

# The Queen of Luminaria

Amy, the self proclaimed goddess-queen of Luminaria, ruled her subjects with an iron fist. When, and if she allowed dissent or a demand for rights under the Luminarian Charter, the dissenter would be limited to three minutes to present his case, however complex. In all actuality, the Charter allowed five minutes, but that had been reduced by decree. Her nearest rival, the Red Queen, had nothing on Amy. The Red Queen's infamous displeasure always had the same result, chop off their heads and be done with it. No drama, no appeals, just bring the Porta-Guillotine around, fill up the basket, and take it away, job finished.

Amy, on the other hand, applied exquisite mental torture to those who had defied her. Her favorite was to force the accused to stand before the court, spotlight on his face, and read the first chapter of *"The Secret"* while the sound system buzzed, crackled and hissed, drowning out the defendant.

Another way she inflicted mental pain was by declaring a National Penis Measuring Day, whereupon all males had to report, under threat of torture, to a measuring station in his precinct. That tactic, though, backfired when most men, seeing the hags and snaggletoothed crones manning the measuring equipment, decided to risk torture instead. They stayed away en masse. Amy was outraged.

"How would the Red Queen deal with this, this insurrection?" she asked Link Lincoln, her always-at-her-ear-whispering-sinister-and-devilish-schemes advisor.

"Forget the Red Queen, Your Highness." Link simped, an evil smile on his face. "She could never even hope to match your oh, so exquisite solutions." He exposed his one yellowing incisor. The other one had been knocked out in an accident. Legal actions were still pending.

"Oh Link!" Amy turned to face him and unbuttoned his shirt. "Whatever would I do without you?" She jumped onto him, wrapping her legs tightly around his waist. Link's legs, overwhelmed by the Queen's more than ample weight, promptly buckled, tumbling them both to the floor. Amy's noggin contacted the marble surface with a hollow knock. She lost consciousness, and floated through a beautiful dream for what seemed like millennia.

She woke up and rubbed the sore spot on her head. Link was hovering over her.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Uh...I'm His royal Highness, Link, the King of Luminaria." He pointed to Amy's crown, which was now perched on his own pointy head.

Amy sat up and looked around at the ornate bedchamber.

"And...who am I? she asked, bewildered.

"Why, you are uh...Abigail, my wife, the queen." Link began drooling.

"Queen, huh? She hesitated, thinking. "Are there any princes or princesses?" She looked down at her body. Her head ached. Link's single incisor gleamed in the soft candlelight.

"Not yet, my dear."