

The Accidental Ultra-Supreme-Princess-of-the-World

My throat dried as it pleaded for water- or any kind of liquid. But of course, a ‘real’ princess never eats or drinks in front of others. I had really thought one of the advantages of being Ultra-Supreme-Princess-of-the-World would mean getting whatever I want. But apparently water is too much to ask for. Stupid royalty. I was at a “Meet” as my Mother called it, which meant we were to sit in this spikey chairs and wave at a roaring crowd for hours until they found it necessary to continue on with their life.

I sighed, not really caring how un-lady like and obnoxious I sounded, but you wouldn’t care either if you hated the one thing in the world you are. And in my case, it’s ultra-supreme princess of the world. I didn’t always plan on being ultra-supreme princess of the world, or for short, U.S.P.O.T.W. What happened was, I had to live The Hunger Games and fight all the other princess of the world and the last person standing won and became Ultra Supreme Princess of the World, or U.S.P.O.T.W. But I pressed a button that said ‘Return’ and I sort of ended up back here, leaving everyone to think I had battled of the others and won already. Hey, at least I *tried* to go back for the other princesses, but it’s not my fault they (Government Of Royalty, or G.O.R) didn’t let me borrow their army transporter and go to the arena (desert) and save them before they died of heat stroke. Anyways, I guess the G.O.R is really lazy, so they didn’t really care about the real story. And now I’m the U.S.P.O.T.W. But it’s not easy. It’s like being a celebrity, except take out the whole money, concerts, fans, thing. Yeah, not fun at all. So I guess me, Alexis Carlos Alexandra Tuck Elizabeth Mendoza, 17 year old girl, 5’8, skinny, and boring with a little fun mixed in

between, 's biggest wish is to NOT be U.S.P.O.T.W and be a normal teenager. You know, like the whole Hannah Montana deal.

As I heard the crowd go wild like a group of lions during a feeding frenzy, and watched my mother wave to them, I felt trite. Even though I never wanted the whole U.S.P.O.T.W fame, I still felt like that when they don't even bother to even glance at me. They probably already know they won't like what they see. My mother touched my wrist, which stood for run to the carriage because paparazzi was coming, and I rose out of my seat and dashed down the stairwell, nearly tripping on the last step. We- My mother, father and I hopped into the carriage and we took off to our castle- which is so big the whole world could live there and we still would have a lot of room.

I always knew there was a way of getting out of being U.S.P.O.T.W, but I never did it for the sake of my mother. She loved me being a princess, and I could just tell by her eyes. So that evening, I decided to talk to my Father, which wasn't always easy. He was simple and too simple with his responses. His answer was always a firm, "Yes." or, "No.", while mothers were, "Yes dear, but make sure to not rip your dress." Or, "No dear, you'll rip your dress no matter what." But I decided to talk to him anyway.

"Father?" I asked in a high pitch little darling voice, as I opened his door to his study. "Yes dear?" He mocked back in the same little girl squeal voice. This made me giggle. "Um," I decided to come straight out and say it. "What if I don't want to be a princess, or Ultra-Supreme-Princess-Of-The-World?" I raised my eyebrows waiting for his response. He laughed, and then all of a sudden turned serious. "No." He said. No, what? I thought. But then it came

to me. In his mind, I could never be able to ‘un-do’ being a princess. Oh poop.

So I guess that’s when I decided to run away. I was scared and lonely, and I just wanted to NOT be a princess or- you know, the other thing I was. Hint- U.S.P.O.T.W.

I panted as my breaths grew shorter and my feet ached and my stomach was churning like a clock. I lost my balance and fell on my stupid silk dress and PLAT! Landed right on my face. The mud of the forest floor was mushy and thick, enough to make me want to throw up. The moon seemed like it was sad because the forest wouldn’t shine at all. It looked ugly and as if it was crying. The trees drooped like old men and the grass was short, spikey and browning like an apple left out all day. The forest was ugly, not at all like the Wood in *Tuck Everlasting* or anything, it was just the complete opposite, which is pretty appalling. I threw myself down on a tree trunk and began to cry. Father was right! He was actually trying to help me love who I am. But I didn’t realize it. I ran as fast as I could, like I was in an Olympic race and this was my life-long destiny. I ran and ran and ran until I found the tree I marked with an A. I followed the path that was under that tree until I found my way back to the castle. My cheeks were red and blotchy and my tears left stains on my face like brown sauce on a white t-shirt. My mom rushed to me and held me in her arms. “Oh honey,” She cried. Geez, mom’s. My dad placed his hand on my shoulder and I looked up at him and smiled. Dad was right. So in the end, I guess I sort of love my life.