

A New Beginning

Staring.

It's always what I do these days.

Stealing glances at you while you pass by the hallway-my eyes never wavering, as if doing so might make you disappear instantly. Watching you play badminton in your PE class. Looking at you while silently saying goodbye when you're about to go home.

Yes, undeniably and unarguably, but unrelentlessly, staring at you. You with those green eyes, that bone-shaped headband that looks great on you, even your green hair.

Near but miles apart-a paradox of sorts that creates the distance, nay, the gap between us. I know you, but you don't know me. This building separates you from me, only so that I can look at you from afar. Think of me as your guardian angel-always there, but you can't see me. But then again, you might think I'm a stalker. That I'm not, a hundred percent sure. It's just that I have a built-in radar especially for you-I call it the Os radar secretly, for to call you by your name is...impolite. When you're in sight, I, Corvus, become immediately glued to my seat (or wall, or stairs, as the case may be). I gaze at you longingly but I'm too shy to approach you. But what can I do, what can I give just to be closer to you? The moment I laid eyes on you, I knew, deep in my heart that we are destined to be together. The only problem is how. How can I approach you without freaking you out. Who am I anyway? I'm just a simple nobody, and the only emotion I feel is my growing love towards you. To think that the only way to be close to you is to be... your Prince.

This throng of people surrounding me sometimes gives me the chills. Have you felt anxious in front people who say that they like you, that everything you do and will do is in accordance to the rules, that whatever you do is for the greater good, whatever it may cost you. Whatever you feel about it. Like a puppet on string, expected to do someone's bidding. To move by someone else's doing and not by your own is somehow restricting and frustrating at the same time. Every single thing I have done, just because I thought it will be benefited from by the populace, made me feel used and abused, and it definitely leaves a bad taste in my mouth. Yes, I am the great Os, feared and respected by everyone (except by some people, particularly by an unknown mushroom-headed guy who throws an occasional death glare every now and then). I am the queen of the student council, the Vice-president, who, together with the King, manages the entire student body. The King, however, already has a Princess, the one destined to help him in any way possible. I, on the other hand, don't have a Prince to act as a backup, a bodyguard of sorts. Being tied together also has its moral and social obligations. It isn't about having someone you can order around, but someone attending to your every whim and order, that irks me the most. Companionship is good, but it's not just for me. I'd rather be alone and be immersed in my thoughts than share my days with a person who has nothing else to do than to dote on me and answer to my every need. I'm a lone ranger, maintaining peace and order by myself, until that fateful day.

A young man about my age hesitantly entered the Student Council room one sunny October afternoon. With hawk-like eyes that seem to read through you, he instantly got my attention. Don't get me wrong. It's just that his very presence screams to command attention-even with his

shy demeanour. He looked neat and proper in a gakuran, I remember saying to myself. He stood at the entrance for a few minutes before finally having the courage to speak up.

"Excuse me, is this the Student Council room?"

His voice caught me off guard. It seemed to be suited for an opera singer rather than for a high school student! And at one point, it exuded a seductive air that made me nervous all of a sudden. The King had no effect like that on me! So how come this one managed to make my knees turn into jelly?

"Yes, it is. What is your concern?"

"I'm looking for the Queen, Miss Os."

His response made me recoil in shock. No one calls me Os now except for the teachers. Aside from that, usually people with problems - school-related or otherwise, approach the King, who's more amiable and friendly than I am. What would be this guy's problem that he seeks out my assistance?

"That would be me. What is your business with me?"

He colored at that, bowed, and stammered out a reply.

"Well...that is...uhmm...would you...WOULD YOU ACCEPT ME AS YOUR PRINCE?!"

I stared in shock. Why the sudden outburst? Why the sudden offer to become my prince?

Having a...a subordinate under my wing can make my life more complicated than it already is.

It's not only because I will be the one responsible for his actions, but at the same time, I just met this person. How am I supposed to trust someone I just met? I am the Queen, the lone ranger of this school, never had a prince to care for and never will have one.

"Why do you want to be my Prince?"

He blushed and panicked. I smiled inside: this guy is cute but obviously shy.

"A Queen needs a King to manage his affairs, the Prince acts a helper. I would like to dedicate myself to serving you. Sorry for troubling, but I sincerely hope you would let me be your Prince. As crazy as it seems, I fell in love with you the first time I saw you. Will you have me?"

I AM NERVOUS. I AM NERVOUS. WHAT WILL SHE SAY? I WONDER WHAT.....OH MY, SHE LOOKS SHOCKED.

The sudden proposition might have offended her. Here I am, lowering myself just to be her subordinate. And what's with the "will you have me?" I really do sound pathetic. I hope she'll accept me. I hope she does. I hope she-----

"You may, uh----what's your name? Let's try it out. It just might work."

I want to faint.

My answer also surprised me. How can I----no, why should I----let him be my Prince. Maybe it's his eagerness and seriousness that prompted me to give this answer. Even so, this is the start of a new partnership. Who knows, I won't be the Princeless Queen anymore.