

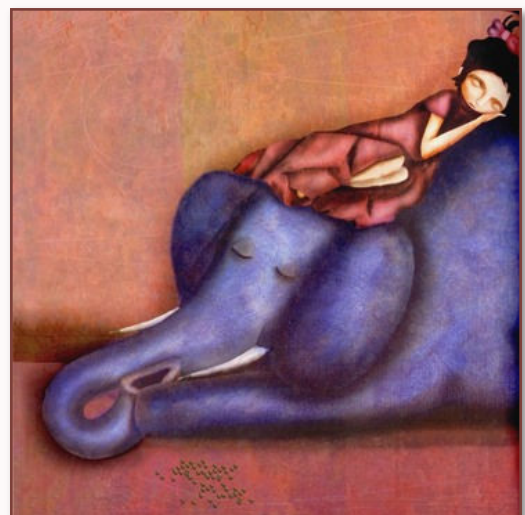


## Is there anything more boring than being a Pink Princess?

Charlotte was a pink princess. She had a pink dress, a closet full of pink clothes, and a room with a bed that had pink sheets and pillows. But Charlotte was tired of having everything in pink.

After all, is there anything more boring than being a pink princess?

It's true that princesses are said to be so fragile that even a pea hidden under a hundred mattresses can prevent them from sleeping. However, Charlotte was no ordinary princess, and she was always able to sleep soundly, even if she were lying on an elephant.





She once met a princess who spent the day kissing frogs on a lake, to see if any of them turned into a blue prince. Charlotte, however, was not at all interested in a blue prince.

She asked herself why there were no princesses who travelled the seas in search of adventures...

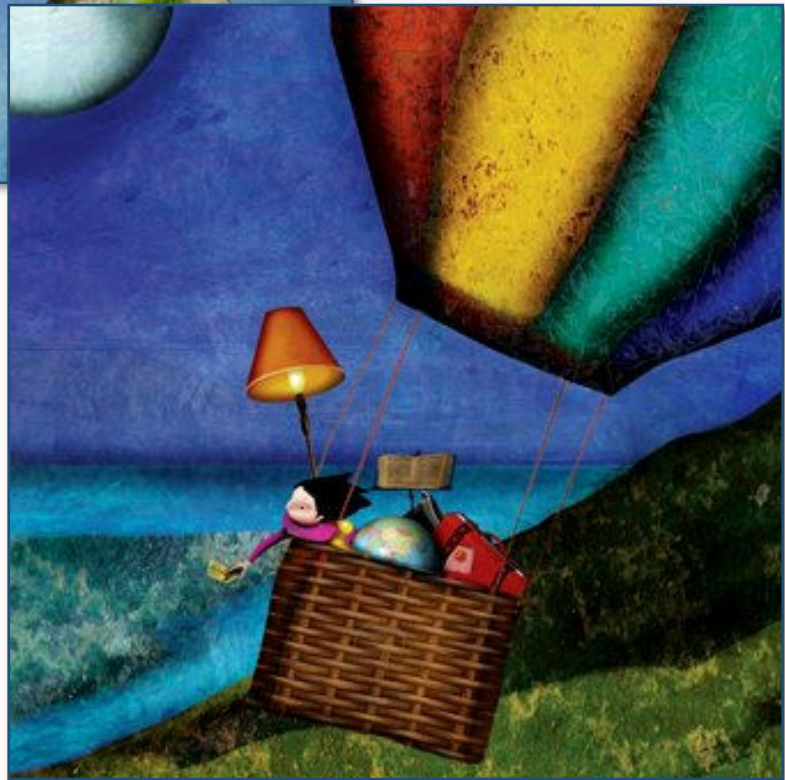
...rescued princes from the claws of ferocious wolves...



...or named stars in the universe, as astronomers did.

Or princesses who, as writers, poets, and artists, were able to transform the boring world in which they lived into a stimulating book, an inspiring poem, or an admirable work of art.

Charlotte was a girl who dreamed of hunting dragons, finding treasures, unravelling the secrets of nature, becoming friends with all animals, writing stories that were different from the ones she was told, and travelling in a hot air balloon in order to see other worlds.



However, her mother was a pink queen, with pink dresses, a closet full of pink clothes, and a room with a bed that had pink sheets and pillows. Like all pink queens.

And her father was a blue king, who wore blue suits and had a blue job and a blue life. Like all blue kings.

“Why do you look so serious, Charlotte?” her mother asked one morning.





“I don’t want to be a pink princess anymore, Mummy. I want to run, play, read, write, travel, and have different hobbies. And I want to dress in red, green, or violet...”

“But, Charlotte, pink princesses are very delicate girls. They cannot leave the palace because they get sick. They cannot run and play because they ruin their beautiful silk dresses. And they cannot wear green or blue because those colours do not suit them. Pink princesses are like roses, fragile flowers whose petals cannot withstand a breath of wind.”

“Except that I am not a flower, Mummy. I am a girl.”

The queen was thoughtful for a while, and ended up saying, “You are absolutely right.”

So they decided to go and talk to the king.

“Papa,” said Charlotte, “I don’t want to be a pink princess anymore. I want to run, play, read, write, travel, and have different hobbies. And I want to dress in red, green, or violet...”

The king replied, “But Charlotte, pink princesses are like roses, fragile flowers whose petals cannot withstand a breath of wind.”





“Except that I am not a flower, Papa. I am a girl.”

The king was thoughtful for a while, and ended up saying, “You are absolutely right.”

So they decided to go and talk to the fairy godmother.

“Dear Fairy,” said Charlotte, “I do not want to be a pink princess anymore. I want to run, play, read, write, travel, and have different hobbies. And I want to dress in red, green, or violet...”

The fairy commented, “But, Charlotte, pink princesses are like roses, fragile flowers whose petals cannot withstand a breath of wind.”

“Except that I am not a flower, Fairy. I am a girl.”

The fairy was thoughtful for a while, and ended up saying, “You are absolutely right.”



The king then summoned all the royal advisers so that Charlotte could explain her point of view to them.

"Royal advisers," said Charlotte, "I do not want to be a pink princess anymore. I want to run, play, read, write, travel, and have different hobbies. And I want to dress in red, green, or violet..."

The royal advisers disagreed.

"But, Your Highness, pink princesses are like roses, fragile flowers whose petals cannot withstand a breath of wind."

"Except for the fact that I am not a flower. I am a girl."

The royal advisers were thoughtful for a while, and ended up saying, "You are absolutely right."

All the blue kings and princes, as well as all the pink queens, fairy godmothers and royal advisers of the world were summoned to the palace. And all the pink princesses protested as one.

"We do not want to be pink princesses anymore. We want to run, play, read, write, travel, and have different hobbies. And we want to dress in red, green, or violet..."



Everybody was silent for a while. Suddenly, the oldest and wisest fairy godmother said:

“What they say is true. Pink princesses are no flowers and, from this moment on, they can be whatever they want.”

Everyone applauded, except for a blue prince who asked, with a serious look on his face:

“And what will become of all the blue princes?”

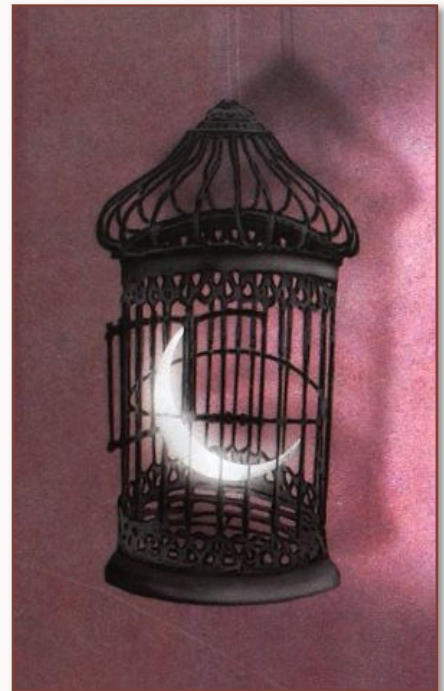
The old woman was thoughtful for a while, and ended up answering:

“I suppose they can dress in pink, if they like.”



And that is how princesses stopped being pink princesses, and began to run, play, read, write, travel, and have different hobbies. They forgot all about their pink dresses and started wearing clothes with each and every colour of the rainbow.

**I wonder why so many girls  
still want to be pink princesses...**



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