My lovely diary!

Today is the twentieth of April.

I went to the restaurant to meet my grandma. She had flown here in her own helicopter because she is the queen of a small country. I don’t like her very much. She is very strict. We were talking about my life, mum and the kingdom. I wasn’t very happy.

‘Why don’t you visit me and your dad? He is very sad. Henry has missed you so much,’ she told me. She always says that when we get together. ‘Why didn’t he fly to me with you?,’ I answered. ‘You know. He is very busy. He must take care of the kingdom.’ ‘Yes, yes. I have heard that thousands of times.’ I was a bit angry. ‘Why aren’t you eating anything?,’ suddenly she asked. ‘I’ve told you. I’m a vegetarian,’ I almost screamed. ‘Okay, okay,’ she replied. Then she didn’t say a thing.

I came back home to my mum.

‘How was the dinner?,’ she asked. ‘Like always. Grandmother was talking about my father and her kingdom all the time,’ I said. ‘Why are you sad? Is something wrong?’ ‘Why hasn’t my father visited me?’ ‘You know. He is busy.’ ‘You always say that. Just like my grandma. You can tell me the truth. I’m not a small child.’ ‘Your dad is ill. He has got cancer and you are the only heir to the throne. Your grandma has come here to give you lessons.’ ‘What? My dad is really ill and I didn’t know that ?! Why didn’t you tell me  earlier ? I must visit him.’ I was angry. ‘Your grandmother and I didn’t tell you this because we knew that you would be sad. You can’t go to your father. You must learn.’ ‘Yes, but he can die. Mum, please….’ ‘Okay. You can go there but only for a week.’ ‘Thank you. You are the best mum in the world.’ ‘I hope so. Call your grandma.’

I called my grandmother. She said that we would go to her kingdom tomorrow. I was worried a bit. I haven’t seen my father for four years.

My lovely diary!

Today is the twenty-first of April. I am in my grandmother’s helicopter. We have just flown over the Atlantic Ocean. I was scared a bit. My grandparent is giving me lessons and she is thinking that I am writing and listening to her. I am concerned, too. I will meet my father soon.

‘Scarlet are you listening to me? Those things are very important. You need to know that,’ suddenly I heard my grandma’s scream. ‘I’m so sorry grandma. I am thinking about my dad. Can we finish our lessons for today?’ ‘Okay but when we land you will follow everything attentively  and as I say.’ ‘Okay, okay. I love you. What time will we finally reach the kingdom?’ ‘We should be there in an hour or so I suppose,’ said my grandma. ‘Take care of my dog,’ she said and fell asleep in the twinkling of an eye.

My lovely diary!

It’s ten p.m. I met my father today. He looked genuinely happy. We ate dinner together and talked a lot. My grandma wanted to give me yet another lesson but my father said he would spend more time with me. I was over the moon when I heard that I wouldn’t have classes. I flew here to meet my father, not to be a princess, but my grandma thinks otherwise. She wants to organize a party. She said I should meet some queens and kings. She invited Elizabeth II with her children and grandsons. She said that Queen Elizabeth is the most important person for her kingdom and she must get to like me. I was under stress. I had always dreamt of meeting Elizabeth II. I admire her. She is perfect. Okay, I must go to bed. My grandma says I will go shopping tomorrow. Maybe she will buy me a new tracksuit.

My lovely diary!

Today is the twenty-second of April.

I came back from shopping. It wasn’t fun for me. We were buying a dress. I don’t like dresses. They are uncomfortable but my grandma said that I would have to  wear a dress whenever I am in the kingdom. It’s a royal duty. I was at a  hairdresser’s, because my grandma said my hairstyle was ugly and unfashionable. Somehow I believe her as I hadn’t been at a hairdresser’s for four years. After that we went home.

‘So, how do you like your new look?’ she asked. ‘I don’t know. It isn’t my style.’ ‘Don’t turn your nose up at that. You are lucky. Many girls can only dream about something like that.’ ‘What are you talking about?’ ‘Wow. You look like a princess,’ said my dad. ‘Thank you. Remember that I actually happen to be a princess.’

‘I always forget.’ ‘Okay. If you are the princess you should learn how to act appropriately. So go to my room and wait there for me. We will have a lesson.’ ‘What? I want to spend this day with my dad.’ ‘I know. You spent together all day yesterday.’ ‘But only two hours...’ ‘Okay. However you must listen to me.

- Yeah, yeah.

And we had lessons.

Again.

My lovely diary!

Today is the twenty-third of April. I’ve got my first party today. I will meet Queen Elizabeth II. I am nervous. I must be ideal. She must get to like me. My grandma is preparing my clothes. Everybody is running everywhere.  I have to go. My grandma is calling me.

My lovely diary!

It’s eleven pm. The party is over. It was fantastic but my grandmother isn’t pleased. I think she can’t sleep because I was impolite a bit. I forgot full names and titles of kings and which fork is for which salad. When I wanted to get up I tripped over and fell down. When I saw my grandma’s glare I ran out. I was crying in the bathroom when I heard something. It was Queen Elizabeth II.

‘Why are you crying?’ she asked. ‘I was naughty. I wanted to be perfect. Just like you, ma’am. I’m afraid my grandma won’t be glad,’ I sighed. ‘Listen to me. You are a  fantastic young person,’ she replied. ‘I should have stayed in New York. Why have I come here in the first place ? ‘You came here because you are the princess and you should be proud of who you are. When I was younger I didn’t care about  the rules and the protocol. I was myself. Just myself. My mother wasn’t happy either. Just like your grandma. Everything changed when I went with my mother to ‘work’. When I saw how important her job was I wanted to be just like her – perfect, beautiful and smart.’ ‘And you are. I would like to be you.’ ‘Oh thank you. You are so kind. I am who I am because my family have helped and supported me. So remember - you can be a fantastic, perfect and smart Queen. You must do whatever makes you happy. Now,  will you go with me to the party? Maybe your grandma won’t be cross.’ ‘Okay. Is it as bad as I think?’ ‘No. It is worse.’ ‘Oh, no, why?’ ‘I’m just kidding. She can’t scream at you. She must behave like the Queen.’ ‘Okay. That’s why I like parties.’ ‘Maybe I will stay here for a few more days.’ ‘You can. It will be fantastic! Oh sorry. I shouldn’t shout that loud.’

And so we went to the party. It was a lot of fun. If you can say that about a  party with classical music and dances. I must go to sleep. Tomorrow at 8.30 I am having breakfast with Queen Elizabeth. It will be cool !

My lovely diary!

Today is the twenty-sixth of April. I am in my grandma’s helicopter. We are flying to New York. I must come back to school. The last two days I spent with Queen Elizabeth II, my grandmother and my dad. It was fantastic. We were talking a lot but the queen had to go back to England. My grandma is very proud of me.

Yesterday my dad and I went horse riding. It was great. I was riding a horse called Hope. It was black and it had a long dark tail. It is the most beautiful horse I have ever seen. My dad was riding a Lightning. It wasn’t as stunning as my horse.  It was dark brown  with a black tail. We were riding along the seashore and we saw an amazing sunset. It was the best day in my father’s kingdom. I want to come here for my holidays but now I must study.

‘Why are you coming to New York with me grandma?’ ‘Because you didn’t want to learn how to be a princess in the past few days. You need to know how to behave properly and act with grace. You have to be a perfect princess now and an amazing queen in the future.’ ‘Yes, yes, I know.’ ‘I hope so.’

My lovely diary

We are landing now.

My mum is waiting for me.

Wait, there is someone next to my mother...

Who is it?

I am getting out of the helicopter.

‘Oh there she is. I missed you so much Scarlet.’ said my mum – I need to introduce you to my boyfriend.

Suddenly I realize that I know who he is.

It’s my maths teacher!

Oh no!