

How Philip the Great and Flora the Kind Came to Be

by Elle Uldrich

Prince Philip XVIII went to his father, Philip XVI, asking for three dozen worthy men. He was planning a voyage to Carlecurd. His father quickly set about this chore by sending out a decree asking all brave young men to come and prove their bravery. Only thirty-five men would be chosen for the prince had decided that his best friend, Carl, would be the thirty-sixth. Unfortunately, thirty-five men planned tricks on the others, making sure they were chosen. After a month at sea, they stranded Prince Philip in a little boat and headed for the closest land they could find. They killed Carl.

Meanwhile, Flora was on a small island cooking her breakfast over a fire. She had been shipwrecked on the island for nine years. Or was it ten? She didn't know. Only one exciting thing had happened. She had found two hurt birds and cared for them. When they were well, they transformed into two magnificent leopards. They were able to switch from bird to leopard whenever they wanted. From that day forward, the birds were with her continuously.

Flora finished her breakfast and headed out for a brisk walk. The two birds, Malcessa and Josteline, followed her as she came to her favorite spot and sat down to rest. While she was gazing out to sea, she noticed a dot on the horizon. It came closer and closer. She strained her eyes to see. There was a man in the boat! She quickly hid herself and had Malcessa watch from a branch. She got her bow ready and waited. A fourth mile out, there had once been a wall. Now it was a few feet under water and hardly visible. The boat crashed and the man washed up on the shore unconscious. Flora had the birds transform and laid a blanket on their backs. She

placed the man on the blanket and climbed onto Josteline. They went to a cave and she made a bed for him. After he stirred and awoke, she gave him the breakfast she had made.

“Who are you?” Philip demanded.

“That I will not tell you,” she replied.

“Bring me my sword,” he ordered.

“I refuse,” said Flora sternly as she knocked his food to the ground. “That . . . is your meal,” she said pointing, and turned her back to her work.

He eyed the food hungrily and said, “Forgive me if you will, and give me clean food. My actions were wrong,” then added, “I am Prince Philip XVII.”

She turned to him and said simply, “I am Flora.” Then she handed him some clean food.

Over time, Flora nursed Philip back to health and he began to build a boat just big enough for Flora, himself, and the two birds. She gathered supplies and made some weapons. A year later, they were ready to sail. They had no idea what awaited them. (Meanwhile, Philip’s father was murdered and the kingdom was handed over to one man, the man who had murdered thirty-four others.)

Their voyage was very exciting, but that is a story in itself, so we will skip to our traveler’s boat landing on what they thought was King Philip’s beach. They arrived by cover of night and hid. After resting for one day, they planned their next move. Soon all the subjects joined them plus Malcessa and Josteline. After a month of preparation, they headed to the castle. Philip mounted Malcessa and Flora mounted Josteline. The people followed heading straight for the throne room as if they owned the place. Everyone but Flora and Josteline rushed in. Flora climbed off Josteline as she said a quick prayer. Josteline turned into a bird and Flora handed her a remedy from the island that could heal any wound. Then, she hid behind a pillar and got

her bow ready. The bird was doing her job well, healing dozens, and after an hour the other side started to pay the price. She glanced at Philip and shot a man who was about to kill him. Suddenly, an arrow came and hit Josteline. The bird fell and Flora ran to her just as the last traitor was killed. Malcessa took the remedy and tended to the rest of the men. The people went off to celebrate. Philip was very excited though his face dropped as he saw Flora lovingly holding the dead bird. He came up behind her and put his hand on her shoulder. She set the bird down and turned to him as he put his other hand on her shoulder. She fell into his arms.

Though their entire lineage was blessed, no one ever lived up to Philip the Great and Flora the Kind.