



# *Karina Kamelia*

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Fable

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*5 min read*

Way far away in a land you don't know,  
a land we'll call Allwerk, not so long ago,  
everyone busied themselves all day long,  
hurried and scurried and moved things along.

Everyone had their own bee-busy work;  
building the buildings and clocking the clerks,  
banking the banks and rebooking the books.  
They didn't like shirkers, or slackers or crooks.

They didn't waste anything, nothing at all.  
Their gardens grew vegetables, healthy and tall.  
They never grew flowers near churches or schools.  
They said "Flowers are flounceish and planted by fools!"

But in a small house on the mainly main road,  
the one near the ditch of Skinbumpish the toad,  
lived a girl named Karina alone in one room,  
but her yard was like crayons of color in bloom.

Karina loved flowers, to plant and to grow:  
loved tiny tuned bluebells that hang very low,  
loved flop-tippy daffodils, yellow and white,  
loved silk-slinky roses in colors so bright!

The townspeople tsk'ed and they shushed and rushed by,  
wouldn't talk to Karina except to ask, "Why  
are you wasting your time like that? Weren't you in school  
to learn flowers are flounceish and planted by fools?!"

A messenger dressed all in red rode to town  
to tell them King Zingly Zartuffle McFrown  
was coming to Allwerk the very next day,  
to see bee-busy work in this land far away.

They panicked, went manic! "Karina must go!  
We can't show him her flouncing! The King must not know  
she wastes all her time – seconds, minutes and hours  
and water and soil on her flounce-foolish flowers

"We can build a big wall, very tall, all around  
this paltry, small house with its flounce! We'll surround  
the whole place so King Zingly won't see. Get your tools  
because flowers are flounceish and planted by fools!"

They built the wall quickly with brick after brick,  
and stone and old bones, a big branch, a small stick.  
They didn't waste anything building the wall,  
They built all around and they built it up tall.

That wall was so tall it hid flowers and toad.  
The townspeople sighed and watched far down the road,  
but King Zingly surprised them and flew into town.

In a carriage with wings, he arrived in his crown.

On the main main road, his horse landed right there  
by the wall that they'd built. He could see from the air,  
the things that they'd hidden and built with their tools  
because flowers are flounceish and planted by fools.

King Zingly shook hands with the mayor, Lord Zanz,  
then walked down the road shaking everyone's hands.  
"I heard of your work, how bee-busy you stay,  
but things seem rather gray on this glorious day."

He turned, looked around, eyed the wall with a stare,  
"So, where are the flowers I saw from the air?"  
The townspeople gasped, and feared for their fate.  
Karina had heard and she opened the gate.

"Oh no!" said Lord Zanz, "Do not look! Don't endure  
poor, witless Karina who just won't mature!  
She only plants flowers, won't follow the rules  
and flowers are flounceish and planted by fools."

King Zingly stood silent a moment or two,  
then said to Lord Zanz, "That is truly not true.  
He said, "Flowers are medicines, flowers have beauty.  
Growing bright flowers is such a great duty!

Your bee-busy work is no more and no less  
than the growing of tiny tuned bluebells. Oh yes  
the flop-topy daffodils, silk-slinky roses  
are lovely to view and refreshing to noses.

Lord Zanz looked aghast, the townspeople too,  
"But, but, what can you mean? And what could we do?"

We only grow food and we need to make rules,  
and flowers are flounceish and planted by fools.”

King Zingly walked into the yard and declared,  
“You must tear down the wall so this beauty is shared  
and cared for, not just to be viewed from the skies.  
Then he turned to Karina, looked deep in her eyes.

“Your talents are wasted in this colorless town  
where flowers aren’t wanted and only bring frowns.  
I’ve been searching the land, near and far, in between,  
for someone like you. Will you come be my queen?”

Karina said yes and the king took her hand.

“I declare – Queen Karina of all of the land!

Her flowers are regal! She’s now one who rules!

You see flowers aren’t flounceish, and you are the fools.”

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