

The
Invisible King
and the
Little Princess

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The Invisible King, and the Little Princess

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1—The Lonesome Princess

There once was a land that was very far away, so far that not even the sailors had heard of it. No one had even known of its existence. But in that land was a very kind King. He knew all about not only His own country, but also about all the places around. He knew the names of the people, animals, bugs, and even the plants of each and every area.

See, he had a way to learn about everyone and everything. He could just think about a place, and it would come into full view in front of him. If he wanted to see something very small, like what matter made up a particle of dirt, he could just think it, and the magical screen in front of him would show any zoomed in image that he wondered about.

Sometimes this unique King would take actual visits to other areas. He would come at first invisibly, so no one could see he was there, or they might try to change what they were doing, or hide something from his view. Though many people wondered if there was an unknown land, or if there was a supreme king ruling that they just didn't know about, often people were just too busy or uninterested to think about it.

But if they got themselves into a heap of trouble, then they wished that there could be some super-body that would suddenly be there for them. But this king had special ways of helping others, without them even finding out exactly who it was, who He was—that is, not finding out in a visual form. He could sneak up right beside them, close enough to hear them whispering, and then instantly do something for them that they needed.

Sometimes it was quite a guessing game for those who liked to think they knew everything, when people would ask them these hard type of questions, like, “Well, who did that then? Or what made this happen?”

For those who thought they knew it all, it was rather puzzling for them to realise that there were many things they just didn't know.

One day a little girl was sitting outside all alone. She was crying because a friend, or someone who called themselves her friend, had done something very hurtful and bad. She already didn't have all that many friends, and she had no brothers or sisters yet, so she valued and enjoyed the few friends she had.

Now she was wishing she could know who would always be a true and trustworthy friend to her, for all her life-long existence in the land that she called her home.

"How can I trust anyone," she wondered, and whispered, honestly wishing for someone to answer her and give her some advice. But what she didn't know was that this special, yet invisible king was right beside her. He was so close and attentive that he could hear what her heart and mind were saying, even when the words and ideas didn't come out of her mouth.

"I know just the perfect friend for you," he wished he could tell her, loud and clearly, because she did know just who she could trust entirely—and the only one who would never, ever tell her lies nor hurt her in anyway. He, being the trustworthy and kind king that he was, and he knowing the hearts of each of the people around, knew that the always-friend she could permanently depend on to be always truthful, was himself.

That is when a thought came into the little girl's mind. "Just what if there was a king who could talk with me now; a king that knew everyone in the land, and so could recommend the right kinds of friends for me to have. Then she got a new and even more amazing thought—amazing to her:

"What if the king... oh, that's crazy" she chided herself at first, but then allowed her thoughts the freedom to think it out: "What if a king would

be a true and kind friend to me, allow me to talk with him, to eat together with me, to tell me interesting things, and explore the land around...?”

But when she closed her eyes, a picture began to form in her mind. In her mind's eye a very handsome and strong looking man of royalty stood before her and offered her his hand, as if to shake it and say “Hello”.

“I'm Mr. King-Kindheart, and I love visiting those who need an always-around-always-can-trust friend.” The words came into her heart. She was surprised. This had never happened to her before. She quickly opened her eyes. Perhaps she had fallen asleep and was dreaming? But she realised she was very wide awake; so it was something new and special happening to her. So, she closed her eyes again.

This time the picture or image was of Mr. King-Kindheart and a few others, dressed very nicely, looking at her and smiling. Some of the ladies seemed to beckon for her to stand up and to walk with them. So in her mind, the little girl got up and held the hand of Mr. King-Kindheart, and also the hand of one beautiful lady who was smiling and welcoming her.

And on they walked. Now she had so many friends, truly trustworthy ones. Her heart felt glad, even though it seemed to be in another realm or reality.

“Dinner time,” she then heard a call, and quickly opened her eyes. But before she went back in to the house, she quickly closed her eyes for one moment more, just in time to see Mr. King-Kindheart kneeling down low to look into her eyes and to take both her hands into his. He said, “We'll be with you, okay? Even if you can't see us all the time, or not with your regular eyes.”

The girl nodded, and happily jumped up and skipped off to dinner.

2—The Secret

One night as the girl was asleep, she seemed to sit up in bed. Her window curtains were open and the stars could be clearly seen. She stood up and walked over to the window. She saw so many stars and just wished she could go flying through them. That's when she all of a sudden felt hands picking her up and lifting her high into the air, and before she knew it she WAS zooming through the stars, with this strong someone moving her along.

She was having such a great time. At last she turned to see the face of her transporter and guide.

“Oh! It's you!” she exclaimed and was very surprised. She wrapped her arms around the neck of Mr. King-Kindheart. Then she said, “You are the king, aren't you? The king of all. I just know you are are!”

Smiling, he winked, as if to pass a secret message on to the girl. “Yes” his eyes seemed to say.

“You are my king!” she repeated, hugging him tightly. “And I always, always, want to belong to you.”

“And you are my Little Princess,” Mr. King-Kindheart whispered in her ear. “And one day you can live in my fancy palace.”

She smiled even bigger now. Then Mr. King-Kindheart added, “Not everyone finds out about me, though I wished they did, as I'd have so many more friends!”

“But how can they find out about you, if they can't see you?” the girl asked.

“I want them to first believe that I exist, and then to wish to get to know me. Those are the people I choose to be friends with. And you did that, and here I am. Are you glad?”

“Super glad!” said the little girl. “And thank you for taking me on this fun trip.”

“I like having fun with you, little one, because you seem to enjoy it so much,” Mr. King-Kindheart said.

“Oh, I do!” the girl seemed to say with the joyful giggle that bubbled out.

Then he said, “We’ll return soon, as I know there are lots of things you need to help with.”

The girl nodded.

Not really wanting to go back down yet, she held on tight, enjoying every bit of this super fast flying journey. But when her feet touched the floor of her room, she was glad to be back, as there were so many neat things to do. There were lots of people to help, and messages to write. It was going to be both a good day and a hard day in some ways too. But the memory of such a nice time with her new best friend, the best one around, would make her day happier.

The little girl opened her eyes as she woke from her splendid dream. She looked at the sun starting to lighten the sky out her window, and replayed in her mind all that had happened in her dream. And most of all she kept remembering that Mr. King-Kindheart called her his “Little Princess”. That meant so much to her. She wondered what his fancy palace was like, and when she’d get to go there. Somehow she knew it was for some time in the far future, as there was work to be done first.

She looked in the mirror to brush and fix her hair, and she put on her favourite work-day dress and apron. She was a princess, and would behave like one. No more pouting. No more selfishness. No more playing with dirty toys and mud. It would be a new girl that walked out of the room. She wanted to be ready at all times for whenever the king visited. She closed her eyes, to relive one last time, that beautiful interaction

she'd had in the dream. "You are my king!" "And you are my little princess."

Just then the voice of her mother called out, "Darling, are you ready to help put away the potatoes, apples, and other food supplies?"

"Yes, I'm coming," she replied, and made her way down the stairs to where the work, the fun, the tiredness, and the smiles awaited her. But before she reached the last steps she reminded herself of the fun she had; and she knew Mr. King-Kindheart would love for her to pass on the kindness to others, in return for the special trip she was able to go on. It was her way of saying, "Thank you" to the one she knew would always be near to her.

As she went about her day, she wished she could tell someone about her special guests, but was sure no one would know just what she was talking about. She had a new secret, and new friends, and most of all knew that it was true, it was all true. There really was a super-somebody who knew all about her and everyone, and knew what she was thinking. He must be the most amazing one around. Perhaps one day He'd even come to visit her—or if she could ever find a way to get to Mr. King-Kindheart's palace or land, or wherever he lived, that would be the most fun of all.

If only she had a way to tell others about him, or more like if she had a way for them to realise that Mr. King-Kindheart was real, maybe they all could go searching for where he lived. They could surprise him and shower him with flowers and special gifts from their land.

She knew he would like them, and enjoy seeing them, because when she had the experience of seeing him with her mind only, she just knew that he was real and that he liked the people of her land and wished to be a friend to all who wanted to come to him.

3-- Mr. King-Kindheart's Super Helper

Little princess, as she was now called, was going to make a special meal together with her mother. It was a meal to give away to some neighbours who didn't have very much to eat. But when she took a bite of the food, some little nibbles of what she was preparing, her tummy started to feel sick. It wasn't that the food had anything wrong with it, but because she just wasn't used to it. It was something the neighbours would enjoy and was right for them. Yet it was hard for Little Princess to digest this type of food, and she had to go lie down for a bit.

She was sad that she wouldn't be able to help with the meal as much as would have been fun for her. And most of all, who would be telling her great words of appreciation if she didn't help? That was hard for her as well. She wished that she could be a part of the project more.

While she lay there on her bed, feeling somewhat sorry for herself, a little ting or musical sound got her attention. She looked up and saw Fairy Friend just hovering above her shoulder, with a diamond tipped sparkling wand in her hand. Little Princess stopped her tears, which were now sparkling in the special light that Fairy Friend shone with.

Fairy friend then fluttered to touch each one of Little Princess' tears, and bing! Each tear became a sparkling diamond. Little Princess held them in her hand. When she looked back up again from examining her new diamonds, she saw Fairy Friend fluttering away and in a blink she was out of sight. Little Princess put her new little treasures into a tiny box made of gold and diamonds. This was her special jewel case, and only the best and smallest of treasures were placed in there.

"Well, maybe it was worth it, after all—I got to have some treasures, and to have a visit from Fairy Friend. Even if I can't do all the things I wish, at least I have something rare and beautiful," Little Princess thought, before dozing off to sleep for a wee bit.

This was the time when healing was coming to her body. Her mother peeked in to see her sound asleep, holding her little jewel box. She knew that something special had happened, as a smile was on Little Princess' face. Mother walked over to her ever so quietly and placed a kiss on her head, and covered her with a fluffy white quilt. There was a golden light glowing from the lamp with a clear glass shade and sparkling tassel. Mother knew her little one would be alright. Some rest is what she needed. But before leaving, mother placed a delightful and special book at the foot of her girl's bed, so that when she woke up she could have something enjoyable to read.

And indeed that is just what happened! For when it was dark outside, Little Princess awoke from her nap. Though she wasn't entirely well yet, she did feel much better. When she saw the book, her heart skipped a beat. She knew inside of its pages were things she would thoroughly enjoy reading, and would nourish her heart, and open her mind to new delightful ideas. She put on her fluffy pink slippers, and silken robe lined with lamb's wool. Tucking her green book under her arm she went over to the chair near the lamp, and got all settled for a good story.

But just before she opened the book, a voice, a wonderful and welcome voice was heard.

"May I come in?"

Little Princess looked up with great joy to see that at her doorway was none other than Mr. King-Kindheart. She jumped up, and climbed up on her footstool, so that when she said, "Yes" and he came in, she could reach him better to give him the best hug that she could.

And that's just what happened. Only, when she reached up to hug him, he spun her around in the air in a merry manner. Somehow in that moment all feelings of sickness departed from her. Before she knew it,

Mr. King-Kindheart was the one settled on the big armchair, and she facing him, while seated on the foot stool.

“May I read you a story from this book?” Mr. King-Kindheart asked.

Little Princess nodded yes, with eager expectation. She let Mr. King-Kindheart decide which story he wanted to read. However, he didn't just read one and then leave, but he read and read some more, to the delight of Little Princess. It was worth it now, missing out on feeding the hungry neighbours, it was her time to be fed in heart and mind.

Before Mr. King-Kindheart left the room, though he promised to return and read more to her later, he gave her something. Into her hands he placed a soft white napkin with something wrapped inside of it. Little Princess knew what it was: her favourite little snack. As she closed her eyes to smell it, even before opening it up, it was in that moment that Mr. King-Kindheart seemed to vanish from sight.

Little Princess reviewed in her mind what he said about returning, and then sat on the chair that was still warm from when he was the last one on it. She nibbled and enjoyed this special snack of freshly baked bread with butter and honey on it. Mmm! It was the best she'd ever tasted. Maybe it was because she was extra hungry that made it so good, or perhaps because it had come from the very hands of Mr. King-Kindheart. In any case she savoured and enjoyed it down to the last crumb.

She then washed her face and hands and cleaned her teeth too, and slipped into her nightwear. She was ready to sleep, and would have so many lovely things to dream about. She may not have gotten everything that others had, or even what she wanted, but she got some special things that would have only been given to her if she had to miss out a bit and take some time to rest.

By morning time, Little Princess was ready to let the sunlight light in the window, and tidy things up a bit. But before going out of her room, she paused to look at the empty big arm chair, as if wishing that Mr. King-Kindheart was still sitting there, or would appear. In her mind she said, “Thank you, kind king, for the gifts you gave. I think you were the one that sent Fairy Friend too. I know you are looking out for my needs.”

For a second, Little Princess thought she saw him there, but it was just for a second, long enough to wink as if to wish her a happy day ahead. She knew once again, she wasn’t alone. Even if things didn’t go totally perfect that day, she was glad for her special friends that were there to cheer her and encourage her.

“You’re my little helper, a super helper,” she seemed to hear in her mind as she walked down the stairs.

“I’m glad to be your helper, dear king,” she thought. “Even if I can’t do everything right, all the time, and I make mistakes, at least you are glad that I try, and I can learn new things when I do.”

4—A Mountain Climbing Princess

The day toiled on as difficult as any had been, for dear Little Princess. Things had not gone right, nearly from the start of the day until evening.

“What did I do wrong?” she was trying to figure out, but it was hard to think, she just felt so tired. It’s not that there really was more to do than before, or that she had been asked to do more than she was perfectly capable of, but it was the mistakes she made that got her feeling tired.

“I just feel like I’ve finished climbing to the top of a tough mountain, and then when I reached the top I stumbled and fell most of the way down the other side,” Little Princess tried to articulate her feelings in her mind.

“Here I sit in a muddy puddle, or so it seems. Is there anyone who could lift me? Not that anyone would want to come near and touch my muddy hands.”

“May I offer you my hand, my dear?” a voice seemed to come out of nowhere.

Little Princess spun around to see who was there, who was listening to even the thoughts she quietly pondered. When no one could be seen, she smiled. There was only one who it could be—the invisible, always attentive, able to be anywhere, Mr. King-Kindheart.

She knew what to do.

Little Princess scurried off quickly to sit in her easy chair and wait, quietly, with eyes closed. Story time is exactly what she’d need, and knew it. If she sat here waiting, she was sure Mr. King-Kindheart would show up, or so she hoped.

“Oh, but first, I must change my clothes, wash up a bit.” She quickly jumped up; it was hard to sit still for long and do nothing but wait for the king. “I do want to look my best when he comes. I just know he will.”

When at last she got settled again, another thought popped in her mind, “Maybe if I dust all the shelves, and re-make my bed, water the plants... and...” the ideas of things to do flooded her mind. They were all good and nice things, but they were not as important right then as waiting for the king. She thought they would make things nicer for him, and make him want to be with her, or that he’d like her for her good deeds. But then she stopped herself.

“If I keep running around trying to make things nice, I might miss this special chance for a story with him. Mr. King-Kindheart might even think that I’d rather have these things than him. And that is not the case. So I’m just going to sit tight and block out all other thoughts, and only think about how much I want to see his dear and kind face, and listen to the special way he reads and tells stories to me. I think it’s my wishing to be with him that makes him want to come to me quickly, not the fancy decorations around the room, or if I have gotten the most things done.”

And she was right, for the second that she had settled down, with clean hands and face, and was ready, there Mr. King-Kindheart appeared at the door, smiling with a twinkle in his eyes.

His eyes had a look that was a mix of tenderness and tears of care, knowing what she was feeling, while at the same time as if he had a surprise to give her.

Before she could leap up into his arms and give him a hug, Mr. King-Kindheart motioned for someone else to enter. They were standing just out of sight beside him, and when they entered they carried into the room a big rounded covered tray with steaming hot food inside.

A delighted look shone on Little Princess' face.

What could be in there? Just thinking about it made her crave whatever her king was offering to feed and nourish, and to surprise her with.

Little Princess remembered her manners and jumped up and did a respectful curtsy with her pretty, ruffled dress. Then she motioned for Mr. King-Kindheart to enter and to take his place on the big chair, to be seated like the king he was. This was the best throne she could offer, although it wasn't anything like what he was used to in his palace.

Mr. King-Kindheart then kissed the little hand of Little Princess and thanked her as he entered and took the place she offered.

"Come sit with me," Mr. King-Kindheart offered, as he opened his arms to receive her in an embrace.

She was about to leap into his arms and sit on his lap when she wondered how the food tray would fit in with their story time.

But never worry, Mr. King-Kindheart had it all planned out. The kind helper that held the tray would set it on the table nearby; a table that had two chairs, ready for a meal to be shared there by two friends.

"Let's have a story first, and then we can go and eat over there. The tray has an inbuilt heating system. It will keep well until then."

With that sorted out, Little Princess snuggled on the chest of Mr. King-Kindheart, and the story time began.

"Once there was...." his voice started.

This was a story she knew quiet well, but never had she heard it read in this way before. For some reason having Mr. King-Kindheart read the

story to her, made her notice new and special things about the story that she hadn't realised before.

When the book was closed, her heart felt so much better, and a smile was on her face.

"Do you understand the story better now?" Mr. King-Kindheart asked Little Princess.

She nodded yes, and thanked him, then hopped up to go and be seated at the table. It was a feast to be sure, and so delicious.

"It's hearty food for mountain climbers," Mr. King-Kindheart said with a twinkle. It took just a moment, but Little Princess realised that he was remembering what her mind had thought about earlier, about how she felt. Mr. King-Kindheart really did know all that people thought, and most of all, how to make their lives better.

"I think I can climb the next mountain," Little Princess said, after finishing such a hearty feast.

Mr. King-Kindheart smiled. "You'll be even stronger then," he encouraged.

5—Little Princess’ Pearl Necklace (Part 1)

Little Princess picked out her favourite necklace, one made of white pearls all strung together. They were plastic beads actually, but they looked so very real. She always liked to wear this necklace on special occasions.

Today was the celebration of her birthday. She was going to have a starlight meal in the candlelight, and read over some letters that had been written to her to encourage her over the years. To go along with the white pearl necklace she put on her dark blue shiny velvet dress. It had long sleeves and the skirt went all the way down, nearly to her feet. She put on a bit of perfume, a touch of blush to her cheeks, and she was ready.

Grabbing her little cute purse made of beads and golden thread, she made her way to where the event was taking place—on the veranda overlooking the pond.

She got situated in her seat, and while she waited for the others to come—just who was to be there, she didn’t know. She just knew to be there at a certain time. And here she was. While she waited she pulled the little notes out of her purse, the ones she had chosen to read over.

Every time she read these notes, a happy feeling came to her heart. “It’s amazing what love can do,” she thought. Little Princess closed her eyes to savour the moment of feeling loved, and to breathe in deeply of the scented night air. Several night-perfuming flowers were sending their lovely aroma out, and she loved to inhale it deeply.

“I’ll think I’ll read another one,” Little Princess thought, and opened her eyes to choose one. But just as she opened them she heard another sound that caught her attention. It was the sound of a drink being

poured into her glass. She saw the top of a bottle and the delicious drink filling her glass, and then filling several more.

“Wait a minute,” she thought in the split second it took before looking up, “I recognise those hands...”

And sure enough it was the very one she had secretly hoped would be part of her birthday celebration.

“Hello dear one,” said the warm and noble voice. “I hope you don’t mind that I came to join you here; and I brought a few friends along too. We’d love to keep you company on this special evening,” Mr. King-Kindheart said.

“Oh, would I ever love to have you...and you, and you,” she said, adding more “you’s” as the rest of her dinner company came to the table to be seated.

My, she felt like a very special person, with such royal guests there to be with her, just little her. It touched her heart deeply. She could hardly contain her joy, but at the same time felt somewhat uncomfortable.

Little Princess hardly knew what to say. She felt so different from everyone who was there. For starters, they were big and strong, wise and knowledgeable, and she, well, she had so much still to learn. Every day was a fresh reminder of the fact. They knew all that she was thinking—especially Mr. King-Kindheart did, but she needed to ask many questions to find things out.

To warm things up, Mr. King-Kindheart offered a toast, “To the Little Princess’ new year ahead!” All his friends seated around joined in lifting their glasses to cheer her on in her new year.

Then one of the lovely ladies stood up to be the waitress of the first course. She gave a generous portion to Little Princess, who hardly

expected such royal treatment. When that course was done, others were served. There was much laughter and smiles, and even a few good jokes were made up on the spot.

“Do you have anything you want to say on your birthday?” Mr. King-Kindheart asked.

Everyone was quiet, giving her time to think. Her heart was so filled with thankfulness for all the wonderful things that had happened over the past year, and also for how much fun she was having on this evening. Little Princess got an idea. She would like to say to all there how thankful she was, and for specifically what.

She took off her necklace and held it in her hand. For every pearl on it, she would mention something she was grateful for. It would serve as a sort of abacus, helping her keep count of the things she wanted to express thankfulness for; the things she liked. And only when she had said as many things as there were pearls, would she put it back on.

“I’m really glad for you all being my friends,” was the first thing Little Princess expressed. “And I’m glad that I have a nice place to live,” she continued. “I like the good food that is given to me. I like how I can see the stars, even when I am in bed at night, through the window. I’m so glad for all the neat stories that you, Mr. King-Kindheart, read to me. I’m glad that when things are hard, it’s not as hard as it was before, because I’ve learned new things and gotten stronger too.”

On and on Little Princess went until all was mentioned that she’d wanted to say. Then her necklace was replaced, and she was ready for whatever was to happen next in this special celebration. (Continued in the next chapter.)

6—Little Princess’ Pearl Necklace (Part 2)

When the birthday meal was over, it was time for the next part of the event to take place. One of Mr. King-Kindheart’s friends stood up to put the dishes aside, and another cleared the tables away too. Now they were all sitting there in a circle.

“It’s time for us to present you with some presents,” Mr. King-Kindheart began. Everyone there knew what was to happen, that is except Little Princess, who didn’t know what to expect, but was enjoying the surprise of it all.

“I’d like to give you some friends, and some tools to help you in your life and work,” Mr. King-Kindheart said. At that, everyone of those there, that is all except Mr. King-Kindheart, stood up, walked over to Little Princess, and knelt before her.

“These are my gifts to you,” Mr. King-Kindheart said. “I want to share my personal helpers and friends with you, and all they can do—their abilities and their tools. Your days will be so much happier and easier with this kind of help available.

Little Princess was taken with surprise and at first didn’t know what to say. Then she hid her face in her hands to cry. It was more than she could have dreamed of. She would never feel alone again, and most of all she’d have the best friends who she knew were trustworthy.

Then it was Little Princess’ turn to rise and kneel, before Mr. King-Kindheart, for that is what she felt was the only way to thank him. Still she was crying, and placed her face that was buried in her hands, on his knees.

When she stopped sobbing tears from being greatly moved by this monumental gift, she looked up to see the smiling eyes of Mr. King-Kindheart.

“Your welcome,” he said, knowing that she was trying to say thank you, but just was having a hard time saying it, as she wasn’t even sure it was right to accept this big of a gift; and saying the words, “Thank you” just seemed rather inadequate.

One of her new friends and aides then held out his hand, and another on Little Princess’ other side held out her hand. They helped to lift her up and then folded her into a warm embrace while standing before Mr. King-Kindheart.

“Yes it is right,” Mr. King-Kindheart said. “I am the one who chooses what gift I wish to give you, and this will suit you well.

Little Princess looked up into his eyes with a look of deep gratitude. There was little more she could do or say.

“Oh, and there is one more gift I have to give you,” Mr. King-Kindheart added.

Little Princess looked up with wonder, and with a hint of apprehension, for Mr. King-Kindheart’s gifts would always affect her. They were never just cheap, non-essentials, but always something very valuable, and very important too; and perhaps something that cost him something as well or likewise would affect him because he gave it.

“Here you go, little one,” Mr. King-Kindheart said, handing her a little wrapped package. “I think you’ll like what is in side. Go ahead and see!”

Little Princess reached out to take it from his hands, and placed a kiss on his cheek. She didn’t know what it was yet, but she was going to thank him for it anyway.

When she sat down, a few of her friends, like caring brothers and sisters, gathered around to help her open it, or just to “ooh and ahh” over it when Little Princess saw what it was.

Her eyes got very wide and big. Her heart wanted to say, “How did you know I would like just this very thing!” But a wink from Mr. King-Kindheart told her that he just knows things, and loves to please those who love him and like spending time with him.

“Sometimes I am lonely too,” he had told her one day at story time. “And I love to have a friend to read together with.”

I guess it did mean a lot to Mr. King-Kindheart that she wanted to be with him, and accepted him as her true king—and yet a friend too.

Little Princess held up the shiny pearl necklace—a real one, with real pearls. She would value this and take very good care of it. She felt like a real princess now, and was royalty.

“I promise to take very good care of it,” she said.

Then one her new aides and helpers removed the older one and placed it in her little purse, while another one helped to put on and latch her new pearl necklace.

She stood up and spun slowly around for all to see and admire the gift of Mr. King-Kindheart, they all agreed it was a gift well given, and given to the right one. It suited her well, and most of all she would always want to show her gratitude to Mr. King-Kindheart in return for the special honours he gave her.

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7—The Garden

Little Princess wasn't sure if it was just a dream or if it was actually happening. She felt drawn to go outside for a bit, in the special garden that was tucked away beside the house. This garden was only accessible by those who lived in the house and had the special key to the door that led to it.

From the street you couldn't tell there was much of a garden there, only trees. Big and wide-spreading trees acted as a canopy over this secret place of beauty, so leaves and yet more leaves were all onlookers trying to peer in could see.

As Little Princess was walking in this garden, she saw things very differently. When she looked up, yes there were sheltering branches and leaves, looking beautiful and reassuring. However, when she looked around and walked through it, she saw so much more. There was a fountain bubbling up, a place where cute little birds liked to play and splash.

Then there was the rose garden patch, with roses of many different colours, growing in a lovely arrangement. There was a stream, just a little flowing bit of water that came from a small garden waterfall. This water babbled over the pretty shiny rocks as it made its way down to a pond that was filled with water lilies, and other water loving plants growing in and around it.

Of course Little Princess loved to sit on the swinging bench that was hung between two big trees. From here she could see the shiny little humming birds visit the many nectar-filled flowers. Other birds chirped lovely tunes and cheery songs, especially first thing in the morning, or later in the day.

Day or night, this garden was special and enjoyable. Little Princess was glad to be here. It seemed whenever she spent time in this lovely place, that she learned new things. Everywhere she looked, there was something special, and if she was quiet and watchful, she'd learn things and gain interesting insight. Thoughts would come to her in the garden, as if someone was there ready to teach her something about everything she found interesting.

One day when she had come here, she saw a little bird taking a bath in the ever delightful little fountain, but it was distracted by the sound of two people talking, rather unpleasantly and loudly. Though they weren't in the garden, their voices had carried over the wall and made their way into this place of beauty.

On the chattering went, and the bird never could relax and looked rather nervous, wondering at just what moment the unwanted company would suddenly be there in the garden. But there was a wall, and so no one could come in or out that way, just the sound would carry over.

From this, Little Princess learned to be respectful of people's time of peace and quiet, and not to talk too loudly. It was better to be a listener, than to proclaim one's own silly or angry thoughts.

So today, she was just sitting for awhile to listen, to learn, to observe. And her quietness was rewarded, for after a short while, into the garden came some of her new friends. At first she noticed a noble looking man standing over by the apple tree, looking over some of the plants growing. He seemed to be a gardener.

As Little Princess went quietly to approach this calm and knowledgeable character, some of her own special new friends, ones that were presented to be her helpers on her last birthday, suddenly approached her. They handed her some hand-held gardening tools.

"Perhaps you'd like to do some gardening?" they offered, and then

motioned for her to join the one who she supposed was a gardener, and tend to the growing and food bearing plants.

“Would you like me to help you?” both Little Princess and the man seemed to say at the same time, as he turned to face this approaching little one.

“My King! It’s you!” she exclaimed, forgetting that her hands were filled with tools. She would hug him soon enough, but for now a puzzled look crossed her face.

“I thought you were a King, yet you also know about the needs of these little plants?” her face seemed to ask.

“I planted these myself,” he said, somewhat in answer to her unasked question.

“You did?” Little Princess was surprised.

She looked at his hands and they looked capable of doing anything, so what would have stopped him from doing this job also, even if it seemed like a rather small job, a small detail to take his time for when he had huge areas to look out for, and many people to keep an eye on.

“Little plants are important,” he said, and motioned for Little Princess to sit near him on a rock, while he knelt down and showed her so many things about the plants. Then he helped her to do some weeding and watering, and harvesting some ripe foods that had grown on them and were ready to be picked.

After this special time of gardening with her beloved King, she noticed her other new friends were over on the swinging bench, beckoning her to join them. It looked like fun. They were smiling and would have a nice time of friendship.

When she sat down with them she told them first some of the things she had done and had learned with Mr. King-Kindheart. They hugged her, handed her a flower, let her sit with them and have a nice swing. She felt loved and cared for, and would never be lonesome again.

“If only I could see you all the time,” she told her new friends.

“Well, there is a time for everything. Now is the time to be together, but there are other times to do other things. Let’s just be happy for our time now, and trust that later when it’s time for you to go and do other things, that you can have a nice time then too,” one of them said.

“Yes, I understand I do need time doing lots of different things, as then I get experience and can learn new things. But I do still like being with you all, and I am very thankful for your kindness and help.”

As soon as she said that, she was instantly back in her room, looking at a lovely orchid that was in a pot on her little bedside table.

“How did this get here? How did I get here?—Or there; and now back again.” It was a mystery, but one thing she knew was that this was the very flower given to her on the swing by one of her delightful new companions. It would remind her of the lovely time she’d had in the garden, and what she learned and enjoyed doing in that secret place of beauty.

8—A Fluttery Butterfly

Little Princess was sitting, curled up, in the lap of Mr. King-Kindheart on the swinging garden bench. He had on his finger a lovely little delicate butterfly. It had golden shiny wings, framed by various patterns and designs.

A delicate little hand wiped away a tear from her own cheek. She had been crying, after falling on the hard and dried soil with sharp rocks embedded. The scrape had hurt. She had been running freely after a cute little fluttering butterfly in the garden, but had lost sight of the ground she was running over. This caused her to slip and fall and be reacquainted with reality—the ground she was kept on. If she could have been like a butterfly, she could have flown over it all. But she was a girl that had to walk.

Now, here she sat, being comforted. Mr. King-Kindheart called both her and her butterfly friend to come, and there they all sat together.

“Next time you are trying to reach for things that are too hard for you, just ask me to help,” Mr. King-Kindheart said, and wiped the tears off her other cheek.

Now Little Princess’ eyes sparkled with the light of happiness that shines out best from freshly tear-washed eyes, when comforted by Mr. King-Kindheart.

She nodded. She would remember that.

“But I think you are too busy,” she then added, thinking practically about his kind offer.

“I like to see that everyone is cared for. Picking up the pieces of broken hopes and plans, and comforting sore bodies takes no more time than helping beforehand, to ensure a trouble didn’t happen in the first place.”

Mr. King-Kindheart explained. “In fact, wouldn’t you agree that it takes less time to ask for my help, and for me to give it, than to work out the difficulties that come from not asking? Or at least, it’s a whole lot nicer for you, dear one. Isn’t it?”

Again she nodded.

Then her heart fluttered a little with a joyous thought, and pondered, “Does this mean I can be with our wise and caring king more often, by just asking him for help when I see I really need it? I would love to have more chances to get his help.”

Mr. King-Kindheart then let the butterfly flutter off.

“Now, we are going to practice, okay?” he said.

“You try to follow and watch that little beauty, but this time when you see it’s getting away from you and you’ll have to run too fast to keep up, in a way that it might cause you to fall or to get hurt, then stop running, and ask me to come help. Okay?”

Little princess thought this was such a wonderful idea. It was the best thing she could learn how to do.

The butterfly was resting nearby on a rose, but then fluttered in the air and up higher into the sky as the wind blew gently. It was getting smaller to the view of Little Princess, and even if she ran fast, she would never reach up high. Then the wind changed and down it flew to another part of the garden. It looked simple enough. Maybe she wouldn’t need help after all to get up close and see the pattern on its wings. However, it all started to happen just as Mr. King-Kindheart said; for indeed he was the one planning and arranging the active lesson for her.

So Little Princess stopped her running, and didn’t fall this time, but sadly saw the little winged creature going farther and higher away. She would

miss it. Then she turned and said, “Please, dear kind king, I would like to hold this one, one more time on my hand. It would mean so much to me, for it is the most beautiful butterfly I have ever seen.”

At that, a whistle and small gust of air called this fluttering flying one back over and down to where Little Princess stood patiently awaiting the help of Mr. King-Kindheart.

At first it landed on her shoulder, and the flutter of its wings tickled her cheek a bit—a tickle and a laugh right in the place where tears had trickled before. The king knew how to change sorrow into joy, in his special tenderhearted ways.

The butterfly then climbed down her chest, as if perching on her heart and touching it with sparkles of gold and beauty. When Little Princess held out her hand, the winged beauty climbed on to her finger. She smiled and looked up to the happy, approving eyes of Mr. King-Kindheart. He was glad that Little Princess was happy again, and glad she had learned the way to get his help in the future.

When at last the little fluttering friend flew off, Little Princess held the strong and caring hand of Mr. King-Kindheart, and off they walked through the garden, to discover new things, together this time. She knew her scrapes would heal, especially since Mr. King-Kindheart had helped to wash them with the fresh water from the fountain.

It was nice getting to at last hold what she always had wanted, but even more so, it was the best to hold the hand of the one who could help her anytime she needed help.

Little Princess looked up to Mr. King-Kindheart’s smiling eyes and said in her heart, “I like you more than the butterfly.”

It was Mr. King-Kindheart's turn to get teary eyed. He looked away and up into a tree that was filled with flowering blossoms of the most gorgeous scent. He let his tears fall while smelling the flowers up so high—for he was very tall indeed. Then he picked a bunch and gave them to his Little Princess. They looked as if they had drops of dew on them, but she knew, for she could tell, that these sparkling droplets of moisture were the happy tears of Mr. King-Kindheart. It feels good to be liked, and to be thought of as the best.

“Thank you,” Mr. King-Kindheart said as he handed the flowers to this little girl. “Thank you wanting me to be your friend, more than any other.”

Little Princess felt she could almost fly. Though her scratches and scrapes reminded her that she still had limitations, yet her heart could be glad, as long as Mr. King-Kindheart was nearby and ready to be her best friend.

9—Riches and Rags

Dressed in ragged clothing for the day, the disguised princess made her way down the dirty streets where the beggars wandered. She carried a few coins with her, to discreetly give out to one here and there. She didn't have all the riches in the world to give luxuries to every one she encountered. She was sent here to find the most needy, and to bestow a little relief as she made her way.

With bare feet, getting muddier by the step, dirt and sweat on her face, the tired looking girl fit the part well. No one would consider her a princess in any stretch of their imagination, and this in itself was both a protection from being mobbed for mere Earthly wealth, and a protection on her time, so she was free to spend most of her time at home, learning from the King and the good books, and learning to help her mother. But today was one of the rare times she wandered with the poor and unfortunate ones.

“If only they knew,” she thought, “if only they realised how much Mr. King-Kindheart cares and wishes for them to be bettered, and happier souls along with the life improvement.”

As she picked her way down the narrow and filth strewn streets, she sometimes couldn't help it but to hold her hand over her nose and mouth, as the smell of rotting rubbish and animal waste warming in the humid conditions could be overwhelming.

At last her mission was complete. She had quietly given away the few coins, and a crust of bread, each along with a word of encouragement for them to seek and discover someone beyond their soiled streets, who could help. When the day was nearly over, she showed up at the door of her more pleasant abode—for therein was love and caring, warmth of spirit, and provision.

“I feel far too dirty to enter anywhere but a bath. I have taken on the soil and filth for a time, in order to bring a little cheer, in the discreet ways that I could.” She hoped it was worth the effort, but somehow knew in her heart she wouldn’t be truly happy with her more delightful life, if she didn’t in some way at some time go out of her way to share a bit of relief with others who had none of the joys she enjoyed daily.

With the garden hose she first washed off her feet and ankles, then filled a bowl to wash her hands and arms, face and neck. She was feeling better already. She then slipped into the clear pond with water lilies and rinsed her body, and clothes. Though wet and in need of a change of garments, at least the soil and the sweat was washed off.

There was a little room out in the garden, a place she could be alone. In there was hanging a cleaner dress, one that she had taken off in order to don on the ragged garb she now wore. Once dressed again in her cleaner clothing, she hung the old garment to out to dry. A fresh drink of water, a whiff of beautifully scented flowers, and she felt ready to enter life at home again.

“Mother, I’m home,” she said. Though she knew she wasn’t ever alone, for her mother was keeping an eye on her the whole time that she was out, though herself also in disguise. Her mother gave her a welcoming hug and set before her on the table a nourishing meal.

Little Princess ate while telling of the events of the day, and her mother gave kind and wise answers to any questions and concerns. With a hug of appreciation for a job, a difficult job, well done, Little Princess was off for a swing in the garden. She would enjoy hearing the birds sing their evening melodies, splash in the fountain, and watch the coloured sky change hues as evening set in.

“May I join you, little one,” a kind voice asked.

Little Princess, knowing that blessed voice, looked up with surprise and delight, then scooted over to make as much room for Mr. King-Kindheart as she could. He needed the biggest part of the seat for sure, and she didn't mind.

"I'm just a little girl," she said to herself. And the more of the swing seat he took up, the happier she was, for indeed she wanted there to be more of him than herself.

Mr. King-Kindheart took her hand in his and said, with sincerity in his eyes, "Thank you. I know you don't like getting dirty, and it was a hot, humid, and tiresome day. But those people that you got thinking about me and about love, will also thank you one day, when they too find out how near I can be to them, if they will but know I am real and wish to have me be their friend as well."

Little Princess looked down. Hearing these words both cheered her, as well as stirred different feelings inside—some pleasant, and some she didn't want to have. But that is what words from Mr. King-Kindheart did, they got her to discover what was inside her heart, and then to talk about it with him.

"You're welcome," she shyly responded, not knowing if she wanted to say more. Yet, knowing she had more, for that is the reason he spoke these words to her, he kept hold of her hand and gazed at her downturned eyes. She felt the encouragement to go on.

The difficult moments were relived in her mind, the ugly smells, the scary stray dogs and nasty looking cats rummaging through heaps of rubbish, and she actually did feel a bit sick now, from all that exposure to disease. A tear rolled down her cheek. She didn't really need to say anything about it, Mr. King-Kindheart knew that it was hard, for unbeknownst to her, he saw every little thing, and indeed, still yet unbeknownst to her, his special helpers and friends that were given to

assist her, were also there with her, even sometimes disguised as a filthy beggar, in order to aide her in some way, or stop a stray dog from lunging on her.

In an instant these thoughts from Mr. King-Kindheart went right into the mind of Little Princess. It was a great healer to know that he was looking out for her, and had sent her friends to be with her always—sometimes visibly and other times invisibly.

The only other thing that bothered her, she tried to express. She had a worry that if more and more people came to know and love him and wish to have his help, would this mean she'd have less time with Mr. King-Kindheart? Would it mean smaller living quarters and crammed conditions in the palace, when it was time to go there, if everyone showed up?

“Will you still have much time for me, and is there still room for us all, in your palace?” she managed to say. Mr. King-Kindheart knew what she felt, and smiled the most heart warming smile, as she looked with a tinge of pain and worry. But that melted away. The sureness of his love and care for her, shown in his face as well as remembering all that he had done for her so far, made her realise he loved her too much to ever diminish his care and availability to help her. His look of steady, caring love removed all fear. She meant just as much to him as he did to her, or perhaps even more. She could trust him to always be there for her and with her, and to never be too busy for their special times of friendship each day. He seemed to earnestly hope she would do the same.

10—Flowers and a walk in the Forest

Mr. King-Kindheart was holding Little Princess, as she was holding a lovely daffodil bouquet.

The bright yellow flowers, that somewhat resembled long pretty dresses, were so cheery to look at.

She admired their details, shapes, curves, and colour.

“I really like them,” Little Princess said and looked up with a smile.

They had a big ribbon bow tied on to them made of white satin.

“Do you like your special gift?” Mr. King-Kindheart asked his delicate Little Princess.

She nodded, then was placed on the ground. She wanted to find a vase to put her flowers in, so they could get water and nutrients, and wouldn’t fade too fast. Maybe some that were still buds in the bouquet would get to open if they were hydrated and fed enough.

“Here!” Little Princess said, finding a nice clear vase from under the kitchen sink.

Water was put in, and a bit of honey too. “They’ll like this,” she said, putting the flowers inside.

“Now, where to put it?” she wondered. Of course she wanted them to be in every room she’d go in, but had to choose one place to start with, at least.

“Oh, there!” she said, placing it on the kitchen table. “Now mother and others can also enjoy them.”

She then ran over and leapt up into Mr. King-Kindheart outstretched arms. It was nice holding the special gift, but it was even better being held by the giver. She was glad she could share the flower gift with others now too.

“Are you ready to come with me on a special little forest walk?” Mr. King-Kindheart asked. “You’ll have to leave your flowers for a little while, but you’ll see new things while we are out. Would you like that?”

Little Princess looked at the beautiful flower gift, shining in the sunlight; she thought she would enjoy looking at them for a long time. The sun would be somewhat lower in the sky when she returned, so they wouldn’t look just the same when she got back, however if she didn’t go for her walk now, it might be too late in the day to have a nice long walk, and see all that could be seen.

“Okay,” Little Princess said, making up her mind and choosing to walk with Mr. King-Kindheart rather than just staying there, enjoying her gift.

She grabbed her coat, put on her boots, placed a hat on her head and a smile on her face. Then with a brave and thankful look, she put her little hand into Mr. King-Kindheart’s big, strong hand and looked way up into his face. She was ready to go, and out the door they went.

It took a little while of wandering through a field, before they reached the forest’s edge. Through the field they saw wild flowers waving in the wind decorating the grass, a bunny hopping, and other things of cute interest and lovely beauty.

At last they came to the path that would wend its way through the forest. At this point, Mr. King-Kindheart put Little Princess on his back for a ride and look around from a higher point of view.

Little Princess was glad they came.

She smiled seeing the birds fluttering here and there, or seeing a squirrel scurrying up a tree with a nut in its mouth. Sometimes some leaves from a tree tickled across her face, but she didn't mind. She saw many things from this height that she'd never seen before, or at least not very often.

Little Princess was looking forward to what was expected at the end of the pathway—sitting by a nice fire, out in the open. When the walk came to a close, and they had reached the edge of the small but pretty forest, it was time to make a little fire.

First Little Princess gathered a few small sticks and other smaller kindling, then she gathered larger dry sticks to be used. Mr. King-Kindheart knew how to make a well-burning fire that wouldn't go out until they were finished, and his fires wouldn't blow ugly and smelly smoke, but smell very nice.

After the fire was crackling nicely, with rocks in a circle around it, Mr. King-Kindheart sat down on a big tree stump, and Little Princess was quick to find a place on his lap to watch the bright little flames dancing as they received power to do so through the fuel and the air.

Little Princess rested her head back. She was glad that she'd come on this walk, with just her and her king. He did all things right, and knew just what she needed and liked.

"I'm glad I left the one special gift, for a bit, as now I have seen so many new things. And I will even have more flowers to add to the bouquet when I get back!" she thought. There were many wild flowers around that she hoped to pick and bring home as a gift to her mother. She could add them to the table display as well.

Mr. King-Kindheart then surprised Little Princess by pulling out of his pocket a wrapped up lump of bread dough. He told Little Princess to look around for a long and thin stick, which she did. When she brought it to

Him, he placed a portion of the bread dough on the top of the stick, squished tightly on it.

“Now it’s ready to get it hot, and soon it will taste delicious!” Mr. King-Kindheart said, holding it over the fire on the stick. Little Princess watched as the bread dough was toasted, but the stick was not burned. When he took it off, and let it cool for a bit, then Little Princess could taste the delicious and freshly cooked bit of bread.

She smiled. These special times were something she never wanted to miss. Even if it took leaving home for a bit, and losing sight of some things she really liked. Being a friend and buddy to Mr. King-Kindheart , ready to walk with him when he wanted to go places, was certainly worth it. He always made sure that there were treats along the way for her too. She always had what she needed.

“Ready to go home now?” he asked.

“Can I pick some flowers, please?” she responded, for that would make the way back even more enjoyable.

“I’ll lead you through the best place for flower-picking, then,” Mr. King-Kindheart said. “It’s my way to thank you for coming with me on this walk. I enjoyed it so much more with you, little one.”

Soon a handful of flowers filled Little Princess’ hand, flowers of all sorts, each beautiful in their own unique way. And when she at last entered her kitchen again, these were placed where everyone else that entered could enjoy their beauty, and remember that time spent with Mr. King-Kindheart brought beauty into their homes and lives.

11—A Ray of Hope to the Hopeless

“Darling, what are you going to wear?”

Mother was helping Little Princess to choose her clothes.

It wasn't to be a day of celebration and merriment, for then Little Princess would have had no trouble picking one of her fancy dresses. But it was a day of humbly walking the back streets, following in a procession, while people walked, carrying to the graveyard, yet another victim of the wrong decisions and woes of this sorry place.

Together they chose a dark brown dress, with a black hat, and a pink tie.

She thought of the meaning of her attire. Brown to represent dust—we are made from it, and shall depart that way again, unless the king would intervene in some miraculous way. Black to show sorrow follows and crowns those who walk the way of wrong doing and suffer the consequences. And a pink ribbon, well, it was just who she was, a bright and cheery little one, who would try to spread some cheer to those she met today. She hoped to let people know there was a way above the sadness.

And so off they went, mother and Little Princess. They walked down one street and then the other, following the sounds of weeping and doleful songs until they at last reached the tail end of the walking crowd. Up ahead there was a wooden box being carried, to its resting place.

“Oh, only if these people knew that the king has a much better place for all of them to live in one day, they wouldn't be so sad. For, if they all knew about him and became his friend now, he would make a home for them in his vast land that he lives in. And they could all be together with their friends. Just think, no more sorrow! No more dirty living. No more hunger and thirst, sickness and the consequences of selfishness.”

Eventually the procession of mourners reached the end of their walk, and watched as the box was lowered into the pit. People wept, or others just seemed to get harder in countenance. Others shook their heads at the wrongs that still existed, that would bring many more to an early fate. Some got thinking, "There must be something we can do to work things out..." some ideas included rules and punishments, and there were other ideas of actually helping people with their needs. Some said the trouble was that others who had enough didn't share around what they didn't need.

All kinds of comments and reactions were being whispered around and talked about as people each returned to their sorry little lives, no more empowered to change things for the better than they were the day before, nor would be years from now. They needed the serious intervention and assistance of someone who had endless resources, could do anything, knew everybody's thoughts and hearts all at the same time.

Little Princess knew only one who could fulfil all these criteria, and she was making plans of her own.

"With an invisible king, one has to get creative in their efforts to advertise and promote him. I think I'll talk to him about it, the next time he visits me. Maybe there is something that I can do, or that someone can do."

While Little Princess and her mother were walking away as each one was dispersing and going to their homes. Someone said to her, "You're not sad like the rest of us, why is that?"

Little Princess looked up, surprised. She had hoped to bring a bit of cheer to the situation, and was glad that someone had noticed the lack of despair and despondency on her face.

“I guess I know things will get better...” she replied.

“Of course they never can, it’s all just false hope, I say. Though even false hope would be better than the wave of sorrow we get every day,” the poor man spoke, almost hoping there was hope.

“Well, maybe I know someone who is able, and wants to, but is just waiting, until...” Little Princess began to say.

“Until what, surely they know that people die every day, what on Earth would they be waiting for? Isn’t the death we all face a desperate enough reason to run to our aid?” he spoke, rather exasperatedly.

“Until they are ready to do whatever he says must be done. Some people are ready, but it’s sad that it will take so much more pain and suffering, sadness, and the passing of loved ones, until most people will finally want the solution, the permanent solution, no matter what changes it takes. When the people of this town, or most of them, all agree that they want some special assistance from the one I know who cares, and they ask him to come, willing to do whatever he requires, then he will make things very different.

“At first it will seem things are getting worse, but that’s what big clean up jobs often look like at the start; taking away what isn’t meant to be there, digging out and emptying out old stuff, re organising, and all that. So at first it won’t be easy or look so great, and things will be a bit disastrous at first, but it’s all part of the plan for making it all better. Then those who stuck with the plan of this amazing person who knows how to make better the worst of places, will get to see things start to change into the best they could imagine.”

Little Princess was amazed that she spoke all that. She didn’t expect to know the answer to his heart’s question. But these were things Mr. King-Kindheart had told her before, and it seemed right to say them now.

The man nodded thoughtfully, and walked away pensively. So there was hope after all—and it was they, of the sorry, bedraggled place who needed to get ready for help—by simply, as unitedly as could be mustered, want that help from the only one who could change things for the better.

Just who this person, this mysterious super-guy was, he was curious to find out. But for now, that was plenty for him to think about.

“Maybe we can talk more later,” Little Princess called out, after being prompted by her mother with a squeeze of her hand and a nod in his direction. “I think he is ready,” her mother seemed to say.

“Okay,” the man looked back and replied. “So there might be hope after all,” he whispered, with a hint of smile nearly appearing on his worn and tired face. “There just might be.”

12—Lesson Time

Mr. King-Kindheart pulled back the curtains on the window, while Little Princess awoke. A new day had dawned. New joys, new hopes, and most of all new times of learning were ahead of her.

There was a tray right beside her, set on the little bedside table. On it was a delicious breakfast for her to enjoy as soon as she was ready to start the day.

As the light streamed in the room, Little Princess' eyes began to focus and adjust. Every new day seemed more interesting and more fulfilling than the previous one—as they are, when Mr. King-Kindheart is included and around.

He came over and placed his hand on her head and said with gentleness, “Today you’ll be learning so many new things, so have a good start to the day with the right kind of food. I’ll see you later on for a special class.”

Little Princess, still waking up all the way, finally realised, with a started, that Mr. King-Kindheart was really there. In her sleepy state she must have thought it was a dream.

She sat up and embraced him, placing a kiss on his cheek.

“Okay, I’ll be there to learn from you. And thank you for the special food you prepared for me,” she said, sitting up and getting ready to eat.

When she was sitting up right and straight, Mr. King-Kindheart placed the tray on her lap, and a glass of refreshment in her hand. This was the best way to start the day off, Little Princess thought.

“Before I leave you to have this quiet time, starting the day with good nourishment and contemplation, let me tell you how pleased I am with

your obedience and help to your mother. She had been letting me know how compliant and willing you have been. Because of it, so much good has been able to be done for the people of this town,” Mr. King-Kindheart said with a smile, and a stroke of her cheek.

Then with an “I’ll see you later,” he was out of sight. So Little Princess dug into her breakfast, and drank a good glass of water. She could see out the window and feel the fresh air flowing in as well. She was sure it was going to be a good day now, with such a delightful start.

When Little Princess was done her meal, she found there was a little note tucked part-way under one of the little dishes on the tray. On it was written the place and time she was to show up for a class with her beloved, yet usually invisible, king. It was truly amazing that he would visit her, and teach her things.

“I wonder what I’m going to use all these things I’m learning, for?” Little Princess wondered.

“Sometimes it seems it’s not being that much of a help to so many others, though I do enjoy learning the things Mr. King-Kindheart teaches me, and what I learn from the stories I read. Still, I wish I knew what the future held, and that it seemed I was making a bigger difference on many others. But what can I do anyway. I’m just a little girl. But I supposed, that’s the best time to be learning things, before I have lots of jobs and responsibilities, that would give me less time to learn, like I am able to do now. I guess everything has it’s time and place,” she concluded.

When her room was made up, her face and hands washed, and she was dressed for the day, she made her way out to the garden, for that is where her first job of the day was. She weeded the strawberry patch, raked the pathway, added seeds to the bird feeder, and picked some fresh fruit to place on her mother’s kitchen table. There were other

outdoor jobs, and some indoor ones too, but all through her little helpful tasks she kept thinking, “I wonder what Mr. King-Kindheart wants to teach me today? I wonder what he has for class time?”

It was a curious thing, as every time he called her for a special class, she always learned something she never knew before. She could never guess what it was going to be, and certainly had never thought of it before. It was always something new and delightful.

At last the afternoon came, and she settled on the cushions of the play room, ready to learn from her dear Mr. King-Kindheart.

“I’m glad to see you here,” Mr. King-Kindheart looked up from a nearby chair, book in hand.

Little Princess hadn’t seen him there before; as in fact he had not been in his visible form, but yet indeed was there, ready to teach and instruct, as always.

Little Princess was ready to listen eagerly, and to take notes in her little note book that she kept tucked under the cushions.

“Today’s lesson is on the meaning of the word, ‘faint’,” Mr. King-Kindheart started out.

He used all sorts of examples, stories and word expressions.

“To faint in mind, or to be faint hearted, are things that stop someone from doing or completing what they have set out to do, or have been asked to do. Take for example ...” Mr. King-Kindheart went on explaining this and that aspect of it, while Little Princess listened her best, and asked appropriate questions that would give her better understanding.

“What is the opposite of being ‘faint’?” she asked.

“Hearty, robust, eager and able, are some words. Having vigour and stamina. Not giving up. Being strong and carrying on,” Mr. King-Kindheart answered.

“But what can one do to be all those strong ways, when they are feeling oh so faint, like they just can’t go on another step?” Little Princess asked, remembering the many times she fit in to the ‘faint’ category, and was unable to complete things. In deed there still were many unfinished tasks around the house, waiting for her to have the strength to finish them.

“Well, to have a vision, that is an idea of why a task must be completed, and what will be the sorry results if it is not finished, helps one persevere for sure,” Mr. King-Kindheart replied.

“Yet, what if I don’t know if, let alone what, are the sorry results for leaving tasks unfinished, then what? Say, perhaps, I never knew the purpose for being asked to do them, but did them simply out of obedience,” Little Princess wondered.

“Well, then, that being the case, you need a different reason to give yourself, as to the unpleasant results of leaving a task unfinished. If the exact reason for doing it has been hidden from you, then the fact that you do not wish to upset your mother, or cause her frustration, might be reason enough. For the good that comes when you are pleasing to her, might be more attractive to you,” Mr. King-Kindheart said.

“Very well then, I shall do my best to remedy any ‘faint heartedness’ of body or mind, according to all the things you have shared, and when I yet still feel weary, I shall remind myself of what will or will not happen should I abandon the task that has been entrusted to me,” Little Princess resolved.

Class complete, she rose to hug and thank her ever so patient and wise teacher, dear Mr. King-Kindheart, and then was up for a time of play. Every good student needed both, work and play, learning and times of leisure.

13—Delay at the Train Station

Dressed in her fluffy, multi-layered dress, boots, bonnet, and coat, Little Princess waited with her mother on the train station bench. She held a small bag to her side and watched and listened for any sign of the train coming.

There was much commotion at the station, but oddly most of it had little to do with the train's expected arrival. There were vendors of goods, polishers of shoes, people chatting with friends on the grass strip nearby, people coming to eat at the station's café, and some using the space provided to have a grand picnic. It was hard to tell if they even knew that this was a train station or would be interested or ready to ride to a better place to have an even greater time. There were luggage trolleys filled with bags being shuffled inside and out of the station.

There were some passengers, however, buying tickets and others who had their fare already payed and waiting outside.

"I think it's late," Little Princess heard one voice saying. "Could be who knows how long until the train comes."

Another replied, "I think it's already come and gone; for sure we have missed it, why linger any longer. Let's leave."

But one little boy, who had been working up farther on the tracks had seen the smoke from the train farther away, and he knew it was on its way. He had run and run as fast as he could to announce that though it was delayed, it was just about here. He didn't want it to be yet delayed any longer. He wanted people to be ready when it arrived. This boy was going around now telling everyone to purchase their passes, and prepare to load, for very shortly it would arrive.

He wanted to be one of the first ones on the train, and was eager to go, too.

After he had told everyone about the train's soon arrival, he joined Little Princess on the bench, who looked just about as eager as he to get on the train. She had a look of eager anticipation and hope, wanting to be alert for the smallest sign of it getting nearer.

"Why are you so eager to go as soon as possible; for the train not to be delayed any longer?" Little Princess asked the boy, noticing his enthusiasm in urging others to be ready.

"Oh, didn't you hear? It's a party, and I don't want to miss it. I thought everyone knew it. It's only for those who catch this very train at this exact time. Didn't you know?" he said, incredulously.

"Yes, and that is why I am here. I'm certainly not one to miss out, especially since...." her voice trailed off. She was thinking about the one who the party was for. She had gift packed to bring, and in her bag she also had an advertisement telling about the party.

"See, I heard about it in this," Little Princess showed the boy.

"Oh, I have one of those too!" he replied. They were both happy to be going on the same train and heading to the same party. It felt fun to share with each other the joy of anticipation.

"Then do you know about, him? I mean Mr. King-Kindheart?" Little Princess ventured to say.

A big smile shone on the boys face. "He's the best! And I have some gifts to give him too, for this party is in his honour, and that is how I wish to honour him."

"Me too. My gifts are right here."

“Oh, good, then we both are ready. I’m glad to be travelling with you,” he said. He wasn’t one to be sitting around, partying around here, when there was a train heading for a much better time. But people had to be ready, and have a ticket.

“I have an idea,” he said, and looked over to Little Princess’ mother, getting her approval of course.

“Why don’t we walk around and show the advertisement to others around, and see if any of them would like to come, since it seems many don’t know about it. They are use to trains coming and leaving, and people arriving and departing, and think ‘so what is the big deal?’ without realising that this one is a special, a one-of-a-kind trip, that they would never want to miss. If they only knew where it was going and what it was taking passengers to, they would be rushing to get their tickets, telling others, and all getting ready.”

Both Little Princess and her mother thought it was the best idea ever. And so together, the three of them went to show and tell those people busy, or those just idle around the station, about the coming event and the shortness of time to make up their mind if they were to be on that train or not.

Some laughed and thought it was just a childish joke, it was too grand to possibly be a real event. “Kids!” they thought. “What do they know?” and went back to what they were doing. Others weren’t even as nice as that, but pushed them aside, “Can’t you see I’m busy, I have to be ready to receive the next costumers, there’s real work to do in a real world, no time for fanciful fun and games. Be off with you!”

Slightly hurt by such responses, yet encouraged by mother’s compassionate gaze and tender touch, they continued to make the rounds.

“Swiftly now, there is little time,” the boy urged. Already the distant whistle of the train could be heard, followed by the chug of it approaching.

“They’ll listen now, won’t they?” Little Princess said, hoping the reality of the approaching train would show them that they had not been joking. But sadly the boy shook his head. “Some are just too sure they are right, no matter what evidence is glaring in their face. They don’t want to admit they might have gotten something amiss—and so that is what they do get, a missed train.”

As the train pulled into the station, those who were eagerly awaiting its arrival jumped up, ready and excited. The boy helped Little Princess to carry her bag, and mother helped them up the steps.

When they sat in the compartment together they looked out the window. Some people in the distance were running towards the station, but it was going to be too late once they arrived to catch this one, as they didn’t even have tickets. Others who were still eating and drinking wouldn’t even know what they missed until the train left. Even though told, they wouldn’t wake up to the fact until they’d missed their chance.

A tear began to fall down the boy’s cheek. Little Princess gave him a hug and word of encouragement, “We did try, we really did.”

“But maybe if more people had helped us; maybe if all those who were ready for the train didn’t waste a second while it was delayed and also urged everyone around to come on and to be ready, more would have been able to come. I was really looking forward to all those people being here with us too.”

“I know,” Little Princess said.

“Whoop, wooop” the sound came and off the train chugged. A mixture of joy tinged with remorse filled the cars of the blessed passengers--glad for the joy that was to be theirs, yet sad for those who were missing out due to their lack of enthusiasm to tell others about it, as soon as they found out themselves.

“Maybe that is why the train was delayed,” Little Princess realised suddenly. “Not because of malfunction, but on purpose, so as many as possible could be ready to get on it.”

Mother smiled, for she knew that was the very reason.

“Tweet, tweet,” the sound came, waking up Little Princess.

“Are we there yet? Did I fall asleep on the train?”

But she was in her bed. It had been a dream, but a real and moving dream. The sound she’d heard was a little bird, sitting on the tree branch right outside her window, telling her that was morning time.

“Oh, I must be ready, for whatever Mr. King-Kindheart might have prepared. And I shall most certainly tell others about his him and his wonderful land, and that he is the real king that they should get to know. I won’t worry about how many people will show up. The more the merrier, indeed. I think I shall start today. I shall draw a big poster telling about the palace and the king who loves everyone. I’ll post it where the most people can see it and be inspired. Even if people don’t believe it, I’m going to do it anyway, because I know I am right; and it would be wrong for me to keep such lovely secrets to myself.

And with that Little Princess hopped out of bed, ready for a new day.

14—Brave Little Princess

“Darling, I’m going a way for awhile. But you know that already, don’t you?” her mother said, holding her little one.

“It won’t be forever, however, because real soon we’ll both be together again, and we’ll have lots more to tell each other, when we are reunited.”

Little Princess nodded, and a tear stole down her cheek.

She would miss the near and close care of her dear mother, but there would be others who could fill in and watch over her. Take for example Mr. Butler Do-Good, he always saw to it that she was doing well, and had what was needed to do whatever job was asked of her, bringing her various supplies and tools as needed. There was Emily Live-Free, who made sure that nothing was around to trouble the health of Little Princess. She was ready to excuse and escort any away from the property that were of an unfriendly and unwelcome nature. She knew just what herbs to administer for the health and wellbeing of Little Princess, if she was feeling ill in any way. A good gardener she was. She knew how to keep the health of bodies and minds, as well as gardens free of weeds. She didn’t have any trouble saying no to whatever was not good for the girl in their care.

There was Arnold the shoes-and-other things-fix it man. He had just about every tool imaginable to do just about every job conceivable. But tools weren’t enough; this man had the skill to go along with it. Whenever Little Princess’ sandal strap broke, or a necklace link came loose, these were things he could easily help with, and a good many more.

There was Princella the maid and meal fixer, who knew how to cook, clean, sew, decorate, and do all sorts of womanly deeds that a little lady

might need for her maintenance. There was also Bruno the butler's friend and co worker. He helped out when there were tough jobs that required heavy lifting, where more manly muscles were needed.

There was Merrel Merry-heart and Tony the Trusty Truth-Bearer, who always showed up at the right times they were needed, both to bring cheer and truth through words and actions. Just about any work project or activity needed what this team could add—whether it was assisting in written works, or working out a problem between team workers, or lending a hand to a weary worker who began to think they just couldn't finish what they'd started out to do. They were a plus to have around.

This team of helpers did all that was in their power to make things around the home work smoothly, safely, and most of all to assist the work that needed to be done.

"Maybe in this time you'll get to know these friends of mine who have helped me many a time, both in raising and caring for you, and in doing special jobs for Mr. King-Kindheart also," mother encouraged.

"But why do you have to go?" Little Princess asked again.

"I'm going to prepare things for our next mission. You know that; though just what it is to be is still a surprise for the future. But, if you ever get in real trouble, let Mr. King-Kindheart know right away, and he can send you all the help needed. Be brave, okay?"

And with that Little Princess resolved that she would be cheerful, and get along with and talk with the others whom she seldom struck up a conversation with. Now in this time when she needed them more than ever, she would start friendships with them, for that was the suggestion of Mr. King-Kindheart. He knew all her needs would be met, physically and emotionally.

The next morning with bags packed, mother quietly slipped away on her new mission of preparation, though she left a note to be given to Little Princess upon waking.

She had told Princella, “When you bring in her breakfast tomorrow morning, please place this note on the tray.”

And so when Little Princess awoke, there was the beautifully displayed breakfast on the tray, and a little note which read:

“Good morning my dear. I know you have slept well. I just wanted you to know that I am thinking about you, and will be working as fast and well as I can, so we can be reunited again soon, working on a new and exciting project. I love you, darling. And remember, Mr. King-Kindheart has a special place in his heart and thoughts for you too. You are not alone. Have a brave and hearty day. –Your mother.”

Little Princess, though feeling somewhat shy decided after breakfast to go around the home and property and say hello to each of the ones that were placed there to look after her. It took a bit of courage, as she felt so small and unknowledgable compared to them, and they would most likely have all kinds of suggestions of things that she could or should do, or not do. She would need to humbly listen and try to cooperate. It seemed it would be easier to just stay in her bedroom and not talk to anyone, and just be served food all day, in between book reading, play and rest. But there was work to be done, and she must be brave.

Little Princess carried her tray down to the kitchen.

“Hello, dear one,” Princella greeted her, pausing from her washing of the dishes from the breakfast preparation. “I see you enjoyed your meal. I’m glad for that.” And with that Princella gave her hug, after taking the tray.

Little Princess smiled and managed to say, “Yes, I did sleep well. And thank you for your help.”

Princella knew that took courage from the usually shy girl, and smiled. “Well, I’ll be around if you need anything. Oh, and when lunch is ready, if you like I could sit with you and we could eat together. Mr. King-Kindheart gave me a new booklet to share with you. He could have read it with you also, of course, but I think he has a bigger volume that he and you are reading through, right? So if you like I can read this little booklet with you. It’s got some mightily lovely pictures,” then Princella whispered, as if telling wonderful and secret news in Little Princess’ ear, “pictures showing a bit of what it’s like in his wonderland far away.”

Princella knew that Little Princess would be delighted and very eager. A smile beamed on her little face. The shyness melted immediately, for they had now one thing in common—a longing and love for the lovely land that was Mr. King-Kindheart’s headquarters. They could make good conversation about it, and dream of the day when living there one day would be a reality.

Off Little Princess skipped, that is until she unexpectedly bumped into Bruno, who was backing in to the doorway carrying a large box. Indeed he was trying to bring it in as a surprise. He wasn’t expecting her to be up and around so soon. He half thought that she would linger in her room, wishing for the time to pass more quickly. He was very glad to see that she had taken the step to get on with things, even though they were different now in many ways.

“Well, well, you came just at the right moment! How did you know?” said Bruno, making Little Princess feel she wasn’t mistaken to be there, to be around, that she was not in the way, and most certainly wouldn’t be better off alone in her room. He made it seem like it was all planned. And Little Princess began to wonder if perhaps it really had been.

“Come look at what I’ve got here,” Bruno said in a “reveal the surprise” ta-dah! way.

Little Princess meekly followed along with it, wondering what it was going to be, and what it would mean she needed to do about it. She was often unsure of her own reactions and feelings, especially about things that suddenly happened upon her. Would she be happy or be thrust into something real challenging?

As Bruno pried open the big wooden box, Little Princess peered in trying to make sense of it. At first she thought she knew what it was, but found out it was only part of it that she was seeing. For when the lid was completely removed and the contents were revealed in full, it was different than she thought.

In fact, she still didn’t know just what it was. Little Princess thought it would be something she could understand right away, something she was already familiar with; perhaps something that was complete and readymade.

“What is it?” she asked.

There was some kind of very thick and heavy fabric, and some metal poles, and other accessories like a mallet, a rug, some rope.

By now Little Princess was very curious. It wasn’t something to be given to her, but something to be made with her for some purpose that she was to find out later.

15—Gardening and Care

Just what the curious and very large package was, Little Princess still wondered. Though it was clearly seen what the wooden box held, that Bruno, one of the home’s helpers, had just opened, it remained still a mystery.

“When you are done with your other jobs for the morning, and if you have time before lunch, we could explore this together then. Would you like that?” Bruno offered, with the other helpers and friends standing there too. They knew to be expecting this exciting package, that clearly was sent or allowed to be sent by none other than Mr. King-Kindheart himself.

Little Princess saw on the wooden box the markings and signature that were put on special royal deliveries.

“I wonder what it could be?” she thought, but she would have to find out later.

“I must be about my work now, and I will do it quickly, so to make time to explore this interesting package. The king never sends things that waste our time, even if they take our time. It’s always for the good of the people, and for those who are working on the projects,” Little Princess thought.

“Okay,” she said, “I’ll be back as soon as I can. This is exciting. I am most curious.”

In the meantime they all had work to be about, yet most of the helper’s work revolved around making things good and safe for Little Princess.

Little Princess went up to her room. She’d need to get on her boots for garden work, a hat, and a little light jacket, as the wind was starting to

blow. Just as she was about to go in, a gentle voice spoke to her from down the hall.

“Little Miss,” called out a friendly voice, “I believe you dropped something.” It was Mr. Butler Do-Good. He always had an eye for things getting lost. He knew how important it was to keep track of things. “Missing buttons or missing a bus, it’s all the same—when you miss something it cost you in time later on,” was his motto.

Little Princess had to go back to fetch the hanky that had fallen out of her pocket.

“Thank you so much for your thoughtfulness, and helping me not to lose things or time, either,” she said.

“Grateful to help. I like to see that things are done right. Happy to help pick things up that get dropped mistakenly, and call your attention to them. Things will go better then,” Mr. Butler Do-Good replied.

Little Princess added, “I’m glad to have you here. I need your watchfulness, as you can see there are many things I miss seeing, because my mind is on many other things. I do hope I can learn to be as careful and alert as you are. It’s a great skill you have. I’m sure you save me from many things going wrong.”

Mr. Butler Do-Good smiled. To him it was just his job, what he was skilled in. Though there were many other things he didn’t yet master the skill in, his part was very important. For example one time in the past, when Little Princess was going out with her mother, she forgot to bring the key with her to the post box she was going to check. It would have taken so much more time to go all the way there and come back again to retrieve the needed key. So before she left the house, Mr. Butler Do-Good asked her if she remembered to bring the key. She had it in her purse to bring, but then at the last moment changed bags, and the key

was still in the first one that was left in her room. She was so glad to be reminded about the key—and that when changes are made, for whatever reason, like from one purse to the next—to make sure important things like keys get transferred to the new purse, ready for use. It would save lots of time and effort. That was just one of the many times Mr. Butler Do-Good had helped out.

Soon Little Princess was out in the garden. “Where do I start?” she wondered. It seemed the recent rain had caused not only the good plants to grow, but there were quite a few weeds that showed themselves too. “I guess I can be glad for the rain that caused the weeds to grow up more, so that I can root them out. If they stayed small and still growing under the surface, they would be harder to detect.

She decided to start on one particular flower bed, and was well into it, when Emily Live-Free came to join her, bringing along with her a glass of water and a piece of fruit.

“How are you, Darling,” said the kind voice.

It felt nice to have someone to work with, especially someone like Emily Live-Free. She knew what were real weeds and what were good plants starting, and she knew how to detect when a plant or tree was needing special care.

Emily Live-Free set the tray down, and then placed her cool hands on Little Princess’ forehead.

“Hmm, you do feel a wee bit hot. Do you have your hat?” she said.

“Oh, I put it over there. I didn’t realise the sun would be this hot. I thought I was fine for a while without protection on my head.”

Emily Live-Free also noticed that Little Princess’ hands were getting rough and dirty, and a blister was forming on one finger, as well as a

little cut was on the another hand. She didn't mention anything yet, as it was due to Little Princess working so hard and well on her job, and that was a good thing. She was not just giving up because things were difficult. However, over beside the hat were her unused gardening gloves that could have made things much easier for her. More work could be done, with less time taken in between for healing of unnecessary wounds.

Little Princess was invited to come and sit in the shade and chat about the needs of the garden. First Emily Live-Free brought a bowl of clean water to wash Little Princess' hands, and then served her the water and fruit. Little Princess then asked Emily Live-Free lots of questions and learned a lot too. After awhile she was feeling better, and together they worked on improving the needed areas in the garden—this time with proper sun protection and gloves. And of course, Emily Live-Free first wrapped some clean strips of white cloth on the little sore places on her fingers, before helping her put on her gardening gloves.

One of the reasons Little Princess was so glad for the extra help, was that the work would go faster, and there was more of a chance she'd have time before the mid-day break to find out about the big mysterious package. Emily Live-Free knew this, and that is why she was here. They were all helping things to work out for the best, for both Little Princess as well as to do as Mr. King-Kindheart was instructing them to do.

"I think we've done all that should be done today," Emily Live-Free said happily.

"Yes! Thank you so much. We got so much done, and the garden looks much better!" Little Princess exclaimed and then said before happily skipping off, "I think I'll put away my work tools and get changed, and go see Bruno. See you later!"

16-- The Mysterious Package and Project

Little Princess just finished putting on her pretty dress—for she wanted to be wearing it for the nice lunch time with Princella, which would happen soon after her visit with Bruno—and was putting on her dainty sandals, when snap! the strap holding the buckle broke in two.

“Oh dear...” she started to worry. She definately didn’t want anything wasting any of her time. She had a special project she was about to do, and didn’t have much time to do it in before she had going about other things. And now this!

Maybe it was the long morning of work in the hot sun, or maybe it was that somewhere in her heart she was missing her mother, or maybe she was just hungry or worried, but whatever the case, this was the final thing that brought her to tears. A little sob went from her mouth and tears began to form.

This made her even more worried that more time would be lost while trying to make herself feel better and happy enough to go on to the next activity.

“Knock, knock,” the sound was at her partly open door.

In walked Arnold.

She couldn’t have wished for a better person to happen on by. The fact of the matter was, Mr. King-Kindheart who knew all things, knew that her sandals were on their last moments, and due for a fixing. When she took them off to put on her boots for garden work, Mr. King-Kindheart had been inspecting her sandals, and already showed them to Arnold.

“Next time she puts these on, which will be a little while before the mid-day break, they’ll most likely snap. I want you to be ready to come and

help her. She'll need the encouragement and assistance," Mr. King-Kindheart had told him.

So when Arnold saw Little Princess coming in from the garden, as she made her way past his workshop, he started to gather up the needed tools and glue to help fix things. He'd waited outside her room, working on putting up some new pictures, and changing a light bulb. With his tools in his pocket, he entered to help her.

"I've got just what is needed to fix that little problem. It seems broken, but I think it's just come loose. Why don't you take those ones off for while so I can get them in good working order, okay?" he said, producing the tools needed.

Little Princess was rather surprised. How did he know? How was he so prepared with just what was needed, right at the moment it was needed? It seemed to her that she was alone and things were breaking, but everyone seemed well informed and ready to aid her. Sure she had to do things, and make choices to do this or that, but once she was in motion taking care of what she needed to, then help was there for her at all the right times.

"I'll just put on my slippers for now," Little Princess said, removing her sandals and handing them to Arnold.

"I think they should be ready for you later on. You won't need them for your study time this afternoon, anyway, right? So that will give the glue enough time to dry. I'll get started on it right away."

Little Princess thanked him, and slipped on her comfortable house slippers, then made her way down to meet with Bruno. She was still getting used to the idea of having such a big and strong helper helping her, such a little delicate girl. But with a united project to work on, this

gave a common goal, and it gave them something in common to talk about.

“I’m glad you’ve worked so hard and well and freed up some time for this extra project,” Arnold started saying.

“Emily Live-Free helped me, that’s why I have more time now,” Little Princess said.

“Well, have you any guesses at what this stuff in the box is?” Arnold asked with a twinkle, knowing full well what it was.

“Is it something to make? Maybe like a tent?” Little Princess guessed.

“Exactly! –Did Mr. Butler Do-Good give it away? Did he whisper it to you?” Arnold playfully asked.

Little Princess shook her head.

“I didn’t say a peep!” Mr. Butler Do-Good replied.

“Well, we are going to need all of us working together, but it’s going to be fun—especially once it’s made! So let’s get started, shall we?” Arnold said, pulling out a paper of instructions.

Little Princess just wished Mr. King-Kindheart was there. She always liked talking to him about new and big projects. Just as she thought that wish, a picture came into her mind—more like a revelation that he was really there, or could be if she only asked him to be there.

She paused to say to him, in her mind, “Mr. King-Kindheart, thank you for caring for me, and for all the help and helpers that surround me and have come to my aid today. I’m glad you are keeping an eye on us all and will come help us if we need it, while doing this thing you have sent us to work on.”

She felt, in her heart that Mr. King-Kindheart was near, and she was ready to begin.

Arnold then read the note that came from Mr. King-Kindheart himself, with the instructions on how to put this large tent together. Everyone listened intently, and then divided up the work to partners of two. Arnold of course was a team with Little Princess, and the others paired up to work together. It would get done much more quickly and easily then.

Little Princess looked around at the teams helping and realised that there was another pair of helpers that she hadn't seen yet today. Merrel Merry-heart and Tony the Trusty Truth-Bearer. She smiled over to them, and they winked and nodded back. Maybe she would have a chance to talk to them personally later on. Maybe they could help her with her studies in the later afternoon, as they had done before.

“Seven helpers for this big project the king wants me to do. I'm certainly not alone. It's really nice of them to pitch in like this to, uh, pitch the tent,” she thought to herself. “It is the right time for this to be done, at a time when I feel the least able to do things, without seeing mother around, because then I know how much I really need help, and more help is given.”

Arnold said that the tent would need to get set up outside on the grassy lawn, as it was very big. Little Princess realised that she'd probably need to take off her comfortable slippers, and just go barefoot on the grass, so they didn't get dirty—since she couldn't yet wear her sandals. The soft grass would be safe and tickly, and feel rather good on her bare skin.

With everyone working together, the first stage of the set up was done in a sort amount of time, stopping just when it was lunch and story break for Little Princess and Princella. The afternoon was for rest and study, and for her other work projects. She'd get to more tent set up the next day, and was looking forward to it.

17-The Big Tent is Ready

Three days it had taken, working at odd times during the day, whenever Little Princess could find the time, to get the tent built and set up. It was mighty fun to be inside. It was so big. At last she could walk through it, lie down in one of the rooms, pretend to be eating in another, and so forth. Just what it was all going to be used for, she still didn't know entirely, but it was fun imagining.

"May we come in," a loving and warm sounding voice spoke at the door of the tent.

It sounded like Mr. King-Kindheart, and his was a welcome visit. She didn't know who the "we" in the sentence was. When Little Princess opened the flap of tent to let whoever was there in for a look around, she saw who came.

A hug for each one was shared around.

"Mr. King-Kindheart!" she said joyfully, "Thank you for coming."

The others were the special friends that Mr. King-Kindheart had introduced to her on her birthday as friends and helpers, though most of the time they were not visible to her, still she knew they would be there whenever she needed them.

"Please come in! I hope you like it. We tried to do everything according to the letter you wrote with the instructions."

"Very nice, real good," Mr. King-Kindheart commented, as he inspected everything. He and his friends went around to each little room in the large tent examining and taking notes. This wasn't to be just an ordinary tent, but had some very useful purpose.

Soon Mr. King-Kindheart and her special friends sat down in the large centre room of the tent. It was here that the general plan began to be explained to Little Princess.

“I want you to set this place up, as cute and fun as if you lived here. What things would you, as a child, really like it to have? You might have to make a good part of the things yourself. There will be sewing, weaving, and even some carpentry too. You’ll have helpers of course, the seven aids you have, and more friends too—like these ones here. But you’ll head up the project, making sure that progress is made on it. When it’s ready for use, then I’ll see it to it that it gets as much use as possible, for many children of the poor town need a nice place to go to every now and then, for learning and enjoyment.”

Mr. King-Kindheart explained this plan to a very attentive and very quiet Little Princess who didn’t want to miss a single instruction or glimpse into what her future would hold. It was a lot to think about, and Little Princess did begin to wonder how she, being so small and fragile, young and inexperienced could possibly do it. But she knew that Mr. King-Kindheart knew everything that was right, and only did what was best. All those that loved him and did what he suggested, were always glad they did. Those that thought they knew better, their shaky plans usually didn’t work out for anything good—that is, except to teach them to make better choices next time, based on the greater knowledge of the king.

“Okay,” she thought in her heart. “If Mr. King-Kindheart thinks I can, and he wants me to, then I shall. Think of all the things I will need to learn to do it. I’ll have to have lots of help and classes from my helpers on building and making things, and so forth. I want to make Mr. King-Kindheart happy. I’m not going to wait any longer, wondering if I can do it, or if it’s right. I’m not just going to start today; no, I’m going to start right now,” Little Princess determined, after Mr. King-Kindheart had

vanished again, and her special visiting helpers were out talking to the others around the house and garden.

It was a big project, but the first step always started with getting very still and quiet, taking her pen and notepad, and writing down the good thoughts and ideas that came. And where better to do it than right there inside the tent.

She hardly had to move an inch, after making her decision to start to do what the king wanted her to, when in walked Emily Live-Free, holding those very needed items—a notepad and pen.

“How did you know?” Little Princess wondered. But it was a normal thing for special things to happen as soon as one chose to do what Mr. King-Kindheart suggested or wanted.

“I like making sure you have all you need, little one,” Emily Live-Free said, knowing that a healthy mind needed time to make good plans. A mind was like a garden, if left to itself the weeds of odd ideas would grow and choke the good plants that needed to grow. So a notebook right then was like soil, free of weeds, for a new good seed to spout in.

“Thank you,” Little Princess said, and was eager to start writing down the new ideas that were suddenly flooding into her mind. She just knew they were good, and would help her do good, even though it would be a bit of work indeed. This certainly would keep her busy and happily so, especially in this time when it would be easy to feel alone at times; until her mother returned.

Exactly a year later, Little Princess sat in the tent, looking all around at the changes made, the set up, the supplies added. She was glad. Though

it had taken a lot longer than she thought it would, or wanted it to, it was nice and set up now. Today was the day for the opening of the tent doors to the first few children.

It was her job to prepare it, and as she found out, it was her mother's job to go and be with the children in the town for some time, getting to know them, and to then lead them to have a visit here, in the tent.

Little Princess heard the sound of voices. A team of people were approaching. She looked out and saw,

"Mother, oh mother! You are back! Oh, I've missed you so much," Little Princess said, and the two embraced heartily. Then she asked, "And who are these? Are these the children that are to visit us today?"

"My darling one," her mother embraced her. "It's only been a year, but it's been a whole year. Time went fast; and time went slowly as well sometimes. I see you are growing well, and my, my, this set up is just perfect. Let's take the children inside to see all that you have prepared for them."

And so Mother and Little Princess each led a few children inside, timidly at first, but joyfully delighted when they saw how lovely it all was inside. Little Princess and her mother then began to teach them, and show them all sorts of things they'd never imagined before.

And faithful as ever, their special helper friends and aides were coming and going as needed, seeing to it that mother and Little Princess had what they needed to teach and provide the needs of heart and mind and inspiration of these visiting children.

"When these children go home, they will have nice things to say, and perhaps it will make even more children wish to come," mother said hopefully.

“We may then even need to extend the boarders of the tent, if lots of little ones wish to come,” added Little Princess.

“Yes!” smiled mother. “Let’s do our best with the few who wish to come, and trust Mr. King-Kindheart will tell us what he wants done next if things change and there are more and more visiting.

Arm in arm mother and Little Princess walked to the house for a refreshing snack, as the children’s parents had taken them back home.

“I don’t think they will forget what they have seen here today,” Mother said.

“I hope not,” Little Princess replied. It was feeling worth it, at last, after all the work, and tedious details put into this project. She knew Mr. King-Kindheart would be pleased, for he loved it when children learned about him and how to live in a happy and good way—things that were sadly missing from their lives in the poor and dirty areas of the land.

Little Princess thought she couldn’t do such a big job, as she wasn’t all grown up yet. But now she saw that it was because she was still young, that it helped the children to relax and like being around her. It was a perfect plan, and she knew after all that Mr. King-Kindheart was right to choose her, for things were working out well, just like he wanted things to be.

She knew this project and way to minister to the children would last just as long or short as was best. Then, when the time was right, even this too would change, and she would be on to new challenges and projects. For now, she would do the best she could, and give it her best effort, according to the wishes of their most beloved and wise king.

18—A New Ministry for the King

“Darling, it’s time to go. Are you ready?” Little Princess’ mother called out.

Soon Little Princess emerged from dressing room of the fancy palace, where she dressed and made her hair as nice as she could—complete with ribbons, bows and roses, pearls and lace.

Mother smiled and took her hand. “The King will be very pleased with you—and I’m sure he’ll like the pretty way you look too.”

Little Princess knew what her mother meant, that the King would be pleased.

She’d had a choice to make, and had made the right one.

As they walked down the long and luxurious looking hall, with golden trims along the tops of the walls, and crystal displays, and gorgeous pictures, Little Princess was almost feeling like the princess the King was always calling her.

Her heart started to flutter a bit, as they neared the door of the large room. She knew on the other side of that door the King would be sitting on his throne. She would see him in all his royal splendour. What would he say? What would he think? What would she say—if anything, and wasn’t too shy to speak in the audience of all the others who were there.

She reviewed in her mind what brought her here. Little Princess had been sitting outside her house one day, when a thought popped into her mind. It surprised her!

“Would you like to come and live with me in my palace, and help me take care of things around the place? There will be lots of others there, so you’ll have lots of friends, and just enough to keep you somewhat

busy, happily busy, but not too much. You'll have plenty of leisure time in the vast gardens. Your every wish will be granted."

It was more than a thought, but a message being sent to her, an invitation.

Little Princess only knew of one palace that she would like to go to. If it wasn't the palace of Mr. King-Kindheart, she didn't want to go there, no matter how alluring it sounded like. But if it was his palace, then this invitation would be the best thing that happened to her.

She looked around to see if there was any sign of Mr. King-Kindheart around, but instead she saw approaching her a couple of her special friends that Mr. King-Kindheart had shared with her.

They sat with her and explained the whole thing. Yes, it was a lovely invitation, but it came with cost. There was something she'd need to do first, to complete her responsibilities before being free to move on to the best place there ever was. Once Little Princess heard it all, she needed some time to think about it.

Now as she was walking down the elegant hall in the most beautiful palace ever made, about to meet the King in his royal attire and place, she was very glad for the choice she made.

It had been hard giving up the nice home she was living in, and all the comforts provided, to move to the very poor area of town. Instead of some days visiting, she lived among the poor and struggling people there.

She and her mother opened a bakery, but the bread was given for free to the dwellers of that place. With simple food like this, they fed the hungry. Sometimes they helped to sew clothes and give them away to

the children. Because they themselves were not fancily dressed, nor lived in splendour, they were trusted.

Because Little Princess lived among them, she got to know the people, and eventually they trusted her more and more, and would listen to the things she had to say about the king she had gotten to know and love. When it came time for the king to call to him all who knew and loved him, many of the poor of this place would be able to happily go to be with him, leaving all the filth and poverty behind.

It certainly wasn't what she had planned to do, but because she knew it would make Mr. King-Kindheart very happy, Little Princess said yes. It took many years, but she never gave up. And Mr. King-Kindheart never stopped visiting her, no matter where she was.

At last the time came for her to leave the dirty place behind and be ever so near to the king.

"I am glad that we helped those people," Little Princess said to her mother.

Mother squatted down low and looked into her eyes, "Yes, dear, and I'm sure you'll find out now just how glad Mr. King-Kindheart is too." Mother gave her a hug, and then said, "Go ahead in dear, it's time now."

19--Coming to the King

After a full life of giving her best to help others, Little Princess was now at last in the land of the king of all. Today was the day she was to see him sitting on his royal throne, where he wanted to meet and reward her for a job well done.

The golden, ornate door was opened, and after one step into the room Little Princess gasped! It was more glorious than she had imagined!

A voice she knew well called for her to approach, and holding her hands on either side of her, were some of her dear gift-friends, from Mr. King-Kindheart. They walked with her up to the throne, and helped her to kneel in the appropriate fashion.

Then Little Princess looked up in to Mr. King-Kindheart face, hoping she was honouring him right. He winked at her and then patted his lap, as if to say, "Come on up here!"

Forgetting where she was, and just how big and important Mr. King-Kindheart was, for a moment, she felt the same joy and freedom and friendship with him as before. She jumped up and was then lifted up into his lap, on his throne.

"I'm so glad you came!" Mr. King-Kindheart said to his dear Little Princess. "My you do look lovely. I can see you put special effort to look your best. I appreciate that."

Mr. King-Kindheart could see beyond the happy smile and joy on the face of Little Princess, he could see right into her heart. And inside it, besides the treasures of goodness, love, peace, joy, and all that she had displayed in her ministry in the poor land, was also a touch of tiredness; the weariness that giving again and again made her now feel.

And that was just the reason for her being called here today. She was due for a very big reward, and plenty of rest and relaxation. If anyone was going to get refreshed, his land was the place for it, for even the very grass and plants seem to give out energy to those walking nearby. She would get topped up with all the joys and energy and play that she ever wanted and needed.

It might take some time, but she would love every second of it.

“If working for the king, in the poor old land brings such tremendous exhilaration here, I am so glad that I chose to do my best, there, to do what he asked of me,” Little Princess thought.

Mr. King-Kindheart, looking at her, said, “To show you my appreciation for your loving care of the dear poor ones who needed your help, take a look out that window.” He said, pointing to a lovely estate not too far away; a mansion with gorgeous gardens, and rolling hills beside it.

“How would you like that to be your home? And you can come and work and relax in this palace here too, sometimes? You can see me here, and I can visit you and a whole lot of friends over there. Are you happy with that?” Mr. King-Kindheart asked.

Little Princess’ eyes were as big as big can be. It was more than she had ever dreamed. All she could do for that moment was curl her head on to her dear king’s shoulder and hug him tightly. The mansions and palaces were truly magnificent, beyond description. But the only thing that really mattered, that matter the most of all, was being with her king and having his company and friendship. He knew that, and that is why he liked having Little Princess so near to him, and wanted to make things extra nice for her.

Little Princess had also proven her love and loyalty by giving up whatever he had asked her to give up—her nice house and all, and this made him

want to reward her more than she ever thought she deserved. Love has a way of making friends go to great distances to let each other know this love.

After chatting a bit, while seated on his lap, while he sat royally on his throne, he then handed her a intricately designed golden box. "Open it," he said.

And so she did.

"Oh!" she said, when she saw what was inside. There was a golden key, representing ownership of the stately mansion, a permanent dwelling in the land of the king; and a crystal like stone that shone with white bright light.

"That is for you to keep and remember, that more beautiful than any riches or gems or precious things, are you to me."

Little Princess looked into the shiny white stone and to her surprise she saw there was something written inside of it. How words got in there, she didn't know. It seemed impossible, but all things were possible in the king's land.

She looked up with a curious look, wondering about this.

"That's a secret, between you and me. I'll read it to you later," the king whispered.

"Oh," Little Princess was curious. Could it be like a clue in a treasure hunt, or perhaps this was the treasure. That's more what it seemed like. And Mr. King-Kindheart seemed to wink at her thoughts, as if to say, "Yes, and you are the treasure that I found."

"Your special friends will escort you over to your new place, so you can look around and get set up all snug," Mr. King-Kindheart said.

With that, an in-awe Little Princess slipped down off his lap and throne and was led out by her special guides and friends. However, she looked over her shoulder for as long as she could, to see Mr. King-Kindheart waving, and saying with his lips , “I’ll visit you later, my dear Little Princess.”

They could have rode in a carriage, Little Princess and her friends, but she wanted to savour ever moment, and see everything that she could along the way, taking it at a slow, relaxed pace, so they walked down the pathway.

20—A Lovely Place for a Princess

Little Princess was on her way to go and see, and begin living in, the huge and beautiful mansion that Mr. King-Kindheart had given to her. This was one of her rewards, given in appreciation for the things she did, hard as they were, to help many others learn about him—the Invisible, but very real, king.

After leaving the king’s palace, she and her guide friends made their way up the shiny pathway toward the lovely property that Mr. King-Kindheart had pointed out was hers.

On they happily walked, talking, while she enjoyed every little thing she saw, oohing and awing, and pointing things out. Sometimes during the walk one of her tall kind friend helpers would lift her up so she could smell a pretty flower on a tree, or pick a piece of ripe and delicious fruit.

Eventually they came to the last bend in the gold-sparkling path way, lined with gem rocks and crystalline flowers, and there before her was the lovely mansion’s entrance. At first it took her by surprise, as it

seemed to come rather suddenly, due to the curve of the pathway, and because it looked even better than it did at a distance.

Today was the best day ever in her life, she thought! And what a great day she would have exploring all around and seeing all it was furnished with. And the books it must have! Oh, there was a lot of love and play, learning and leisure ahead. "Thank you so much!" was all she could say.

"It's the kind king that deserves the thanks," one of her helpers said, hugging her. "I'll pass on your thanks to him for you."

"Please do! Please do! And a million thanks with it. Of course..." she trailed off, not wanting to seem unappreciative in anyway, but still expressed, "Of course, without him around, not even this would seem attractive to me. Please let him know, though I like this gift, more than I can say, and am very deeply grateful, still yet, I love him many times over, yea, so much that this place or any other glory in his realm, doesn't compare to the greatness of himself. For I love him more than all treasures combined!"

Her heart poured out her true praise.

The king, who knowing all things, heard this exclamation in his own heart and mind as Little Princess was speaking it. And it brought tears of joy to his eyes, and a feeling of deep appreciation to his own heart.

"A friend indeed she is," he thought, glad to have such a one close to him at last. And he was already planning the special visits and events of the coming days and beyond. They would both be happier now, for true friendship only ripens and sweetens in the light of genuine love and care.

The big doors of the mansion were opened, and in she stepped. This was to be her home, her lovely home. The very air in this place breathed love, and not just any love, but the very same feeling she had when she

was in the presence of the king. It was as if he was just standing there greeting her, yet just not visible right then.

“I can still be invisible, when I want to be,” Mr. King-Kindheart thought, while indeed standing there, facing the door as Little Princess entered. He wanted to see her expression and what she thought about it, without her being distracted with his visible presence, just then.

He gave instructions to her friendly guides, which room she’d like to see and be in first—the room that he was to then walk in and visit, for his first time to be with her in this house.

Though her friendly guides could see and hear Mr. King-Kindheart, they made sure to keep it a secret, as he wished for it to be so. Surprises and surprise visits were just one of the many fun things about his vast and marvellous land. No one was exempt—all had their moments of surprise and joy, coming at all the best times, and times they least expected them.

“Come this way,” one guide invited. “You won’t be disappointed,” she said with a smile and hint of anticipation. For it was nearly more pleasure, in this place to give surprises and fun to others, than to receive them. Just seeing the pleasure on the face of those receiving gifts, was a wonderful reward for those giving special gifts of love. And it seemed everywhere around, there were people eager for just such opportunities to give rather than being given to. It was just so fun to give special surprises!

When Little Princess walked into the room that was selected to be her first room of guided discovery, her mouth nearly dropped open. The shelves were filled with books—shelves that covered the walls, more than she’d ever seen in her life, and a cosy fire glowed beside the most welcoming carpet, chairs and cushions. That was just part of what the room displayed, for it was nearly a little house on its own, with various

nooks and doorways, snack bars, windows and a tiger, lying comfortably on a rug in one corner. He knew he was to be a living cushion, a backrest for a girl to curl up and read beside.

She ran over to greet this feline friend, who kindly perked up his head and tail, as if waving and nodding hello, and lay down again, purring in a relax manner.

As she sat on the rug there beside him, one of her friend guides handed her a refreshing drink made up quickly in the nearby snack bar.

“Why don’t you relax awhile here,” one of her guide friends said. “I think we’ll go around the corner to read a bit. If you need anything, let us know.”

Little Princess, still in awe about everything that was around her, nodded.

It wasn’t too long before another face showed up, and quietly sat down beside her. At first her eyes were shut, as she was resting, leaning back on her new furry pet. Wondering if perhaps another snack was being offered, she opened her eyes to see and receive.

Sure enough she was right, a snack and a book, and a time of story with the one who came to sit with her.

“Mr. King-Kindheart!” she drew in a breath, and hugged him tightly. He always had a way of surprising his little girl, and her love for him made every visit a time of joy for her little heart.

“I brought you a book you might like,” he said.

And she happily lay back again, nibbling on the cookie treats he gave her, and was ready to listen to what he wanted to share with her. And a fine book it was indeed, just what she most enjoyed hearing, and she learned

lots from it too. Mr. King-Kindheart knew just what she was needing, and what would help her to adjust to her new life here in his perfect realm.

At last she drifted in to a kind of restfulness, or sleep for her soul, while Mr. King-Kindheart slipped away, leaving her in the care of her friendly guides, who he knew would gently help her in her time of enjoyment, relaxation, learning, adjusting, discovery, and great joy.

21—The Anniversary Celebration (Part 1): A Ride in a Golden Carriage

Little Princess was digging in the garden of her new, incredible abode. This place was not like just any home in the land she used to dwell in, for here, even the stones were precious jewels. The soil was another type of material all together, for there was nothing soiling in this place. Nothing dirty.

She could lie on the soft grass for what seemed like hours, looking up. There was just so much beauty to be seen: the shades of the leaves of the tree, sparkling in the amazing light of this place; the new types of gorgeous birds flying past; the colours the sky would change to, with lovely formations in the sky, somewhat like the Northern lights she'd heard about.

Today she was digging to find some gems, after a long time resting and looking up, enjoying exquisite beauty.

“Oh, there’s a green one, and here’s a red one, and I already have a light purple one, and a bluish stone. This is such a great collection,” Little Princess thought, as she tucked them away in her pouch.

“I’ll have something so special to show the king when I see him today.”

Today was a special day of celebration. She was going to be having lunch with Mr. King-Kindheart to commemorate that it had been about a year—in old land time—since she came to abide in this glorious new land. Not only would they share a meal together in the grand dining room, but there would be performers, singers and group dances displayed in honour of this day.

“It’s kind of like my birthday, I think,” Little Princess smiled, and went off to get herself ready. She always liked to look her best.

When she entered her closet, for indeed it was large enough to walk in and select a garment to put on, she looked at the vast array of beautiful wear. Any one of the dresses and outfits would have been fit for a princess, for nothing else would have been kept there. A princess she was, and would always be, for the king had made her so, and she loved being the little one of such a kind king.

The clothes were all arranged by colour. All the dresses and outfits of varying styles were hung up together by what colour and shade they had. There were all the white pieces of apparel in one section, and all the light yellow ones in another, moving on to bluish, or pink, and so forth. Multicoloured ones were in a separate section also. This made it easier for Little Princess to choose. For each occasion had a different feel to it, and different colours helped set a mood also. Some colours were more appropriate in some situations than others, or would suite the occasion more.

Today was a yellow and pink day for sure, so a selection of garments from those coloured parts of her large closet was made.

Once dressed, there was the next part of the “Finishing touches.” For this she went to the large room where there was an ornate, large mirror dresser, with many golden drawers. There was golden leaf and flower work all around the edges of the crystal mirror. Each drawer held some part of personal decoration. Some had flowers, some had ribbons, some had various types of jewellery to put on. Some had brushes and combs—though they were more for decoration or fun, as here her hair never seemed to get in a tangle in this place.

Just as she was about to start to the happy task of selecting her personal decor, a servant entered the room. “Miss, the king said he is ready to see you now.”

“Oh, I was just...” she started to say, but didn’t finish, as what the servant was trying to say, well, was apparent the next instant.

“Mr. King-Kindheart!” Little Princess exclaimed, as he entered the room, surprising her, and carrying a large and colourful bouquet of flowers.

“Happy Anniversary, my dear Princess. The carriage is ready, and we are to ride to my palace in it.” Mr. King-Kindheart said.

Forgetting all about the trivial things she would have kept spending time on, she gave Mr. King-Kindheart a hug and went immediately with him out to the waiting, golden carriage, with velvet pearly seats, and two white, shining, fancy horses.

Mr. King-Kindheart loved her just the way she was. In this place, especially, she looked every bit gorgeous. That’s just the way it was here—everything looked so naturally at its best; and the more natural, the more Mr. King-Kindheart liked it, for that is the way he designed things to be.

“The extras are nice sometimes, for the fun of the wearer, but sometimes they can get in the way, or take up more of the thoughts of both the wearer of them, and those they are speaking with or engaging with. That which is seen on the outside can be somewhat of a distraction,” Mr. King-Kindheart explained, when Little Princess mentioned her lack of extra adornments, as they rode along.

“I’m glad you like me the way I am,” she said, truly appreciating his selfless and kind nature, concerned only with the real person and their heart and thoughts and feelings.

“I like seeing you get dressed up fancy, for that makes me see a special and fun side of you; it’s part of the way you are. But I don’t need to see it always in order to enjoy being with you. It’s like eating a meal.

Sometimes it nice to eat this and other times that, but it isn't necessary for a meal to always have the same appearance or smell or flavour, in order for it to be enjoyed."

Little Princess nodded, and was glad for that too. And speaking of food, she didn't know what the special lunch was going to be, though she was sure she would enjoy whatever Mr. King-Kindheart had asked the cooks to prepare. But she was glad that it wasn't so predictable, and always the same thing, as she did like new foods and liked being surprised also.

"When I was in the old land," Little Princess began expressing a memory, while mentally comparing the way things were before, to the new place she lived in now, "what people wore, and the outward appearance had a big effect on how you were treated, or where you were allowed to go. Certain people couldn't go here or there, if they didn't have on the right type of clothing. For example rags for a dress wouldn't allow the person entrance into a palace, at least not to live there and wear it all the time. Or if I was wearing a lovely dress, I couldn't go dig in the dirt, as it would stain it and it would look dirty all the time. People wouldn't think well of me, and less smiles would come my way."

"Yes," Mr. King-Kindheart commented. "That is the way of the old land, that the heart and the motives are little thought of, but just the outside garments worn. You could be a generous or clever or, even very rich, or unusually wise person, one who someone would love to have around, but if dressed even in the clothing of a distant or remote part of the land, you wouldn't be accepted as a friend and companion. It's strange indeed, to the dwellers here. For the heart is what matters the most. Clothes can be changed, if the need is there, but hearts and minds take a whole lot more time to change. But if someone's heart is good, that is worth more than gold."

Little Princess added in, “And maybe if people wanted others to look just a certain way, they could offer to make or sew or get those people a new set of clothing, and then everyone would be happy.”

“Giving to others, and helping to improve things for them is a wonderful thing to use one’s time and resources for,” Mr. King-Kindheart concluded the conversation.

22--The Anniversary Celebration (Part 2): A Royal Banquet Lunch

The carriage that Mr. King-Kindheart was riding in with Little Princess, had now arrived at the gate to the royal palace grounds. Little Princess was so very excited. She had much looked forward to this special lunch meal to celebrate the first anniversary of her arrival in the King's vast and delightful realm.

Humble bows of honour were given, as the large golden and ornate gates were opened, and in trotted the royal horses, pulling the carriage along the path that was lined with the smiling faces of many servants awaiting to help in the king's slightest wish.

Little Princess felt so very honoured to be at his side while he received the respect and admiration of all who were around him. In deed he earned it, for his kindness and love, and wishing to make all things right for everyone, caused those in his realm to be glad to have him as their king.

When Little Princess was led out of the carriage, by the hand of an aide, she chose to stand also to the side of the pathway, so that she too could bow and curtsy as the king himself descended from the carriage and walked past.

And so she did, with saying, "Thank you my dear king, for your kindness and care always. No one is as wise hearted as you."

Mr. King-Kindheart smiled, and nodded also to the others greeting him. They knew from the twinkle of appreciation in his eyes, that he was glad for their love and loyalty.

Then he held out his hand and took hold of Little Princess'. "Shall we dine, my little dear?" he offered.

“Yes, my king,” was the reply from Little Princess, honoured, excited, humbled and in awe all at the same time.

Then, as they walked the rest of the pathway that led to the door of the elaborate dining room, all the other servants and guests that lined the way, walked in a procession behind them, falling in line with the king leading the way.

A wonderfully clad and jolly looking fellow bowed low as he then opened the door on one side, while an angelic looking lady, dressed in the most sparkling, pearly dress that twinkled with many colours, helped open the door on the other side.

The man took Little Princess’ offered hand and kissed it politely, “Welcome, little one, most very welcome,” he said.

The king, as gallant as ever, took the lady’s hand and placed a kiss on it, and said, “Thank you my dear for seeing to it that all was done ready and to perfection for today’s event. I am please with your oversight of the preparation for today’s special meal.”

The lovely lady with a shy smile, bowed in appreciation for Mr. King-Kindheart caring words of gratitude. Still holding Mr. King-Kindheart’s hand, for he had not let it go, they walked in to the room. She helped then to lead the way to the specific place that was set for Little Princess at the table she would share wtih Mr. King-Kindheart.

Once seated, a band of musicians, playing the most pleasing notes, began to play. It was a song set that opened such occasions; the songs of appreciation and admiration for a faithful and loyal one, commemorating their first year in Mr. King-Kindheart’s land.

Little Princess looked up to see such elaborate lights hanging from the ceiling—or was it even ceiling? It seemed the sky could also be seen, and

all its mood-transforming displays of beauty. Maybe the ceiling was crystal clear, as a window, or perhaps things were just hung in mid air. Everything was possible in this place of wonder. After all Mr. King-Kindheart could do anything; and would do anything good for those who had proven loyal to him.

When the song set had ended, a golden trumpet was blown, announcing the meal was to be served, and each one in turn, of the guests also taking part in this meal, could go to the buffet table and serve up the foods they most enjoyed.

Mr. King-Kindheart and Little Princess, however, were waited upon. Samples of the foods displayed were brought to the table for them to select from and place into their pearl-and-golden edged plates and crystal clear, elaborate golden rimmed decorated glasses.

Little Princess loved each of the food brought, throughout the meal, and wanted to sample each one.

Mr. King-Kindheart smiled when she liked the tastes and flavours and sight of each part of the meal offered, since he had chosen just what it was to be. He knew what Little Princess would like, and even what she needed.

When at last the meal came to a close, it was time for Little Princess to be escorted back to her lovely room for rest. It had been a wonderful and exciting day. The meal lasted for hours. New guests came and others went, while Little Princess and Mr. King-Kindheart stayed seated at their table, talking and enjoying one course after the next. Performances were put on throughout the meal at various times also, much to the delight of Little Princess, who loved seeing the performers dressed up so fancy and special. Guests also came up to congratulate her, and speak a kind word, at spontaneous times during the meal--but only when the king permitted them to approach, of course. They were glad to be told when it was

alright to come, and when to wait, for they certainly didn't want to interrupt the king's personal communing and communicating with Little Princess, just adding to the joy of the moment, is all they wished to do.

Little Princess then bowed low, curtsying with her fluffy skirt, to thank the king for such a special event.

"I'll see you later," Mr. King-Kindheart said. "Have a nice rest."

With a happy and full heart, Little Princess was escorted to the carriage, and brought by the king's special helpers, back to her lovely house.

When she reached the door she nearly flew inside, as she felt it was the best day of her life. But the king had said to rest, and so she knew it was needed too.

23-- The Anniversary Celebration (Part 3): Stories and letters from the King

After such an amazing day's event, of a meal with Mr. King-Kindheart, commemorating the first year of her life now in his incredible land, Little Princess was getting ready for some rest—for Mr. King-Kindheart had recommended that she do so.

She slipped off her dress and accessories and placed them in the correct places in her closet—for they were not dirty of course, as nothing in this place every was.

She put on her most silky and shiny white bed wear, and plopped herself on the biggest, puffiest, fancy bed ever seen. Then just as she was sitting on the bed, under the covers, leaning back on the big pillows behind her, a very welcome voice sounded at her the door.

“Would you like a bed time story?”

Mr. King-Kindheart? Her heart jumped, and called out enthusiastically, “Yes! Please come in!”

And so he did. He sat on the chair in the corner of the room right beside her bed, and opened the special story book.

Little Princess relaxed, closed her eyes, and as the story was read, for it was a long one indeed, began to drift into a dreamy state. She was visualising and living out all that was being read. What lovely dreams the stories of the king make.

When she woke sometime later, the chair looked empty, that is except for the book that lay on it, open to the place Mr. King-Kindheart had been reading. She smiled. What a wonderful rest, and amazing dreams. The stories shared by the king were very special.

Little Princess got out of bed and looked out the window. She could see people here and there, busy doing this and that, and everyone was very happy at it.

“I wonder what I am to do today?” she wondered, for she liked to know what most pleased the king, for after all it was he that wished for her to join him in his land.

At that moment, a knock sounded at the door, and in walked a messenger with a note.

“For you, miss, sealed by the king himself,” he said, handing her the note, bowing respectfully, and then leaving.

She always liked these notes, and after reading it and keeping it close to her all day, she would place it in the treasure box she kept for just such treasures. His words, personally to her, were very treasured in deed.

She sat by the window and opened it. An incredulous smile came on her face, then a tear ran down her face, followed by a clutching of the note to her bosom. His words never failed to move her in ways only they could.

“I think it’s because I love him, and like to be with him, that makes me love reading what he has written.”

His words sometimes had humour, sometimes had deep concepts that could only be understood by whoever was meant to understand it. Sometimes they told of new ideas, projects and wishes the king had. Other times they were sharing great gratitude for something the person had done already. Sometimes they were an invitation to be yet closer to his Royal Highness, the king of all. Those were the best notes of all. At least for those who loved being around him the most.

And today was just such a note. It held a bit of everything, but as a gift to celebrate her first year of living and learning in this wonderful land, the king was inviting and allowing Little Princess to be around him more than ever.

It was something she had longed hoped and wished for. She loved being with him, and she always missed him when he left her side. Maybe she wouldn't be with him every second of every day, for there was other jobs to help with, but the note offered more time than before, and for this she was very thrilled.

She danced around the room, and sang while she made her bed. Truly this day was the best day of all.

Though she seemed to say that just about every day! What a wonderful place to live, where each day seems even lovelier than the most lovely day before.

Sometime later in the day, a team of servants of the king showed up at her palace.

“We are here to take you to his Royal Highness, Mr. King-Kindheart.”

Little Princess has packed a few bags of things she wanted to take.

“Any other needs will be granted to you,” the servants assured her. She really didn't need to take everything. She would be back and forth anyway, but for the most part, her work and life would now be based in Mr. King-Kindheart's royal palace itself—like many of those other people she had seen on her way up the pathway to the royal dining hall.

Little Princess turned and looked again at her beautiful room, set up so perfectly for her, but it didn't hold as much attraction to her now, when compared to being around Mr. King-Kindheart and his team. He was better to her than all the gold of the realm, and more precious than any treasure she might discover in the most beautiful garden.

24—Strong Ties of Friendship

“Was it worth it?” the question was asked.

Mr. King-Kindheart was walking in his royal gardens with Little Princess. They were talking about her time back in the old land. Little Princess had wondered why she couldn’t have been here all the time. It was a good thing to discuss.

What had come as a surprise was the fact that she used to be here with Mr. King-Kindheart once upon a time, long ago, long before she ever began living in the poor old land. This was something Little Princess had long forgotten. It wasn’t until just now that Mr. King-Kindheart let her know and helped her to remember what it was like before.

“So that is why I loved you so much, because I knew you from before?” she had asked.

That was part of the reason, but there was more.

“Some of the reason for your going there in the first place, was so that our friendship could grow. For while you were here before, though you loved me, you had all that you needed. But while in the poor old world, you lacked, you were sad, you were hungry, you were lonely, you didn’t always know what was going to happen to you. This created a greater need in your heart to have a long-term, everlasting friend and provider who would always be there for you, and who could do anything.” Mr. King-Kindheart had explained.

To that, Little Princess had added, “And now because I got to know you as someone I really need, and have all these special memories from my time in the old land, I love you more now, and appreciate you more now, and it makes my time here even more fun?”

Mr. King-Kindheart nodded.

And to his question then, if it was worth it all, going there, learning all she did, and getting to know him in a new way, in the invisible way for while, she said, emphatically,

“Yes, dear king. It was worth it. Anything that made our friendship grow stronger and richer, and thus made it more fulfilling for both you and I and a whole lot of others, is worth it. Thank you for coming to me there. You didn’t leave me without comfort. I’m glad that no matter where I go, you can be with me, if I just ask you to.”

“How did it go today caring for the palace pets?” Mr. King-Kindheart asked Little Princess.

“Oh, we had so much fun! You really do like animals, you have so many! And they all seemed to love you too. For every time that your voice is even faintly detected, they perk up their ears and all they want to do is listen. It seems the sound of your voice is the sweetest thing to them, and were you to even make the slightest wish of any of them, be they bird or beast of any type, they would rush, fly, scramble to do whatever you say,” Little Princess exclaimed.

Mr. King-Kindheart was glad to hear that even the palace ground pets were enjoying their place and role in his land. They sure were pampered like pets. Knowing that they were the king’s personal animal friends, they received the most royal treatment, care, and training. Little Princess made sure they did, by doing her part to help out. She didn’t do it all, and wasn’t with them all day, but just enough so as to be both fun for her and them as well. She thought of all kinds of games to play, that made each day a time of learning and enjoyment for even the animals.

Sometimes visiting children had a special event of getting to play with and ride the various palace pets. This was always fun for both them and the animals, for they loved to make children happy, because they knew they got the best and highest commendation and rewards and treats

from the king and his helpers when they were nice to the children especially.

“I want to be like you,” Little Princess suddenly blurted out.

Mr. King-Kindheart motioned for them to sit over on the ivy covered marble bench beside a fountain where birds were splashing and playing, while angelic helper offered nibbles for them to eat, on his hand.

“Why do you want to be more like me?” Mr. King-Kindheart asked.

“Because, wherever you go, you make people smile, and I like to see people smiling. I’ve noticed those who are concerned with their own fun, seldom cause smiles where they go—like in the old land—but those who have been around you the most, and start to do things more like you do, they know how to make others happy.”

Mr. King-Kindheart gave her a hug and said, “I think you are learning already!” as just then a little boy ran up to her and thanked her, with a big grin on his face, for the fun he had riding on her special tiger pet.

Mr. King-Kindheart picked him up and gave him a hug too, and then placed him down to go and watch the birdies. The angelic helper picked him up to see the birds on the highest part of the fountain, and taught him how to hold his hand nice and flat and placed some of the food on it, so the little birds could land there and nibble seeds.

“And I think when I let you choose the stories to read to me, I think you read the ones that will teach me how to think the way you do. I hope we can have more story time later?” Little Princess shyly asked.

“Happy to oblige. I can’t think of a better idea. I’ll see you later then, when the time is right,” Mr. King-Kindheart said.

Little Princess knew that meant he'd show up at the time he knew was best, and surprise her, just like he liked to do, which made it fun for the both of them.

Off she went then to walk with the little boy over to see a certain little creature she just noticed, trying to hide yet hopping to be discovered by a friendly little boy.

When the boy peeked in the bush, out popped a young kangaroo!

"Oh!" said the boy, and happily he tried to hop along with it, laughing all the way over to his mother.

"Hello!" said Little Princess, as her own special pet tiger came brushing up against her, letting her know he was ready to take her to her room, for a good time of rest. It had been a lovely day. She hopped up on him, and away he ran, nearly flying it seemed, while she squealed and laughed, holding on ever so tightly.

When they arrived at the door of her mansion, the door opened unexpectedly.

"Mr. King-Kindheart!? How did you get here before me?" though it was a silly question, for he could do anything. "It seems you are everywhere and know everything!" Little Princess exclaimed.

"I believe the fireplace is glowing nicely and is ready, and book is open and waiting for our special time of story reading," he said.

Her tiger, with her still on his back stood up on his back legs, lifting her up, while Mr. King-Kindheart turned around to receive Little Princess on his back, giving her a back ride into the story time room.

Here in the land of Mr. King-Kindheart, it was one fun thing after the next, for those who loved to please him and love to share kindness with others.