

The page is decorated with several soft, glowing circles, each containing two small, dark, four-pointed stars. Some of these circles also contain a small white heart. These decorative elements are scattered around the main text.

# Puppy Princess

Party Time!

by **Patty Furlington**

Scholastic Inc.

## With special thanks to Thea Bennett

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# Chapter 1



## The Very Bubbly Bath

At the top of the tallest tower of Pawstone Palace, a small white puppy named Rosie was in her beautiful, sparkly bedroom. She was supposed to be sitting quietly and combing out her curly tail. But instead she was doing something much more fun—playing a game of tag!

Rosie was the daughter of King Charles

and so, of course, she was a princess. One day Princess Rosie would be queen and rule over the whole of Petrovia. Right now, however, she was having so much fun romping with her two little brothers, Rocky and Rollo, that she'd forgotten all about being a princess.

“Woof! You’ll never catch me!” Rosie barked, running so fast that she skidded right across the shiny marble floor.

“Yes, we will!” Prince Rocky yelped, chasing after his sister. He was round and cuddly, like her, and they both had soft, curly fur. But Rocky’s ears were longer and floppier.

“We’ll get you, Rosie!” Prince Rollo

growled, trying to look fierce. This was quite easy for him, because he had a big black spot over one eye that made him look like a pirate. But once you spent time with him, you could see that his brown eyes were actually very friendly, even when he was growling.

“Help!” squeaked Rosie, leaping up onto her bed and pretending to be scared.

Rosie’s bed had a pink satin bedspread decorated with the royal paw-print symbol and lots of velvet cushions. It was very big . . . and very bouncy!

“Look out, Rosie!” Rocky and Rollo scrambled up after her.

*Swoosh!* Their paws dragged the bedspread off the bed, straight down onto the floor.

“Oh no!” Rollo whined. “Mom will be angry!”

Queen Fifi didn’t approve of puppies bouncing on beds, and she certainly didn’t approve of bedspreads on the floor.

(Queen Fifi didn’t approve of being called “Mom” either. She preferred “Your Majesty.”)

“Don’t worry about it,” Rosie yapped. “We’ll put it back later!”

She jumped off the bed and landed on a fluffy rug.

Rocky and Rollo came chasing after her. Rosie giggled and suddenly had a fantastic idea. Her brothers could never resist a game of catch!

Rosie tugged the glittering diamond tiara from her head and threw it across the room like a sparkly Frisbee.

“Fetch!” she barked.

Rocky and Rollo leaped to catch the tiara, and at that very moment, the door to Rosie’s bedroom creaked open.

“Princess Rosie?” said a prim voice.

Rocky and Rollo crashed into each other in midair, and the tiara hit the floor with a clatter!

“Ouch!” Rocky squealed as he and his brother landed in a heap on the ground.

“Goodness gracious! What’s going on in here?” A gray rabbit wearing a white nurse’s cap hopped into the room. Her name

was Priscilla, and she was Rosie's lady-in-waiting.

It was Priscilla's job to comb Rosie's fur and make sure she had a bath. It was Priscilla who washed and ironed the silk ribbons that Rosie wore in her fur. And it was Priscilla who polished Rosie's tiara so it shone as bright as the stars in the sky.

Most important of all, Priscilla made sure that Rosie behaved like a proper puppy princess. Priscilla had beady black eyes that didn't miss a thing, and her long ears could hear the tiniest sound. Noisy, rough games were definitely not allowed!

Whenever Rosie did something that Priscilla didn't approve of, her lady-in-waiting



would twitch her nose and say “Huff!” If Rosie did something REALLY bad, Priscilla would roll her eyes and say, “Huff, huff, huffity-huff!”

“Get up at once, you two! That is no way for royal puppies to behave!” Priscilla said to Rocky and Rollo. “Your mother, Her Highness, must get ready for the Royal Garden Party. Princess Rosie, where are you? It’s bathtime!”

Rosie’s brothers scampered away to play somewhere else, and Rosie dived under her bed to hide. Priscilla was always showing up and ruining everything just when a game was getting really exciting. Bathtime? No way!

Unfortunately, Rosie was hiding under

the farthest corner of the bed, where Priscilla's feather duster had never been able to reach. It was very dusty there, and Rosie's nose was itching.

“Ah! AH! CHOOO!” she sneezed.

“Oh, there you are, Princess!” Priscilla hopped over. “Out you come!”

But Rosie was too quick for her lady-in-waiting. She wriggled out from under the bed, dodged past Priscilla, and raced out onto the landing outside her bedroom.

“Oooof!” Rosie gasped as she ran straight into a huge golden Maltese wearing a large crown studded with rubies and emeralds.

King Charles was sneaking up to his

study for his afternoon nap, carrying a silver platter of dog biscuits.

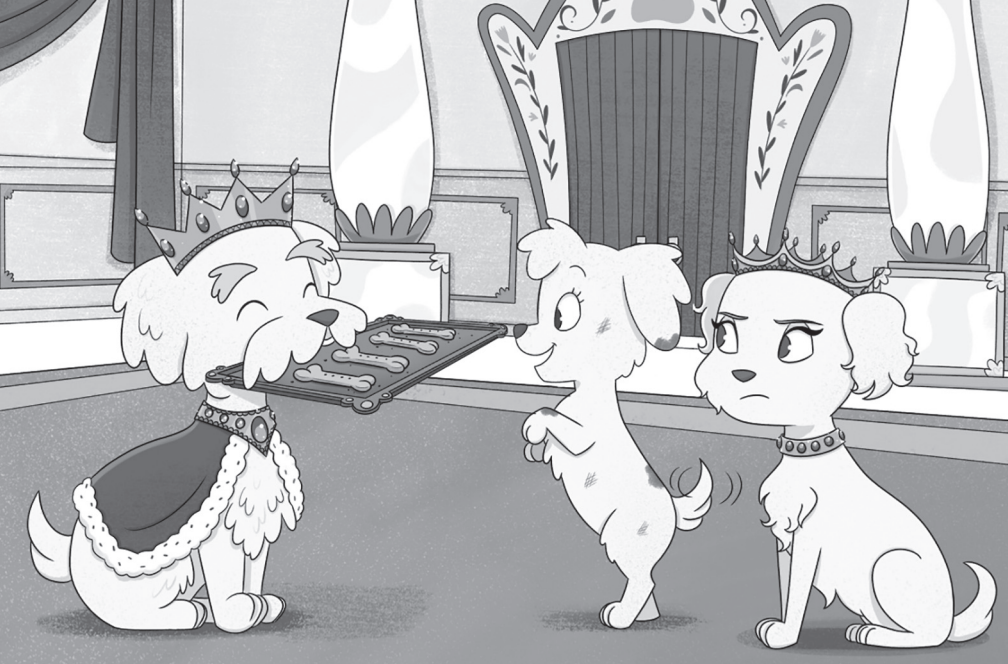
“What, what, what?” he spluttered.

“It’s only me, Dad,” Rosie explained. “I’m running away because I don’t want to have a bath. I want to keep playing.”

“Rosie! Come back here!” Priscilla called from the bedroom.

“Now, now, Rosie,” the king said, patting her on the head with one of his big velvety paws, “I’m sure your lady-in-waiting knows best. Here, have a treat, that’ll cheer you up. These are really delicious.”

He held out the platter, but before Rosie could help herself to one of the palace cook’s tasty biscuits, there was a click of nails on the



marble floor. A very elegant white Maltese, also wearing a crown, came trotting up and whisked the platter away from King Charles.

“Your Highness,” Queen Fifi said, blinking her long, curly eyelashes reproachfully. “The party is happening soon, Charles! You’ll ruin your appetite for dinner.”

Then she looked at Rosie and wrinkled

her brow. “Where’s your tiara, my dear? And why are you looking so messy? The guests will be arriving soon and you must be ready to greet them.”

Priscilla hopped over to join them. “I’m sorry, Ma’am! The bath is run, everything’s ready, but I couldn’t find the princess.”

“Hmmm! Really?” Queen Fifi said, giving Rosie a pointed look. Rosie knew what that look meant. There was no use arguing with the queen. Tail between her legs, Rosie slunk off to have her bath . . .

“Why do I need to take a bath?” Rosie grumbled as Priscilla led her to the bathroom. “I just had one three days ago!”