the kingdom flourished and prospered (upon the labour of the proletariat), and peace reigned in the land; for all the former enemies of the