

The Tale of the Peasant Queen

by Danielle Dushek

Her story begins with one day's journey. Every year, the Peasant Queen leaves the confines of her solemn kingdom to hobnob with the owners of Bristol's finest shoppes, play chess for some new figurines, and help out the poor, needy, and lost wandering through the alleys in Kenosha's finest. Without the robes and colors of her kingdom adorning her, she can meander in and out of the crowd without being knelt at, hailed to, or sung about. If she is stealthy enough, she can even catch a good Mud Show eating Queen's Delight. It is often a hard task to sneak away, so she joined up with the Lunar Tribe in hopes to get some warrior training and nature convening in the moonlight. With secrets by night, she proudly wears her little clay button on her clothing and if asked, would surrender her name exposing her royal heritage to those smart enough to question it. Having started her life as a peasant, she enjoys heading back to the streets. There is in the heart of every person having changed their status a desire to return to one's roots. It keeps you grounded when daily routine consists of signing papers, planning feasts, and attending balls, the normal things queens of her caliber are forced to do during the days.

During her days at Bristol, she watches the joust and the weapons expo with a smile, secretly wishing she could drop the act and show her (now royally trained) skills. For when she was a young peasant child, she was watching a show and minding her own business when a busy lady in waiting walked by to flirt with a nearby knight. She left all the hints and casually tossed her white handkerchief from her bosom to the ground. The PQ was breathless. She had never seen anyone so brash to net a man. The knight, uninterested, left it to gather dust and turned to gaze at a lovely handmaid. The scorned lady in waiting huffed at him and fled the scene. With no one left to pick up the pieces, the PQ gathered the discarded favor and saved it from its fate as a post-faire rag. She thought that it would take a stronger woman to become a queen so she started training in martial arts, fencing, and whatever the locals were teaching for a few coins or trades. Eventually, she got stronger and having learned reading at a young age, excelled at tutoring and teaching herself various arts. These arts came in handy for competitions. Who better to judge them than the kings and queens of yesterdays?

In one such competition, an aging queen bequeathed her throne to the winner of a spelling bee, that winner being the Peasant Queen. The PQ's relentless studying had finally paid off, in a way that no one thought possible. It was only in fairy tales and made up stories that something so grand would happen to someone who came from so little. Without the need to marry into royalty, the Peasant Queen found her time was better spent working on justice and fair rules for the little people and took up a necessary royal "desk job" in her new castle. From then on, the PQ had to rule her kingdom day in and day out. It is only on special occasions where she can sneak away for a day's journey to get lost in a Bristol crowd. Finishing a small task list to save people from dragons seems like an easy feat having ruled a kingdom for several years. After all, every queen needs a little time to be less than royal every once in a while.