

The Mentors

By A. C. Zito

“Harry, I’m scared,” Harry shrugged his shoulders as he took another quick glance out of the limo before he took one long sigh, replying:

“Who could they even be bringing us to visit? Who’s going to actually do anything for us? Like, we’re the first, right? There hasn’t been a royal couple like us ever before, *ever*, right?” Meghan didn’t know. She was too busy reading another text from her father. “What is he saying now?” Harry didn’t want to ask, but he knew it was important. He had to be respectable when it came to dealing with Meghan’s father. He was an important man. Not as important as Harry, but Harry still had to give him the time of day even though his and Meghan’s schedule really didn’t have the time for really *anything* nowadays.

“Nothing, just another long text again about how no one’s ever actually cut out to be in royalty, but he’s like, since you’re my *daughter*, you’re cut out for *anything* you put your *mind* too!” Harry smiled down at her, but Meghan was rolling her eyes at this. But she couldn’t help looking back up at her Harry and feeling her heart flutter as she looked into his eyes.

“I wouldn’t trade you for all the fairy tales, all of my great-great Uncle Shakespeare’s love stories,” Meghan did a quick laugh at this but realized he wasn’t finished and quickly covered her mouth, smiling up at him. He went on, smiling deep into her eyes, “All the Nicholas Spark’s flicks you make me watch,” she hit his arm, playfully, and, at that, he wrestled her to where he was now laying on top of her.

“Tonight, let’s go find an old car when we get back to our place. I want to do that role-play again. *You*, just a poor, peasant boy named Jack and I, a *snooty* rich girl named Rose. And you’ll draw me wearing nothing but that *really* expensive necklace Grandma Elizabeth got me.” Meghan could already feel Harry getting excited.

“Oh, I like that!” They knew they couldn’t contain their passion a second longer, but the car came to a stop.

“Where are we?” Meghan heard herself ask. Harry just shook his head and whispered into her ear:

“This is something I never told you about. Being in the British royal family... we *have* things. Equipment to keep us in control; so the *family* will forever stay in power; Grandmother had this made back in the seventies because she felt the only way to keep the family in power was to meet *her*: the *first* Queen Elizabeth,” Meghan’s heart dropped as she asked:

“And she *met* her?” Harry didn’t answer. He knew that story was for another time. They were now on foot, nearing a warehouse with nothing surrounding it for what seemed like miles upon miles.

"I've never been to this island. Grandmother says it's forbidden for anyone in the family to come to it. She's had it stashed away for decades and decades. She won't even let Father visit it. And he'll be king next. Besides her, *we're the first ones.*"

"Is that why she's been telling me a lot of *queer* and mysterious stuff? Open-ended questions like: *Can one's romance melt all hearts far and wide? And will the children get to see beyond our galaxies?*"

"It's time," one of the men with the suits and sunglasses said. They entered the warehouse to be greeted by another door which had to be unlocked with one of the men's hands. Then another door was unlocked by one of the other men's eyes. Then *another* door was unlocked by the third and last man and how he unlocked it, children shouldn't be allowed to know. But here it is anyway, the third man took his *shoe* off and then his *sock* and then used his *bare foot* to unlock it. Meghan was told to look away out of the indecency of it.

"These are the three men," Harry whispered into her ear as they now were twisting and turning deep down through underground tunnels that seemed to go farther and farther into the ground. "Supposedly they've been around for thousands of years keeping the *Holy Grail* hidden until the right family came along to use it to put the pieces of the puzzle, meaning the world, back together."

"They're the Knights of the Holy Grail?" Meghan asked, looking at the men with new respect. Harry nodded, saying:

"Don't let them fool you with how young they walk, talk, look, and present themselves. They know how old they *really* are, and once the truth is known to those around them then their cover is blown." And Meghan saw this to be true. Once, upon Harry telling her this, the men's ages seemed to be shown profoundly and in more ways than one. Nonetheless, they weren't far from being bones with modern-day clothes on. But they were still living, breathing people who were being kept to stay alive for so long by one purpose and one purpose only: to protect the Holy Grail.

Upon arriving to the end of the last tunnel, the three knights came together and clasped each other's hands, making a triangle, as they said a prayer. After the prayer was finished, they then each faced a wall. One, the left side of the tunnel, one, the right side of the tunnel, and one, the part of the tunnel where it ended; all at once, they put the palms of their hands lying face-down on their designated wall and a shift in the room changed to where they were now standing where the tunnel once ended but were now, somehow, on the other side.

"What just happened?" Meghan asked Harry.

"We time-traveled," it was almost like the tunnel did a complete three-sixty for them. They now were walking back which they came, but it felt like they were walking further into the tunnel.

"It was almost like all we did was turn around to where, instead of how we were facing one wall, we were now facing the other wall." Meghan nodded to Harry after he said this, frowning at him. She added, feeling queasy from the whole experience:

"Yes, but Harry, we didn't. We didn't move at all. The *ground* moved. Or, at least, that was what it *seemed* like." Harry nodded, replying, looking green in the face:

"I feel like heaving."

"This is where we leave you now," one of the men said to the couple." Another knight added:

"You will find your clothes that you will need to change into further down the tunnel. Just keep walking straight and there, after you have changed, you will meet two of our own that will bring you to see them." They did such that, feeling alone in the darkness once they were far enough away from the knights.

"I love you so much," Meghan felt herself saying to Harry as she held tightly to her arm.

"I love you too." Harry replied, kissing the top of her head and bringing her close to his body. The warmth they radiated for each other brought a sense of relief to the two. Then they came to where their clothes were hanging. A single torch was mantled next to the garments and a vacant spot was placed to put the torch Harry held next to where their new clothes hung.

"We're in... Ancient Greece?" Meghan asked Harry as she looked at the white garments.

"When was the last time you went to a toga party?" Harry asked her.

"Oh, god," Meghan heard her saying, we're about to live every fraternity and sorority kids' dream." Harry nodded as he began putting the warm cloth on. Meghan did the same thing. Once, they were both ready, they each took a burning torch out of their mantles and began their walk down the tunnel once again. They were met with an abundance of light, having them shield their eyes for spending so many hours in the dark.

"Are you Emperor and Empress of Sussex?" A soldier asked the two. Before Meghan was about to reply, Harry quickly said:

"Yes, yes we are," the man looked at the two and then gave each of them a crown to wear, saying:

"These got here two days before you both did," Harry helped Meghan put her's on while he, on the other hand, just plopped his on his head.

"They're waiting for you," the other soldier said and helped Meghan into the chariot. Harry was then helped inside, and, like that, they were off.

"How will they be able to understand us?" Meghan whispered to Harry. Harry shrugged.

"I'm guessing there's going to be a translator... gosh, I'm ready, any moment now, for Jesus to pop up out of nowhere with his twelve disciples." Meghan nodded looking at all the civilians in their white garments. They passed stands where people were selling fresh fruits, fresh meats, fresh fish; the smell of cooking filled their nostrils and left their stomachs growling. Then they saw it. Coming into view

was what looked to be a building of great proportion; almost like a castle. But then again, it was more foreign to any of what Harry, Meghan, or the rest of the royal family resides in.

“Harry,” Meghan said, gasping. “I think I see her. I see my mentor.” Harry nodded, looking at who stood inside the gates at the foot of their big doors.

“I see my mentor too.”

“GREETINGS, GREETINGS; EMPEROR JULIUS CAESAR AND EMPRESS CLEOPATRA FORMALLY WELCOME EMPORER HARRY OF SUSSEX AND EMPRESS MEGHAN OF SUSSEX!”

“How do you do,” a man translated this for Julius Caesar. “Welcome to Rome, this is my lovely wife, Cleopatra.”

“How do you do,” a woman translated for Cleopatra. “Come, stay in our home. Welcome to Rome.” Meghan looked up at her Harry, and Harry, down at her Meghan. Then Meghan whispered up to him with a glee she couldn’t contain a second more:

“Best honeymoon *ever!*”