

There was once a princess who fell in love with a crack on her ceiling. She'd known him since he was a tiny split, "When I grow up, I'm going to be a ruin." She'd learnt every twist and turn of his rebellious path. She watched him as he flirted with the spiders and scoffed at the chandelier. Every night she stared up at him and willed herself to speak, but alas she was too shy! Every time she opened her mouth, she imagined him spitting dust in her face and couldn't bear it, so she shoved her head into her pillow and tried to put him out of her mind. Her father had no interest in princesses, having never been one himself and was keen to find her a husband. Each day she was presented with suitor after suitor, but their smooth faces held no appeal. As the years rolled by, her father gave up hope of marrying her off and decided it would be better to forget all about her. Her meals were sent up to her room and servants followed her around the house spraying scent to cover her tracks. One night, as she gazed at herself in the mirror, she noticed another wrinkle peeping out from under her eye and let out a deep sigh. Then a voice said, "Why do you sigh beautiful lady?"

"Because my beauty is fading fast."

"What do you mean? To me you grow more lovely as each day passes." The princess looked around in surprise to see who her admirer could be. To her great delight, she discovered the voice came from none other than her beloved. "How long I have waited to speak to you!" She cried.

"I must admit, I never thought much of you until now. Your face is blooming into a hundred fractures. It is quite becoming." said the crack.

"Why, thank you. You are very kind." And her face blushed and crinkled under the weight of her smile. He gasped, "Oh to be a line on that face! A thousand years could not weather a finer valley."

"Indeed, I have loved you all my life. You are the triumph of the castle and the king of my heart. Will you talk with me until morning?" And so they discussed many things from the creaks in the staircase, "Such dreadful gossips." to the deeper meanings of life "Aren't we all just one line after another?" until dawn broke in through the window. The dear princess had never been so happy. She rushed to tell her father that she would marry at last. She burst into the great hall and he turned to face her with a look of bewilderment, "Who are you?" he asked (he had not seen her for several years).

"I am your daughter." She replied.

"Nonsense. I would never be so silly to have a daughter. Guards!" He shouted and five men surrounded her in an instant. "Please remove this old baggage from my sight." And with that, she was thrown from the castle. When the poor crack heard the news he trembled and his heart split in two. The line grew and shivered down the walls like a river. The plaster began to trickle. His shaking grew more violent until rubble rained down and the floor took shelter where it could. The king only had time to register a distant rumble before the entire castle fell to the ground. The princess looked up from the puddle she had cried and quickly ran back to her home. She frantically turned over every splinter and stone looking for her one and only love but he had vanished with everything else. In her grief, her face and body dissolved into a bundle of creases and she became another part of the ruin.