

Chapter 1 : Rags to Royalty - TV Tropes

There is a parable about the princess who married a peasant. Her father the king had interviewed a variety of suitors and none qualified. Finally he said: "Let the next man who walks in the door be your husband." And she agreed. And the next one to walk in was the gardener from the estates of the king, and they had to get married.

A Fairy Tail fanfic. Based on Chapter of the Fairy Tail Manga Natsu is the King of Fiore he happens across a blonde homeless woman who is on the verge of dying from starvation. He takes her to his palace who was thought to be a maid but is instead to be his second Bride and possibly his future queen but only if she can produce him a male heir. In a land far, far away lies the Kingdom of Fiore a small peaceful nation of 17 million that is filled with magic the current King is Natsu Dragneel Dreyar a ruler that is a loving yet stern and because of his magic and power he is known as the Dragon King. Natsu is the fourth son of the Fifth King of Fiore His Majesty Royal King Makarov Dreyar who adopted 8 boys since he and his wife Porlyusica only had one child but he has been missing since he turned 3 all believed he was kidnapped and killed by an enemy so they decided to adopt strong wizard boys who can fight to protect their birthright and the throne lineage went in order of which son came first. After he retired he Crowned his son Natsu the Crowned King of Fiore and his next son in line will take over the Kingdom if Natsu cannot produce an heir before his 23rd birthday. Then the royal Line will continue down the list of adopted sons. Second Adopted is Gray always fighting with his younger brother Natsu he was denounced to be royal prince and of being the next King because he has not bedded with his Bride Juvia and will only be given his title Crown prince back if he beds her and the opportunity to bear an heir has arisen his Bride Juvia was a maid in the house until Gray wanted her company so much that her work paid the price and instead of getting her fired she became his Bride. The third adopted son Elfman was denounced to be Royal prince because of his inability to control his Bride Evergreen and until he shows signs being able to control and be a King he will have his title of Crown prince returned, his Bride Evergreen became his after knowing each other for 2 years and she was the castle gardener. They have no children The Fourth son was chosen based on his ability to fight as long and as hard as needed to protect what he loves and his magic was nothing to joke about either, he was also chosen because of his close relationship to Lisanna Strauss. Lisanna was made his Bride when they both became of age and he started bedding her when he was next in line for the throne. They have no children. The fifth adopted son is Jellal and his Bride Erza, even though Jellal is much older than Natsu he is still next in line after him, he was married to Erza 7 years before Natsu took the throne they have an 8 year-old son Mystogan. The sixth adopted son Fried who is even much older than Jellal but is third in line for the throne with his Wife MiraJane. When Fried was adopted, Mira was the royal cook but was made his Bride after one year after his adoption. The seventh son Gajeel is the same age as Gray, Elfman and Natsu; he was adopted after the war with the Phantom Kingdom as repentance for the crimes of his father Jose after the war. His Bride Levy was made his a year after he was adopted and she was his only friend even though he had beat her up badly as a sign of war. She was the Castles librarian and he wandered into it to find a quiet place to brood they have no children. Romeo is the youngest and is very close to his older brother Natsu. Romeo has one Bride named Wendy they are not aloud to bed until both of them are of age but Natsu allowed Romeo to take Wendy on so that he has a friend his age to play with. There is to be a chaperone with them at all times and it is their Nanny Sherry. Natsu meets his CinderLucy. Growing up I had heard the stories about the royal family how the King would adopt boys to be his heir to the throne after he had a son of his own that went missing and continued to adopt boys until he had 8 heirs. I had always dreamt about what it would be like to be adopted into a royal family or to be born into one the pretty gowns and having servants to do whatever you needed them for. I found that out thanks to my father he works on trains he cleans, fixes, loads, a drives all types of trains. He took up a drinking habit and he would yell and toss me around whenever he was drunk so I learned to stay away from him. I always felt more at peace when he was gone on business trips, driving and working on trains out of town but when he came back I always feared for my life. I cleaned and cooked for him but it was never enough he never appreciated me, because of his drinking habits we fell to the lowest outer circle of the city we lived in a wooden shack

there was another family that lived in the room above us while we thrived in this small place. The kitchen and living was difficult to move around in and they were in the same room it was so small that if you stood up from a chair in the living room and take 3 small steps you would be in the kitchen. Then there was one small bedroom and a tiny loft Daddy took the bedroom while I took the cramped loft it only had a pallet of hay, an over sheet for warmth, and a pile of hay for a pillow. But thanks to my many friendly neighbors and an elderly woman that lived next door bandaged it up for me until I was healed enough to use it again. Before my Mother passed away I was lucky enough to see the King at the Fantasia parade and when I saw the King dancing around and doing the universal symbol for strength I did it too and I felt strong. I do the symbol whenever I feel weak and it always works, the next time I went to see the fantasia parade was a few years after my mother died and instead of the King it had all 8 of his sons perform each one doing a special trick on a special float then one of them that had pink hair did the symbol for strength and I cried, my body was so weak I had to lean against a brick wall and did the symbol with the pink haired prince the rest of Magnolia. I felt stronger everyday since then, I never understood why seeing the pink haired prince gave me more strength then the King or just the symbol itself but I took what I could get then it was only 2 years ago when the news came that the King was retiring and his heir the fourth son Natsu was going to be crowned the new King. My hopes came alive when the coronation parade came through our street and the pink haired boy wore the Kings crown, sitting in a gold and white carriage, he wore a red cape lined with fur, a red shirt, black pants, and red boots all decorated and embroidered with gold. He smiled and waved and showed the symbol whenever he could he had the biggest smile on his face showing off his dragon fangs, in the parade he had the princes that were adopted before him riding horseback ahead of the carriage and the brothers that were adopted after him were riding behind the carriage, each prince adorning special armor with colors, weapons, and emblems each symbolizing which son they were. At the end of the parade was a white horse drawn carriage that was decorated with different colors of roses. It had the Fairy Tail Palace emblem on it, it was the Fairy Brides the Brides for the princes each one was throwing roses into the crowd and wore beautiful dresses that was the color of their princes. There was a girl who wore a red and pink dress she had short white hair and a big smile on her face she was throwing pink and red roses into the crowd and 2 of them landed at my feet 1 red and 1 pink I knew instantly they were his, the red was from his dragon flames and the pink matched the shade of his hair. I held them close and watched as people dispersed and the parade ended, I kept those roses for as long as I could I even hung them up to dry and they still hang in my loft and every night I dream of my Dragon King. I always knew and accepted that I would never be with him but it was nice to dream about him, even how warm he would be if he held me close. After months of saving up my money I was able to go to the market today and buy 2 apples, some chicken broth, half a loaf of bread, and a whole squirrel. I said my hellos and pleasantries to my neighbors and one of them let me use her wash towel and basin so I could have a clean face, hands, and feet. I had enough flour at home to bake the piecrusts and the stew was on the fire heating up just waiting for more broth, water and the squirrel and be absolutely delicious for days. Angel I dropped the basket of food as I saw the stack of money on the table and I knew what it meant. I was picked up kicking and screaming by a guy Ms. I got up on my knees and gritted my teeth as tears began to sting my eyes, I knew that if I went into that house I would never come out again Cobra gave me a punch on my cheek which earned him a scream of pain and agony from me. He picked me up by my hair and was about to drag me inside when we all heard a loud spine chilling voice yell. I yelped and coughed up the mud from my mouth I looked up to find King Natsu he had anger and hatred on his face and an aura of tall red burning flames around him. Standing behind him was 4 of his brothers all with frowns and stern hateful looks on their faces and hands gripping their weapons. Three were right in front of Cobra and I, all with swords drawn and the blue haired prince with a face birthmark had his sword drawn and pointed right at the face of Ms. Angel, one with green hair and the other had dark blue hair but both had his sword pointed right at cobra. Cobra raised his hands in submission; as did Ms. Angel the Prince with the dark blue hair spoke with the same spine chilling voice that screamed earlier. Angel knelt and then Cobra did too. Angel, Cobra and I all gasped. I slowly looked up at him and he tilted his head to the side and smiled at me, "I live in the Lower class of the Outer ring its just a small wooden shack by the East River. I thought train people made more then lower class? Why did your father decide to sell

you? I was saving up to have squirrel soup and apple pie for my birthday tonight. And some were sold here against their own will. Any girl that is of age but is unwanted by their families will report to the palace and they will be sent to work a proper job. Gray did you get all that? I stayed on the ground with my legs tucked under me I held my stomach in pain as blood dripped from the corner of my mouth as it swelled from when I was hit and the blood dripped down and mixed with the mud on my leg and on the ground. I heard foot steps come towards me as handsome red boots with gold embroidery stood in front of me, I looked up to see my King the man who swam through my dreams every night he stared at me with care, worry, pity, and sorrow. He held out his hand and I looked upon such a lovely hand it was rough from fire magic use, but big, clean and with soft caresses and warm hugs tucked away within its fingers. Compared to my small, dirty, and rough hands with dirty, broken nails and cracked skin that only got its moisturizer from the mud. I sighed and looked to the ground in despair. Then I felt those same hands gently grab my shoulders then squeezed tightly then picked me up to let me stand. My feet were sore and half asleep but I was able to hold myself up, he never moved his hands but just loosened their grip. He took one of his hands and ran his clean fingers across my dirty forehead swiping my hair from my eyes just to look into them; he made me feel like he was looking at every dream of him I have ever had and hearing every wish I ever made. He finally removed his hands but only to remove his lovely cape; I gasped in disbelief as he draped it around my shoulders and clasped it in the front of my neck it was warm and felt amazing as it draped around me hiding my filthy body. I had never felt anything so warm or smelt something so clean its smell can only be described as burning heat with a manly musk. He took it a step closer to me but only to pull the hood up on top of my head to hide my dirty hair that was already hiding my dirty face save for the side that was revealed by him earlier. So my cape will have to do for now to accent that lovely face" He said smiling and walking around me to walk next to me. He pushed the small of my back and led me to the carriage he rode in. I dared not to look at anyone for the look of envy or hatred in their eyes. I was about to be helped up to the driver seat by the footmen when the King redirected me to the inner cabin. He pressed my back as the footmen opened the door and he helped me board the carriage. Where are you taking me? It was with thanks and a pleading want for him to kill you. I still had to be strong so I did the symbol without realizing it, to try and make me feel better. I walked behind the King across the courtyard past that large polished marble fountain that had dragons spewing water and steam into the waters of the fountain pool that glistened with the gold and silver coins that were the wishes of his people. Then I followed him through the large gold decorated doors of the castle as his brothers stood in a line on each side of us as we walked through. I felt so unworthy of such splendor and beauty as I looked up and gazed upon the decorated and painted ceiling that was detailed with silver and gold. The chandelier shined with gold and crystal as it made a rainbow of colors and patterns on the floor where I stood mixing beautifully with the stained glass windows reflection that danced on the floor from the sun set that shined through from the outside. Then a sudden voice called out startling me from my daydream. Then the Ladies in question came running down the stairs with speed and grace, the first was a red head wearing a long purple straight gown, the second Lady had long white hair and wore a long pink tulle dress, the third had short white hair and wore a light blue and white gown. They all stopped in front of the King then all curtsied while saying "Your Majesty. You know what to do. The Ladies bowed to them as they past and said, "Yes your Majesty. The Ladies went in and it led downward to the secret servant hallway, that servants were passing by carrying food trays and laundry in the hallway were other iron stair ways that most likely led to other parts of the Palace. The Ladies turned to the right then the Lady with the red hair spoke "Mira you show her to the bath, Lisanna you go get Wendy, and I will go and prepare a uniform for her. The one with long white hair stayed and smiled at me must be Mira. She spoke in a caring, tender and motherly voice with a loving smile. Then she helped me out of my shift that I have never taken off for years since I first got it when I was 13 and I was standing bare with only mud and my underwear, and injuries covering me. After washing she began waxing everywhere, it hurt but not as much as everything else I looked at my clean skin and it was absolutely shining just like marble and I have never seen my skin so light, but my body was decorated with bruises and bloody sores. She cleaned, scrubbed, and shined my nails then did a deep scrub of my hair to clean off the mud until it did exactly what the King wanted and shined like solid gold then added a special powder to get rid of lice, when she finished

she led me toward the bath. The hot herbal water stung my wounds and relaxed my muscles, I laid back into the water and I felt amazing.

Chapter 2 : Princess Peasant Dresses: Part Two - U Create

-the princess the story suppose's to be that the princess falls for the dashing prince. not the princess falls for the princess. its not fair. i was loyal to princess Janice since we were 6 years old, and then she falls in love with that.. that peasant.

It seems that Disney was only getting better with age. Princess Aurora has the beginnings of the later 90s princesses I adore. The Prince also had a much bigger role in the film, which is great. How, exactly, would it have affected her? Would Prince Phillip still fall in love with a girl if he heard her screeching like an angry cat in the woods and discovered Lady Gaga? Still wanna fall madly in love with me, punk? Why is it so damned important that she be beautiful and sing nicely, anyway? They neglected to grant her wisdom, or intelligence, or kindness. What are their priorities, anyway? I mean, seriously, who would hide a princess for sixteen years only to leave her unattended before the fateful sunset? Seriously, I just hated these guys. My theory is that because they saw each other as children, they now dream about each other. Creepy McCreeperson makes the first move Although I, once again, find the Prince Charming a little creepy. He randomly starts dancing with Briar Rose, and then when Rose tries to get away from him and damn right, she should! Rape happened in the 14th century as well. However, I would like to propose an alternative viewing, because I sympathise with Aurora. Then, and this is the part where I really sympathise with her " she is magically hypnotised and forced to touch the spinning needle wheel thingy. I read into things. I mean, what are they trying to say? A boy she thoroughly believes is just a peasant. I NOM your face! PS " why is she marketed as wearing a pink dress when she spends more time in the film with the dress blue?

Chapter 3 : The Princess and the Peasant, a love live! school idol project fanfic | FanFiction

The Princess and the Peasant. The princess let out a soft sigh before she took a sip of her tea, staring out the window looking at nothing in particular. She was getting bored of the view outside of her window. She twirled a strand of her red locks, wondering if she would be able to leave the castle soon.

And in the manga , all the main senshi are Sleeping Beauties, former princesses of their respective planets. Except Pluto, who is probably closer to a Snow White since she never lost her memories of the Silver Millennium, and spent her time guarding the Door of Time Chibiusa is a Snow White type, coming back in time to before her mother rose to power to receive senshi training and having to live like a civilian with Usagi and her family. The scene in which Big Bad Nagi finds out is priceless. Ultimately thanks to Character Development , Mashiro turns out to be the one best suited to be a princess anyway. Mai-Otome Zwei hints that Mashiro might be a legit heir after all - she greatly resembles the Queen of Windbloom from years ago. The manga has a good subversion as well. In a few chapters he went from an impostor to nobody to the sole heir of Windbloom once the real Mashiro bit the dust for realies, anyway. Hanon, Rina and Caren are Snow Whites as well throughout the series. Kaitou turns out to be a Sleeping Beauty, as the lost prince of a destroyed mermaid kingdom who was adopted by humans as a child. Griffith, however, is the biggest example. At his highest point he had a good chance of marrying Princess Charlotte and becoming heir to the kingdom. This is portrayed fairly realistically, though, as Griffith does have to deal with a couple of assassination attempts by disgruntled nobles. Its subverted when Griffith goes through a Heroic B. Not bad for someone who just a few years before was reduced to almost nothing in pretty much every sense of the word. All he had to do was stike a Deal with the Devil , activate the Egg of the King , and sacrifice all those he cared about to be devoured body and soul by The Legions of Hell to become a Demon Lord himself. She probably also wishes that she never found out about who she was considering how she hates being addressed as "Your Highness" and prefers others to just treat her as an ordinary if exceptionally skilled 9-year old. Asuna and Negi of Mahou Sensei Negima! It subverts the Genre Blind guardian bit, as they were probably both safer before they started getting involved with their legacies. In the "Where Are They Now? Within five years they were married and already had their first kids. Said man is none other than governor Kurt Godel. C-ko is a long-lost alien princess. Sixteen years earlier, her people lost her, and she ended up crashing down to Earth. They do eventually find her, leading to this discovery and invoking this trope. He was a nobleman on Earth, but by the time he found out he was the appointed ruler of the Kingdom of En, he had lost everything in a brutal local war , making him a sort-of Goose Guy. Her children Lelouch and Nunnally also fit into this trope, as Snow Whites. Naruto is a mix between the Cinderella and the Sleeping Beauty types. First he starts as an outcast orphan who was regarded as a no-good troublemaker without a future. Then he slowly grows up into a respectable and eventually idolized figure as his achievements grow. But of course, none of this is actually addressed by anyone in the manga. Then again, his relation to the Senju clan is incredibly distant. Naruto the Movie and the epilogue of the manga, he got Happily Married to Hinata , the eldest heiress of the Hyuga clan and the Byakugan Princess, so he married into royalty. Also in the epilogue, he becomes Hokage himself, further cementing his place in this trope. And the most twisted Cinderella ever. A beautiful peasant girl raised by the seamstress Nicole Lamorliere, she claims to be a long lost Valois princess and manages to get an old noblewoman to listen to her plight, then kills her benefactor to inherit her riches. It gets worse, and worse, and worse Her mother gave Rosalie up to the aforementioned Nicole Lamorliere who apparently was her former maid when she was a teenage girl and Rosa was a baby, thus Rosalie has no idea of how her biological mom has gone Rags to Riches in the meantime and considers herself the biological daughter of Nicole for a long while. What is not exactly explained in the card is that said mother is a member of an extremely rich and noble clan in Austria Even when she only wants to find her beloved mother. Hotohori eventually chooses her to be his Empress Consort, and after he dies, she becomes a kind Empress Dowager who supports their son and future Emperor. Sumi Kitamura from Stepping on Roses. Kyros was never officially a member of the royal family. The rebellion succeeds, with Historia taking the throne and immediately going about addressing many

of the injustices in society. She frees the people long trapped in the underground slums, settling them on land seized from corrupt officials. She re-purposes this land for orphanages and farmland, providing for her people after many years of oppression and starvation. Deconstructed, like pretty much every other trope, in *Martian Successor Nadesico*: In *Vampire Knight* Yuki Cross turns out to be Yuki Kuran, one of the last pure blood vampires in existence and heir to the wealthy Kuran family. After the prince learned the truth and overcame the usurper who would have killed him, he marries the daughter. And then, for fear of further strife, He took Sweet William for his wife; The like before was never seen, A serving-man to be a queen. *Comic Books Justified in Fables*. Briar Rose can never stay poor thanks to a blessing placed on her at birth so when she loses her entire fortune fleeing the Adversary she quickly recoups it with a few smart business deals. One character notes that if she were to give away her fortune on a whim: Plourr Illo , a Boisterous Bruiser expy of Anastasia, went into hiding and later became a pilot for the Rebellion after revolutionaries killed her family. Bone Thorn was unaware of her royal legacy. Her grandma told her that she is meant to lead a kingdom as the next queen. Thorn becomes Queen in the end. *Fairy Tales* In " *The Beautiful Damsel and the Wicked Old Woman* ", a prince marries a peasant girl because she is beautiful, weeps pearls and brings flowers when she can smile, and sews exquisitely, but when she is coming to the wedding with an old woman, the woman gouges her eyes out and thrust her into a cave, to replace her with her own daughter. But the girl weeps pearls and buys back her eyes, and when she can see, she sews a handkerchief that the prince recognizes, so she regains him. In " *The Blue Mountains* ", the hero, a soldier, wins the princess. The same happens in " *The Three Princesses of Whiteland* ", where the hero is a peasant boy.

Chapter 4 : The Princess and the Peasant Girl | Life, Loves and Tribulations of Jill Bloggs

~ The princess ventures forth, finding a small town near by. ~ ~ The princess hears someone near by and finds a strange little frog creature. ~ ~ The princess is lost and looking for town when she stumbles upon an archer in the woods. ~.

They lived worlds apart even though they lived in the same land. Now it happened that Princess Dakota was out walking with her maid one day when she spotted Maneesha drawing water at a well. Although Maneesha was not as beautiful as Princess Dakota in the classic sense, there was something about her which drew people to her. It could have been her air of innocence, it could have been the sense of freedom that she felt inside of her or it could have been her simple peasant charm. Whatever it was she was very attractive and popular with other people perhaps more so than the beautiful royal Princess Dakota. As soon as Princess Dakota saw Maneesha she was immediately drawn to her and asked her her name. The two girls often played together and became very close. They would dance in fields full of wildflowers and butterflies, make daisy chains, sing funny songs and bake cupcakes together. Very quickly they became inseparable. Maneesha would often bring Princess Dakota flowers and small gifts that she had made herself as a sign of her friendship and love. Soon, the two girls were in love in the romantic sense. One day they even kissed each other on the lips and would often cuddle and hold hands. Eventually, Maneesha could not stand the meanness any more so she left and told Princess Dakota that she could no longer be her friend. Princess Dakota was heartbroken but tried not to show it. Maneesha quickly realised what a terrible mistake she had made and that it was the bad people around them that had broken them up with their nastiness. Maneesha also felt heartbroken even though she was the one who had left in the first place. She tried to contact Princess Dakota sending her poems, songs she had written, yellow sunflowers and sweeties but Princess Dakota refused to speak to her. Maneesha cried and cried but there was nothing she could do. Eventually, a handsome prince arrived and wanted to marry Maneesha but Maneesha told him that she was in love with Princess Dakota. The prince was shocked at first but after a while he began to understand and was very sympathetic. First, he comforted Maneesha and then jumped on his sturdy white horse and galloped off to the royal palace where Princess Dakota was sat looking sadly out of the window. At first Princess Dakota was not interested but when she saw the ring she gasped with delight. For she is the love of my life. Beauty is not what is found on the outside but rather is that which lies deep inside of us. It is the beauty of the soul that is important and not just looks. And for that reason, Maneesha is the most beautiful girl in the world. So the royal and not-so-royal wedding took place after all. The mean friends went off to Egypt and the happy couple lived happily ever after in a cottage in the Cotswolds of England singing and dancing with each other every day for the rest of their lives.

Chapter 5 : The Princess and the Peasant | calendrierdelascience.com

A young and beautiful princess, princess Celestia Joan, who wanted nothing more than to go outside and explore the world. But with her luck she was only allowed to walk around the royal garden. She loved her parents dearly, however she despised their rules.

Recently my siblings and I planned a big family vacation to Disneyland. For this trip I made my girls and nieces some adorable Princess Peasant Dresses. I wanted to make the dresses so that they could wear them to Disneyland and be comfortable. I was about to make 8 dresses ranging from size 4 to size 8. Basically, the pattern was the easy way to go! this time. I traced all the sizes I needed on to tissue paper and cut them all out. I washed, dried, and ironed all the fabric. After reading the pattern instructions a couple of times, I got busy sewing! For the Cinderella dress, I made the bodice and skirt according to the instructions in the pattern. I serged and hemmed the raw edges and sewed them to the skirt. Then I gathered the top of the skirt and connected it to the bodice per pattern instructions. For the Tinkerbell dress, I made the bodice and skirt according to pattern instructions. Then I made a leaf pattern and cut 6 large leaves. I serged and hemmed the edges and sewed them to the skirt then created the gathers. I sewed both the bodice and the skirt together and attached a thick white grosgrain ribbon around the waist for a tie. Burn the edges of the ribbon in order to prevent fraying. For the Snow White dress I followed the pattern, but before I assembled the sleeves I sewed strips of red satin ribbon on them. I did everything else according to the pattern. I sewed some red satin ribbon around the waist as a tie like the Tinkerbell dress and burned the ends to prevent fraying. The Rapunzel dress was the most time consuming, but it was not hard to make. I did the same thing with the skirt, but added a 10 inch wide piece in the middle. Because you eventually gather the skirt, this piece had to be bigger. When you add pieces to a pattern make sure to add seam allowances to those pieces. I sewed the gold ribbon down using clear thread then I sewed the two small purple pieces to the middle pink piece creating the front bodice. I did the same thing with the skirt front and then sewed the rest of the dress together using the pattern instructions. It sounds more complicated than it really is! I promise! I was just as happy as my daughters and nieces were with the finished product! It was great fun to sew such easy and adorable dresses. After making 8 dresses with the same pattern, I learned 2 things: Do you use a pattern when you sew or do you just wing it?

Chapter 6 : Sleeping Beauty: The Passive, Peasant Princess – Lissa Writes

This peasant could have been a princess herself maybe, if only she had the fashionable blue eyes. But, as the peasant markedly did not have blue eyes the princess felt no real threat to her beauty and, except for being a little jealous, she hardly offered thought to the said peasant girl.

The Princess and the Peasant The princess let out a soft sigh before she took a sip of her tea, staring out the window looking at nothing in particular. She was getting bored of the view outside of her window. She twirled a strand of her red locks, wondering if she would be able to leave the castle soon. Father insisted that it was still not safe, though, so there she was, bored in her bedroom. She had already read all the books in the entire kingdom, and mastered all of her sheet music on the piano. There was nothing to do, and there was no point in leaving her bedroom except to eat since there was nothing to do out there either. Maki decided to accept her life would be like this for a while, and always sat by her window with a cup of tea instead of even bothering searching for something to do with her time. Finally, one day, she saw something interesting outside of her window. The princess noticed that the girl was heading in the direction of her bedroom. Somehow, the girl managed to climb the castle walls. Maki scared, stood up from her chair and backed away from the window. The girl outside of the window lightly knocked on the window. It was a peasant she had never even met, a girl at that, asking her to get married to her. We never announced that to the kingdom! Despite being so young, I remember the moments we shared so well We met when you were strolling through the town looking for your parents. You asked me if I knew where your parents were, and I said no, but I can help you look for them. As we were looking, I asked you how you had lost them. You then told me about how your father just told you that you had an arranged marriage with a prince from another kingdom. Anyways, after that you ran off crying and then lost them. You began crying again after you told me, and I comforted you. All of a sudden, you stopped crying and began smiling. I asked you what made you stop crying. So, I told you I would meet with you again when we were older and propose. This is my proposal to you, Princess Nishikino. Did she really say all of those things to Honoka when she was younger? There was no way she was getting married to a peasant girl. Get out of here right now! Honoka sighed and stepped over to Maki. But, I would like you to know that," the peasant gave her a peck on the lips, "you did that to me before leaving with your parents. She stood there, hand still pointing at the window, too shocked to move or say anything. She slowly lowered her hand and put it over her lips. Honoka just kissed her. The princess was not sure what was worse, the fact that a peasant girl had just kissed her, or the fact that she enjoyed it a lot. A few days passed, and neither girls had even seen each other. Maki was still thinking about what Honoka had said to her, and the kiss. She wondered if Honoka was still thinking about it too. The girl even wondered if she was in love with Honoka for a few moments, but she quickly dismissed the thought. There was no way she was in love with a girl she had barely known. Even if she did suggest getting married to her, she was three and children always said dumb things without thinking. However, she thought about her constantly and even thought about what would happen if they were to get married. Honoka intrigued her so much, and she hated it. One day, Maki was finally given permission to go outside and was walking through the town, heavily guarded by the guards surrounding her. She stopped to shop in a few places. When she felt like she was ready to return home, she saw her. Honoka was standing outside of the village market, trying to convince the market owner to give her food for free. Maki told her guards to stop walking and she stepped in front of them to watch Honoka and the market owner. Honoka was down on one knee, hands clasped together. My family has nothing to eat, and we have no money! We will try to pay you back as soon as possible, I promise! The market owner glared at her with his arms crossed. These fruits cost money to grow, you know. Maki immediately ran over as fast as she could, but it was a bit difficult due to the fact that she was wearing heels. Her family deserves to die! This girl is trying to save her family, and you treat her so rudely! The orange-haired female who was on the ground stood up. I was sure you hated me Even if we have barely talked. Also, call me Maki. Maki helped Honoka and her family settle in. This would be their last encounter for a while. Weeks and weeks passed, and Maki was getting used to not being stuck in the castle all day again. In fact, the royal family had probably forgotten about the threat since then. It

was as if it never existed. But, the threat was real. One day, when Maki was in her nightgown and about to go to bed, she heard a loud boom outside. Frightened, she looked outside her window to see that a cannon had hit the castle gate. She saw soldiers from another kingdom with guns, ready to attack. Immediately, the door opened. Maki turned to it and saw her head maid, Nozomi, with another maid, Eli. Her mother and father came out after her, all three of them then entering the carriage and riding away from the castle. Our soldiers should be heading out now. The kingdom was even hurting innocent people Maki then noticed something else. She immediately jumped out of the carriage, running down to her home, despite hearing her mother, father, and several guards calling for her to come back. She had to make sure her friend was okay. When she made it to the home, she saw that the home was tumbling down, the wood breaking into pieces and then falling. She thought they were all already dead, until she heard a soft voice say her name. Maki looked down and saw Honoka under some wooden planks, obviously stuck. Her eyes were glossy, and it was apparent that she had been crying. Maki kneeled down to make sure she was okay. The worried princess followed her eyes and saw what was left of the upstairs area wobbling, about to fall down on Honoka. Maki looked up and saw Nozomi and Eli, both with smiles on their faces. They set the large plank down on the ground next to them. Then, all three of them helped pull Honoka out, and just in time. As soon as Honoka was out, the whole building collapsed. Honoka hugged Maki, Maki wrapping her arms around the girl as well. Suddenly, they heard a gunshot not far away from them. Both girls pulled away, afraid. Honoka grabbed her hand and pulled her down the alley next to the collapsed building, then dragging the girl into the back of a shop behind the collapsed building. She gently pulled the girl down behind the counter. Honoka gulped, and then spoke. I really do want you to marry me. However, I realize that you were only three now and you were probably just speaking mindlessly, haha I love you, Honoka. I-I really want to marry you Eventually, the two girls began to lean in, both with closed eyes until their lips met and they shared a kiss. The author would like to thank you for your continued support. Your review has been posted.

Chapter 7 : my fabric relish: the peasant princess

Princess Adelaide Rose's life has been awfully dull. When a peasant girl gives her a coat one night while the palace has a small fire, she decides to seek out the find the girl. Her life is turned upside down as she learns about life on the other side of the gate, and ultimately falls in love.

The Princess and the Peasant Community Mar 27, Newmarket Era One fine morning in the early months of summer, a peasant had decided to take a walk through the forest near the cabin where he and his parents lived. He did this every morning before going to work, to help clear his mind and talk personally to God without interruption. Soon he became lost, and the sky grew shadowed over by treetops, but the peasant was not worried. But God did not answer his prayer right away, so the peasant resumed wandering down an unmarked path, hoping to find his way soon. There was a soft sound in the air, the peasant noticed after a while, and he stopped for a moment, to listen. Story continues below Soon the peasant found himself standing before an exit to the forest, and the sound had grown loud and clear to him. The sound, he discovered, came from a young, black-haired girl, who stood at a balcony above him. The girl stopped singing abruptly and tilted her head down at the peasant with a startled look. Shall I call my guards to come arrest you? What is your name, fair maiden? He immediately fell to one knee, and put his hat to his chest for respect. For I am not permitted to speak to commoners out of pleasure. Be waiting by your balcony this following Tuesday at 8: Your mother should be asleep by then. He saw the Princess Carlita standing at her balcony with her delicate chin resting in hand. The light of the lamp in her bedroom only made the princess more astounding to the peasant. What say you tonight? After a while, the princess became startled. Dash into the wood, and return on Thursday, at 8: And, as he promised, the peasant returned a few nights later. Dash into the wood, and return on Tuesday, at 8: For many weeks this went on, and both the princess and the peasant became excited about their meetings on the two days of the week, and soon they fell deeply in love, despite the distance and class differences between them. For the Lord is my father, and I must praise Him well. And these words he spoke were true. He loved her so much, that he would willingly die the most humiliating death, if it meant for his Carlita to live on for eternity. One day, when the beautiful princess was combing out her long, silky, black hair, her door was opened by a tall, handsome man, dressed in only the richest of clothing. Carlita immediately noticed this man, and lowered her brush. If you marry me, I will give you all you desire: We shall be wed at the best and largest chapel in all the land, and we shall invite all the world! He rushed through his dinner, for he had a new story for his fair love, and he wished for her to hear of it first, before he published it. For today, I witnessed her walking the streets, arms linked with the Duke of Dansberg. They looked so happy together. He saw the princess standing on her balcony, but her face was melancholy, and she had pain behind her eyes. But the princess did not respond, and this pained the peasant. Have I done something wrong? Nothing wrong have you done. Tom sighed softly and looked up at the princess. Her silence was unusual, and it caused him suspicion. What is your relationship with the Duke of Dansberg? Thomas, I swear to you, things between us are fine. I would never do you the harm of finding someone better. You are my one true love. And, to his despair, the princess was not standing on the balcony, waiting for him. Instead, her doors were closed. But Tom noticed a light through her window, and so he threw pebbles at the pane, but there was no response from inside the room. He picked up a handful of pebbles, and resumed to knock at her window with a few at a time, but stopped when he realized it was ten minutes to Friday. Thomas grew worried throughout the following day, and was too anxious about the princess to wait for Tuesday. He rushed through the wood to her balcony that night, but again, there was no sign of Carlita. So, in hopes of hearing from her, the peasant wrote her a quick letter, rolled it up, and threw it onto the balcony, right before the door. There had been no response from the princess, and the peasant returned to her tower every night since - But though she was not waiting for him, or responding to the pebbles at her window pane, it was obvious she was in her room. Two great horns bellowed out into the air, and the crowd around Thomas cheered enthusiastically. The sinking feeling returned to Thomas when two large, purple coaches came rolling towards them. The first one was the old Queen, who seemed like she was about to fall asleep. They waved to the people below, and it was then that poor Thomas

noticed that the two of them shared the same style of engagement ring. Without a word, the peasant fled from his father, and pushed passed as many people as he could. The forest was where he was headed, and for three days he would stay there, alone and in anguish. On the fourth day, a little while into the afternoon, a team of hunters came through the forest, with the thought of stag in mind for their feast that night. But instead they found Tom; sitting slumped against a tree. His head was lowered, and his hand was clutching tightly to the right side of his chest, where a deep shade of red had stained through his white tunic. Nor did he move. Another hunter peered closely at the peasant, and noticed something particular. For the boy has no heart! For the blood was indeed his own, but think. The blood was from his heart! I do wish to understand. There was also blood found on his chest, but no wound. I know now what happened; this boy had suffered so much anguish. Someone must have hurt him so much, that his life organ could not sustain the emotional strain. Whoever hurt him this much, could be nothing less of a monster. Now, a year-old small business owner, working in the web design field, Tim has written over nine novels and many poems and short stories.

PEASANT TO PRINCESS TRANSFORMATION! - A ROBLOX STORY Today we follow along the story of a poor girl who found her way to Royale High and became a princess:) If you want more transformation videos.

I seriously eyeballed the scallops lightly traced with a pencil, then measured up about 3 inches and repeated the scallops. Cut it out and serge or zigzag stitch the raw edges. Before you sew the skirt together, gather between the scallops and pin the gathers to the front of the skirt. I then sewed the gathered parts to the skirt front. Next I sewed the skirt front and back together and followed the rest of the pattern. Lastly, I added the large round buttons on top of the gathers. My little girl wanted big red rose buttons, but had to settle for traditional round ones. Okay, so in an attempt to use up my stash, I decided to go with gold satin for the Merida princess dress. That made things difficult for two reasonsâ€ 1. It slides all over the place making it hard to cut and sew. I may have dropped a couple of minor swear words during the process. I snagged it on the sewing needle, the end of my table, with my fingernail, and even on my dry flakey skin. That was kind of annoying. Now that my rant on satin is over, we can continue. I made the skirt and back of the bodice according to the pattern. I ironed it and then laid the pattern for the front of the bodice on it and cut and assembled according to the pattern. I folded it in half with right sides together and sewed down one side creating a tube. Then I stitched around all sides creating one big long sash. Find the middle of the sash and pin in to the front of the skirtâ€where ever you would like it. Sew into place and tie a loose knot. Create a 2 leaf shapes on the white poster board. Cut the leaves out of the green fabric and zigzag stitch or serge the raw edges. Now that you have hemmed the leaves, increase tension on your machine so that the fabric will pucker when you sew. I only did leaves on the front. Arrange the small leaves on the front of the bodice, lining them up with the bottom of the bodice at the raw edge and pin into place. I secured the small leaves to the bodice by sewing the point of the leaves in place. Attach the bodice and skirt according to pattern instructions. Pin the flower to the dress; make sure to take the flower off when you wash it thoughâ€thus the reason for the pin.

Chapter 9 : The Princess and the Fair Peasant Girl – The Compendium

Princess Elizabeth lived an ordinary royal princess life while Kim Edelweiss just stayed in the village and worked all day. But when the two girls met everything is about to change!

Even in the daylight with their blotched scalps and scrunched faces that gave the impression of crying sponges with toothless gums, they were very beautiful. Seeing as this daughter had blue eyes the queen was more than content to walk away with this one, as blue eyes were the trend with young princesses at the time. And so the queen walked off with one child in her arms, happy to be blessed so. This mother was very depressed and sullen, for both of her babies had died during the night. Being half-mad and as crafty as a rooster cocking before the dawn, the peasant mother took a baby from the infirmary on her way out. This child was the missing princess. This peasant could have been a princess herself maybe, if only she had the fashionable blue eyes. But, as the peasant markedly did not have blue eyes the princess felt no real threat to her beauty and, except for being a little jealous, she hardly offered thought to the said peasant girl. This entourage of trusted, chivalrous, handsome soldiery was vital to the court. But for in times of peace, such as at this time, the men who served the king had very little to do. This particular patrol were the archers, the most renowned of the knights for their skill and courage and ruggedly handsome looks. On this day the Archery Patrol had taken a slight detour upon their return. Their captain, the boldest, most chivalrous, most handsomest of them all, was also the youngest of the party. Perhaps it was because he was the youngest that he was the boldest, most chivalrous, most handsomest of them all. In any matter the young captain was the least of ages among the men who served him, and some were even old enough to be his father. But they all obeyed his command. The captain, upon growing weary of the same scenic route back to the castle each day, decided in his wisdom that today would be an altered course of retreat. So this was how the captain, at the head of a score of archers, came to see the fair peasant girl out running chores around her modestly shabby hut. Presently, the girl was feeding corn kernels to the chickens as the captain reigned up and sighted her, gleaming at once with instant love. It was like looking upon a princess, the captain thought. A princess dressed in filthy, heavy clothes, with mud caked onto her blistered, scabby feet, and a raw sunburn peeling on her slender, dirt-smudged neck and high, sallow, malnourished cheeks. This was a tantalizing sight indeed for the captain had peculiar love of having and for giving baths. The men, beholding what the captain could see and the low cut dress, which showed almost to her shins, were suddenly very eager and joyous to be out on patrol. Then, one day short of fourteen after the captain first laid his eyes and dreams onto the fair peasant girl, the captain came to the modestly shabby hut, which was on fire. The captain was returning late on his route to see the girl. The Archery Patrol had involved themselves in a rigorous chase in the fields, and had spent the bulk of the afternoon in drastic pursuit of a wild wilderbeast or fiend that, when caught at last by these trained masters of their art, was found to be a ferret. It was a very devious creature, that ferret. But regrettably the hour was late, and so at knife, arrow and short-spear-point they released the thing rather than hold it captive, lest they be home late for their supper. With haste, they sheathed their weapons and made for the castle at a canter. Everyone in the kingdom knew that it was a loathsome thing to do, to be late for supper. And so, the captain and his company came to the burning hut late that evening; had he not, this whole remarkably silly tale may have been graciously subdued. As previously alluded to, the captain of the Archery Patrol was the boldest, most chivalrous, most handsomest of them all. Rightfully, he did not hesitate to leap off his horse and spring forth towards the ill-fated hut. But then, tragedy struck its fearsome blow. The captain, despite his undoubted earnestness, suddenly felt an inconceivable, horribly hellish throb of pain in his right foot. Later, a slight reddish something that much looked like a bruise nearly appeared at the point of impact. The captain was helpless, for once the other boldest men of the Archery saw their captain fall, none dared to near the flames. The captain peered into the open doorway it had no hinges, so no door, and saw with utter terror the fair lady peasant lying silent near the stove amidst the smoke. She recalled seeing this most chivalrous, most handsomest man nearly two weeks before. She was fully in love with him, though it was very carefully hidden, being shy and humble and of low-income as she was. So, the fair peasant girl had taken to dreaming of

the fair captain of the Archery Patrol every night. And so for the past fortnight, the fair peasant girl had had little sleep until finally, she had simply fainted from exhaustion in front of her stove this evening while boiling soup. Realizing what she had done, the peasant girl was quickly on her feet. She rushed to the captain, who could not speak for the pain of his toe, and she picked him up with the force of one accustomed to carrying heavier buckets of kernelled corn and, like so, she carried the captain and splayed him over the rump of his royal horse before climbing onto the animal herself. The fair peasant was so acclimated to the ways of beasts that the horse thought little of this new stranger, nor of what this stranger had just laid on its arse. Then the patrol was in full gallop for the castle. The captain said nothing; he had by this time descended the old and rickety staircase of shock. The second boldest man now knew the truth of the ordeal. The horror of the sight turned him half-mad, and his horse, feeling what had become of its master, panicked at the threat. So the two flew off the road and into the surrounding fields. And so it was alone the fair peasant girl rode into the city. There she patted the horse and jumped down, looking about. Alas for the poor peasant, there was no face to be seen. It was supper time. Thinking that the multi-towered and many-staired castle was as good a place as any she hurried up the steps in search of aid. There was no one on the first landing, nor the second. Nor on the third or fourth or sixth. But on the twelfth landing the fair peasant came at last to company. She could hear a voice on the other side of a majestically carved door. Being a doorless peasant girl, she promptly opened it without knocking. The king of the land sat in splendor upon his throne. There was also another figure, all clad in slimming black, who stood before the king. The figure fell down the steps that lead to the throne. A peculiar clashing sound came with it; it was then the fair peasant beheld the knife the figure, seconds before, was about to yield. You have just saved my life! Everyone gasped their astonishment: Why the princess had turned assassin is difficult to say. Her soul had gone black with a cavity like a tooth exposed to too much sugar. She had apparently spent weeks of planning to assassinate the king. First, she needed to divert the Archery Patrol long enough to do the deed, lest they return early from their hunt. It was all very perplexing. You burnt down my hut! You tried to kill me. It smelled like burnt soup. Presently she lunged for it, somersaulted to her feet, and was ready to finish her deed and kill her father. Suddenly through the window, which the princess had irresponsibly left open when she had swung through it earlier, an arrow flew in. Dear My Liege, Kindly send down the guards after their supper to take me to my room. I have suffered a rather grievous injury, and I fear that I may not stand for many days. I shall take my meal in my living quarters. There may be a fair peasant girl around, and I mean to marry her as soon as she is found, and we both are to have a lovely bath. Signed, The Captain of the Archery Patrol Tim

The next day, the fair peasant girl was named the rightful princess and was wedded. This was a grandly joyous affair, with lots of cake. Happiness and people were all around; many took off half the day of labouring in celebration. A full half day! The king cried, a little in remorse for losing his only daughter, but mostly in gladness for gaining another one. This pleased him very much. Each in their turn was properly chasticed for missing their supper. The soup, forgotten in the hut that burnt itself out during the night, was, we the narrators regret to say, spoiled. The funeral of the other princess was eventually held, but no one attended it. Or something like that.