

'The Everyday King'

By Joshua Borland

A king, for some, is seen as a grand figure, often draped in velvet, sat mighty upon a throne, commanding a great deal of attention. A king is pictured as a ruler over lands, a speaker who has subjects hanging onto their every word. With everyday gestures being seen as a powerful symbol, a king holds unshakeable power. Yet not all kings are equal. Not all kings are made of such spectacle, nor are they etched into the books of history. Some kings—perhaps the most relatable ones—seem to rule over a vastly different kingdom. The victories of these kings are not those of legendary battles, in fact, they are the quiet and daily triumphs over life's relentless mundanity. This is the story of the 'Everyday King's', whose crowns are made not of gold and jewels, rather, that of burnt toast, a pile of laundry and mismatched socks.

While being an 'Everyday King' does not mean you reign over bountiful lands, you do reign over the small victories that no one else sees. Take, for instance, your first battle, the morning routine. The alarm rings, not to the sweet sounds of royal trumpets, no, more like a digital tyrant if you will. You wake up not in a palace but under a tangled mess of bed sheets that somehow always win the nightly battle for dominance. Already, the day has begun its siege. You rise from bed—perhaps a little begrudgingly—and survey your kingdom; a cluttered room, half-finished projects, laundry strewn like fallen soldiers. But today, you are determined. Today, you will conquer.

The 'Everyday King' is met with a true test of their mettle, breakfast. Ah, toast—an innocuous slice of bread, however, for the 'Everyday King', it represents the fine line between success and defeat for the day. You slide it into the toaster, already filled with hope. Questions begin to flood your mind, will it come out golden, crisp, the perfect start to your day? Or will it, as it so often does, emerge blackened, and burnt, a reminder that even the smallest of quests can end in calamity? But then, disaster strikes. The toast pops up burnt, blackened beyond recognition, a charred offering from the kitchen gods who seem to take perverse joy in testing your patience. Your kingdom is crumbling. And yet, as all great kings must, you persevere. Yes, dear reader, the 'Everyday King' does not despair in the face of burnt toast. No, they scrape off the charred crumbs, slather on butter, and take that first bite with the quiet satisfaction of one who has turned a loss into a win. This, you now realise, is the true nature of kingship: adapting, even when your subjects (in this case, toast) are rebellious.

As the day unfolds, the king's challenges continue. There's now the laundry, an often-perennial enemy in every kingdom. Clothes, much like certain unruly vassals, seem to multiply when left unattended. There is always more of them, always a missing sock that has disappeared into the void. You throw in the laundry, perhaps without much ceremony, but there is something philosophical about it if you stop to think. The washing machine churns, an almost Sisyphean cycle that mimics the way life works—clean, dirty, clean again, always repeating. But with each load, you assert your dominion over the mundane. This is the quiet power of the 'Everyday King'.

What makes the 'Everyday King' so remarkable is not their dominion over others, but their dominion over themselves. This is a kingship rooted in the understanding that life is rarely about monumental victories. More often than not, it's about finding grace in the mundane, humour in the struggles, and dignity in the seemingly trivial. The 'Everyday King' doesn't expect fanfare for their accomplishments, and they certainly don't need a throne to feel important.

Because, let's be honest, life as an 'Everyday King' can be absurd. You spend an hour cleaning the kitchen, only for it to be undone in minutes by a stray spill or a misplaced cup. You carefully plan out your day, only to have it derailed by a minor crisis or the sudden realisation that you've run out of coffee. But the 'Everyday King' doesn't let these setbacks tarnish their crown. They know that the real power lies not in controlling every aspect of their domain, but in how they respond when things go awry.

This is where the philosophy of the 'Everyday King' shines through. In a world obsessed with grand gestures and dramatic transformations, they understand that true kingship is about presence, not performance. It's about showing up for the small moments—the mundane, the repetitive, the unremarkable—and finding value in them. There is a certain nobility in folding laundry with care, in making a cup of tea just right, in savouring the quiet victories that others overlook.

The 'Everyday King' laughs at the absurdity of their reign—at the way life throws constant, unexpected curveballs. They know that perfection is an illusion, that no matter how carefully they plan, something will always go wrong. And so, instead of striving for perfection, they embrace the imperfections. The toast may be burnt, the laundry may never quite be done, but these are the small prices paid for a life lived with humour and humility.

The world may not see your victories. There will be no parades for the toast that was finally not burnt or the laundry that was folded without losing a single sock. But you know that, and that is what matters. The crown you wear may be invisible, but it is yours, hard-won and deserved.

In the end, kingship is not about ruling vast empires or commanding legions. It's about ruling yourself—your time, your space, and your attitude. Every time you choose to laugh instead of despair, every time you turn a chore into a moment of triumph, you are, in your own way, the king of your own kingdom.