One fine year, during the spring a kindly old king announced that he would consider suiters for his beautiful daughters hand. This king controlled one of the largest and most prosperous kingdoms in the land. The suitor who won the princesses’ hand would also win the heirhood to the throne.

The suitor would be selected by the princess herself, whichever one caused her to fall in love with him would then marry her.

A man came from the dark hills of Tronte, where the greatest warriors are bred. Even among his own folk, he was considered great. To show his dedication he went and slew a mighty drason for the princess. He defeated a dozen of the fiercest warriors of the kingdom,单身一anim-rme-, Re QerF0r-2- m-ny f!3ats to shon; i-s strength 'ro\':2"":Jut:.11 ,If wTn left the princess disinterested. He finally went away ashamed and cli::;sapoinee.

Another man came from the gentle forests of Fribululu, the land of poets and sentio hearted folk. He serenaded the princess from under her balcony, every night. He composed beautiful, gentle, touching poetry for her. He painted her masterpieces and built her monuments. She was touched by his gentleness, but she became bored by his endevers. He continued to devote himself to her every whim for months until she became constantly annoyed by him, and -eventually cruelly turn-' l-im away. He was so 6rus’-d by this rejection that he flung himself of a nearby precipice.

Eventually the lovely princess was taken Jadly into love with a third rate, middle-aged, homely looking clerk in her fathers administration, who happened to be delivering a message. They
ran off and lived a happy, though mediocre life together.

There's no accounting for taste.