

# Violet

Violetta Eliza Rebecca Monroe IV



# Violet

Jenine van 't Wout



Author: Jenine van 't Wout  
ISBN: 9789402178692  
© Jenine van 't Wout

This book is dedicated to Mrs. Koopmans, my English teacher  
who's taught me the English language for five years.

## 1. The start

Imagine this: you rule everything. With your husband on your side, you're the one who tells people what to do and what not to do. You make the law. You are the law. Anyone who doesn't listen will suffer the consequences. Wouldn't that be amazing? To be such a person? I would know. Because I am. Well, I will be, when I grow up, but I practically already am. Only the husband is missing. I am a princess. And life couldn't be more perfect. I had everything. Dresses, a huge bed, delicious meals, people who did everything you told them to do, the king as your father. If you want to be a princess, let me tell you: you can't. Your parents aren't important enough. But I get the wish. The life of a princess is amazing.

But something changed all that. I lost everything. I could kiss my princess life goodbye because everything was gone. I learned what it's like to be, ugh, I don't want to say it, to be poor. What am I babbling about? Let me just tell you what happened. My name is Violet, and this is my story.

It was a day like any other. At 9 AM, my breakfast was served at the long table. I put on my soft slippers and sat down. You would think such luxury every morning would become normal, and it actually was. But every breakfast was still special to me, even though I didn't know any better. I couldn't think of any other breakfast than this. And I think that was really the problem here. I had never seen the outside world. Father would talk about it every once in a while. "You don't want to know what's out there, Violet," he would say. "They're such poor people. No, you stay in here, where you're safe."

When I was younger, I'd often ask him if I could come on one of his trips to one of the many villages he ruled. "Not yet," he'd always say. "It too dangerous for someone of your age. They're terrible people, those villagers. They steal, they fight, they yell. No way. You stay here, where you're safe." I was never satisfied with an answer like that. "But father," I asked with my nicest voice. "As a princess, shouldn't I know what my people look like?" He then laughed. "Not yet, Violet. No, not yet." And that's when the conversation ended. Father always seemed to find another subject. And I followed. That's the way it was supposed to be. Princesses should always listen to their fathers.

I ate the last bites of my breakfast and called the maids, who took my plate, poured me another glass of sweet berry juice if I wanted to and after that, they would guide me towards the bathroom. I took a quick shower. I used my favourite shampoo. It was a light shade of pink and it smelled like roses and peaches. After my shower, I put on my white dress with beautiful laces. I looked at myself in the mirror with a proud look on my face. I sure was a beautiful princess.

When I walked into the living room, Father was waiting for me. "Ah, Violet, there you are. Ten o'clock precisely. How do you manage to do it every time?" I

just laughed. "What are you still doing here?" I asked. "Weren't you supposed to go on a trip to one of the villages today?" Father nodded. "That's why I'm here. You're fifteen years old. I think it's time you went on your first trip. Shouldn't my little princess be prepared for the big bad world?" He winked. It didn't really seem to get through to me at first. "Can I come?" I didn't believe it. "Wow! Thank you so much, father!" I started jumping and dancing and gave my father a tight hug. Father laughed. "Easy there, Violet! You're still a princess!" He had a point there. I quickly calmed down.

"Close your eyes," Father said. I did as he asked. I felt something cold around my neck. "Alright, open them." I opened my eyes and saw my father holding a mirror, in which I could see myself. I was wearing a brand new necklace. It was a silver necklace with a flower made out of gems. The petals were green, probably emerald. The heart was light blue, probably sapphire. "It is very beautiful! Thank you, father!" Father laughed. "Of course! I want my little princess to look her best on her first trip!"

About fifteen minutes later I was wearing my warm jacket and my white shoes and I got in the coach. I had seen father ride off in this beautiful carriage, but I'd never been inside of it! Surrounding the coach were knights on huge horses. They were carrying all sorts of weapons to protect us. I really hoped we wouldn't need them.

As soon as we left the palace gardens I understood what father used to talk about when I was younger. I didn't really know what to think. The outside world was so much less colourful than the palace. A while later we were riding through the forest. I'd seen drawings of it in my books, but it was a lot darker, a lot more wobbly and a lot less straight than I expected it to be. I looked at father, but he was just calmly staring out the window. Which didn't surprise me. He had ridden down this road many, many times before.

I got bored very quickly. All those trees looked the same and the bumps in the road made me nauseous. I looked at father for the thousandth time, but he didn't even seem to notice I wasn't feeling well.

About 30 minutes later we finally left the forest. I found the new road a lot more interesting. We were riding through the hills, which looked a lot more like the pictures from my books. I saw small houses and wondered if there were really people living there. I saw sheep grazing in the endless meadows. With every herd of sheep, there was a man. Next to him played two dogs. These dogs were very different from the palace dogs. These were a lot bigger and fiercer than ours.

The longer we drove, the more houses there were. I soon noticed that there were indeed people living in there. A lot, actually, seeing how small the houses were. They all came outside with curious looks on their faces. They were dressed in pieces of fabric which looked more like a carpet or an old curtain than that it



looked like proper clothing. I saw them whispering and pointing. I pressed myself against the seat in the coach and decided to keep quiet.

A little bit later the carriage stopped. The knights on their horses went to stand in a line and made a path for us to walk on. "Make way!" A few called out. "Make way for the king!" I saw the coachman get off and he opened the door for us. Father got out. I stayed. I didn't know if I was supposed to get out as well, but father turned around. "Come, Violet."

A little nervous, I got out. Wherever I looked there were horses and knights. They didn't even look at me. I looked ahead and saw father was far ahead of me. I quickly ran to catch up. We walked towards a house that was small, but still bigger than most of the houses around here. Father turned around. "Come on Violet," he said. "You are so much better than all these people. Act like it!" I nodded and stood up as straight as I could.

The door slowly opened. A man's head appeared. He seemed a little scared. The door quickly opened all the way. "Your majesty!" he said with a nervous tone in his voice. "What an honour! To what do I owe the pleasure of your visit!" He gave father his nicest smile, but father didn't smile back. "You know very well why I am here, headman." His voice scared me. I never heard father so stern. "I lent you my land when you asked me for it. I gave you protection when a nearby village attacked you." The man bowed. "And I am eternally grateful for that, your majesty."

I looked at father. How nice of that man to thank father! But father didn't seem very impressed. "But we made a deal, headman. I am expecting something from your side as well. Tell me, headman, what was our deal?" The man bowed even more. "A tenth from every crop we cultivate at every harvest, men who will serve as your knights, advice whenever you ask for it and that the land will keep belonging to you." Wow, that was quite a lot. But it sounded like a fair deal.

"Exactly," father continued. "But I haven't seen any crops from you for half a year! When a neighbouring country invaded us, all of your men were sick or you thought of another pitiful excuse. When things were going bad, I couldn't expect a single word from you that was actually useful. And if that weren't enough, you have written your will and it says this land will go to your firstborn son!" All colour drained from the man face and he fell onto his knees. "Oh my lord, I beg you!" he exclaimed. "Please have mercy! Give me another chance!" I didn't like this. I looked at father. "Please father, give him another chance?" I asked. Father gave me a stern look. Then he smiled.

"Get up, headman!" he said. The man did as he was told. "Your future queen, princess Violet, has something to say to you." I looked at father with a questioning look. "Do I have something- I mean, yes, I have something to say!" The man looked at me. Oh dear, what was I supposed to say? "Hereby do I, your future queen, give you another chance!" "But?" father asked. "But," I continued. "But what?" I looked at father, who got the message and continued for me. "But

for the next half year, you will give a fifth of every crop per harvest until you've repaid your debt. And I expect full devotion! If you don't do this, I will take the land back, along with your firstborn son! Have I made myself clear?"

The man dropped to his knees again. "Yes, perfectly clear! Oh, thank you, my lord! And may God bless you, princess! You have a good heart!" Of course, I have a good heart. I'm the princess! Father didn't say another word and walked out the door. I followed. As fast as I could I sat back in the coach. The Knights hadn't moved an inch! I couldn't understand they had the patience for it! Of course, it was their job and they didn't really have a choice, but still. The carriage turned around and we started our way home.

After a while, I looked at father. "Was that it?" I asked. "Is this everything you do?" Father looked at me. "Well, no. Not really. There are so many things you need to do as king or in your case, queen. You will learn in time. You've already done the first step." And he looked outside again. It was clear, father didn't really want to talk today. I decided to stare outside as well. What else can you do in a coach with a father who doesn't speak?

When, after a while, we were riding through the forest again, something seemed wrong with father. He sat up straight and kept looking around like he was looking for something out in that forest. "What's going on, father?" I asked, but he just pushed me back on my seat. "Stay in your seat, Violet. I don't know if there's something. I'm sure it's nothing." Luckily he sat back as well.

Suddenly the knight's horses started whinnying loudly and the coach came to a full stop. Father's facial expressions turned from serious to fear. "Violet! Duck!" he said. I heard the fear in his voice, which was weird. I had never seen father scared before. I got off my seat and stayed close to the floor. A knight appeared at the window. "What in God's name is going on!" Father shouted. "Arrows, Sir," the knight answered. "A rain of at least 20 arrows started falling down on us. I suggest you stay in the coach, Sir. We'll take care of it."

I looked out the window and saw all knights in complete silence looking out for any movements. Suddenly, more arrows came. I immediately dived down on the floor and covered my head. Only about a moment later loud shouting emerged from in between the trees. From all around us people appeared, loudly yelling and threatening the knights with bows, spears, and things that looked like they were supposed to be swords.

The Knights fought back, but there seemed to be too many. Out of nowhere, our door was torn from its hinges and a man grabbed father. I shrieked. Father started kicking. The other door got torn out as well. "Go! Go!" Father yelled. The coach started moving. It was way too fast and I felt like losing my balance. I desperately grabbed onto the edges from where once a door was and tried my best to stay put.

Our attackers ran after us and sooner than I wanted it, the coach stopped again. I wasn't prepared for this at all and I tumbled over, out of the carriage. I

started shrieking again because I saw the men approaching, fast. "Run, Violet!" Father yelled. I saw how someone grabbed him. I quickly scrambled up on my feet and started running, away from the battlefield that had formed behind me.

I really hoped no one was following me. I kept running. My dress hooked onto branches and tore, and my shoes were not made for this. Once I was completely exhausted I fell on the ground behind a tree and made myself as small as possible. To my greatest disappointment, I saw the sun was slowly started to go down. I looked up and prayed to many gods that the dark wouldn't come yet. As you may expect, those many gods didn't listen and it got dark very quickly.

At this moment it got really proven to me that all trees look alike and that I didn't like the forest. I wanted to call for father, but I knew I shouldn't. You know, with those violent men around. Why were they even after us in the first place? I decided to no longer think about it and get up. It became so dark that it was really hard to make out where I was supposed to go, or even stand so I wouldn't fall. I looked up. The moon was bright, but the trees made it really hard for the light to reach the ground.

After having walked for what felt like hours I saw something that didn't look like it belonged in a forest. As I approached it, I noticed it was a small wooden shack. There was no light coming from it and I was sure that this would be too small for a person to live in, even with the standards of these people. I walked towards it and felt around it, hoping to find a door. Luckily, I did. I opened it and quickly got in. I didn't see anything and there didn't seem to be any buttons that would turn on a light. When I shut the door, it got even darker than it already was. I felt around and noticed a lot was hard and pointy, like iron. After a while, I found something soft on the walls. I tested and found I could easily take it off the wall. I put as much as I could find on the ground and lied down. It took me some time, but eventually, I fell asleep.

## 2. The small house

The next morning I woke up. I was grateful for the soft things I was laying on, but it wasn't nearly as comfortable as my bed. As I sat up, I looked around and almost got scared to death. All around me were traps. As in, legit traps. Not the kind of trap you'd catch a mouse with, but traps you'd catch animals with that were larger than a mouse. Much larger. Wait... did that mean I was laying on... I looked down and jumped up. I was laying on a pile of furs. And not the kind of furs mom buys. Furs that looked like they were very freshly skinned from the animal. The head was still attached. Mom sometimes wore something like this, but this didn't look like fashion at all. I almost threw up as I backed away and tried to open the door. That's when I realised there was no handle on the inside.

I pushed and pulled, but the door wouldn't budge. I started banging my fists against the rough wood, hoping someone would get me out of here. It hurt pretty badly, but I didn't care. After a few minutes, tears were streaming down my face. I sat down, my back against the door. This was it. I was stuck in the middle of nowhere in a shack where no one ever came by. This was it. I'd starve to death if dehydration didn't get me first. Or hypothermia. I shivered at the thought. How ironic.

Just as I really was about to give up, the door opened. Since I was leaning against it, I tumbled over and practically rolled out of the shack. Completely bewildered, I looked up. Above my head appeared a face. It was a guy who looked like he was just a year or two older than me. He laughed. "Well well, what do we have here?" I scrambled on my feet. "I-I was just, you know, I-" The boy started laughing again. "Easy there. No need to be frightened. Are you lost?" I just nodded. "I can help you. I live just about a fifteen-minute walk away from here. When we get there my mum can make you some food. You look like you're hungry. Did you spent the whole night in here?" I nodded again. I watched him grab the furs I'd lied on that night. "You made yourself quite comfortable, didn't you? You know, I really didn't expect anyone to be in this thing. Usually, there's just dead animals, y'a know?" He laughed again. This guy talked a lot. Maybe even a little too much. I wasn't sure if I liked him.

Despite my growing dislike towards the guy, I followed him. Father always told me never to trust a stranger, but I didn't really have a choice here. "Excuse me, what's your name?" I hesitantly asked. The boy didn't stop walking, but simply turned around and walked backwards. "The name's Frederick Arthur Cooper. But you can just call me Fred. How 'bout you?" Did this guy ever learn to speak like a decent person? "My name is Violetta Eliza Rebecca Felecia Monroe IV," I said. If he said his full name, so did I. "But you can call me-" "Violin," Fred smirked. I frowned. "No. I was just going to say Violet. Just Violet." "Violin," Fred teased. I groaned. "No, just- you know what, never mind." Fred laughed and turned back around again.