

## My wish

It had been several days since Alessandro told Abril that maybe he would end up falling in love with her. Those words had left Abril thoughtful, although seeing that her relationship with the king remained the same, she wondered if all that had been a dream, or an illusion created by her desire to be loved.

As the days passed and her relationship with Alessandro didn't change, she finally stopped thinking about it, dismissing it as a mere illusion.

A month later, Sirius went to see Alessandro and said, "I think I've found what you asked me for.

"Why did it take you so long?"

"It's not easy to find a way to treat a wound as deep as the one the princess received and not leave a scar when you can't use magic. I've had to search for endless plants to be able to do what you asked, and I'm not so sure of the results, but I think it will work."

Alessandro stood up and said, "Give me the medicine, I'll take it to her myself."

Sirius handed him the ointment he carried in his bag and said, "You must apply it to the wound every day. It is not a magical medicine, so the

results will not be seen immediately."

Alessandro left. When he arrived at his room, he found Abril on the balcony. The gentle spring breeze ruffled her long red hair. She looked beautiful bathed in the sun's rays. He approached her and said, "What are you doing, up? You should be in bed."

"I'm tired of being in bed," she replied.

"You haven't recovered yet. You must be more prudent. Did you get up by yourself?"

"No, one of the maids helped me up, but I wanted to be alone, so I asked her to leave."

"Have any of the maids been rude to you?"

"No, but I wanted to be alone. I didn't want her to stay behind me all the time like a shadow."

"Let's go inside."

Alessandro was going to carry Abril in his arms and take her back to the room, but she said, "Wait, Your Majesty, I don't want to go in yet. Let me stay here a little longer, please."

"Alright, but just a little while longer."

Abril rested her arms on the railing and stared at the palace gardens.

"What are you looking at?" Alessandro asked.



My wish

+10 Points

+10 Points

"The flowers are very beautiful, don't you think so?"

Alessandro had never paid much attention to that sort of thing. He glanced over, the garden was in full bloom. There were endless flowers of different colors, making the garden look full of life. As he saw it, he replied, "I suppose you're right, it's beautiful. Do you like flowers a lot?"

"Yes, I love them because they are full of life and color. Whenever I see them, they make me feel like I'm still alive, too."

The memory of when she had been pushed into the rose bushes came to Abril's mind, of the pain she had felt when all those thorns had dug into her skin and tangled in her hair. She said, "Although I don't like roses, or any flower that has thorns."

"What other things don't you like?" He asked.

Abril looked up at the vast blue sky. She saw a bird soaring through the heavens in total freedom and wished she could be as free as that bird, even if only once. She replied, "Being locked up. I have been locked up, deprived of my freedom since I was a child, and I hate it. I hate living like a caged bird whose wings have been clipped."

Alessandro felt like garbage just like King Venobich was. He had done what she hated most. He had locked her up like a bird, denying her freedom.

My wish

+10 Points

Alessandro took her in his arms, changing the subject, and said, "We must go in. You can't overdo it, your wound could open."

He carried her to the bed, laid her down gently, and said, "Sirius has made some medicine for you

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so that you won't have a scar."

"I don't really care about that. It's in a place that can't be seen."

"But I will see it, and when I run my hands over your body, I will feel it."

"I suppose that would displease Your Majesty."

My wish

"It's not really that. I just don't want you to have a scar. I don't want you to have a permanent reminder that you were hurt."

"Even if there's no scar, I don't think I can forget it. Sometimes there are scars that no one can see, but that doesn't mean they're not there. There are wounds and scars that don't mark the body, but the soul, and there is no ointment or medicine that can erase them. All that remains is to wait for time to stop the wounds from bleeding and allow them to heal."

"But sometimes you can forget them," Alessandro said.

Alessandro lifted Abril's nightgown, removed the bandage, and checked the wound. It was still red, although it looked much better. He applied the ointment with his fingertips, very carefully so as not to hurt her. She said, "When I recover, can I go home?"

Alessandro began to bandage her again and asked, "Has anyone been rude to you or ignored you?"

"No," Abril replied.

"Then why do you want to leave the main palace? If there's anything you don't like, tell me, and I'll have it changed. Ask for what you want, and it will be done."



My wish

"What I desire, Your Majesty, you cannot give me."

When he finished bandaging her, Alessandro kissed her and said, "Is it that you want me to love you?"

"It's not that either."

"Then what is it that you desire?"

"Freedom."

Alessandro was willing to grant anything the princess could have asked for, but there was only one thing he could never grant her, and that was her freedom. Abril knew that her wish was impossible to grant, and she said, "I know that my wish is impossible to grant, so I only ask that you let me return to my house in the farthest corner of the palace, since there I can feel free, even though I know that freedom is only an illusion."



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