



After one last sip of peach juice, Clarabel stepped off the veranda of the white palace onto a lawn that swept down to a clear turquoise ocean.

Her golden hair flew out behind her in the sea breeze and the sapphire ring on her finger sparkled in the sunshine.

She loved staying here on the tropical island of Ampali. It was so much warmer than her home in the kingdom of Winteria, where snow lay on the ground for most of the year.

The little blue parrot flew up to perch on her shoulder.

“Finished breakfast already?” asked Clarabel.

“Squawk!” went the parrot.

Clarabel laughed and turned her eyes back to the ocean. In the distance, a row of small ships with snowy sails was

