

One fine year, during the spring a kindly old king announced that he would consider suitors for his beautiful daughters' hand. This king controlled one of the largest and most prosperous kingdoms in the land. The suitor who won the princesses' hand would also win the heirhood to the throne.

The suitor would be selected by the princess herself, whichever one caused her to fall in love with him would then marry her.

A man came from the dark hills of Tronte, where the greatest warriors are bred. Even among his own folk, he was considered great. To show his dedication he went and slew a mighty dragon for the princess. He defeated a dozen of the fiercest warriors of the kingdom, and an unarmèd, Re QerF0r~2~ m~ny f!3ats to show his strength. But the princess left the princess disinterested. He finally went away shamed and dejected.

Another man came from the gentle forests of Fribululu, the land of poets and sensitive folk. He serenaded the princess from under her balcony, every night. He composed beautiful, gentle, touching poetry for her. He painted her masterpieces and built her monuments. She was touched by his gentleness, but she gradually became bored by his endeavors. He continued to devote himself to her every whim for months until she became constantly annoyed by him, and eventually cruelly turned him away. He was so grieved by this rejection that he flung himself off a nearby precipice.

Eventually the lovely princess was taken gladly into love with a third-rate, middle-aged, homely looking clerk in her father's administration, who happened to be delivering a message. They

ran off and lived a happy, though mediocre life together.

There's no accounting for taste.