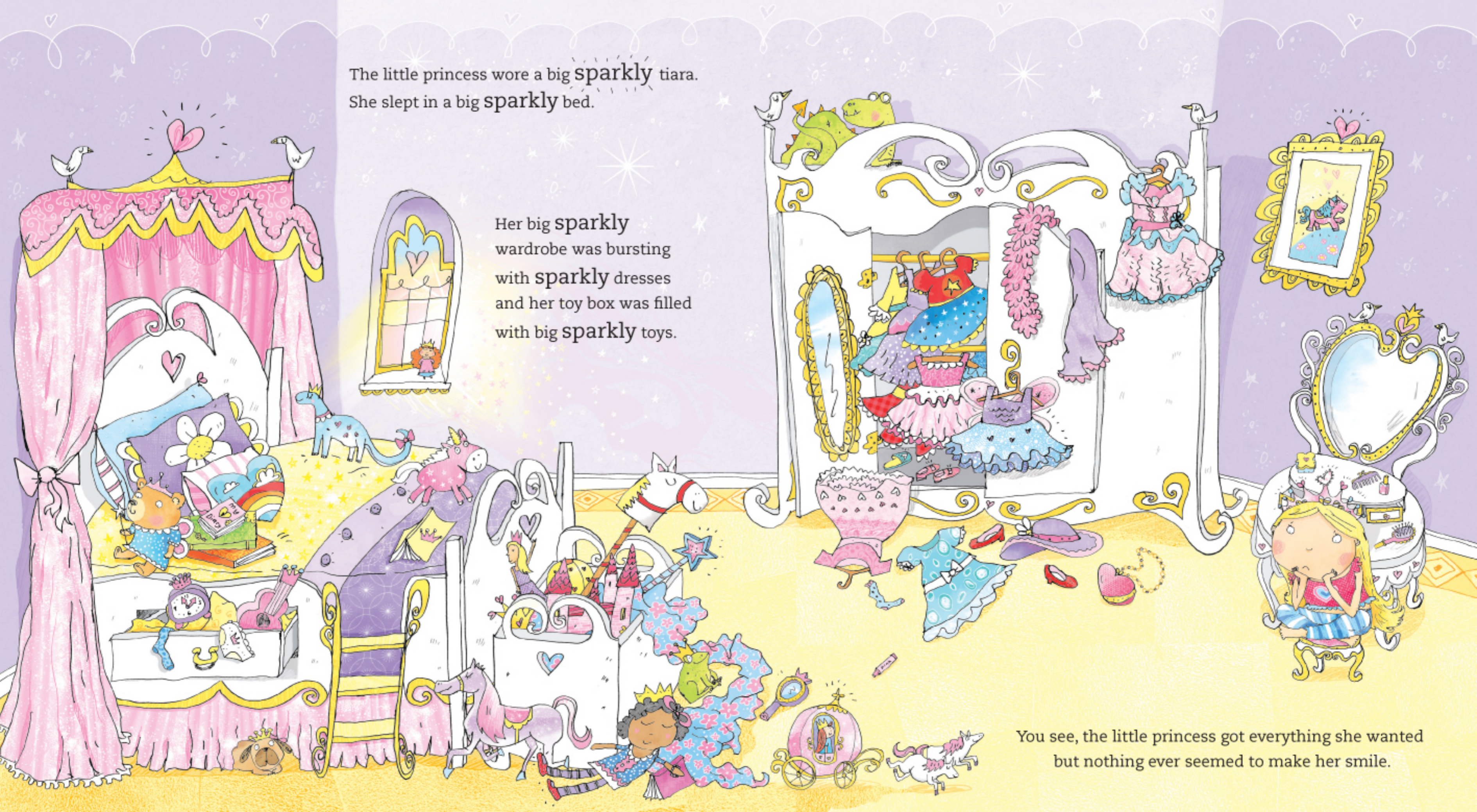


The little princess wore a big sparkly tiara.  
She slept in a big sparkly bed.

Her big sparkly wardrobe was bursting  
with sparkly dresses  
and her toy box was filled  
with big sparkly toys.

You see, the little princess got everything she wanted  
but nothing ever seemed to make her smile.



“Ice cream!” she shouted.  
“I want ice cream now!  
And it had better be good or else ... I’ll cry!”



“Quick!” said her daddy (who was busy being King).  
“Or else she’ll cry!”

So ice cream after ice cream was brought from the royal kitchens,  
but the little princess heaved a great big sigh ...  
“Too sticky ...



too  
drippy ...



yuck – too pink!”  
she exclaimed. “And look  
– you’ve forgotten the  
sprinkles!”





So pony after pony was led from the royal stables,  
but the little princess simply shook her head.

“Too frisky... too twinkly...  
yuck - too sweet!” she cried.

“Ponies!”  
bellowed the little princess.  
“I want ponies **now!** And make  
them good or else ... I’ll cry!”  
“Quick!” said her mummy  
(who was busy being Queen).  
“Or else she’ll cry!”

“And that one doing  
ballet is a show off!”