Ever After

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When I was young, my father had always tucked me in at night with a story, his words following me down into sleep.

The stories differed, from night to night, but some things remained always the same. His princess was always brave and smart and beautiful. And, even when she had to be sad first, in the end she was always happy with her strong, handsome prince.

I had daydreamed of his stories, when I was young, wanting to be that princess then, later, hoping to find that prince, my someone to hold me and love me and be strong when I couldn’t, and have a life built out of blissful clichés.

I’m not young, now, but I’m safe and loved and strong. In her arms.

I wonder sometimes why my father never told me any stories that ended with the two princesses living their happily ever after.