

The Never-Ending Trouble

by Zohra, fourth grade writer

person: princess

place: castle

thing: ring



A globe of white luminosity rose, and moonlight flooded the room on the top tower of Castle Glista, where a girl of extraordinary elegance lay, tears sparkling on her cheek. Beside her, on a table that had legs with lions carved so carefully into them, a jewel-laden box sat that no one was allowed to open except Camilla, and no one ever would. Or would they? Above the girl's head, a plaque was nailed into the flowered wallpaper, and read "Princess Camilla" with italics and gold writing. By the door, a pleasantly stout maid slouched, her head leaning on her shoulder, snoring, while the platter she was carrying tipped dangerously.

Before they knew it, dawn had come. The castle was a vast, ominous one, with heavy, wooden doors and rare art filling the dull walls with cheeriness. The English sunlight shone on the castle's well-kept gardens where the flowers and plants were flourishing. At six o'clock sharp, Camilla awoke from her restless slumber and began to check on her prized possession. Slowly but carefully, she lifted the lid of the sparkling coffer and revealed a ring. The stone was a ruby, a deep carmine color, while the band was a magical solid gold. Camilla ran her finger over the stone, in which lived a part of her soul, and felt the soothing feeling it always gave her. It was because of this troublesome ring that Camilla worried so much and wept herself to sleep. When she was a toddler, Camilla had been playing in the garden merrily when Radia, the evil witch, came across her. Radia saw the ring shimmering on her pinky finger. The next thing Camilla knew was that her finger which held her ring was intolerably heavy. They later realized that Radia had transferred part of Camilla's soul into the gem.

Now another maid entered, carrying breakfast and something else. Camilla prodded her food with her fork and was done. She always had a small appetite. The maid handed her an invitation in neat, loopy cursive. Camilla was invited to a dance. Usually when she was gone, Camilla ordered one of her hundreds of servants to guard her ring, but this time she was too busy getting ready to remember. That night, Camilla had a joyous time and stuffed herself with punch and other delicacies. When she contentedly returned, she was brought up into her room and slept immediately without further ado.

At noon, Camilla awoke and cautiously opened the lid of her jeweled box. There lay the cushion on which the ring had once rested, but the ring was nowhere to be found. Without another word, Camilla promptly fainted.