

The title is surrounded by several decorative elements: small four-pointed stars and hearts scattered around the text, and larger, faint circular patterns in the background.

Puppy Princess

Super Sweet Dreams

by Patty Furlington

Scholastic Inc.

With special thanks to Anne Marie Ryan

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Chapter 1



Treasure Hunt

“Come on, Cleo! Let’s look in the throne room!” barked Princess Rosie. The small white puppy’s curly tail wagged excitedly as she bounded into the throne room of Pawstone Palace.

A fluffy gray kitten skittered into the throne room after her. “Oh wow!” Cleo the kitten said, her blue eyes wide as she gazed around the room. “This place is amazing!”

Regal banners with purple paw prints hung from the ceiling. There were two golden thrones on a little platform, covered with a canopy of violet-colored silk. The thrones had feet shaped like paws and plush purple cushions. They belonged to Princess Rosie's parents, King Charles and Queen Fifi, who ruled over all the animals that lived in the kingdom of Petrovia.

Rosie shrugged. The throne room *was* beautiful, but she wasn't here to admire the view—she and Cleo had more important things to do. They were on a treasure hunt! Rosie's chocolate-brown eyes scanned the room, but she couldn't see any jewels.

A gray rabbit in a starched black apron

with white trim hopped into the throne room and started brushing the thrones with a feather duster. It was Priscilla, the palace's chief housekeeper.

“Oh no,” Rosie groaned. “Let's get out of here!” She started running across the throne room.

“A puppy princess should ALWAYS walk. She should NEVER run!” the bunny called out.

“Yeah, yeah,” Rosie woofed over her shoulder without slowing down.

Not long ago, the very fussy rabbit had been Rosie's lady-in-waiting. Priscilla was a stickler for rules and tidiness. She had never wanted to play and was always bossing

Rosie around. But all that had changed when Rosie had sneaked out of the palace! She'd dug a tunnel under the palace walls and had an amazing adventure. Best of all, she'd met Cleo, a kind and helpful kitten who loved playing just as much as Rosie did. After helping Rosie find her way home, Cleo had become her new lady-in-waiting. More important, she was Rosie's best friend, too!

“Where should we go now, Rosie?” Cleo asked.

“Hmm. Let's try the ballroom,” Rosie suggested.

She and Cleo ran into a long room lined with gold-framed mirrors that made it look like it went on for miles and miles. Guinea

pig maids were polishing the marble floor with dust cloths on their little feet.

“WHEE!” cried Rosie as she and Cleo slid across the slippery surface on their paws. The ballroom was very grand, with huge crystal chandeliers, but there weren’t any jewels to be seen.

Next, they ran down a hallway and scampered into the palace’s dining room. An elderly tortoise was carefully setting a long, gleaming wooden table.

“Can I help you, Princess Rosie?” asked the tortoise, polishing a silver fork before very, very sloooooowly setting it down next to a plate.

At this rate the table won’t be ready until dinner time tomorrow, thought Rosie. But of course

she didn't say this to Theodore. The tortoise butler had served the royal family loyally for many years. He knew everything there was to know about the palace and its history.

“We're on a treasure hunt, Theodore,” Rosie explained.

“Ah, there are many treasures in the dining room,” Theodore drawled. “These spoons once belonged to King Baxter II, the silver serving platter dates from the reign of Queen Roxie the Ravenous, and the crystal glasses were a gift from the Duke of Dalmatia.”

“Not that kind of treasure,” Rosie said, shaking her head and making her curly ears flop from side to side. “We're looking for jewels!”

“Well then,” the butler said. “You need to go to the treasury!”

Of course! thought Rosie. The treasury was where the kingdom’s most precious jewels were stored.

“Thanks, Theodore,” Rosie barked. She and Cleo jumped over the tortoise’s shell and hurried to a staircase. A bulldog in a guard’s uniform was standing at attention at the bottom of the staircase.

“Hi, George,” Rosie called to the guard as he stiffly waved her and Cleo past.

They bounded up the stairs and into a small room filled with cabinets displaying precious gems. In the middle of the room stood a golden chest. Rosie lifted the lid and

showed Cleo the sparkling collars and tiaras inside. Diamonds, rubies, and emeralds glittered in the sunlight.

“Oooh!” Cleo cried, her eyes shining, “Treasure!”

“Who goes there?” someone growled. Rosie’s brother, Prince Rollo, jumped out from behind a cabinet. He was round and cuddly, just like his big sister, but he also had a black spot over one eye that made him look like a pirate.

Another white puppy leaped out after him. It was Rollo’s twin brother, Prince Rocky. “We found the treasure first!” he cried. “It’s ours!”