

Once upon a time, in a land not so far from here, lived a Prince and a princess. Apart from his being a Prince and her being a princess, the main difference between them was that he knew that he was a Prince, but she was not aware that she was a princess.

He had been brought up knowing that he had but to prove himself worthy and he would inherit a kingdom. She had been brought up as just one of many princes and princesses. On the face of it, it looked as though her parents had abdicated and were allowing their children to grow up without a title to their name.

Another difference was the way they used words. He would use words as if they were a ball under his control. She used words as if they were arrows to pierce the curiosity with which she viewed the world. They both grew up becoming very good at their own game; he with his eye on the ball and she aiming her arrows.

The King of the Seventh Heaven spotted them as they stood hidden from each other in a group of people. The King of the Seventh Heaven has his own form of amusement. He likes to interfere in the affairs of mortals so that he can stir up more Happiness and increase the size of his kingdom. He sent for his factor. "Chance," said he, "see that one and that one? Could be interesting. Arrange a meeting."

"Yes, sire. I will call them to your attention when I have succeeded," responded Chance. Now it took Chance a month or two to complete his task. He knew the Prince would be visiting a neighbouring country in the process of proving his worth of a kingdom. It took some time and a few foul deeds to ensure that the princess was exiled, but Chance is nothing if not thorough. He arranged for the princess to go to a country even more beyond so that he could have the pleasure of seeing them arrive at the same place on the same day; the Prince from the South and the princess from the North. Perfect timing.

So it was that while each thought they were going about their own business their paths crossed and they rested awhile, sharing each other's company. The Prince bounced his words around the princess. His words were of marriage in general, but she is not an experienced ball-player and it may have appeared that she was deaf. But not so. She was searching her quiver for the right arrow to express her feeling knowing all the while she did not have an arrow to match and catch this magic.

The King of the Seventh Heaven reached down and with one hand closed their eyes in forgetfulness, with the other he plucked out their hearts. "Chance! Let's see what sport we can have with these," cried the King of Seventh Heaven. Before Chance had an opportunity to view the two hearts held by his master there came an Almighty roar from above.

The King of Kings has a way of making his presence known and no mistake about it.

"Trespassing on my territory again!" roared he. "Each of those hearts has been registered in the Highest of Heavens since birth! They are MINE." The King of Kings took the hearts and withdrew to the Highest Heaven.

The King of Seventh Heaven was not in the least perturbed. Whatever happens in the realm of Happiness is transient. He loved the capriciousness of pure Chance. "Chance? You didn't check, did you? Not a word with your cousin upstairs. If this keeps up you know what will happen don't you? You'll be transferred upstairs and I will be stuck with Random Activity; shades of law and order. Be a good fellow and try to remember in future." The matter was forgotten.

Meanwhile, in the Highest Heaven, the King of Kings was puzzled.