

The Prince on The Wall

by Andrew Horsfall

There once was a prince. He was not a superb specimen with a white horse and gleaming sword. He more resembled one of his subjects: on foot leading a mule. In fact, I had been introduced to him when he was at his father's house clothed and cleaned a little better and I still found it hard to believe that he was part of the royal family. I followed him for some way along the path next to the castle, deciding how best to introduce myself to one so noble become so humble. Then, off to the side of my vision I saw, coming towards we two walkers, a terrible thing. It's what's called a dragon now-a-days. It really does throw fire, like throwing kerosene at someone and lighting it while the fluid is still in the air. Whatever the stuff is sticks to its target and keeps burning. The creatures can speak English, but not so well as would make it sound human. It interrupts itself with grunts and rasps, but all the same, manages to be eloquent. As it sprinted towards the prince it shouted,

"Die fool! Fall to me!
Don't attempt, gahhhh, gallantry
In fear, teuuuaa, turn and flee.
I'll break your back!
Where is your defense?
You're life makes no sense.
Who did you trust to? Gahhh!
Your guard is slack!"

The prince ran towards the castle. The towers existed for just such a defense against dragons. The particular version of dragon that lives in this kingdom cannot fly. Ideally, when a dragon approaches, one climbs into a tower and waits until the dragon grows frustrated and looks for some other prey. The little notches cut into the side of the building are too small for the fire breathers to climb on, and so one is entirely safe. However, the prince was not entirely safe once the creature reached him and held onto his legs. He did not have the strength to climb further with the dragon on him, but neither did the dragon have the mass to pull him off the stone tower. The dragon could not spit fire at him for fear of destroying itself. In frustration it did scream fiercely to let go of the rock, and drool a lot of its flame onto the ground.

The king in the castle heard everything about what had happened to his son, and told his personal courtiers to stay on the walls at all times to see if there was anything that could be done to ease the prince's circumstances. Minstrels were brought to comfort the prince. But still, at all times, his only hope of safety was holding onto the wall firmly. This is how I left the prince.

I was called away to other things, and don't know how his life went from there, but I do know that you are a lot like this prince. You, dear princess, seem to have a dragon on your back, and lack the strength to climb away from it. But remember, it also lacks the mass to pull you down as it's own. It is enough that you continue to hold tight to your rock: Jesus Christ, and you will not be destroyed. All the courtiers of heaven are assisting you where they can, and the minstrels play for your ears. And finally God, the king, hears everything about your situation on the wall.