"All right," said Louise, happily entering into the spirit of the game, "you're a huge big marvellous stag and I'm a great wonderful hunter just like Daddy."

She ran towards her brother, waving the air gun and laughing, while William raised his antlered head and emitted the deep bellow of a fine big stag.

In the weeks that followed no one suggested it had been anything but a ghastly accident. And indeed it had not. Louise's devotion to her brother was unquestionable. Had she not tripped on the gnarled root of heather growing from the rock, the media and the country at large would happily have been deprived of one of the most harrowing stories ever sparked off by the private life of the royals. It had been a chance in ten thousand that the pellet that hit William should not only have shot the lad's lower jaw away, but also should have so shattered a main artery that he bled to death before his horrified sister had been able to bring help.

The country mourned. The Prince and the Princess were a little pestered by the media for several weeks, and when once again they were seen returning to the social round they were invariably given the greatest coverage when opening children's homes or hospital wings. The associations were very agreeable to the public mind.

It is some indication of how deeply the tragic incident was felt by all concerned that a spring, a summer and half an autumn passed before the Prince was seen to have returned to the consolation of a sporting life in the Highlands. As for the Princess, another whole year went by before it was even suggested that she might be a member of any of the Prince's shooting parties. These matters can be handled with great delicacy by those who know how to behave.

NO LONGER, MY LOVE

As I dream in my chair, there is hope for you
No longer, my love.

You are the victim of a culture gone mad
As always, my dear.

I can stand to see you in the house of death
No longer, my love.

To prevent your slaughter, I am outcast
As always, my dear.

I can live with you prostituted
No longer, my love.

Your silence in death haunts my soul
As always, my dear.

I am deaf to your cry
No longer, my love.

My brothers wear your baby's skin
As always, my dear.

My species will listen
No longer, my love.

You are in pain
As always, my dear.

I must obey the rule of the mob
No longer, my love.

I am guilty by association
As always, my dear.

I can love your killers,
No longer, no longer, my love.

Justin Reia

[Justin is a sixteen year-old vegetarian. He has won many academic awards and entered the University of Toledo (Ohio) the past fall as a freshman.]