



### Zusammenfassung: Easy Reader / Prince William, Maximilian Minsky & Me

New Yorkerin Nelly Sue Edelman mag Computer, Sterne, Würstchen mit Sauerkraut und das Theater, wenn auch nicht unbedingt in dieser Reihenfolge. Und sie verabscheut ihre Frisur, die Notwendigkeit, ihr Zimmer aufzuräumen, Hausaufgaben und Jungs mit großen Ohren wie Maximilian Minsky. Mit anderen Worten, sie ist eine ganz normale dreizehnjährige Schülerin. Doch eines schönen Tages verliebt sie sich in den zukünftigen britischen König, William Arthur Philip Louis Windsor alias Prinz William, und das wirft sie völlig aus der Bahn. Tag und Nacht träumt sie davon, Prinzessin Nelly von England zu werden – die Frage ist nur: Wie? Schließlich weiß William noch nicht einmal, dass es sie überhaupt gibt. Aber dann hat Nelly eine Idee ... und legt los.

### Leseprobe: Easy Reader / Prince William, Maximilian Minsky & Me

After school that day my heart *raced* down the school steps faster than my feet. I couldn't wait to get home to my own computer. As usual, I met Cassie at the front *exit*.

"I'm in love," were the first words out of my mouth.

"Who's it this time?" she asked, bored.

"What do you think of Prince William?"

"I don't know," she said. "What does he sing?"

"Sing?"

"Rap, rock, reggae?"

"Cassie, he's not a singer. He's a prince. Prince William is the future king of England."

"Oh, that Prince William."

"What do you mean 'that' Prince William. He's the one and only Prince William. And when I marry him, I'll be Princess Nelly of Wales."

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*to race*: to walk very fast

*exit*: the door where you go out of a building or a room



“Number one, his father is the Prince of Wales at the moment, so you can forget it. And number two, William is not the future king of England.”

“Yes he is!” I said.

“He’s the future king of Great Britain. There’s a difference.”

“You know what I mean.”

“And besides, he’d never marry an American,” she went on. “If he did, he might have to *abdicate*.”

“Abdicate?”

“Give up the *throne*.”

“Big deal. So then we’ll move to New York. We could get one of those penthouses on Central Park West. And build a swimming pool in the basement. Wills is a very good swimmer, you know.”

We walked a few steps in silence. “So what do you think of him?” I asked again.

“Nothing. Absolutely nothing.”

“How could you say that? He happens to be the most *attractive* member of the British royal family.”

“It doesn’t take much to be attractive in that family.”

She was right. I thought of Wills’s father, Prince Charles, and his ears and nose, and we had a good laugh. But then Cassie looked at me with a serious look on her face and said, “Why William?”

“I like intelligent men. He goes to Eton. It’s one of England’s finest schools.”

“I read that he’s not so *smart*, but his younger brother Harry is.”

“But Harry is not going to be the king of England!”

“Great Britain, Nelly. The king of Great Britain—But why is it so

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*to abdicate*: to give up the crown or say no to being king

*throne*: the chair on which the king or queen sits

*attractive*: good-looking

*smart*: clever; intelligent



important to you that William will be king?" Cassie was walking very fast now.

"First of all, you can call him Wills. Everyone does," I said. "Second of all, if he became king and we got married I'd be Queen Nelly and very rich. And third of all, stop walking so fast!"

"Would being rich solve your problems? Would you be a happier person if you had more money?" Not only was Cassie walking fast, but her voice was getting very loud.

"Well my mother would be happier. She'd stop *nagging* my father about getting a job. It just breaks my heart that he tries so hard and gets so little in return."

"Nelly, the only reason why you like Wills is because he's famous and has money and happens to have a nice smile. But don't you think he should prove himself first? At least if he was good at something I could understand."

"They say he's an excellent hunter."

Cassie stopped walking. "An excellent hunter? He kills animals?! Do you know what he would do if he saw one of those brontosauruses on the street that you love so much? He'd kill it in a second and then *parade* it down Fifth Avenue!"

"If I saw one of those brontosauruses on the street I'd kill it in a second too."

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*to nag*: to say something over and over again until it annoys the listener

*to parade*: to show something for everyone to see