The King is not for Sharing

 I was Furious storming towards her; eyes burning like coal, a glowing red caution sign flashing over my head; I was the last thing she wanted to deal with and she had nowhere to go. His majesty stood to her left aware that he was responsible for the monster that was created. I was a flaming truck heading right towards them and they were about to become roadkill.

You may be wondering how this sticky situation fell into play, and, like any other middle school romances, it all started with a boy. He had dark ebony hair, and eyes that sparkled like fresh cut diamonds, a male version of Snow White. He walked the halls like a normal grade 6 boy, not that confident with mediocre posture, but to me he walked like a king with a shiny crown glistening above his brilliant head. He smelled like a no name cologne starter pack for pre-teens sold at Walmart, but to me it was like my nose was being kissed by a dozen loving puppies. His voice was still high but lower then the other boys, and when I saw his majesty stand above the rest of the crowd, like a useless peasant, I folded myself up as small as I could so I wouldn’t be visible in the sea of faces. I made my way to the back of the poorly lit hall, to find another royal member. Her hair was a chocolate river flowing seamlessly, and her skin flawless like a Cover Girl. Her clothes were modest and covered her up, but hugged her curves and flaunted what she had. The most visible thing about this princess was her golden crown. Only I could see it, but it stood out brighter than anyone else’s because she was my BFF. She made eye contact with me and engaged with a bright playful smile as she skipped over to embrace me. Even thought she was thin and dainty, I was hugging a cuddly teddy bear, playful, squishy and soft.

 Excited that I finally had something juicy to share, I pulled the princess to the side to show the other girls that my secret was exclusive, and whispered in her ear.

 “Who do you like hun?” she asked me, already knowing what I was going to say.

“Well, you’re gonna think he is gross”, I said a little embarrassed.

“Oh you know I don’t care! Tell me!” she responded urgently.

“Ok, um, I like Mark.”

 Not surprised by her reaction, she leaped back liked she had just touched something hot and yelled, “EWWWWW”

Her voice captured everyone’s attention, including his; however, I didn’t mind. *Say something interesting and grab his attention. Take advantage of the situation*. “I have never met a boy like this before.” I said loudly so everyone could hear. Princess scoffed and leaned in to whisper “I would never go for a boy like that, but feel free to go for him if you want.” Then she stood upright, straightened her crown, and walked off. She meant it in the best way possible. Her majesty never had a problem with speaking her mind, only with the way it came out. Most of the time it was like she reached into a bag of harmfully vocabulary and threw words into your face, but generally, people seemed to get over it after they smelt the sweet scent of green apple shampoo, and heard the powerful yet gentle sound of her voice, no matter what she was saying. Within the week, the princess decided she would title the king as her friend so that we could all hang out a little more. He knew me on a first name baisis now, and even flashed me his movie star smile when we passed in the halls. Every flaw and quirk I found was like a new jewel appearing on his crown, eventually becoming so bedazzled that I thought he might even notice it, even though only I could see it. In the mornings, the princess and I would talk about him as we listened to the crispy grass crunch and crinkle beneath our weight, but I wandered alone today, wondering where she was.

My stroll was calm and tranquil until I hit a wall, not a real wall, but a wall of reality. The hairs on my arms were no longer prickling up because of the cold, but because of the way her majesty was tightly engaged with my kings lips in a painfully passionate kiss, (for a 6th grader at least). A tsunami of emotions flooded over my head and around my neck like I was being strangled. Princess finally earned the title of a queen, a queen of heart breaking harmful harassment. I could not stand for the fact that a stupid boy could make me feel this way towards my best friend. After fighting all my feelings, I realised my dominate emotion was confusion. I plowed towards that royal pain in the ass and stripped him of crown before sending him on his way, and turned to my best friend. At first her face was pale and chalky white, after a few seconds of my disapproving stare, it turned a vibrant red, making her look like a Canada flag. She opened her mouth to defend herself, but I beat her guilty face to the punch. “It’s ok” I said calmly.

“But I…. he… I just…” she murmured

I smiled and took her hand, feeling like I finally earned my own crown, I realised I don’t need a stupid king by my side. “We can talk about his later, today I’m spending my time with you” I said as we started our usual morning stroll. That was the last day I wanted a king, and when I’m ready for next time, I’ll be better prepared.