

# Search for Prince Charming Thwarted

Flint Journal/Fenton Press March 4, 2007

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Disney World claims to be “the happiest place on Earth.” After a few days of vacationing at the Magic Kingdom and its neighboring kingdoms I can say it’s a great place to reconnect with your inner child. My seven-year-old twin nieces, Jade and Sarah, and their mother, my sister Theresa, invited me to join them on the Disney vacation. We had a blast.

My nieces love it when I make up stories for them so as we headed to Disney my story was called “Searching for Prince Charming.” I told the girls that I do believe one day my prince will come and there’s no better place than Disney World to look for him. The search for Charming (as I call him) began immediately.

I asked the bus driver, the hotel shuttle driver and several waiters if they had seen Prince Charming. “Excuse me, sir . . . have you seen Prince Charming?” Jade and Sarah giggled as I asked the question. “Sir, you wouldn’t happen to be Prince Charming, would you?” Again and again, no luck. Eventually Sarah said I was embarrassing her, but Jade played along.

We managed to get the most coveted tickets in the Magic Kingdom: entry to the Princess Breakfast at Cinderella’s castle. Cindy (as I call Cinderella) and all the other princesses are on hand to talk with the guests, take pictures and sign autographs. There was my archrival in the flesh, her hair blonder than blonde, that perfect powder blue dress and all the little girls adoring her. I had to be polite while visiting the castle, but my intention was clear: steal Prince Charming’s affections!

My niece Sarah told me Charming wouldn’t love me because he likes thin girls (and thin I am not). “Sometimes Prince Charming comes with a spare tire,” I told her. She looked at me like I was crazy. One day she’ll understand that beauty and love come in all sizes.

Later that day I pretended to be a television reporter covering the big news at the Magic Kingdom: “The Break Up of the Century!” In my mock report the kingdom was shaken by the revelation that Cindy and Charming had called it quits. Like any good reporter I asked the probing questions: Who broke up with whom? What was the cause of the split? Could the couple reunite? (“With couples therapy, prayer and a lot of hope, anything is possible,” my sister said as I interviewed her holding a crayon for a microphone.) My nieces laughed and laughed.

At the end of a long day in the Magic Kingdom, the daily 3:00 p.m. parade was making its way through Main Street. That’s when I spotted Prince Charming on top of a float with the ever-perfect looking Cindy. “Charming! Charming! I’m here, Charming!” I yelled waving frantically. My niece, Jade, quickly slapped her hand across my mouth as I continued to call to my beloved. Of course Charming couldn’t hear me over the crowd. Jade was busy laughing as she muffled my cries to the prince. Eventually, Charming disappeared around the corner. My chances for true love were dashed by circumstance and a seven year old!

One day my prince will come. Even without the white uniform, the perfect smile and the thick dark hair that is never out of place, I’m pretty sure I will recognize him. With all the other princesses out of his system, I will reign as queen happily ever after. The end.