Student	Myla Hawkins-Baxley, FCMS, 8th Grade
Title	Anne
Result	2nd Place

Anne

This is the story about Anne; Anne Roosevelt Smith, whose life soon changed when she decided to make a decision that would change her life forever.

It was just a Sunday afternoon, November 12, in France, Europe, 1879. Anne was in her bedroom, in the Roosevelt Palace, getting ready to meet whom she will marry in the next few days; Prince Arthur. Though rumor has it that Prince Arthur the IV was not a very pleasant person; he is often portrayed as an arrogant person. Impatient, bitter, deceitful, anything cruel that a person could describe him as.

This made Anne nervous which was rare because she is usually confident and determined; but not this time. Today was different.

“What if he doesn’t like me, Ms. Ginny?” Anne asks.

Ms. Ginny, Anne’s personal maid, about 46 years old; looks up at Anne with a stern look.

“What is there not to like about you, madam? You’re confident, determined, and not afraid to stand out when you need to.” Ms. Ginny replies..

“Yeah, but what if he doesn’t like that? What if I don’t fit his expectations of a lover?” Anne asks once again but with genuine concern.

As soon as Ms. Ginny finally finished helping Anne into her gown, she turned Anne to face the mirror. Her face was firm and filled with slight determination.

“As I said before, Anne. It doesn’t matter, and I always told you to stop doubting yourself over this! You’re the most talented this kingdom has ever seen and I’ll be darned if you don’t see it that way.” Ms. Ginny replies.

Anne thought about what Ms. Ginny said and sighs. She is still worried about it and decided that she needs some time alone. With Ms. Ginny leaving her bedroom; Anne walks closer to the mirror to take a glimpse at herself.

Anne's dress was the most beautiful gown a princess could ever wear; a nice, emerald green, royal, Victorian dress. It contains gold and white, silky, ruffle trims around the back of the dress which trails down to the train of her dress. It also contains a beautiful, lacy, emerald green, Victorian blouse; with flare sleeves, gold buttons, and gold ruffle trims around the end of the sleeves but it is forearm lengthened. Lastly, it contains a gold and pearly-white, lacy trim, neckline.

“What a beautiful dress…too bad there’s someone like me wearing it.” Anne says softly.

Anne puts on a nervous smile in the mirror, her eyes trailing to her exquisite tiara, sitting on a velvet mini plush pillow.

You can do this, Anne…you can do this. She thought.

Anne grabs her tiara, placing it perfectly on top of her curly brown hair. She looks in the mirror once more, her light blue eyes filled with nervousness, sighing deeply and soothing out her dress.

By drinking water, Anne calms down. She walks out of her bedroom at a graceful pace, ready to face the man who will soon become her husband.

“Madam, I trust that you are all set?” Alfred asks Anne.

Alfred is a loyal butler in the Roosevelt family, he’s been working there since Anne's father was a little boy. Alfred is about in his mid 60s and always wears a tailored, black, suit, with mini white gloves. He has gray hair that is always pushed back, and wears his black, round glasses that are perched on his nose. Hands always behind his back.

“Yes I am, Alfred. I'm just a little nervous.” Anne replies.

“Oh don’t you fret, madam. You’ll be swell.” Alfred says.

Anne gave Alfred a graceful curtsy. Turning away from him, she continues to walk until she reaches the top of the stairs. Step by step, she walks down the stairs, stopping just at the grand door of the living room. Exhaling, she opens the door; seeing her father, Mr. Roosevelt, and her Mother Mrs. Smith. Beside them stood the ever cruel Prince Arthur; though the prince doesn’t even look like half of what the people and towns-folks describe him.

Prince Arthur is six feet tall; with a charming face, chiseled features, and a french hairstyle. His clothing style includes a royal blue coat that covers a white waistcoat and black, slim’ breeches,

and heeled booties shoes which look like they were made in the early 1870s. His posture is the same as Alfred, but with a little more straightness.

“You must be Anne? Right? I heard wonderful things about you.” Prince Arthur said with a soft but firm smile.

“Why thank you sir, I have heard things about you too.” Anne replied.

Prince Arthur looks at Anne with confusion and lets out a deep chuckle. Turning his body towards her.

“Please, call me Arthur. I can’t have my soon-to-be wife calling me something so formal!” Arthur responded.

Anne just smiles before nodding and looks over towards where her parents were standing as they just smiled back at her, silently encouraging her to engage.

Prince Arthur, sensing the tension from Anne, decided to put matters into his own hands, holding an arm towards Anne.

“Shall we take a walk, m’lady?” Arthur asked with a tilt of his head.

Anne nodded and slowly took Arthur's arm, walking at the same pace with him.

“We shall.” Anne says.

Anne and Arthur began to walk out of the living room, towards the front yard, and in the garden. Arthur notices that Anne's arm slipped from around him as she walks farther in the garden. The sun casting beautifully over her pale features; her blue eyes roamed over the garden's flowers and roses, gently caressing the petals on her favorite flower; lilies.

Prince Arthur looks at Anne with a smile, chuckling and walking towards her.

“Firgure you like lilies?” He asked.

“Yes…I find them highly beautiful.” Anne replies, smiling and still caressing the lilies.

“Noted.” Arthur said with a nod.

Six months later, Anne and Arthur finally married, with Arthur living in the Palace now.

Anne was just sitting in her library room, reading her favorite book; a book of wisdom. When all of a sudden, Arthur knocks on the massive front door of the palace, Anne, heart swelling with joy, quickly drops her book before opening the door, smiling and hugging him.

“I missed you, dear!” Anne says.

“I missed ya too, hun.” Arthur replies.

That’s when Arthur pulled out a bouquet of lilies, smiling with joy and tilting his head a little.

“For my lovely wife, Anne.” He says, handing it towards Anne who gracefully took the lilies.

“Thank you, oh how lovely they look!” She responded.

Arthur smiles and with a quick moment, he caresses Anne's face only to lean in and give her a long kiss on the cheek, then, on her hand. Smiling, Anne gives him a quick peck on the lips before pulling away.

“I love you, Arthur…” Anne whispers softly.

“I love you too, m’lady…” Arthur says, smiling once again.

A couple of hours later, with Arthur being in his study room, Anne sat once again in her library until a note caught her eye. Slowly, she picks up the note, unfolding it, and starts to read it.

Dear Anne,

If you are reading this, then that means that you have today until you finally decide, my dear. I gave you 6 months; even let you marry that man. So who will it be, huh? Me or Arthur? I’ll be there in a few moments to discuss with you and him about farther more.

Signed–Lloyd.

Anne eyes widen; hastily, she drops the note, only to whip her head around towards the front door which had a loud knock on it. She watches as Alfred opens the door as Lloyd walks in. Arthur, walking out his studies, stops dead in his tracks when he sees Llyod, face contained with rage.

“Why are you here, huh? I thought you got the hint that Anne does not want anything to do with you.” Arthur said.

“Oh but I merely recall not bothering asking if she did.” Lloyd says darkly.

Suddenly, in a flash, Lloyd points a dagger to Arthur's throat. Looking at Anne with a smirk; all while she stands there stunned.

“Pick now, Anne. Or your precious husband loses his life.” Said Lloyd.

Click!

“NOOOOO!!!” Fiona screamed.

There sits Fiona in her mini apartment, looking up at her TV; hastily trying to turn back on the movie. When she realized it wasn’t cutting back on, she sighs before getting up and walking towards her mini kitchen to grab a snack.

“Now I have to wait until the power cuts back on. Ridiculous…” Fiona says.

Just as Fiona drinks a sip of water, she passes out unconsciously; only to wake up in the show. In stunned silence as she stands right before Anne, Lloyd, and Arthur.

“What the–” Fiona paused.

Though, Fiona is there for a purpose: to help Anne pick, who shall she choose? Lloyd? Or Arthur?

“Heck..”