



# *The Prince & The Peanut*

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Retold Fairy Tales

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The search had been going on for years.

All that the King and Queen had ever wanted was for their daughter to be happy. Princess Hermione, however, was not so easily pleased. She had always demanded the best in life, and had kept her parents on their toes.

The time had come (a while ago) for her to find a prince to marry. To be honest, the King was quite relieved about this, as he felt he might have earned a break.

“He must be a REAL prince” the Princess had told the King and Queen.

Which seemed fair enough.

The Princess had set about searching high and low for her prince. She travelled far and wide, on her trusty horse. Whenever she saw a castle, or a grand stately home, she would boldly knock on the door to find out if a real prince lived there.

On her travels, the Princess had met many wise and handsome men, but she was never quite sure if they were real princes.

Sad and dejected, she returned home.

She had even scoured the lonely hearts adverts in the newspapers, set up a Tinder account, and advertised in OK Magazine. Yet nothing ever yielded anyone that matched her ideals.

One night, there was a terrible storm, which raged all around the castle. The rain drove against the walls of the castle and the thunder clapped loudly. A bolt of lightning lit up the sky. A small figure could be seen on the CCTV, fighting through the storm and pressing the intercom on the gate.

Inside the castle, the servants were nowhere to be seen. They were all terrified by the storm and refused to come out of their quarters. The Queen, unperturbed by nature, answered the door. She wondered who on Earth would be calling at their gate during such inclement weather.

The Queen was astonished to see a handsome young man making his way up the driveway to the front door.

“Well hello there! Come in and once and warm yourself up by the fire”. She led the beautiful stranger into the parlour where the Princess and the King were sitting playing cards.

As soon as she set eyes on him, the Princess fell in love with the gorgeous young man. Her heart filled with happiness when the young man declared:

“Your Majesties, I am a real Prince”

The Queen, uncertain about this, decided to put the mysterious visitor to the test. She hatched a plan to determine the pedigree of the young chap .

Whilst the stranger changed into some dry clothes, the Queen herself went to oversee where the guest would be sleeping.

Right at the bottom of the bed, on the very first mattress, the Queen put a dry roasted peanut. Then she instructed the servants to bring more mattresses, and to hurry. As mattress after mattress was piled on top, the bed became precariously tall, and a ladder was placed up against it.

The young man was invited to enter the bed. He carefully climbed up the ladder, and tucked himself in under the blankets.

“I hope that you have a restful night’s sleep!” said the Queen, as she walked away from the bedroom.

The next morning, the Queen returned to the bedroom, and was aghast to find the mattresses thrust all around the room.

“How did you sleep?” She enquired, tentatively.

“Oh, absolutely terribly. I didn’t sleep a wink all night. There was something jabbing me in the ribs all night, and I was ravenously hungry. I pulled each mattress down, one by one until eventually I found the culprit”

The Queen listened intently.

“At first, I was delighted to have found a snack, yet when I put it onto the tip of my tongue, I was most horrified to discover a dry roasted peanut! Not a macadamia, nor a cashew- not even a pistachio, nor a pecan. I simply could not entertain eating a dry roasted peanut, so I threw it out of the window”

The Queen breathed a sigh of relief. Only a real prince would have such a delicate disposition to decline to eat a dry roasted peanut. This man would be the perfect match for her high-maintenance daughter

When the Queen told the Princess the news, she could not contain her excitement.

The King declared that the couple would be married, and indeed it came to be, amid great rejoicing throughout the land.

As for the peanut, it was retrieved and put into a museum, and people came from far and wide to look at it. They were all delighted in the knowledge that fussy Princess Hermione had finally found her match, and relieved that the men of the kingdom were all now safe.

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