

ARCHEMEDAS AND THE PRINCESS



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Archemedas and the Princess

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The Clown

The Clown walked into the room jumping and dancing; dressed in a woman's clothes, he threw his hands in the air like a Bollywood Indian dancer. Archemedas laughed so hard he went down the floor, but the Princess just sat there watching with a straight face.

“Oh come on, Princess,” said Archemedas, “Don't tell me you don't find this funny!”

“How can I find this funny, Archemedas?” she said, “I've watched him dressed and danced like this in the past few years. This doesn't amuse me!”

The clown danced and pranced towards Archemedas, who was still rolling on the floor intoxicated with his own laughter. The Princess didn't even bother to smile.

“Please, Princess,” said Archemedas as he wiped the tears from his joyful eyes, “Hand me your phone, let me snap the clown in this dress!”

As the Princess stretched her hand, the clown quickly danced his way out of the room.

Archemedas collected her phone and as he made his way out of the room to chase after the clown, he turned and looked at the young Princess. Amazed by how composed she appeared, he sighed and smiled.

“You look beautiful, Princess!” he said.

“I am not!” she responded.

“Yes, you are!” he said, “You’re the most beautiful Princess in all the lands!”

“You and your blabbing mouth!” replied the Princess, “Go take the picture already, I’ll need my phone back!”

Archemedas gently shut the door and walked back in smiling. He stood in the middle of the room, staring at the Princess.

“What have you to say now?” she said, with her eyes set away from him.

Archemedas clapped his hands and spread them like an angel while standing on his toes with his eyes closed like a ballerino. He stood frozen like a statue, motionless.

“Wow!” exclaimed the Princess as she clapped in excitement, “How did you do that?”

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