



♥ CHAPTER ONE ♥

The Master Gem Maker

Princess Jaminta dashed up the stairs with her long green cloak flying out behind her. She ran into her bedroom, undid her cloak, and threw it onto the bed. Her brown eyes sparkled.

She'd just gone to see the little panda cub that lived on Cloud Mountain with his mother. He was a sweet thing, with big black eyes and a cuddly white tummy. She wished she could have stayed up there all day.



Quickly, she gave herself a shake. She had to stop daydreaming about the little cub! She had something important to do.

She hurried to her dressing table and picked up a small lump of white rock that lay in front of the mirror. It was time to do something special with this crystal rock.

She had made it by sticking lots of tiny crystals together. It didn't look very pretty yet. But once she had worked on it with her jewel-making tools, it would turn into a beautiful gem that would be perfect for her grandfather's birthday present. She had to hurry, though. His birthday was tomorrow, and soon the other royal families from all over the world would be arriving to help them celebrate.

She unfolded her pouch of jewel-making tools and picked up a silver chisel. Her smooth, dark hair curled around her chin



as she leaned forward. Holding the rock crystal still, she tapped on the chisel with a tiny hammer. She was planning to smooth its sides and change its shape.

Maybe she'd make it heart-shaped, just like the famous Onica Heart Crystals that used to belong to her grandfather. Those Heart Crystals had vanished a long time ago, but everyone in the kingdom still talked about them.

She tapped the rock harder. Delicate white flakes chipped off and dropped onto the dressing table. But the crystal still looked rough and absolutely refused to sparkle.

Jaminta frowned. Why was it so difficult? It wasn't as if she'd never done this before. She'd been making jewels for years. She'd even made the special rings that she and the other Rescue Princesses used to call one another when they needed help. She



smiled for a moment, thinking of Emily, Clarabel, and Lulu. Together, they had made a secret promise always to help an animal in trouble. She was so proud that her special jewels played an important part in their animal rescues.

She gripped the chisel tightly, and swiftly tapped the rock crystal again with her hammer. There was a snap, and a jagged crack ran all the way down the side of the rock. Jaminta gasped. She'd tapped too hard. How could she have been so careless?

She should have started making the jewel weeks ago instead of spending all her time with the panda cub. Now it was too late to make Grandfather a different present. She rubbed her eyes with the back of her hand. The jewel was ruined. Unless . . . maybe . . . She'd nearly forgotten about the one person who could help.

