

Little Princesses: The Lullaby Princess

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Random House Children's Books

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Acknowledgements

Also by Katie Chase

The Silk Princess

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About the Book

Rosie knows a very special secret. Hidden in her great-aunt's mysterious Scottish castle are lots of little princesses for her to find. And each one will whisk her away to another part of the world on a magical adventure!

Aisha, the Desert Princess, is determined to find the cure to her sister's illness and save Egypt by preventing an ancient prophecy from coming true. But first Rosie must help her to answer the riddle of the Sphinx!

Join Rosie and meet her exciting new friends, as she discovers all the Little Princesses.

Little Princesses
The Lullaby
Princess

By Katie Chase



Illustrated by Leighton Noyes

Red Fox

To Saffron Cooper,
always look out for a magic princess ...
- *L.C.*

For Emily Brimelow,
With love
- *L.N.*



Chapter One

ROSIE SAT ON the floor of the castle's big bathroom rummaging through a deep cardboard box filled with smooth pebbles and pretty seashells. She began to pick out a handful of cowrie shells with glossy white sides. They were all different sizes, some so tiny they were hardly bigger than her fingernail, others large enough to cover the palm of her hand.

Her five-year-old brother, Luke, was lying on the floor next to her, stacking some large flat pebbles from the box into a pile. "Look at my tower, Rosie!" he said proudly.

As he spoke, the tower wobbled and then collapsed with a loud crash.

Rosie grinned. "Great tower, Luke!" she teased.

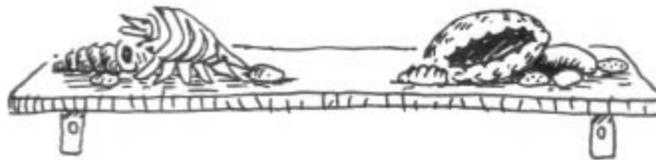
Luke giggled and started to stack the pebbles up again. "Never mind," he said. "I bet I can make another one that's even higher!"



Rosie rolled the cowrie shells in her hands. She had found the cardboard box at the bottom of one of the bathroom cupboards that morning while she had been helping her mum tidy up. Mrs Campbell had said that she could make a display on the bathroom shelf using the pebbles and shells.

Lifting the largest shell to her ear, Rosie listened to the soft swirling sound of the sea. It made her think of sandy beaches and blue skies. Holidays, Rosie thought longingly, as she stood up to place the shell on the shelf.

She glanced out of the bathroom window at the grey misty mountains of the Scottish Highlands and sighed. She loved living here but right now she couldn't help thinking it would be wonderful to be on a warm, sunny beach or swimming in the sea.



She arranged the shells on the shelf and then headed back to the old box. As she reached inside it, the sleeve of her jumper rubbed some of the dust off the top, and she saw the word *Hawaii* written in her Great-aunt Rosamund's