

# Uncrowned King

Tomapi

Von abgemeldet

## Kapitel 1: Chapter 1 - Toma's view

### Chapter 1 Toma's view

There was nothing that Prince Toma hated more than being stuck in the castle all day. Sometimes

he wished he was like everyone else. When he studied in his room, he watched the people down on the streets of the capital. How the children were running around freely. The women were doing the daily shopping and chatting. Toma had no one to talk to... at least not about interesting stuff. Interesting for him. So he spent every day and each day in his studying room, reading old fashioned books about whatever a prince must know. It was terrible, not to say unbearable. Toma felt like a bird in a golden cage. He desperately wished for a miracle to happen, but he knew, that it wouldn't. Because there wasn't stuff like this. Life was life and no more. No fairies or goblins. No princesses to rescue, nothing like in the stories that children hear when they go to bed. Toma knew that most of the people thought that the life of a prince was comfortable and thrilling. With a lot of adventures. But those were really just stories. Well, he couldn't deny that his life was indeed comfortable in comparison to the life of the normal citizens, but it wasn't like he was enjoying it.

After his mother's, the queen's death, there was no one who could protect him from his father's opinions and wishes. He had to follow whatever his father wanted. He would exchange his life for one of the normal people, like down on the street, immediately, if he could. He sighed as he came back to reality from his daydreaming. His teacher had just stepped into the room. "Toma-sama, what are you doing?", he asked with a strict voice. "You're supposed to read that book, not daydreaming!" There it was again. Studying, studying and more studying. He was sick of it. "Sensei, when do I get to do something interesting? Like fighting lessons?", Toma asked. "Fighting lessons? Young master, you don't even have the theoretical knowledge, how do you want to fight like that?", the teacher seemed merely amused. Toma sighed. So it was useless... he grabbed the book and tried to concentrate on the text again. His teacher left the room to do whatever he had to do and Toma's thoughts wandered back to unnamed heroes and their adventures. Suddenly he heard some cries and shouting. His gaze went out of the window to the market place, where a great deal of people were gathering. Due to his good view from above he could see that there was someone standing in the middle of the crowd. The young, blonde man was clothed in a red costume, which Toma identified as those of a gleeman. He watched in awe when

he began to juggle with some balls. Then he switched to sticks with flames burning on each end. Toma was amazed by the prestidigitation and grace of the young man. How much he wanted to see this from nearby. Before he realised it, he got absorbed in ideas of sneaking out of the castle to see this man perform his show. But his thoughts were interrupted by a knock on the door. "Yes?", he shouted out annoyed. "Master Toma, the king is calling for you", said one of the maids, keeping her eyes lowered. "Alright,

thanks!", he answered smiling brightly. Another thing that differed him from the rest of the royal family. He tried to be kind to all of their employees. Because they deserved it like other people, too. The maid's face flushed and she bowed, leaving quickly as he stepped out of the room. He walked into the throne room and bowed in front of his father. "You called for me", he asked politely. "Yes, you'll be turning 20 this month, won't you? So I thought it was time to think about your future. There was a request by the lord of the neighboring kingdom, you see. They have a daughter right your age. It would be a good engagement, if you married her." Toma's face fell as he heard the word "marry". He still didn't feel like he was ready for that kind of thing. And also, if he married, he wanted to marry someone he loved, and not someone his father wanted him to marry. Again he cursed his life as a prince. "You'll be meeting her tomorrow. There will be a ball, so I hope you know how to behave around a girl!", he got hold by his father's gaze and had no option other than to agree. "Kashikomarimashita", he said in a low voice. So tomorrow he would meet his fiancée... "Good, you can go now. Get prepared for tomorrow. The tailor made a new suit for you, make sure you try it on by tomorrow evening. You can go now." "Hai", and Toma headed back for his room, head tilted to the ground.

He sat on the table and watched out of the window again. The young man was still there. If I really have to marry a stranger, than at least I could have a bit of fun on my own... He called for one of his servants and asked him to tell everyone who asked for him that he's busy with preparations for tomorrow. Then he took his cloak and searched for a safe way out of the castle. Fortunately he had read much about the castle and the kingdom itself, so he knew one or two secret passages, which hopefully no one of the other people knew. Toma went down to the kitchen. There should be a passage under a carpet in the storage room. He sneaked into the room without being noticed by the kitchen staff. He rolled up the carpet and found the old trap door. He opened it carefully so that it didn't make much noise. He slipped through it and began walking down the old stone stairs. Soon he was in a cave which looked like he was hundreds of meters under the ground. He walked quite a time, but then there were stairs going up again. He hoped that there wouldn't be any people on the other side. He climbed up the stairs and opened the door slowly. He observed if it was safe to come out and found no one near the door, so he slipped through it and closed it carefully. He seemed to be in an old storage room, which looked unused. He saw a window, which was open, so he pulled himself up and disappeared out of it. As he landed on the street he could hear the shouting from the market place. He followed the noise and soon stood on the street in front of the market. Toma pulled the cowl over his head and slowly approached the crowd. Most of the people around the gleeman were women, so he had no problems to see the man in the middle. He seemed very young, maybe as old as himself. He had a smooth face and soft-looking blond hair. His slender fingers twirled the sticks around like they were light as paper. Toma never thought that a man could look so beautiful. He was amazed by the young man and stood there watching him in awe. Then the gaze of the young man went over

the faces of the audience and for a second or two he met Tomas gaze. It was like he was drawn in by those eyes. But suddenly the noise of hooves approached and some guards began to shout. "You, what are you doing there? You aren't allowed to do that here!" Toma's body stiffened. What if one of the guards would recognise him? He would be done for it if the king found out that he sneaked out of the castle. The crowd disbanded hastily now. Toma also ran in some random direction, afraid to be seen by the guards. When he turned into a small street, he suddenly got gripped from behind, a hand on his mouth and someone whispered: "Shhh." Just then a brigade of guards rode along. As they were gone the stranger released Toma from his grip. Toma turned around to face the unknown person and was taken aback to see the young gleeman standing in front of him. "I don't know what you have done, but you looked like it wasn't good if they found you", he concluded. Toma nodded. "Thanks", he said. "No problem, we're comrades right? We have to help each other in order to survive!", he smiled. „By the way my name is Yamashita, but everyone calls me Yamapi! What's your name?“ „Uhm.. my name is Toma.“