

Royal REBEL

I start changing into my **DUNGAREES,**
SUNGLASSES, PINK WIG and **TIARA.** Once I'm
ready, I look into the large gold-framed mirror
leaning against the wall and smile.

I am **TIARA GIRL.**

I am a **ROYAL REBEL!**



To my readers, this one is for you...
Always follow your heart – and remember:
there is a queen in every one of us!
Royally yours,
Carina xx
In loving memory of the real Alice.

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CARINA AXELSSON



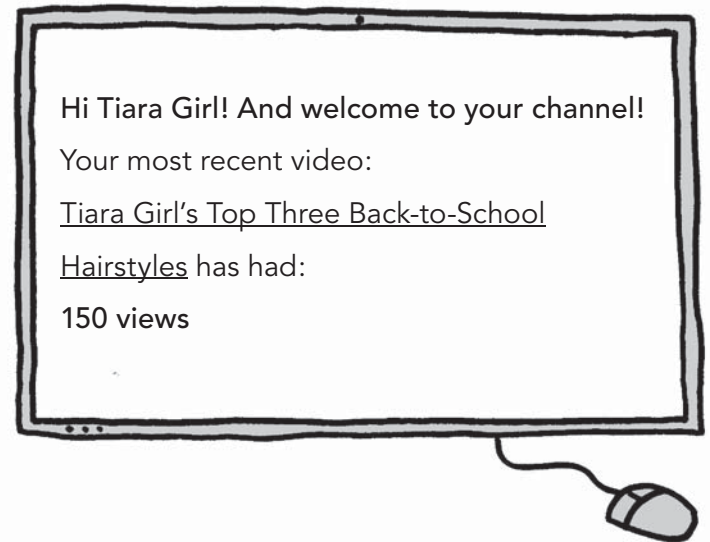
USBORNE



Chapter ONE



7.01 a.m., Monday, at the palace



WHAT? I lean in close to my laptop and peer carefully at the small black numbers.

150 views...

I stare for a moment more, then rub my eyes. Late last night there were only eight views...I'm sure.

I pull my pyjama sleeve down over my wrist and use it to wipe at the screen, but the number doesn't change. So, no, it definitely isn't smudged chocolate. I pull back with a sharp intake of breath.

Maybe it's a mistake?

Maybe something is wrong with my computer?

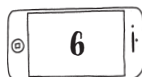
After all, I've never had a video go beyond twenty views before.

I reload the page and what I see makes me jump back from my computer and bring my hands to my mouth in disbelief.

210 views...

HUH? Sixty more people have just watched my video in the time I've been staring at the screen!

Okay...this is no joke. My latest Tiara Girl video is already getting **WAY** more views than my three



previous videos put together!

I only filmed the video yesterday afternoon, on my phone. I propped the phone up on some books and talked my way through three different hairstyles: a high sleek ponytail, a half-up/half-down style with a couple of cute hair clips and an amazing French braid that went front to back but then wrapped round the head.

Coco, my cocker spaniel, is in the video too, and I even braided her brown topknot (it is pretty long). So I guess that's actually four hairstyles, although Coco's doesn't really count because she's not going back to school. But she did look really cute! I put some pink-gold glitter around my eyes and we wore matching pink tops (both of which I made myself). Then I added some stars and captions to the video before uploading it late last night.

One word:

LOVE!



Of course I might be a tiny bit biased...but seriously, I dare you to watch it and not agree that it's the cutest thing ever.



And now over two hundred people have seen the video!

I stand up, throw my fists in the air and dance in a circle before leaping onto my bed. I start bouncing up and down, singing at the top of my lungs. Coco, after a moment's confusion, picks up on my excitement, leaps onto the bed and shimmies and barks beside me, her tail wagging happily.

"I'm a vlogger! A real, live vlogger!" I laugh as I spring up and down. "Tiara Girl, I love you!"

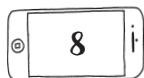
I tell myself I'll become the best, most amazing and totally awesome fashion vlogger anyone has ever seen! Nothing will stop me. **NOTHING!!!**

At that moment I hear a knock on my bedroom door, followed by a clipped voice. "Your Royal Highness? Time to get ready for school. You're expected at breakfast in twenty minutes."

All the excitement suddenly zaps out of me and I fall onto my rumpled sheets like a limp balloon. Coco licks my face as I sigh.

Ugh! *That!* And just when I'd forgotten...

That is the one small detail that might possibly



stand between me and my whole fashion-vlogging dream.

Personally, I could work around it. I mean, *I* don't think it's *that* big a deal...

Okay, maybe it is... I guess it depends how you look at it.

Anyway...what I forgot to mention is that...er... umm...I'm a princess.



Yeah, I know, it adds a twist.

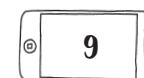
And you're probably asking yourself, what's the problem? A princess can do whatever she wants, right?

Wrong.

On its own, being a princess wouldn't be such a problem if it wasn't for one other little detail... I'm also first in line to the throne of the Queendom of Waldenburg.

Yup, that small fairy-tale-like queendom high in the mountains between France and Germany. Well, I'm its princess and my mum is its queen.

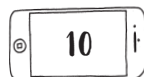
And according to my mum (Her Majesty Sophia XII, Queen of Waldenburg, if you want to be technical),



if there is *one* thing (actually, according to my mother there are many, but for the sake of simplicity I'll stick to one here) a princess and future queen does *not* do, it's vlog about fashion...

So if my situation sounds tricky, that's because it is.

And guess what? I think it's about to become a lot trickier...



Chapter TWO



7.30 a.m., still in my bedroom

Okay, I bet you're dying to ask me a bunch of princess questions. I know this because almost everyone I meet asks me what it's like to be a princess and live in a palace.

I'm always a bit tongue-tied when asked though, because for me it's my normal life. Like, I don't know anything other than being a princess... Having said that, I know I'm lucky to live in such a beautiful house...er, palace...with my mum and dad and grandmother. And Coco, Cupcake (my pony), and Zoë (my guinea pig).

So what's the palace like?

