

Princess on Holiday

10:30 AM, Saturday, December 27, The Queen's Library

Right now Mme Bertrand is gawping at some ancient armor worn by one of my ancestors--my grandfather times sixty, I think. I am sitting at a table in the Biography section of the library, which is not far from the armor exhibit. It was just me, baby Amelia, and Mme Bertrand. Monsieur Bertrand will be back this afternoon. They said they'd let me stay with them until dinner time (whenever that is) until I can find out where my tour group is staying. Yes, she totally bought it.

There is no queen of Genovia, this being a principality. But several hundred years ago, the Queen of France built this library for the Genovians and in turn they named it after her. Did I mention that she did this for free? AND paid for the books that first filled up this library? I guess some queens were actually cool, not like greedy Marie Antoinette.

This is our first stop. It is really, really nice and on the way here Mme Bertrand told me all about how they came to live here. First, she and her husband were born in France, and they met while in college. After graduation, they got married and moved to Monaco. That didn't last very long, because Mr. Bertrand got a better job offer in Genovia, teaching at the national university. Then, in their first year of teaching, Mme Bertrand got pregnant and of course, had the baby. Shortly after that she quit teaching third-year students to take care of her baby. She says that when baby Amelia is old enough for day care she will resume her job.

Anyway, the library is huge and has books in many, many languages. I saw several books on Princess Grace, Grandmère's idol. I saw several on Princess Diana too. I haven't gotten a chance to look at the other sections, but their Biography section is well-stocked.

I was flipping through Paris Match and you wouldn't believe the stuff they're writing about. They're pairing up Princess Madeleine of Sweden with Prince William, and speculating as to how their children are going to look. They're pairing ME with Madeleine's older brother Carl Philip, Andrea Casiraghi of Monaco, AND Prince Harry. HOW embarrassing. It makes me look like a total player or something. Hello, I already have a boyfriend, and furthermore, I'm a one-man woman, thank you very much. As if any of them would have a chance anyway.

I finally saw what Andrea looked like, since I was supposed to meet him and all, and I must say, he's pretty good looking for a guy with such a...feminine name. I'm sorry, but 'Andrea' has always been a girl's name for me.

But wait, there's more crazy pairings. Prince Felipe of Spain (technically Prince of the Asturias and a bunch of other places) is apparently being paired with Crown Princess Victoria of Sweden--and they're pairing her

with Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark and Prince Nikolaos of Greece (I hope I spelled that right).

Let's not get into who Princess Alexandra of Hanover is being paired with, okay? She's just a toddler for goodness' sake, and they're already pairing her up!

And it's not just Paris Match, it's a bunch of German magazines too. The German magazines are worse--they doctor images so it looks like their royal dream couple are holding hands or hugging each other! They've got ME in with Prince Harry! OH MY GOD!

Sorry, I got carried away. I did look through People magazine and they're wondering who my boyfriend is, if I have one. I hate being written about, but I don't care if the world knows I am madly in love with Michael. If they do, maybe all these magazines will stop pairing me with total strangers.

Michael would've LOVED this library. It is full of books on all kinds of subjects; in any language you can think of, plus they're all in great condition and are easy to find. Then there's the massive magazine archive, with magazines from all over the world dating back to 1980 (and even further back for the more established ones), an equally massive newspaper archive, and a kick-ass online computer database with even MORE resources. Michael would've been in heaven. I am going to have to get him a membership before I leave Genovia.

Mme Bertrand is coming back from the ancient armor. I'd better stop now.

11:45 AM, Saturday, December 27, The pier, sitting on a bench.

Back to the pier. Marie, Mme Bertrand's first name (she told me I could call her Marie, from now on) is showing Amelia the ships in the harbor. There's a yacht from Italy, and it looks as if there was a party going on.

Marie asked me what it was like to live in America. I told her that in America, people are a little more conservative about sex and sexuality, but at the same time they're obsessed with it. I also told her that laws are slightly different in every state. Every state is different, yet also has similarities that bind and unite us as a whole. We're all Americans, but each state has it's own flag, flower, bird, song, and government. Marie got a little confused at that, so I explained that it was like the city government of Paris. The state government handles affairs of the state, yet has to abide by federal laws (that apply to the entire country) and state laws must be within the federal law. We both got bored with the government talk, so we turned to contemporary culture.

"There are so many cars in America, and pollution is becoming a problem. People just dump garbage on the side of the road and anywhere else they fancy. It is very annoying, and very lazy to say the least. I mean,

that's what garbage cans are for," I said, but it was all in French. Marie isn't so good with English, so we converse in French. She says there's loads of things about France she misses, but what she loves about Genovia (and Monaco) is the security and tax-free environment. I mean, both principalities are very wealthy, so they have no need to tax the citizens, because they already have enough of it. I told her that for awhile America had a massive budget deficit, but near the end of the Clinton administration we had a surplus. Things aren't so great now with the whole war on terrorism--economically, I mean.

It is quite sunny outside. Not hot, though--it's kinda chilly. Thank goodness I was smart enough to bring a jacket. Marie has just told me we're going to go see a play at the theater--*Othello*. I just love Shakespeare. I can't wait.

1:00 PM, Saturday, December 27, Princesse Rosagunde Theatre exit

This theater was named after Rosagunde, the first princess of Genovia. Apparently she was really into the arts.

I think I am being watched. I've seen this tall, blonde guy in a trench coat and a dark-skinned, short Arab-looking guy everywhere we go. It is absolutely creepy. Maybe I was right--maybe Marie is working for the palace, and the two guys are detectives waiting for the perfect time to grab me and drag me back to the palace--kicking and screaming, because that is what I will be doing on my way there.

I fully plan to go back to the palace this evening, when Mr. Bertrand comes home from university. I will. Perhaps I will sneak out tomorrow too...get some solitary shopping done.

1:30 PM, Saturday, December 27, Tomb of the Unknown Soldier

This place is really sad. It's along the beach, in a cave. Unidentified soldiers from all of Genovia's wars (especially World War II) are buried here. It is quiet, cold, and peaceful here.

I have been thinking about Michael all day--wondering if he would've liked the French version of *Othello* (probably, even though he can't understand much French--and I could've translated for him), the pier, the library, the palace, the little cafe we had lunch at before going to the theater...I cannot live without him. I miss him so much, it's not even funny.

Why It Sucks To Be Parted From Your True Love

1. Nobody to share your innermost thoughts with.
2. Can't hang out with someone your age.
3. Nobody to experience these amazing...experiences with. Like this tomb, or the French *Othello*, or the library.
4. Michael isn't here to comfort me; to make me feel safe because those two guys are REALLY creeping

me out.

5. I have seen so many couples while walking down the streets of Genovia, and at the cafe, and just about every where else. I have no one to kiss or hold hands with, and it really sucks. I feel like such an outcast.
6. Nobody to joke with.
7. Absolutely no romance whatsoever. Nobody to hold doors open for you, nobody to tell you they love you (to your face, because e-mails aren't that romantic).
8. I can't gaze into that adorable face whenever I want to. I can't gaze into it at all because of the huge, gaping Atlantic Ocean that separates us.
9. This is just for me...nobody to translate French for. I mean, I like translating French stuff for Michael...it's so...romantic.
10. Nobody to cuddle me on those cold, lonely nights (although if he were here, the nights wouldn't be lonely).

This tomb is amazing. I am definitely coming back. It makes me feel really calm, and brave--I feel as if I can take on anything.

2:13 PM, Saturday December 27, Christmas Carnival

This day is turning out great. I love it. No photographers or journalists (can you believe it?! I *still* haven't been recognized!). Nobody gaping at me, wondering if I am the Princess of Genovia or Ivanka Trump (scratch that; I've had three people ask me if I'm Ivanka Trump--weird, because doesn't she have long hair? My hair *STILL* hasn't grown out)--who is a member of that wealthy American family Marie mentioned. Interesting, I didn't know she was missing. And no Lars, so it's been great so far.

I am still suspicious of Marie, and those two goons who have been following us ALL DAY. I am tempted to turn around and ask them what the big deal is.

Right now Marie, Amelia and I are on the Ferris wheel. It is totally awesome up here--I can see France, Italy, and Genovia all from up here. I can see the palace in the distance...I wonder how they all feel right now. I mean, with me running away and all.

2:45 PM, Still Saturday, in Marie's car.

OH. MY. GOD. I cannot believe what just happened.

Marie and Amelia go to get us some ice cream when the two goons walk up to me. They tell me they're from the palace, and that they've been shadowing me all day. I was sitting on a bench, staring up at the rollercoaster, wondering if Michael would ride it with me when they slowly, calmly walk up to me. One of them said to me in English, "Hello, Princess. We've come to take you back. Come with us, and don't make a scene." I told them to F-off, and then one of them grabbed me. I think it was the blonde one. I started

wailing and Marie came running up to me with her baby, who started crying when she saw the goons man-handling me. She told them to get the hell off me and then we started to run.

She asked me who they were and I said I don't know; they must be crazed stalkers because they've been shadowing us all day. We ran to the parking lot and into Marie's car. The goons were still behind us.

She guns the engine and we go screeching off, and right now we're driving into a small Italian village, because there aren't any petrol stations near the carnival (it *was* on the border).

Oh, we've pulled up to the station. I looked behind me and they're not there. Thank god. That was a close one. I should believe what happened--and should be surprised it took them THAT long to find me. I mean, if Prince William tried this he wouldn't have gotten very far. I heard he has some tracking device implanted in his neck or something. Creepy. I hope my father doesn't decide to have some silicon chip implanted in my neck.

I sincerely hope I get a new baby sister. I have had a lot of fun with baby Amelia today. We got her this cute little teddy bear that sings and who's eyes light up when you press it's belly. It is so cute.

I wonder why Marie would take in a total stranger and show her around the principality, without questioning her 'story'. Something is obviously amiss.

3:00 PM. Saturday (still), in Marie's car driving back to Genovia

Okay. Marie and I had a bit of a discussion. She told me that she knew who I was when she and her husband were walking their daughter on the pier last night. She and her husband discussed it and thought it would be a good idea to take me home, and give me a rest from royal life.

She told me that she felt so sorry that I had no time to myself, and that I couldn't go home when I wanted to. She said that the purpose of today's 'tour' was to show me enough of Genovia for me to consider it home. I mean, I've seen Genovia before--the expensive shops Grandmère takes me to and the palace, but that's it. I thanked her for the whole day, and she told me there was more to come. I apologized for lying, and she was so nice about it.

I told her I could stay until dinner, and that I'd have to go because everyone at the palace must be worried sick. She said that was the right thing to do. I agree with her--as much as I want to stay out, I must go back because I must've thrown a huge monkey-wrench in the huge machine that is the monarchy.