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# Princes and Priscilla

## By Ruth Nestvold

8 April 2002

Long ago and far away in a magical kingdom (which will remain nameless) lived the most beautiful princess in the world. One day, this young lady's fairy godmother decided to cut short a ten-year vacation in the Bahamas to pay a visit: the stories of Priscilla's beauty had made it all the way to the Caribbean. The fairy, Fanny by name, wasn't disappointed in her godchild. With her hair of spun gold, her soft cheek with just the right blush, her eyes the color of sapphires -- as well as a figure men referred to as "stacked" -- Priscilla was everything one could want in a princess.

"Why, my dear! You've grown into quite a beauty!" the fairy exclaimed.

Priscilla looked up from the royal accounts, irritation passing over her fair features. "So I hear."

This response didn't exactly throw the fairy godmother into fits of rapture. She planted plump hands on plump hips and surveyed the princess critically. "Now what kind of an answer is that?"

Priscilla shrugged. "Well, I do hear it. Seems to be the only thing anyone can agree on about me." Under her breath she added, "And the only thing anyone cares about."

The fairy crossed her arms in front of her chest. "Where are your manners, girl? You may be beautiful, but you're not supposed to admit it!"

"Oh, don't be so tiresome, Fanny." Priscilla looked away to gaze out the window above her desk at the purple mountains to the east.

"You're not even supposed to know it!"

"How can I possibly avoid knowing it? All

## [Before Paphos](#)

by Loretta Casteen

8 January 2007

It starts again. The baby begins to cough and choke.

## [Locked Doors](#)

by Stephanie Burgis

1 January 2007

*You can never let anyone suspect*, his mother told him. That was the first rule she taught him, and the last, before she left him here alone with It.

## [Heroic Measures](#)

by Matthew Johnson

18 December 2006

Pale as he was, it was hard to believe he would never rise from this bed. Even in the darkest times, she had never really feared for him; he had always been strong, so strong.

## [Love Among the Talus](#)

by Elizabeth Bear

11 December 2006

Nilufer raised her eyes to his. It was not what women did to men, but she was a princess, and he was only a bandit. "I want to be a Witch," she said. "A Witch and not a Queen. I wish to be not loved, but wise. Tell your bandit lord, if he can give me that, I might accept his gift."

## [Archived Fiction Dating back to 9/1/00](#)

