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Unessay: The Young Prince

 In a kingdom far, far way, there once lived a young prince who lived in a grand castle in Italy. His mother, the queen, was widowed by the king, the young prince’s father. When he lived, the king ruled well and was greatly loved by all. Since the king’s passing, the queen took control of the kingdom as the young prince was far too young to lead a kingdom then. Still, the young prince was too young to rule; therefore, his mother continued to lead the kingdom.

 The queen had so much control over her kingdom that the young prince, as he was growing older, was growing to be more and more emasculated and feminine for a man. The power of being the primary ruler of her husband’s kingdom had completely gone to her head. She had been forcing her son, the prince, to cater to her will within his power in the kingdom. He was not able to speak to whom he wanted to speak nor was he able to do anything he wanted besides his mother’s approved tasks. His life was growing drearier and drearier by the day.

 “One day, I am going to leave this dreadful place,” the young prince used to say when he was alone. “Father would not have wanted me to live like this.”

 One morning in the throne room, the queen and the prince awaited their peasant guests requesting items or bearing gifts for the royal family. The young prince stood there as his mother fixed her hair, attire, and the decorations in the throne room.

 “No, Charlotte! That portrait of the family cannot go there on the wall! It must be placed here behind us, behind the throne. That is where it belongs. You will remember this for next time, yes?” The queen said slimly in disgust.

 “Yes, your highness. Thank you, my queen,” Charlotte, a servant, said while bowing in apology.

 The young prince huffed and puffed, trying very hard not to just leave the scene of this horrific scene in front of him. As the prince calmed himself, he began to grow bored with his surroundings and, thus, wanted to leave, “Mother, I feel ill and I must rest in my room. I apologize for my untimeliness in this matter.”

 “My son, your words are highly irresponsible and you will have consequences for your actions; however, my son, if you feel as ill as you claim you do, then you must leave my sight at once,” the queen slithered off of her tongue.

 “I thank you, Mother, for your kindness. I will rest now. Farewell,” the prince said as he bowed his head towards his mother. The young prince then walked calmly away from his mother. Once out of the room, he ran as fast as he could into his bedroom, overwhelmed with his mother’s ridiculous behaviors. “I must leave this place at once! She is absolutely unfathomable, and I must avenge my father’s legacy. I will run far and become a true king, a good king. I must find a bride that makes me so, and I must honor my father in this, in everything I do on my travels.”

 With this, the young prince stopped his ranting and said with declaration, “I must leave.” Then, he packed a small bag of necessary items—food, water, some extra clothes, and some coins. He dressed himself for the cold weather outdoors before he attempted to leave. He ever-so-quietly opened the door to his bedroom and ever-so-sneakily peeked around the corner in both directions before he quietly tiptoed out of his bedroom, shutting the door softly in the process, then tiptoeing down the halls until he reached the servant’s quarters where he was able to escape the castle without ever having been seen. Once outdoors, he immediately began to run, running as fast as his legs would carry him. The young prince did not stop his running for over an hour.

 The prince finally came to an alcove in the forest he had been running through and sat on a large rock. He searched through his bag to get some water he had packed. Once he found it, he opened it and attempted to take a swig of it. All of a sudden, there was a loud crashing sound. The young prince jumped off the rock he was sitting on, throwing his water jug on the ground accidentally. He gasped as he looked around himself to make sure he was safe.

 Once he felt safe enough to relax, he went to go sit down on the large rock again, and he saw his water on the ground had completely drained out of the bottle. Then, there was another large crash coming from the east of the young prince. The prince sprang to his feet, left all of his belongings, and immediately headed in the direction of the sound. He trekked for miles and miles on foot, hearing continuous crashing noises coming from the east.

 Eventually, night began to fall and the young prince became confused and concerned for his well-being, “Where am I? What is crashing over there? Why have I been walking for so long? Where are my belongings? Where am I?” Then, suddenly, he heard an elderly woman’s voice calling out to him.

 “Young man,” she said in her shaking, breaking voice. “Why are you yelling in this way out here in the bitter cold?” she asked the young prince in her scraggly, old voice as she crawled out of the darkness of the trees at night.

 Her voice startled the young prince, and he jumped in his spot. “Old woman, why must you startle me in such ways?” The young prince asked while coughing and holding his hand over his heart.

 “You startled me first with all of your yelling. Tell me, why are you out here all alone young man?” She asked again.

 “I am on a journey to become a great fighter and find a bride in order to honor my father,” the young prince claimed, purposefully hiding the fact that he was royalty.

 “Well, that, fine man, is a wonderful journey to be on. I will pray for you in the highest regard. Please let me bless you with a treasure for your travels,” said the kind old woman.

 “Old woman, I cannot accept gifts of such grace and kindness. You are old and must keep all of your belongings to yourself; do not give them away to just anyone you see,” persuaded the young prince.

 “No, no, fine man, I will bless you with my treasure to help you on your journey.”

 “Only if you insist upon it,” exhaled the prince. Then, the old woman wandered back to where she came from and began to shout something incomprehensible before walking back out with a box.

“Here you are, young man,” the old woman said as she wobbled over and gave

 the prince the box of treasure. “My finest treasure lives inside this box. You must keep

 it safe with you at all times,” explained the old woman.

 “But, of course, old woman,” said the prince. “Farewell kindly, old woman,” he said as he waved and began to turn away.

 “Farewell…” the old woman paused, “my prince,” she finished before dashing away into the dark unknown forests. The prince gasped fearing he was discovered by even an old woman, and he prayed to never see her again.

 “What is in this box anyway?” he asked himself as he shook the box around a little bit. The prince heard a clinking sound and then a yelp. “What?” he exclaimed, jumping back from the box. As he inched closer to the box, he could hear rustling and decided to open the box. He opened it quickly, fearing it was going to harm him; however when he opened it he discovered something very strange: a metal horse statue…moving.

 “Hey! What do you think you are doing?” exclaimed the metal horse. “This is my private box time. Get out!”

 The prince immediately shut the box and began to think of what kind of magic caused this. *That old woman*, he thought to himself, *she must have cursed me with this demon and now it is talking*…*it is alive!* The prince immediately squeezed the box shut in fear.

 “Hey, man!” the whiny voice of the metal horse came from inside once again. “Hey!” there was banging from the inside of the box, so the prince opened the box.

 Peeking through the crack in the box he saw darkness, absolutely nothing. All of a sudden, the metal horse came quickly right up to the prince’s face. The prince yelled, fell backwards onto his bottom, throwing the box in the process. The metal horse screamed as he knew his fate before he came crashing to the ground. The prince and the horse in the box stayed in their positions for several minutes before they both decided at the same time to look at one another. When they did, they both jumped to their feet and gasped.

 “What are you?” gasped the young prince in awe and fear, holding his hand up to block any oncoming attack from this so-called demon.

 “I am a magical horse. I heir from the Kingdom of Slavopia. I am a blessing in disguise. What are you?” the horse said in its squeaky voice.

 “I am Prince Valente Sabio. I heir from the Kingdom of Galipa and I am honoring my father by learning to fight in battle and finding a bride,” the prince finished awaiting some sort of shocked response from the horse. But, the horse laughed hysterically. “What is so humorous about what I said?” the prince asked earnestly.

 “You? A prince? A king-to-be? No possibility!” the horse continued to laugh uncontrollably.

 “It is true! I am Prince Valente Sabio from Galipa. My father was the king of Galipa until he died several years ago, and now my horrible mother has all of the power of a king and is using it only for her will, not for the betterment of our kingdom. I must honor my father and become a good knight and find a bride that makes me so. I must remove my mother from power and take the throne as my own. I must do this to honor

my father,” the prince said very seriously.

 “Honor?” the horse exclaimed, still laughing. “You cannot learn honor; you embody it. It is who you are. No one can learn that. You are hopeless!” he continued to laugh.

 “You may say these words but they are of no meaning to me. How are you a ‘blessing in disguise’ as you say? You are a demonic creature sent to torture my soul until I give up all hope. You are no blessing.” With that, the prince stood up and began to walk away.

 “You have no knowledge on what I can do, man! I am more powerful than you could ever know!” The prince kept walking away as he heard this.

 Soon it was nightfall, and the prince had no directional sense where he was nor how to find out where he was. He was utterly lost, stuck in the dark woods at night with no resources and no weapons. The prince felt as if he had made the worst decision of his whole life, “I will die here in these woods tonight. I am sad at the fact that I left my mother all alone in the castle just as my father did when he died. Now, I will leave her the same way. No one will ever find me out here in the middle of the dark forest. I am utterly alone,” the young prince muttered as he dropped his head in shame, tears welling in his eyes.

 “Hello?” a sweet voice rang. “Who goes there?”

 The young prince’s head jumped up at the beautiful sound ringing in his ears. “Hello?” he questioned back.

 A figure stepped out of the darkness into the moonlight castling down between the trees within the deepest depths of the forest. Long brown hair fell over their shoulders and back down to her bottom. They had a long dress on that fell on their ankles in a bunch. They walked with grace and poise, with honor and dignity. They acted with power and resignation, with noble femininity. It was a beautiful girl. The most beautiful girl the prince had ever seen; no other woman compared to her.

 “What are you doing out here in the middle of the forest?” the sweet voice asked politely, snapping the prince out of his trance.

 “Oh...eh…em…I apologize…em…I am lost out here. I do not heir from this kingdom, wherever I am,” the young prince said in shame, glancing back and forth from the beautiful green-eyed woman and the ground.

 “Oh, well…em…hello,” the woman smiled at the prince. “I am Miss Fermosa Muyer. I heir from the Kingdom of Galipa. My father is a knight for the royal family in their military. Charmed to meet you, sire,” she introduced as she bowed her head in respect.

 “Charmed,” the prince grasped the lady’s hand gently as he kissed the top of it in respect and to show his interest in her. “If I tell you who I am, you must not turn hysterical,” he smiled at her and she nodded. “I am Prince Valiente Sabio from the Kingdom of Galipa. My father is the late king and my mother is the queen.”

 Fermosa’s eyes grew wide as she realized with whom she was speaking. She knelt on the ground in respect, bowing her head, “My Prince! I apologize for not recognizing you sooner. Please pardon my rudeness.”

 “There is no need to apologize, Miss Muyer. Many people do not recognize their prince when they see them pass by in the streets unless the nobility are in their carriages or are in the center of parades. It is very common, therefore there is no reason to apologize, Miss,” the prince breathed smoothly.

 “I thank you kindly, my prince, for your forgiveness and your honesty,” the woman bowed her head again before standing up to meet the gaze of the prince. “You are lost out here. Please come with me for shelter, warmth, and food. I will honor you, my prince, in this,” she smiled.

 With that, the prince knew she was the perfect woman for him. She was sweet, kind, and gentle. She was noble, graceful, and respectable. He wanted to marry her; he needed to marry her to become a great king and honor his father. “Of course, Miss Muyer. I thank you kindly for this blessing,” the prince said confidently, light grazing the woman’s arm with his hand.

 “There is no need to thank me for being human, my prince,” she smiled sweetly. “Come with me,” she laughed and grabbed his hand before running through the forest for what seemed like forever for the prince, tired from his long journey. “We are here!” shouted Miss Fermosa as they arrived in the village and quickly went to the woman’s house.

 “Wonderful,” said the prince in awe at the sight of her house. It was average, nothing like the palace but it was perfect for a family.

 “Oy! You there! Stop where you are!” a booming voice shouted from afar. The young prince turned around to see the metal horse from earlier in the day ten times

bigger than he was before. The prince gasped at the sight and stared mouth agape. “Remember me, young prince?” he laughed maniacally, “I am a ‘blessing in disguise’ and I am here to kill you.”

 “Get behind me!” the prince shouted to Miss Fermosa.

 “No!” she retorted, “I will grab you a sword!” she exclaimed as she ran inside to fetch one of her father’s swords from battle.

 “Prince!” the horse shouted, “I will kill you!” He ran towards the prince, mighty and strong, knocking over everything in his path.

 “Not before I kill you!” the prince shouted back at him as he raised his sword and prepared to fight to the death. “Aaaaaaaaaaa—” the prince shouted as he ran towards the horse, but he was interrupted by his beautiful woman.

 “Absolutely not, boys!” she yelled at the both of them putting her palms up towards each of them. “This is dishonorable battling and is completely inappropriate. We are done here, horse. Enough with your disgusting temper. Shrink and relax,” she disciplined, and the horse did as she said in shame. “As for you,” she shouted turning to the prince, “You are a noble prince with good, honorable wishes. Fighting this being will not make you any more honorable nor any more alike your father,” the prince lowered his head and his sword in shame.

 “We are all equals in this kingdom,” said the prince confidently, raising his head. “Horse, we are friends. You are a blessing to this kingdom from God, a magical mystery,” he smiled to the horse. “Miss Muyer, you are the beauty in this world and I ever so desire you to be my queen and rule this kingdom alongside me.”

 “Absolutely!” shouted the woman. “I will of course marry you, my prince!”

 “I guess we can be friends,” muttered the horse in his whiny voice.

 “Wonderful!” the prince shouted at last, raising his hands in victory. “At last, I can honor my father with this. I am going to the castle,” he said turning to the other two. “I am going to revoke my mother’s right to the throne now that I am a proper prince ready to be king,” he turned and began to walk straight for the palace, never turning back. He was focused. He was prepared. He was a king.

 In the castle, the prince’s mother slept the night away, not knowing her son was ever gone in the first place, even though he had been gone from the castle for three days now. She snored in her room in her giant bed with her expensive sheets and expensive nightwear—expensive everything of course. The prince hated his mother for she did not even care for him as a baby; her ladies-in-waiting did.

 As he ran into the castle, up the stairs, and into his mother’s bedroom, he began to shout, “I am king!” He burst open her bedroom door, scaring all the life out of his mother.

 “Valiente?” she asked groggily. “What are you doing in here? Go back to your room and stop that awful shouting,” she rolled back over in her bed.

 “No, mother! I am the sole heir of the late king. You are his queen yes, but I am his blood. I am usurping the throne from you and marrying a woman. I have battled, and I have…won. I have been lost, and found by a beautiful noblewoman. I have faced magical creatures and made friends. Now, I am a king. If you do not agree to this, then I must be harsh and remove you from your room at once,” he spoke with confidence and

pride. “Haste is to be made.”

 “My son, you are still too young. You are only a boy. You have no idea how to run a kingdom,” the queen laughed at her son.

 “So be it, mother,” he frowned. “Guards!” he shouted as if in danger and the guards came running. “My mother has just told me of disgusting crimes she has committed in our kingdom and she must be punished. Remove her at once!”

 “Yes, my liege!” the guards shouted back and began to walk rapidly towards the queen.

 “Wait! Wait, wait, wait! Wait!” the queen shouted, putting her hands up to block the guards and they listened. “My son, you have won this battle. You are a true king. There will be a ceremony tomorrow in your honor to be coronated. Bring this woman and you shall be married. Bring these friends and they will become court members,” his mother negotiated.

 “And?” the prince negotiated back.

 “And I will stay far away from the throne,” the queen said in shame.

 The next day, there was the coronation ceremony for the prince who wed the beautiful woman from the woods. He was now officially king and a good one too. The kingdom loved him and his talking metal horse he rode everywhere. They were the best of friends for the rest of their lives. The marriage between the new king and queen was equal and loving for all of their days just as Miss Fermosa demanded before. With all of this—his whole life, he honored his father in everything he did. He was a noble king.