Summary:

Easy Reader
Prince William Maximilian and Me

Anything can happen one fine day — especially if you're thirteen years old and in love for the very first time. Mark, the handsome and popular captain of the school basketball team, is the object of the narrator's desire. But more than anything else our narrator hopes to get rid of her ugly orthopedic shoes. She's pigeon-toed. If she only learned to walk straight she might win Mark and maybe even become a cheerleader. The day arrives on which it seems as if the narrator's dreams will come true, but as luck has it, disaster strikes.

Extract:

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After school that day my heart *raced* down the school steps faster than my feet. I couldn't wait to get home to my own computer. As usual, I met Cassie at the front *exit*.

"I'm in love," were the first words out of my mouth.

"Who's it this time?" she asked, bored.

"What do you think of Prince William?"

"I don't know," she said. "What does he sing?"

"Sing?"

"Rap, rock, reggae?"

"Cassie, he's not a singer. He's a prince. Prince William is the future king of England."

"Oh, that Prince William."

"What do you mean 'that' Prince William. He's the one and only Prince William. And when I marry him, I'll be Princess Nelly of Wales."

"Number one, his father is the Prince of Wales at the moment, so you can forget it. And number two, William is not the future king of England."

"Yes he is!" I said.

"He's the future king of Great Britain. There's a difference."

"You know what I mean."

to race: to walk very fast
exit: the door where you go out of a building or a room

"And besides, he'd never marry an American," she went on. "If he did, he might have to *abdicate*."

"Abdicate?"

"Give up the *throne*."

"Big deal. So then we'll move to New York. We could get one of those penthouses on Central Park West. And build a swimming pool in the basement. Wills is a very good swimmer, you know."

We walked a few steps in silence. "So what do you think of him?" I asked again.

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing."

"How could you say that? He happens to be the most *attractive* member of the British royal family."

"It doesn't take much to be attractive in that family."

She was right. I thought of Wills's father, Prince Charles, and his ears and nose, and we had a good laugh. But then Cassie looked at me with a serious look on her face and said, "Why William?"

"I like intelligent men. He goes to Eton. It's one of England's finest schools."

"I read that he's not so *smart*, but his younger brother Harry is."

"But Harry is not going to be the king of England!"

"Great Britain, Nelly. The king of Great Britain—But why is it so important to you that William will be king?" Cassie was walking very fast now.

"First of all, you can call him Wills. Everyone does," I said. "Second of all, if he became king and we got married I'd be Queen Nelly and very rich. And third of all, stop walking so fast!"

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to abdicate: to give up the crown or say no to being king
throne: the chair on which the king or queen sits
attractive: good-looking
smart: clever; intelligent

"Would being rich solve your problems? Would you be a happier person if you had more money?" Not only was Cassie walking fast, but her voice was getting very loud.

"Well my mother would be happier. She'd stop *nagging* my father about getting a job. It just breaks my heart that he tries so hard and gets so little in return."

"Nelly, the only reason why you like Wills is because he's famous and has money and happens to have a nice smile. But don't you think he should prove himself first? At least if he was good at something I could understand."

"They say he's an excellent hunter."

Cassie stopped walking. "An excellent hunter? He kills animals?! Do you know what he would do if he saw one of those brontosauruses on the street that you love so much? He'd kill it in a second and then *parade* it down Fifth Avenue!"

"If I saw one of those brontosauruses on the street I'd kill it in a second too."

to nag: to say something over and over again until it annoys the listener
to parade: to show something for everyone to see