

A pair in the royal behind

Someone was ^{creeping} up the stairs! My heart stopped right there and then, the moment the door bashed up the wall, as heavy as weights and the face peered around the room. The boy in the cage across the other side of the room, terrified of me watching him, squished himself up the metal bars and held his breath...

The silhouette of a lanky, dangerous-looking, vague man stood in the door frame, dead silent and intrigued to see whether his kidnapped victim had escaped. The boy on the other side of the room looked like he was about to puke. The mysterious, suspicious man drew a torch from his back pocket and flicked it on. He shone it in every nook and cranny he could find and finally decided it was clear for him to go back upstairs. So he flicked off the torch, closed the door and huddled

back upstairs. That's when I started to wonder -- how I'd got on this rescue mission...

Half an hour earlier, which seemed like a year ago at the time, Mum and Dad told me to go and get myself an ice-cream for being good, so they gave me a twenty-pound note and set me off. I love ice-cream; it gives me brainfreeze. Anyway, once I'd reached the nearest ice-cream parlour, I started metaphorically gagging in my head. All the windows were smashed and the door had fallen off of its hinges. The sign had been obliterated by the teenage boys up the street. Then, an ear-splitting scream, coming from the parlour, rang in my ears like a gong. I saw a pale face in one of the smashed windows, and the scream was a cry for help...

I dashed inside to rescue the boy in the parlour. He hushed me and ordered me to hide behind the ice-cream freezer. Stunned at his confidence, Bob explained how he was heir to the throne of England.

"No wonder you're so confident!" I beamed.
"I thought I ordered you to hush, damsel!" Bob hissed.
"Sorry, Bob," I mumbled. And that's when we hear the kidnapper coming up the stairs...

"Oww," I groaned, "That's the seventh time you've stepped on my foot!" Bob and I were sneaking out of the door and down the street, back to my house.

"Sorry, damsel in distress," declared Bob.

"And for the last time, my name is Evangeline!"

I shrieked. Annoyingly, Bob was getting on my nerves, then, so I told him, "If you don't want your head on a spike, then SHUT UP and follow me!"

Once we'd got back to the house, Mum asked,

"Where's your ice-cream? And who's this you've brought to me? He looks ridiculous in those pantaloons!"

"That story's for another time," I sighed.

About 15 long, irratating minutes later, Bob's bodyguard arrived in a stylish limousine, looking more beastly than I'd ever seen. "Thanks for saving me," thanked Bob, "You're a lifesaver," After that adventure, Bob invited us to live with him in the palace, and asked me if I wanted to be his princess. Well, this is what I forever will be to my prince. A hero.