

The Loyal Advisor

Once upon a time, there lived a wise old king, a trusted advisor-that loyally worked for the royal family- and a cruel, young and jealous prince. The advisor and his ancestors had worked for the royals and slowly gained their trust over the course of many years. One day, when the king was near to death, the prince heard some muttering from castle workers that the loyal advisor (who was the king's new right hand man) would take his throne and crown when he died! It was because this prince was immature, and a little too young and might make too many selfish decisions to take his father's place as a ruler. "What! I've waited my entire life to rule!" thought the prince, fuming. "This is NOT fair, I need to think of a plan to overthrow my father and be the king, which I rightly deserve to be!" And so, the prince thought of a cunning plan...

In the night, he subtly snuck past the sleeping guards and stabbed the king, making sure to give away no hint of him killing his own father. As the king did not get a chance to reveal that the advisor was going to be king, the untrustworthy prince took the crown. But the advisor was clever, and he was sure that the prince had executed the king. However, he wasn't greedy, and he wasn't selfish, and he wasn't untrustworthy... so he carried on with his normal life being a loyal advisor.

As predicted by the advisor, the prince did not get off to a very good start being the king: demanding more tax; making rash decisions; and being disliked by his people. He wouldn't admit that he was a bad ruler, and seemed to think that the advisor wanted his crown and was influencing HIS people. "Hmmmmmmm," pondered the king. "What could I do to eliminate this self-centred advisor from my life once and for all..."

The king continued to rule badly across his kingdom and became more and more hated by his fellow people. But he had time to think, he had time to plan. So in due time, he came up with clever ways to kill this innocent advisor that had been so true-hearted and reliable to the past and present king, like his ancestors had been.

The king normally ate dinner with no one else, yet to achieve his goal of annihilating the advisor, he invited him to dinner with him. But there was a twist: he poisoned the advisor's food so he would fall down dead. The advisor was shocked at this invitation and act of kindness, as it would usually be something that the young king's father would have done. "*Maybe, just maybe,*" thought the advisor, "*he might be realising his wrongs and starting to follow in the footsteps of his father.*" So he attended the dinner, and only narrowly escaped with his life. But unfortunately not everyone did... Luckily, this king wasn't very smart and didn't think through all of the possibilities. So as the luxurious food was brought into the room, so too entered the taste tester. Up until that point, the king was pleased with himself of thinking everything through (or so he thought.) However, when he saw the taste tester enter the room, his face flushed bright red with anger and he bit his tongue hard to stop himself from shouting out in distress. He could taste the strong blood in his mouth. But he couldn't get the taste tester to leave otherwise the advisor would suspect something. "AHHHH! I've messed up badly. I'll just have to get him next time," thought the king.

“Thank you!” responded the advisor to the waiters placing down his plate of fine food.

“Thanks,” grunted the king to the waiter.

“Bon apatite!” exclaimed the waiters, who then smartly strolled off.

So as predicted by the king the taste tester ate a small portion of the advisors’ food and fell down dead.

“HUH!” shouted the advisor! “W-W-W-What just happened!” the advisor gawped unexpected at the taste tester who was sprawled out on the floor dead.

The king played dumb. “Quick! Fetch the guards and get him a doctor and try to save him before he dies!” Obviously the king already knew that he was dead, but went along with it and played his part.

So the advisor left from the dinner shell-shocked that he had come that close to dying and the King couldn’t sleep that night, frustrated that he had messed up.

For the kings second plan, he was going to put a poisonous snake in the sheets of the advisor’s bed: *“surely the advisor won’t be able to escape this one!!!!”* thought this cunning king. So that very night, when the advisor was sorting out some important documents for the king, he snuck past the tired guards and crept into his room. Then he unleashed from a sack a brilliantly bright orange and black snake from within. Its fangs resembled miniature daggers and drops of green venom were flicked around the room from the struggling snake in the kings’ strong grasp. The snake went slithering in the covers. The king stayed in the advisor’s room until he was sure that the snake was sleeping sound and relaxed, so it was not obvious that it was not hidden there. Then left the room- confident that this slippery advisor would not escape this death trap.

But, he would. The advisor was suspicious. *Was I meant to be the victim?* He thought. *If so... why me!?*

So he went to bed worried, and taking caution. He flung off his covers only to discover a curled up *thing* under his sheets! Unsure what it was, the scared advisor tore off his bed sheets only to see a snake! “Ahhhhh!” the advisor yelled “WHAT on earth!? Who-what-AHHHHH!” The snake slithered, staring down the shaky advisor with two jet black eyes, and then wriggled out of the gap in the slightly ajar door. With that, the advisor sat on his bed and couldn’t sleep the whole night, worriedly thinking about who he could trust...

The next morning, when the king spotted his *“dead”* advisor, his jaw dropped like a shot bird; his eyes bulged and veins covered them, he burst many blood vessels in his face due to his malicious anger; and was extremely tempted to just shoot the working advisor now. But no, he must be patient and wait for the right moment to strike down this advisor once and for all.

So, for the king’s final plan of killing him, he organised to go hunting with the advisor, who half-heartedly accepted. “It is to be in a week’s time” stated the king simply, “meet me at six o’clock in the woods outside my palace.”

"Alright, see you then!" Then the advisor left quickly to get on with other jobs for the king.

On the night of the hunt, the advisor heard a squelch and a splat outside his door. Still paranoid from the snake incident, he sprang like a cat out of bed with sublime speed and reached with clammy hands to grab his sword which laid against the wall. "Who goes there?" he gruffly said, indicating more confidence than he actually had. "I SAID WHO GOES THERE!" The advisor was exasperated now, and scared who could be outside his door. As he reached for the golden door knob, a green frog jumped onto his foot. The advisor breathed a huge sigh of relieve, as he wasn't the best swordsman. "Watch out advisor, you are a good man, so be careful of someone jealous and worried about his position nearby. They think that you are plotting against them, watch your back... always!" said the frog. Then swiftly after, the frog was off, splattering green slime as he hopped through his room and out another door.

This now confirmed the advisor's thoughts of someone plotting to kill him. "*But who! I am just a humble advisor, surely you would be more jealous of the king or a royal!*" But then he had a thought, no one would be jealous of him. Except the royals. No one would be worried about their position unless he was unliked by his people. No one would be paranoid of their position. Except for the... king. "Huh! Now THAT all makes sense! He tried to poison me, and he put a snake in my bed sheets! Now HE wants to go hunting with me to kill me!" He had it all worked out now. It must be the king who is doing this. So then the advisor went to sleep thinking about what to do the next morning.

The next day, the advisor gathered his equipment to go hunting with the king. The plan he came up with last night might not be the right one, but he had to try. Just as the king had requested, they met again a week later. Six o'clock in the woods. The advisor wiped away a few tears running down his face as he neared the woods. He had had a hard week, nearly dying twice. Now he was practically walking to his death. He knew he couldn't say no to the king's invitation as he would kill him in the future. This was his last chance; it was a case of survive or die. He saw the king practising his hunting, shooting at trees. And he had supreme accuracy. He needed to be quicker than the king to stand any chance.

So as the king said, they went deep into the forest to start hunting. The king seemed extra happy and chatty, talking about the kills he made that day. The advisor wasn't surprised; it was an ingenious plan. But he had no time to admire his plan, he had to get to work. As they went deeper into the woods, the advisor politely conversed with the king. Then as the king suddenly dropped behind the advisor, he heard a trigger being pulled. This was his time, he had to do it now. Whilst spinning around to face the king, he dangled a leg and it knocked the king off his feet, and it was just in time as the shot fired up into the sky. It was the advisors turn. He felt bad about killing someone...especially his master. But he must, to save his own life and the fate of the kingdom. He pulled back the trigger, looked away, then let fly. The bullet went straight into the king's heart and from within a volcano of blood erupted. The advisor sunk to his knees. It wasn't right to kill him, but it had to be done. So he trudged back with the king's dead body slung over his shoulder. He went back to the palace and explained to everyone the evil deeds the king was doing. And also how he had no choice but to kill him. Everyone understood and as the next most responsible being, the

advisor gladly accepted the throne. He ruled keeping balance over the kingdom for a long time...

The End...