

Vermillion Kisses

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Once upon a time a very handsome prince was walking along Dead Man's Trail. Morning had just about broken and the wings of tiny birds cut through the rays of the sun, casting slithering shadows as they went about their pleasure. The handsome prince was preparing to engage in this splendour, when all of a sudden he noticed a beautiful and quite voluptuous maiden travelling towards him in slow motion. "Oh my god," thought the handsome prince with shameful excitement, "she's incredible and so very... stimulating."

As the beautiful maiden approached him, he gathered all of his resources, plucked up courage, and gave her one of his special curtseys that would hopefully see him in with a chance, when he realised she was very tearful if not completely crushed. The handsome prince swallowed a wave of guilt as the beautiful maiden now openly stood before him, sobbing her heart out. Realising something was terribly wrong, the handsome prince put all of his hang-ups on the shelf and asked: "What are you so inconceivably sad about if I may be so bold to enquire?" The beautiful maiden gave a big sigh, which seemed to last a lifetime, as the handsome prince sat on the edge of his metaphorical seat in preparation for her answer. She announced: "I've just seen my therapist, who's convinced I have a borderline personality disorder with narcissistic traits, which means I'll be unhappy all my life as nobody will be able to measure up to the fantastically high standards that I just can't help but impose on them."

The handsome prince's heart exploded with joy, as in this moment he fell strangely and completely in love. "Why that's outrageous, who is this doctor of misery?" The beautiful maiden had broken into the tiniest of smiles, and on seeing she had the handsome prince by the short and curlies she began to weave a little magic here and a little magic there. "I've never met anyone like you before. Not only are you compassionate, you're also very handsome. I've lost my purse and the keys to my hovel and it looks like storm and I was wondering..." The Handsome Prince floundered slightly, then ejaculated: "You're so very beautiful, I think I might die if I don't invite you to my castle at the end of this trail." "Would you like to kiss me my handsome prince?" His knees began to knock as he lent towards the voluptuous maiden in implicit expectation. When they kissed, the handsome prince felt a wave of nausea and a pain in his chest as blood began to now pour from it, and the tiny birds dipped in the morning light and said "goodbye" to the handsome prince, who folded into a heap on Dead Man's Trail, the beautiful maiden exclaiming: "Ah, there is one born every minute."