

## First marriage of Princess Elizabeth



Text and illustrations  
by Ekaterina Campbell

Once upon a time, somewhere in the North, there was a small kingdom called Nirabia.



It was ruled by King Alex, the Great. He had a wife named Catherine and a daughter, Princess Elizabeth. They were happy.

Life was beautiful...until one day...an Evil Spirit entered Nirabia.



Queen Catherine died suddenly of a heart attack. King Alex plunged into deep grief.

Then, Princess Elizabeth fell ill with an unknown illness. Her personality changed. Once, open hearted, kind and joyful, she turned into a mean Medusa-Gargona.

At first, King Alex thought that grieving her mother's death was the cause of the drastic change in his daughter.



The best doctors of Nirabia tried to cure the wretched Princess.

They prescribed her the finest and most expensive drugs, imported from the West.

But months flew by, and Elizabeth didn't feel any better.

On the contrary. In her sleep, she ground her teeth and cried desperately several times a night, which scared away owls inhabiting the garden outside.

Awake, the disturbed Princess terrorised staff and people around her throwing tantrums and exhibiting the most vile temper, not proper at all for a young girl.



That is when King Alex thought of Don Babylon.



Just before the misfortune began, a little man came to the gates of Nirabia.

He had curly black hair and smooth olive skin. He called himself Don Babylon. He rented a small flat in downtown Nirabia, where he opened a massage and healing practice. Soon after, he became famous for performing miracles, healing all kinds of illnesses, even the most hopeless cases, in a non-traditional way.

He earned the title of Wizard of Mystic Healing, and the word spread widely.



“Elizabeth, darling,” said King Alex to his daughter. “Please, go to Don Babylon, he will help you”.

And so she did. Elizabeth went to see the Wizard. The Mystic Healer did a psychic reading. Afterwards, Don Babylon retired into the back room of his flat, where he remained for the next two days. On the third day, Don Babylon appeared in front of the King.



“Your Majesty,” he said. “I consulted the Great Spirits of the Unknown. They told me, that the Evil Spirit Danderos possesses the soul of her Royal Highness, Princess Elizabeth. He found his way in through the gates of sins you have committed in your past life. First, Danderos killed Her Majesty, your wife. Now, he is going to kill your daughter. The only way to save Elizabeth, is to send her on a spiritual journey where, after losing everything and everybody, she will find her way back through pure selfless love. This love will kill Danderos, and Elizabeth will be saved.

“I will hypnotise Her Highness. She will lose her memory. Then, I will send her out on the journey. You, Your Majesty, cannot help her under any circumstances.”

“Do it,” said the King.



And so he did. Elizabeth forgot who she was. She lived on the streets of Nirabia. She started smoking and drinking. She begged for food. Her foul temper kept her from getting close to other people.

A year passed by.

One day, as she was walking on the street, she slipped and fell, and could not get up. There she was, lying in the mud, and no one helped her. She thought, the time has come for her to die, and passed out.



Suddenly, Lizzie woke up and looked around.

She was in bed in a tiny hovel. The place was small with poverty weeping from every corner.

A young man in shabby clothes appeared in front of her. His name was Ivan. He found Lizzie laying on the street unconscious, and brought her to his place.



Ivan was the son of a shoemaker.

A year earlier, both of his parents died in a horse accident. At sixteen, Ivan had inherited the family business: a hammer, two nails, and a pair of old shoes that needed to be fixed by the next morning.

Ivan was a simple young lad, but he had a good heart. He stopped working to take care of Lizzie. When she felt better, he went out on the streets again to repair shoes. Lizzie stayed at his place. She liked that she found a friend, and Ivan was happy not to be alone.



One day, Ivan came home upset.

“They stole the shoes, Lizzie!” He cried in desperation.

“They, who? What shoes?”

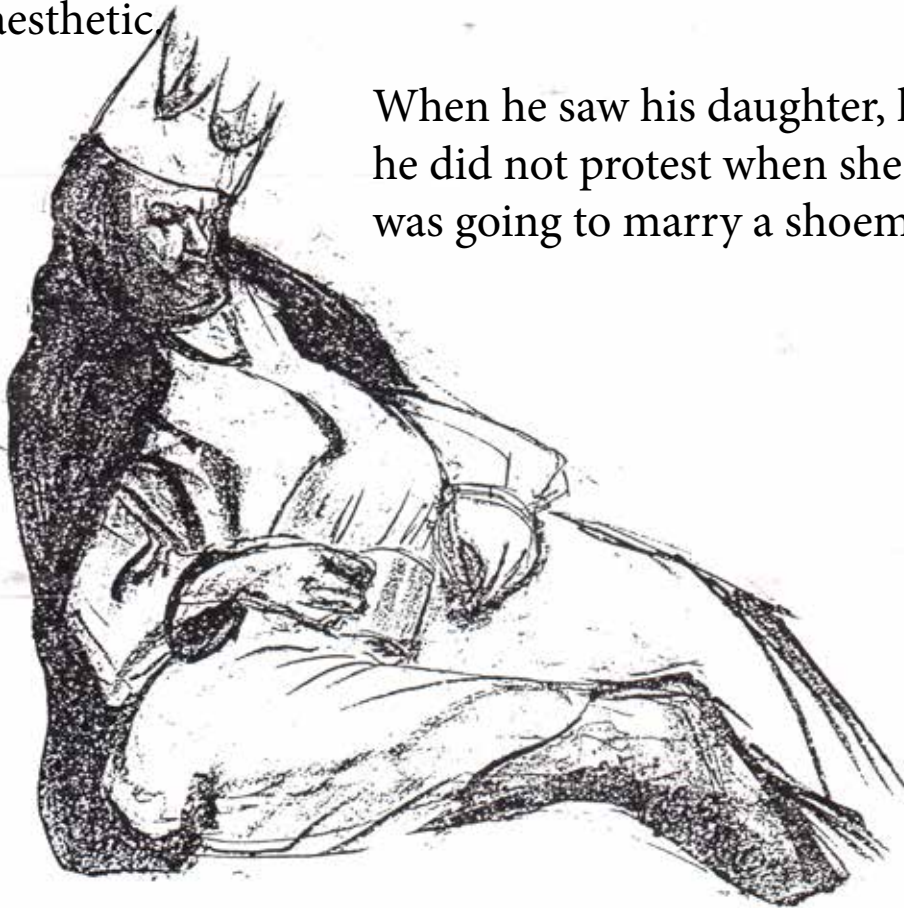
“Two drunk hillbillies! They took the shoes of Duke Robotustra. I was supposed to fix them by tomorrow. His shoes are so expensive, I can’t make enough in a year to pay for them. Everyone knows, that Robotustra is a mad dog. He will kill me if he doesn’t get his shoes back.”

“Ivan, dear, take this,” Lizzie handed him a golden coin. “A rich guy gave it to me, when I was begging on the streets. It’s all I have, but maybe it will help.”

At that very moment, the Evil Danderos feeding on greed, misery and selfishness, lost his grip on Elizabeth’s soul. The curse lifted, and the Princess remembered who she was.

She grabbed Ivan and went back to the palace, where depressed King Alex, mourning the loss of his loved ones, was using alcohol as a mental anaesthetic.

When he saw his daughter, he was so happy, that he did not protest when she announced that she was going to marry a shoemaker.



Elizabeth was giving Ivan a nice warm bath, when she discovered, that he was actually quite handsome. She was immediately attracted to him, and was soon with child.

The King proclaimed Ivan the head shoe designer of Nirabia. Ivan tried his best, but could not get used to the change. He tried to comprehend it, but his simple brain could not manage. He started getting bored with palace life. Often at night, he was walking outside talking to the owls. One night, soon after Elizabeth delivered a son, lightning struck poor Ivan, and he perished. Elizabeth grieved for a while, but soon forgot her rescue husband.

King Alex, happy having a grandson, heir to the throne, started looking for the right man to marry the Princess.

Don Babylon received a substantial grant from the King for outstanding healing performance. He used this windfall to buy a horse for a journey to Tibet to study the mysteries of Alternative Medicine.



**The End**