

*A Fairy Tale:*  
*The Princess and the 'P'*  
Naomi Mercer

There was once a pretty princess  
with a passion for parallel parking,  
a persistence that pervaded  
and prodded  
whenever she got into a car.  
Her perversion with parallel parking  
led her to the packed parking places  
alongside the Purple Penthouse Shoppe.  
She parked her pink Porsche perfectly  
and went inside  
to pick out a primrose petticoat.  
Prior to the perfumed princess packaging her purchase  
she met a pagan prince atop a pachyderm.  
"Oh, pure, polished princess," said the prince,  
"Please partake of pastries and pasta  
in my pavilion this p.m."  
"My pleasure, persuasive prince," said the pinkened  
princess  
and paraded pell-mell down the path  
back to the palace.  
Pandemonium ensued as the panicky princess  
preened in preparation  
for a proposal from the prince.  
When she was pleased with her appearance,  
the proficient princess perambulated,  
with an entourage of a dozen or so,  
to the polite prince's pavilion.  
But outside, the prince's pack wagon was not  
properly parallel parked.  
The proud princess prodded

and prompted the prince to explain.

He pronounced the prognosis that

the princess was too preoccupied with particulars.

“Parallel parking is presumably

a pretentious proclivity

and should be precluded permanently.”

The practical princess promptly pivoted on point

and progressed to the palatial property

to pout.

The prince proposed to a peasant

and lived happily ever after.

The poignant princess pensioned herself off to

a piquant provincial profession

and was never heard from again.