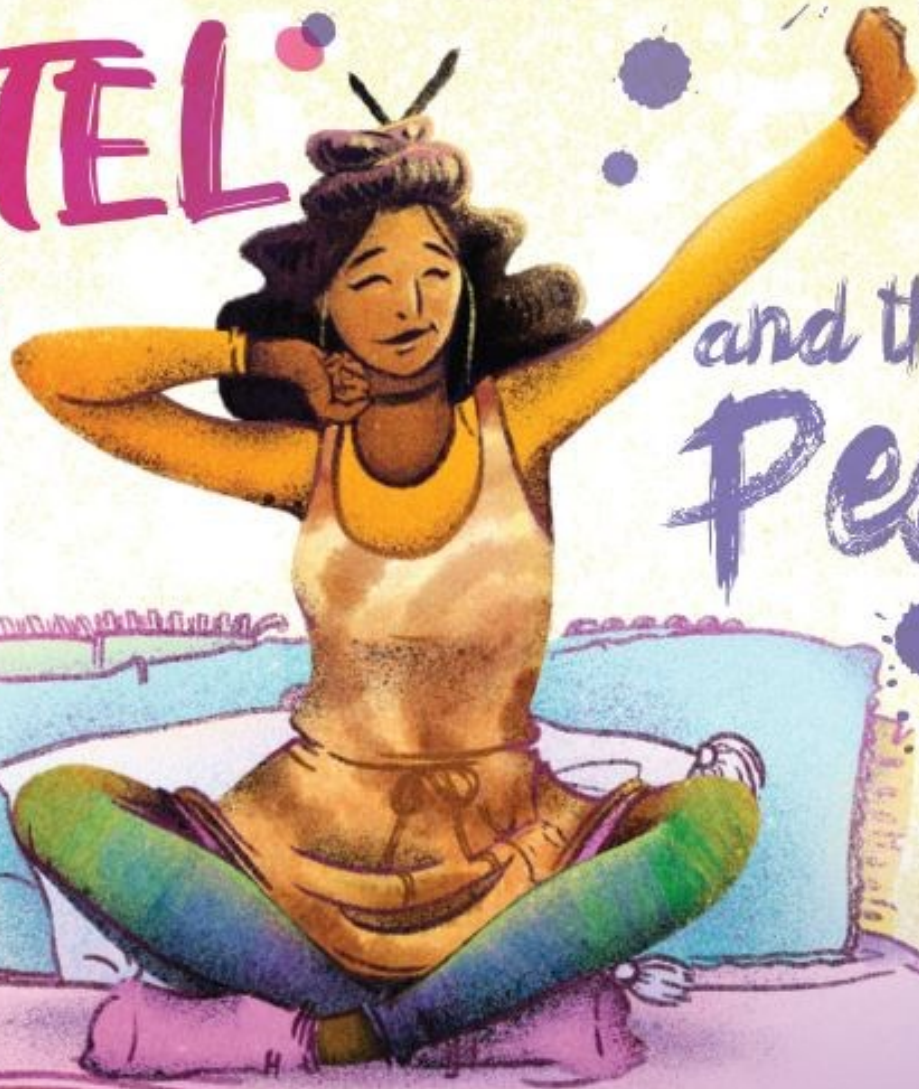


# PRINCESS PATEL

and the  
Pea



WRITTEN BY  
**Pamela Tuck**

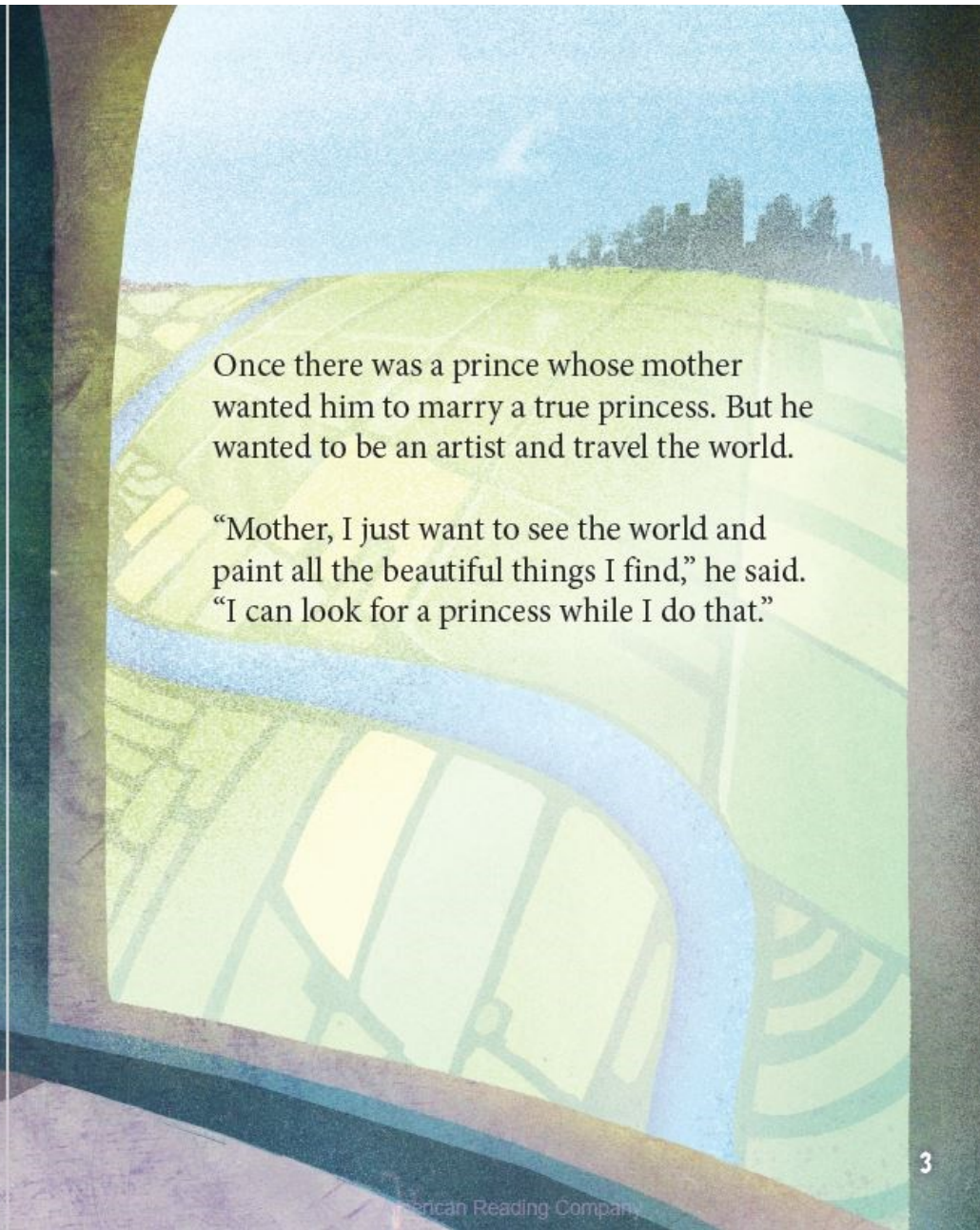
ILLUSTRATED BY  
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2

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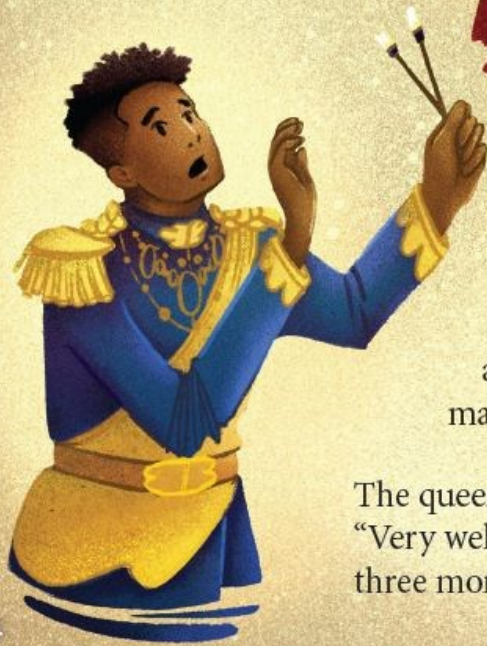
Once there was a prince whose mother wanted him to marry a true princess. But he wanted to be an artist and travel the world.

“Mother, I just want to see the world and paint all the beautiful things I find,” he said. “I can look for a princess while I do that.”

3

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“You can’t tell a real princess from a tube of paint,” said the queen. “Stay here and I will choose someone for you.”



“Please, Mother, just give me three months to travel. If I don’t find a princess on my own, I’ll marry anyone you choose.”

The queen thought about his offer. “Very well,” she said. “You have three months.”



The prince made a list of the different things he wanted to paint. He packed his paintbrushes and tubes of paint and headed out into the world.

The prince found a colorful rock that was even more beautiful than the first. It was covered with painted cherry blossoms. He looked on the back of the rock and saw the letters "P.P." He put the rock into his pocket and kept hiking.



The prince looked for more rocks on the trail. He found a third rock that was painted with snowcapped mountains. It was bigger than either of the others. He looked on the back of the rock, and this time he saw a name: Princess Patel.



The cottage door was open, and the prince peeked inside. Princess Patel was painting with colors that popped right off the rock. “Beautiful,” the prince said.

“It’s not my best work, but thanks,” she said.

The prince had been talking about her.  
“What’s the name of your painting?” he asked.

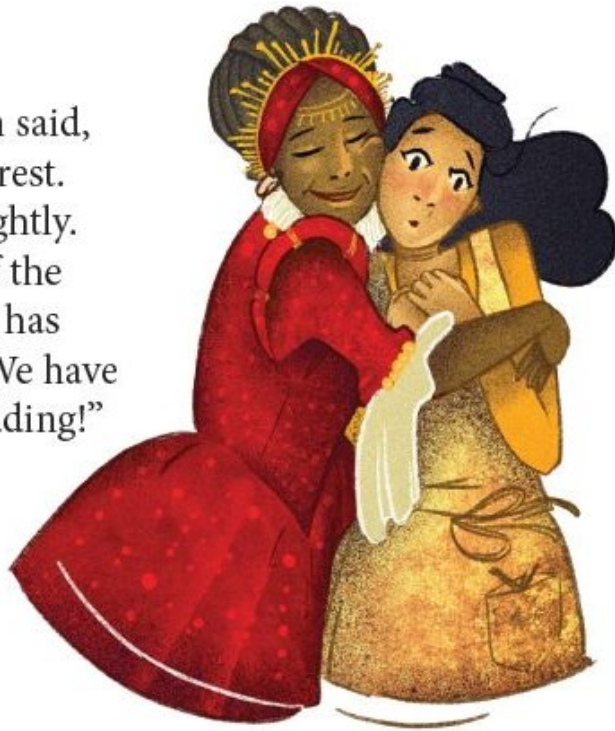
“*Royalty*,” she said.

“Are you a... princess?”

“Yeah, that’s me, Princess.”



“Wonderful,” the queen said,  
excited to hear the rest.  
She hugged Princess tightly.  
Then she rushed out of the  
room, calling, “My son has  
found a real princess. We have  
a plan for a grand wedding!”



Princess looked confused.

“Did you really feel the pea  
through the mattresses?”  
the prince asked.

“What pea?” Princess said.

“The pea my mom put in  
your bed.”



“There was no pea in my bed. I slept on one of my  
own rocks,” she said, opening her hand.

The prince told Princess about his mother’s silly  
princess test.

“Should I tell her about the rock?” Princess asked.

“No,” said the prince. “You’re my princess, and  
your rock just proved that to my mother.”

